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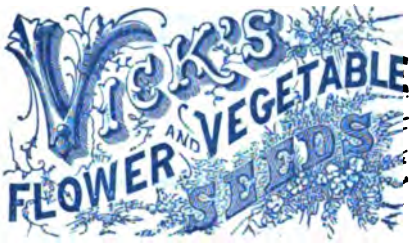

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Minister of Agriculture.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
Ottawa, October 1st, 1875.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 9.] JANUARY, 1876. [No. 1.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY REV. L. HOOKER, COATICOOK, P.Q.

IT is the 17th day of April, 1492. We stand in the city of Santa Fe, in the plain of Grenada. The scene is inspiring. Santa Fe and the ancient city of Grenada, which stands hard by, are alive with Spanish soldiers. Whichever way you turn, brilliant flags flutter and snap in the wind, and the ring of martial music falls on the ear. Every face is alight with the glow of triumph; everything you can see and hear tells of a great national joy. Any one of the Spanish soldiers, if asked the reason of all this demonstration, would make reply:—"After a struggle of eight centuries we have conquered the infidel Moors, and Spaniards are once more supreme on Spanish soil."

A group of four persons, three of them evidently persons of rank, and the other a secretary, is gathered in a room in the King's quarters. If you please we will make their acquaintance. That muscular and well-proportioned man, about middle-size, is Ferdinand the Catholic, King of Spain. His naturally fair complexion is a little bronzed by the sun, which imparts more of sternness to his features than belongs to them, He has a broad forehead and a quick, cheerful eye, and, in his general make-up, looks every inch a king; but a good judge of character would detect a touch of the tyrant in the sharp ring of his voice, and a touch of the hypocrite in his soft and purring manner when he has a point to carry. By his side is seated a royal lady, in whom, as in the present Sovereign of these realms, the woman outshines and adorns the Queen. Though now past forty, she has lost but little of the personal beauty and none of the grace of deportment which, at nineteen, caused a distinguished member of her household to exclaim, "She is the handsomest lady I have ever seen, and the most gracious in her manners." Age has woven a little silver in her bright chesnut hair, but her mild blue eye and open symmetry of features express in their maturity the mingled majesty and sweetness which sat on her maiden face. There are faults, it is true, in her administration of public affairs, but they are committed in striving to do what she believes to be the will of Heaven, as interpreted to her by the best men of her age. But in all matters wherein she acts from the impulses of her own wise

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1876, by ADAM, STEVENSON & Co., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

and good heart, the blameless, useful, and lovely life of Isabella the Catholic, Queen of Spain, is rare even among women. In the third personage of the group we behold CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, the man whom we have sought out that we may do him honour; the man, it is not too much to say, whose deeds are to affect the temporal destinies of men to a greater degree than are those of any other member of the race. There is, in his general appearance, much that indicates the man of power. He is tall, muscular, well-formed, and of an elevated and dignified bearing. His visage is long, without being either full or meagre. His complexion is fair and freckled, and a little inclined to ruddy; his cheek-bones are rather high; his eyes are a light grey, and apt to kindle; while his whole countenance wears an air of authority, to which his hair, once red, but now by care and trouble blanched as white as snow, gives a decided emphasis. He is simple in his dress; his manners are engaging and affable; and when he speaks it is with the voice and diction of an orator. If you look closely into his tell-tale eye during the conversation in which he is now engaged, you will ever and anon catch a flash from his naturally irritable temper, but this is held in good check by an effort of his will, and his conduct is marked by a courteous and gentle gravity. Such is Christopher Columbus, at fifty-seven years of age, as we see him seated in deep conference with the crowned heads of Spain.

While we have been looking on, the Secretary has drawn up, at the dictation of Columbus, a remarkable article of agreement. Their Majesties have caused their assent to be written under each item of it, and Columbus now holds it in his hand with the air of a man who has won a kingdom. We will take the liberty of reading the contents of this singular paper:—

"The favours which Christopher Columbus has asked of the King and Queen of Spain, in recompense of the discoveries he has made in the ocean seas, and as recompense for the voyage he is about to undertake, are the following:—

"1. He wishes to be made Admiral of the seas and countries he is about to discover. He desires to hold this dignity during his life, and that it should descend to his heirs.

"*This request is granted by the King and Queen.*

"2. Christopher Columbus wishes to be made Viceroy of all the continents and islands.

"*Granted by the King and Queen.*

"3. He wishes to have a share, amounting to a tenth part, of the profits of all merchandise, be it pearls, jewels, or any other things that may be found, gained, bought, or exported from the countries which he is to discover.

"*Granted by the King and Queen.*

"4. He wishes, in his quality of Admiral, to be made sole judge of all mercantile matters that may be the occasion of dispute in the countries he is to discover.

"*Granted by the King and Queen, on the condition, however, that this jurisdiction shall belong to the office of Admiral, as held by Don Enrique and other Admirals.*

"5. Christopher Columbus wishes to have the right to contribute the eighth part of the expenses of all ships which traffic with the new countries, and in return to earn the eighth part of the profits.

"*Granted by the King and Queen.*

"*Santa Fe, in the Vega of Grenada,*
"*April 17th, 1492.*"

Let us pause here long enough to take a retrospective view of the man and his idea before we go forward to witness the results.

Up to a comparatively recent date there were many hot disputes as to where Columbus was born. The discovery of his will, however, in which he bequeathed a part of his property to the Bank of Genoa, conclusively settled the point in favour of that city. "Thence I came," he says, "and there was I born." The time of his birth cannot be as definitely settled. Washington Irving, who had access to all the public and family documents bearing on his history, fixes it about 1435. He was of a lineage sufficiently humble to secure to him the glory of making instead of inheriting a name. His father, Dominico Colombo (as the name was written in Italian), was a comber of wool in Genoa, where his ancestors had followed the same handicraft for several generations. Christopher was the first of four children, and seems to have absorbed most of the greatness apportioned to the family; for the two brothers and a sister would scarcely have been mentioned

in history had it not been for their relationship to their "big brother."

It is a thousand pities that there are no particular records of his boy-life, to tell how the embryo mariner and discoverer used to stand on the bank of some neighbouring pond, and gaze on the (to him) distant and mysterious shore on the other side; how he made little ships of shingle with a paper sail, and sent them off before the wind on voyages of discovery; and how, a little later, with a plank for a vessel and a pole for propelling power, he cruised around and across said pond in search of undiscovered islands and continents, was shipwrecked on some rocky promontory, was engulphed in the pitiless deep up to the first button on his waistcoat, and wading bravely to shore was dubbed a hero by a crowd of admiring juveniles. The annals are provokingly silent about these things, and we must let imagination and the old proverb "the boy is father to the man" supply them. We are simply told in the records that he evinced a decided liking for the sea at a very early age, and that his father wisely shaped his education to fit him for a maritime life. Though much straitened by poverty, he contrived to have his son instructed in the ordinary branches, Latin, drawing, and design. For a short time, also, he maintained him at the University of Pavia, where he studied geometry, geography, astronomy, and navigation, as they were then taught. Columbus then returned to Genoa, and worked with his father for a few months at woolcombing. Finding this life too tame, as some suppose, but more likely inspired by his ever-growing desire to search out for himself the mysteries of the great deep, he shipped for his first voyage when he was fourteen years of age.

We still find the records very incomplete, and must therefore pass over a long period in the life of the young sailor with a brief notice. It is not difficult, however, to imagine the kind of experience through which he passed during those years. Seafaring life on the Mediterranean and Levant was extremely hazardous. The almost legalized piracy of the day, the frequent feuds of the Italian States, the independent armadas of rival noblemen, and the roving ships and squadrons of private adventurers, made the narrow seas to which navigation was then confined scenes of lawlessness and blood. Merchant vessels were forced to go armed like men-of-war, and often had to fight their way from port to port. Under the stern discipline of times like these the young Columbus grew to manhood and developed his genius. Once during these years we catch a momentary glimpse of him as, under cover of night, he cheats his discontented and cowardly crew into striking distance of the enemy; and again, as he lashes his vessel to a Venetian galley more powerful than his own, fights till both vessels are wrapped in flames, and then jumps into the sea and swims a distance of two leagues to the Portuguese coast. Not long after this last adventure, probably about 1470, Columbus arrived at Lisbon, and from that time and place there is but little difficulty in tracing his career. Soon after his arrival he was married to Donna Felipa Munnis Perestrelo. As we have no farther notice of that lady until her death, we are bound to believe that she was a good wife and true.

It was somewhere about this time, also, that the grand thought of his life—the thought which placed the son of the humble woolcomber of Genoa among the first of the first men of all time—began to struggle to the birth. The curious student of history will feel inclined to ask, "What was the precise idea with which his mind had become pregnant? How was its conception brought about? and, Why did he make it the changeless purpose of his life to test it by a voyage of discovery?" And these are questions which must needs be answered if we are to take the full measure of the man.

The first question may be disposed of in a few sentences. Columbus knew nothing and suspected nothing of the existence of the great continent he discovered. His theory claimed that there was a way by the west to the Indies (as all Asia was then called), and that he could find it. True, he believed there might be undiscovered land in the Western Atlantic, and, as we have seen in his agreement with the Spanish monarchs, took measures to secure a due recompense in the event of his finding them; but the grand hope of his mind was to find this western route to the Indies, and open to European commerce their fabled wealth of spices, and gold, and gems.

But how was the conception of this idea brought about? There was much in the necessities of the age to lead some man on to this thought. The known world of that

day was fast becoming too narrow for its population. Let us set a map of the world, as it is now known, before us, and then reduce it to the proportions it filled when Columbus was a boy. Blot out North and South America, Australia, the whole of Africa except a narrow strip to the north of a curved line drawn from Juba on the east to Cape Nam on the west, and the northern, north-eastern, and eastern outskirts of Asia. The small remainder was the world of Columbus and his contemporaries. Cooped up in these narrow limits, it is not wonderful that men began to look upon the prospective increase of population with some concern. Being Christians, they could not resort to the convenient practices of the heathen, and feed their overplus of infants to alligators and leave their useless grandparents to starve. Being yet in the shadow of the DARK AGES, *the more modern, but not less wicked, method of adjusting population to territory, however small,* was unpractised, if not unknown. There was nothing for it but to find more room somewhere.

The slow and expensive method of moving merchandise to and from the Indies was another cause which led the advanced men of the time to seek an unbroken sea route for commerce. Up to this period, inland navigation and caravans had been the only means of exchange between the West and the East. Little dreaming of "air lines" and "lightning expresses," these modest men of the fifteenth century felt that an unbroken water-line, free from the annoyance of breaking bulk, and safe from Arab robbers, would leave nothing to be desired.

The desire to explore was farther quickened by the fabulous reports of travellers who, in other generations, had penetrated far into the eastern parts of Asia. According to Sir John Maundeville and Marco Polo, there was in that part of the world an immense empire, ruled by a most remarkable potentate called Prester John. That country, as reported by these veracious witnesses, was full of wealth and wonders. Its palaces were, many of them, two leagues in circumference and heavily plated with gold. Gems and pearls were as plentiful as the sand in less favoured countries. Costly silks and richly-wrought jewellery were there produced in such abundance as to supply the whole world if the market were only accessible. There were giants before whom Goliath of Gath would have been a pigmy, and pigmies before whom our own Tom Thumb would be a giant. There were lion-bodied men and dog-faced women, and birds which flew away with elephants in their claws, and the ancient progenitor of our modern sea-serpent, "so huge of size as to kill and eat large stags and to cross the ocean." Ridiculous as these accounts appear to us they had been received as true in every particular for two centuries before Columbus was born; and in his day their effect was to inflame to a fever-heat the passion for discovery, and especially for the discovery of a route to those lands of gold and wonder. But it was from the successes of the navigators of the generation next preceding his own that Columbus drew what was, perhaps, his strongest inspiration. Prince Henry of Portugal was the leading spirit in these pioneer operations. From a careful study of the ancients, he concluded not only that it was possible to sail around the continent of Africa, but that, at a very early period, Hanno had actually done so, and that this, therefore, was the way to the Indies. Determined that Portugal should reap the profit and glory of being first in the field, Prince Henry thenceforth devoted himself to the task of circumnavigating Africa. Under his patronage the study of navigation was carried to a degree of perfection never reached before. By a wise and liberal encouragement, Portuguese navigators were pushed down the African coast, to Cape Bojador, to the tropics, and to the Cape de Verde and Azores Islands. In 1473, when his work was only well begun, Prince Henry died. But what had been done was enough to divest the sea of most of its terrors. They met no "monsters of the deep, angry at the invasion of their domains, and ready to take a terrible vengeance on the invaders;" they saw no "wandering saints and flying islands;" they found no "stagnant seas and fiery skies;" and by their safe return they for ever disproved the scientific bugbear that "a vessel sailing down the waste of waters could never return, because the voyage home would be a perpetual journey up a mountain of sea."

Precisely at this happy juncture of circumstances, when civilization must of necessity burst its bounds and flow somewhere, when an overgrown and rapidly increasing commerce between the West and the East

began to disdain the narrow capacity and tardy movements of its means of transportation, when a land of unparalleled wealth and wonder inflamed both the covetousness and the curiosity of men with a consuming desire to find it, and, when navigators had already penetrated a little into the mysteries of the unknown, and returned, not only safe, but enriched with spoil and covered with glory, Columbus, the man for whom the world was unconsciously waiting, caught the infection of the age, and devoted his masterful powers to the work of discovery. Surely no man was ever more completely fitted to the necessities of his time and work. Having, as he says himself, "a desire to know the secrets of this world," possessed of a vivid imagination and a bold, chivalrous heart, to which the romantic hopes and adventures of the enterprise were alike welcome; inspired by that indescribable thing called genius to launch out into original theories; and, withal, "tempered and guided by a spirit of inductive philosophy akin to that of Bacon," Columbus held his first and highest commission to this great work directly from his Maker. Whether he doubted the correctness of Prince Henry's theory that the Indies could be reached by sailing around the African continent, or only thought this the more roundabout and dangerous way, we cannot tell. It is certain that he abandoned it for a new and startling theory of his own. He would take a straight course over the unknown waters of the Atlantic, in a westerly direction, and, while new continents and islands might possibly lie in his track, he would certainly come at last to the eastern coast of the Indies and Prester John. This theory, that there was land to the west of Europe, was based, partly, on the writings of Aristotle, Seneca, and Strabo, who had stoutly maintained that "the ocean surrounds the earth, bathing on the east the shores of India, and on the west the coasts of Spain and Mauritania, so that it is easy to navigate from one to the other on the same parallel." Corroborative evidence was borne to the observing mind of Columbus on the bosom of the sea itself. At different times and places men had picked up pieces of wood which had been curiously carved, but evidently not with iron; they saw reeds not of European growth, and the trunks of huge pine trees, wafted to their shores by *westerly* winds; and, most startling of all, on one occasion the bodies of two dead men were found whose features belonged to no race of people then known. Reasoning at once from the somewhat faulty theories of ancient scholars and these more reliable testimonies of the sea, our navigator reached the conclusion that there was undiscovered land in the western part of the Atlantic, that it was fertile, that it was inhabited, and that it was accessible. Had he stopped theorizing just here, and gone in search of that land without attempting to first give it "a local habitation and a name," Columbus would have spared himself the vexation, not to say disgrace, of the one weak link in his chain of reasoning. But he was not so far before his age as not to share in the general affliction, which was Prester John. There was nothing in the heavens above or in the earth beneath worth discovering but this wonderful Khan and his wonderful empire. Thus predisposed, and misled by geographers as to the size of the earth, which was made much too small, and as to the size of Asia, which was made as much too large, Columbus jumped to the conclusion that the unexplored part of the Asiatic continent stretched away to the east until it touched the western Atlantic; and that it was probably the first and principal land to be found in sailing westward from Europe. This mistake, happily, did not interfere with the general results of the enterprise. It was, however, of sufficient importance to prove, if any one raised the question, that Columbus was human; that he was not divinely inspired, though he fancied that he was; and to send him for the rest of his life on a wild-goose chase after Tartary and its mysterious sovereign among the primitive wilds and naked chieftains of the West India Islands.

From the time when his theory was finally settled Columbus devoted himself, with an enthusiasm and a perseverance rarely equalled, to the work of testing its correctness by a voyage of discovery. This will serve to call up our third question as to his motives in the great undertaking.

Doubtless he loved adventure. And it is equally certain, as we have seen in his famous articles of agreement, that he set a proper value upon "recompense," in the shape of dividends and dignities. But it were a huge injustice to one of the most

unselfish men who ever lived to set these down as the principal motives by which he was controlled. Let us rather take him at his word and believe that a zeal which would have done honour to an apostle led him to seek new tribes of people, that he might impart to them what he believed to be a pure and undefiled religion; and that he piously intended to use the immense money profits he expected to reap from the enterprise in rebuilding the Holy Sepulchre and in spreading the Catholic faith to the ends of the earth.

The next great step was to get fairly afloat. Lacking both rank and money, he was forced to seek a patronage of such wealth and power as could give him at once an outfit and authority competent to control the expedition and to treat with whatever people he might discover. Although the struggle for such a patronage was long and vexatious, it was in the end invaluable to Columbus. It proved that he alone believed heartily in the existence and accessibility of western lands, and that, therefore, to him exclusively belonged the glory of discovering the new world. The Senate of his native city seems to have treated the project with silent contempt. At the Court of Portugal the result was equally discouraging. King John II. gave him, at first, a qualified promise of support, but disagreed with his terms. The whole matter was then referred to a certain "circumlocution office," called a "committee of council for geographical affairs;" and, while Columbus was kept dancing attendance upon the council and the King in turns, a caravel was secretly fitted out and ordered to sail by his plan, and so forestall him in whatever discoveries were to be made. This piece of bad faith was planned by the Bishop of Ceuta, and carried into effect by the King of Portugal—a proof, by the way, that mitres and crowns sometimes get on the wrong heads. After a fruitless voyage the caravel returned, and Columbus, disgusted at the treatment he had received, quitted Lisbon for Spain. Here seven years of vexatious opposition awaited him. Though not indifferent to his project, Ferdinand and Isabella were so much absorbed by the Moorish wars as to put it off until peace should place at their disposal the time and money necessary for so great an undertaking. In the mean time a "Junta of Cosmographers" was summoned to consult about the affair, and Columbus began to hope. He was soon undeceived. These cosmographical fossils resented the insult by which this adventurer was attempting to overthrow the belief of centuries. This upstart idea must be worthless, said they, else why had it been overlooked by the great navigators of the past? King David and St. Paul were adduced, together with all the Fathers of the Church, to crush the theory that the earth is round, and to overthrow the "foolish idea of the existence of Antipodes; of people who walk opposite to us, with their heels upwards and their heads hanging down; where everything is topsy-turvey; where the trees grow with their branches downwards; and where it rains, hails, and snows upwards." In short, this Junta, composed of the most scholarly men of Spain, reported to the King and Queen that the project was "vain and impossible, and that it did not belong to the majesty of such great princes to determine anything on such weak grounds of information." Despairing of success with men who had so much to unlearn, and wearied with five years of fruitless waiting, Columbus was about to quit Spain and invoke help from France or England, when a little circle of friends, who had come to believe in his scheme, prevailed on him to make a second appeal to Ferdinand and Isabella. This effort produced a little more faith in the undertaking, and a new objection. His terms were pronounced too high. "If he succeed," said his opponents, "the recompense he demands is altogether too great; and if he should fail, these magnificent conditions, and the King and Queen who granted them in so doubtful an enterprise, will appear ridiculous." And so the Spanish Court, like a ragman driving a sharp bargain for a cast-off garment, pressed for a reduction of terms. But the court found no two-price merchant, who meant to fall from his first asking, in Columbus. He will be Viceroy and Admiral of all he discovers, and derive a tenth part of the profits of commerce with these lands, or he will not go. A second time the negotiations were broken off, and Columbus was actually on his way to lay his proposal before the throne of France, when he was recalled to Santa Fe by a royal messenger. We have been present at that third meeting and know the result. After seven years of

unexampled perseverance against discouraging odds, a victory is won with which even the lofty ambition of Columbus is satisfied. The King and Queen have granted all his requests; and, though now far past the middle of life, he is sanguine in the hope that he shall yet find the Indies, and by means of the wealth and dignity derived from that achievement be able to lead a new crusade and rebuild the Holy Sepulchre.

We shall pass with more rapid steps through the fruitage and decay of this rare life. We have desired to spend most of our time in investigating the qualities of the soil, the peculiarities of the season, and the interesting processes by which the great seed-thought germinated and grew to the fruit-bearing period. With the fruit itself nearly everyone is familiar.

There remains, however, a number of events without which our understanding of his character would be incomplete. Such was the sailing of his first expedition from the Port of Palos, on the 3rd of August, 1492. With an outfit of three small vessels, carrying one hundred and twenty men in all, and provisions for one year, he pushed out to meet he knew not what of danger from unknown seas, and lands, and people. Scarcely more solemn is that last launching, which we must all know, into the mysterious regions of death. No returning voyager had ever left a record by which Columbus and his men might know what experiences to expect on those virgin waters. And one can fancy that the women of Palos, as they stood upon the shore and watched till the white sails vanished in the west, felt that lover, and son, and husband would return to them no more. But the stout heart of the Commander quails not. Though he is leaving the known for the unknown, though his dangers are great, and magnified by the inscrutable mystery which veils them, though his outfit is unequal to the undertaking, still his heart beats high with triumph; for he is at last afloat to search out for himself "the secrets of the world," and to vindicate his theory, which for years had been made a thing of mockery by the scholars and princes of the age. It would be interesting to trace the progress of our adventurers over the world of waters, in which they were much like very young infants to whom everything is new, and wonderful, and terrible—but space forbids. Suffice it to say that, although Columbus suffered nothing from personal fear, he did not escape heavy "consequential damages" from the superstitious fears and consequent mutinous disposition of his men. Every falling meteor was taken as an omen of evil; plains of floating sea-weed covered, in their imagination, rocks on which they were sure to be shipwrecked; while the great distance they were from home seemed to forbid the hope that they should ever be able to return. To such a pitch of terror were the men wrought up by these fancies and fears that Columbus barely escaped being thrown into the sea; and only succeeded in persuading them onward by that controlling force which belongs to a master mind.

It is now time to go forward to the crowning event of Columbus's life. To see it to the best advantage, we will step on board the *Santa Maria*—the flagship of the little fleet. It is the hour of sunset, on the 11th day of October, just sixty-nine days from the time when the expedition sailed from Palos. Mutiny has disappeared, and the greatest animation prevails. All this day they have been sailing past unmistakable signs of land. Fresh weeds of river growth, a green fish that lives only among rocks, a branch of thorn with berries on it, a carved staff, and many other things, have appeared in succession to revive their hopes. Notwithstanding the intense excitement which has been created, the claims of Heaven have not been forgotten. The usual vesper hymn has been sung, and Columbus has just concluded an address to the men which would have done credit to a preacher. He has reminded them of the goodness of God in bringing them safely over an untried ocean by means of soft and favouring breezes. He has told them that it is probable they will make land that very night, and has promised to give whoever shall be first to discover it "a doublet of velvet," in addition to the pension promised by the Sovereigns. Universal silence reigns. Every eye is strained in search of a coast-line. On the top of the cabin stands Columbus, sweeping the horizon with an eagle glance. From the darkening of the evening until ten o'clock that statue-like figure stands peering into the obscurity before him. Who can measure the tumultuous feelings of his breast? The anxieties of a lifetime—anxieties commensurate with the most daring and stupendous undertaking to

which man has ever put his hand, are crowded into this ecstatic moment, clamouring for their great reward. That reward shines forth out of the darkness. Prepared as he has been by the events of the day, his heart gives a great throb as though it would burst, for there, directly to the west, he descries a light, "as it were the torch in a fisherman's barque, dancing on the waters." At two o'clock the coast-line was in plain sight, and the unaccustomed air resounded with the thunders of the signal gun. To every man in the fleet that gun announced the discovery of land; to the astonished natives it was as the voice of God upon the waters. When the sun was fairly up on the morning of Friday, the 12th day of October, a landing was effected; and, after thanksgiving to God for His protecting providence, the imposing ceremony of taking possession was performed. With drawn sword and waving banner Columbus declared the island, for such it proved to be, under the lawful dominion of their Spanish Majesties by right of discovery, and named it San Salvador in gratitude for their salvation from the dangers of the sea. He then caused all present to take the oath of allegiance to him as Admiral and Viceroy, representing the persons of the Sovereigns.

Feeling sure that the Cipango of Marco Polo and the mainland of India were now near at hand, Columbus soon set sail in a southerly direction, in search of them. After a cruise of three months, which resulted in the discovery of a number of new islands and in the stranding and destruction of the Admiral's flagship, he resolved to return to Spain and report his successes. Previous to sailing he planted a little colony on the island of Hayti, "having found there such good-will and such signs of gold." With the timbers of the ill-fated *Santa Maria* a fort was built, and forty persons were left in charge, among whom the ubiquitous Irish and English were represented respectively by William Herries and Arthur Lake.

On the 16th January, 1493, the fleet, now reduced to two sail, set out for home. When they had been about a month out a terrific storm separated them so effectually that they saw no more of each other until the conclusion of the voyage, and reduced the *Nina*, in which Columbus sailed, to such distress that, for once, his stout heart failed him, and he gave up to die. Determined that the tidings of his great discoveries should not perish with him, he wrote a short account of his voyage on parchment, and enclosed it first in wax and then in a strong cask, and committed it to the waves. But he was not yet to die. He escaped the treacherous waters. He also escaped the more treacherous men of Portugal (whither he was driven by stress of weather), who plotted both his imprisonment and assassination, that they might now rob him of the finished glory whose material they had before attempted to steal. On the 15th of March he cast anchor in the port of Palos. The Court was at Barcelona, whither Columbus at once repaired, and arrived just in time to discover and defeat a new treachery. Alonzo Pinzon, who commanded the *Nina's* consort, had made the port of Bayonne, and, supposing that the Admiral had perished in the storm which separated them, forwarded a letter to their Majesties announcing *his* discoveries, and proposing to come to Court and give an account of them. Washington Irving has attempted to whitewash this and some other perfidies of which Pinzon was guilty, and to show that his death, which took place a few days after he learned that Columbus had arrived, was occasioned by the violence of his grief and remorse. But in spite of the amiable labours of the generous historian the villain and traitor show still in the face of Alonzo Pinzon. If he died of a broken heart, we can only say that the race of scoundrels which flourished in those days differed widely from any we have in these. They don't die in that way now.

Columbus was accorded a grand reception at Barcelona; and, with the Royalty and Nobility of Spain for an audience, briefly recounted the events of his voyage, and showed such curiosities as he had brought with him from the new world. The King and Queen, excited by what they saw and heard to an ecstacy of wonder and gratitude, fell upon their knees and gave thanks to God with many tears, after which the grand ceremonial was closed by the singing of the "Te Deum" by the choristers of the royal chapel. For the time, Columbus was rewarded with all that Spain had to give unto the man whom it delighted to honour. The agreement between him and the Sovereigns was confirmed, the title of "Don" was prefixed to his name, the royal arms of Castile and Leon were emblazoned on his shield, he was served at table as a grandee, and on state occasions

rode beside the King, and "all hail" was said to him. And not Spain alone but the whole civilized world rang with the praises of his achievement.

What remains of this man's life will appear in such painful contrast with the part which has formed our special study that we could wish to take one short, sad look, like a man who looks on the mutilated remains of his friend, and haste away.

We have seen Columbus at the zenith of his glory. True, he will make three more voyages to the new world, and push his discoveries to the mainland of South America; but that will be as nothing when compared with the first bold venture from the known to the unknown. He will never be undeceived about the lands he has discovered; but will search to the last among these western islands for Prester John and Tartary; yea! and for the garden of Eden. He will not rise so far above the moral altitude of his generation as to see "the sum of all villanies" in human slavery; but will assist to bind its chains on the defenceless freemen of the west. And if he will sin in this he will in turn be more sinned against than any other man of his day. He will receive the vomitings of Spanish society to govern; his colonies will be torn by seditions and bloodshed; he will be calumniated at the Spanish Court; he will be superseded and sent home in irons; the good Isabella will die at the moment when he most needs a powerful friend; and the false Ferdinand will stain his royal escutcheon with the foulest blot it ever knew, by neglect and injustice toward such a servant as Columbus; and, at last, in titled poverty and debt, he will gather up his feet and die, at once the most illustrious and the most injured man of his generation. Alas, for thee, Columbus! that thou shouldst live, after that well-earned day at Barcelona, to see thy glory darken into disgrace under the corroding breath of calumny, and to plead in vain for justice at the foot of that desecrated throne to which thou hadst given a new world.

At Valladolid, on Ascension day, of the year 1506, Columbus died, uttering, as his last words, "Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit." Let us hope that at the termination of this his last and longest voyage he found the Better Paradise.

ABBANDONATA.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE, MONTREAL.

Side by side they sat together,
  Speaking low, inaudible words,
  Like the tremulous coo of amorous birds
Out in the soft white weather.

His finger was twined in her straw-gold hair,
  His eye looked deep in her large grey eye,
  And his face bent forward rapturously,
As he won his troth from the fair.

He won her troth! On the rosy tips
  Of her ringless hand she gazed awhile,
  Then murmured Yes, with a bashful smile,
And he sealed the troth on her lips.

Ah ! then began the perilous game,
And Oh ! the hours passed sweetly on,
And she saw not his visage weird and wan,
When the dusk of evening came.

A shadow fell on his handsome face,
A cold regret was visible there,
As, muttering a half-inarticulate prayer,
He suddenly left the place.

He went, and thence was heard of no more,
Till rumour said that, a year from that day,
He had wedded another far away,
To whom he was promised before.

The poor forsaken breathed no plaint,
But crept into her secret room,
And, kneeling in the curtained gloom,
She made the prayer of a Saint.

She prayed for him who had left her so,
She prayed for her who had taken her place,
And she asked for herself the martyr's grace
Of patience in her woe.

And then she put her jewels by,
She put a mourning garment on,
And vowed to live like celibate nun,
In penitence and purity.

Ah ! who shall praise the faithful heart ?
Forgotten—that could not forget ;
Unloved—but ever loving yet ;
The heroine of a godlike part.

O men, O men, that reap God's wrath !
We play with hearts as we play with cards,
And cruelly we plant with shards
The artless maiden's path.

Why woo hearts which we may not wed ?
Why make vows which we cannot keep ?—
Than that a slighted maid should weep
'Twere better we were dead !

THE HOLY GRAIL.

BY FESTINA LENTE.

" For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamped with the image of the King."

THE country town of X——.

Truly, its imperfections, its lack of literary and intellectual progress, were owing to its isolated position and the severity of the Canadian climate. Winter laid its heavy hand of snow around the town and blocked up all the roads, so that there was little intercourse with other towns during its long months. Summer brought to bear its intense and scorching heat; it opened the avenues of intercourse with the outer world. The townsfolk fled to the watering places, and journeyed through the country to find spots cool enough to exist in. Autumn called them back to their dreary town, and winter again saw them settled in it.

How then was life made endurable to the inhabitants? Such a question needs little thought. The sleighing, skating, snow-shoeing were intense delights; and, then, did not everyone know everyone else? Was there not an everlasting fund of amusement in familiar gossip? Were there not flirtations, dances, etc.?

Yes, all of these.

Was it not to Ellen Graham's credit that, from such a mixed circle of pleasure-loving folks, she had been able to form a " Literary Society?"

It was only for ladies, of course; it met twice a week, and was formed chiefly of girls who had just finished the usual course of education. Most of them had been to Europe, and thus had opportunities for self-culture. Ellen Graham, head and leader of them all, pronounced the Society to be the most perfect thing of the kind possible.

It was the evening of the meeting of the Literary Society, and it was to be held at Ellen Graham's house.

Ellen stood awaiting her guests. She surveyed the room with satisfaction, and cast a loving look upon the blazing fire in the open grate. She was feeling very self-satisfied. In her hand she held a manuscript book of poems of her own composition. On the piano lay, also in manuscript, songs and pieces, the effusions of her friends. What a success her idea had been! Was it not a triumph that her suggestion that it was possible to live and breathe in a literary atmosphere had been proved most desirable and charming by the girls she had persuaded to join her?

The guests began to arrive. One after another came laughing into the room, each having some merry story to tell of her sleigh-drive over the bad roads. Last of all arrived Milly Hughes, a little timid creature, whose voice was seldom heard in debate, and whose abilities were never taxed to supply mental food for the Society. She usually sat in her seat and listened; thought all the poetry very beautiful, and the music and singing perfection. To-night she was accompanied by a stranger.

" Mrs. Beale wished to come with me," said Milly, in her gentle voice, to Ellen, " I thought you would allow me to bring her."

" I am pleased to see Mrs. Beale," said Ellen, heartily and a little condescendingly; but of the latter she was unconscious, the manner having become a second nature since her literary successes.

Mrs. Beale was a middle-aged lady, and her presence at first rather shadowed the merriment of the girls. Soon, however, all forgot the lady, whose face wore such an intense expression of rest and strength of purpose. They did not notice how her true and pure eyes followed their every movement; saw not the quiet smile, which she could not repress, at the strange medley of the evening's proceedings. Yet all felt as if some new influence had broken in upon their usual routine, and, as they talked, tried to

be the most charming and highly cultured beings that they could.

This is a little of what Mrs. Beale was smiling at.

"Ellen, have you written anything new?" from Mercy.

"Yes, dear; some of my best, I think. The idea was suggested to me by the sun shining on the snow."

"You *must* read it," said Mercy.

"Yes, presently; but do not say it is mine until all have criticized it. I think there will be much difference of opinion on the subject. I cannot expect all to think as deeply as I do myself—things strike me so deeply; and I think you always appreciate my thoughts."

"That is true," said Mercy. "Few people could understand how deep a friendship is when founded upon an intellectual basis. But were we not to discuss 'Art in the present day'?"

"Yes," said Ellen, rising. She stood by the centre table, her head thrown back, and her eyes deep with the weight of responsibility she felt vested in herself. "I am going to read," she said, "and you will kindly criticize freely when I have finished. After that we will discuss 'Art in the present day.'"

She read the poem.

"Is it your own?" chorused the voices of the ladies.

Ellen bent her head.

"It is perfectly lovely," said Mercy.

"Let me look at it, Ellen," said Eva. "There are one or two things I liked particularly."

"Do you understand it?" asked Ellen.

"Oh, yes!" from all. "It is so deep, yet so clear."

"It makes me feel sad," said Milly. "I do not like to think our lives are slipping away from us like the snow in the sunshine."

"It is not what you like—it is the reality," said Julia. "What on earth we were created for but to give place to others, I have failed to find out."

"You are the eldest here," observed Milly; "we all give place to *you*."

"Nonsense, child; we are all equals here. I was thinking of other things. Years ago I went to school. In the day we studied, in the evenings we talked of the future—I must confess—of lovers, and novels, and such trash. Then I went to Europe, and saw everything I could crowd into one year. Then I came back here—flirted, danced, and spent money. I am still in that stage. My sister Hepsie is going through the school course. What I want to know is how much longer this is to continue?"

"Until you marry," put in Susie.

"I am in earnest when I say I am not now speaking only of myself. There are generations still coming on; will they all do as we have done?"

"Of course," said Ellen. "Come, shall we begin our discussion?"

Julia sat back in silence; looking up, she happened to catch a gleam from Mrs. Beale's eyes which made the enforced silence endurable. She felt the subject had not been dropped for all the evening.

"*You* are to begin the discussion, Ellen."

"Oh, yes! Well, I was thinking of what effect Millais' pictures have on Art."

"They are too realistic," said Eva.

"I saw a lovely picture of his in the Royal Academy last June," said Julia, carelessly.

"The old man and the North-West Passage? I remember that one—there was a pretty girl in the picture."

"No," said Julia; "it was a little child riding on a bundle of fagots; she had on a red hood."

"What would be the *effect* of that picture?" put in Ellen. "*Do* keep to the subject, ladies."

"Well," said Julia, slowly, "you might wish you were a little girl again, able to think a ride on fagots the greatest pleasure in the world."

"Only that?" sighed Ellen. "No higher ideal?"

"It expresses much for me," said Julia; "we grow up so early here, we are old in our thoughts while we ought to be little children. I would give all I have to start afresh—as real a child as the one I saw in the picture."

"Ridiculous!" cried Eva. "We cannot help ourselves. I never remember when I did not dress and carry on little flirtations."

"And *I* tell you," said Julia, "I saw two little English children once, who lived in a country village. They were playing with dolls, though one child was twelve years old, and had been making mud puddles in the back garden."

"They ought to have known better," said Ellen.

"I think differently," said Julia. "They had on holland pinafores, belted round the waist, and their clothes were made so plainly they could hardly take any harm under the pinafores. Their cheeks were rosy and round, and at tea time they ate thick bread and butter with real appetite."

"Then Millais can content you," said Ellen, trying to bring back the subject of discussion; "your highest ideal being to be a child and make mud puddles in a back garden."

"*I* would rather be a cultivated woman," said Eva.

"This Society is a great boon, I think," said Mercy.

"It does not make us much better than we were before," said a girl who had not yet spoken.

"How so, Maggie?" was Ellen's quick inquiry.

"The evenings we meet are very well, but then there are the days."

"*My* time is always occupied in literary pursuits," said Ellen, haughtily.

"*You*, Maggie, to say the days are long, who are such a great reader!"

"Yes, I read everything. I have a box of books from New York whenever I like—father is so good—but then I read them up. I seem to know exactly what is coming in all of them."

"Why do not you write?" said Ellen.

"Too much trouble! Besides, I do not know anything I care enough for to write about."

"Do fancy work," said Eva.

"Too much trouble!"

"You have no energy," said several.

Maggie became silent again; then Julia said—

"To tell you the truth, Ellen, I think it rather absurd for us to discuss Art; there is not one amongst us who knows anything about the subject."

"I have seen all the best Art Galleries in Europe," said Ellen.

"And I—and I," from others; and one girl added, "I saw so many pictures that I really cannot remember one distinctly."

"There is no great artist living now," said Julia. "We can go back to our question if you like. The works of our living artists do not cultivate the minds of the people, like the works of the old masters, which are always placed as studies to young artists. There is nothing original——"

"Oh, Julia! have you seen any of Alma Tadema's pictures? They are original in the extreme."

"Holman Hunt is a splendid artist," said Eva, with a long stress on the "splendid." "I saw his picture of the 'Shadow of the Cross.'"

"Well, Eva," said a girl who was noted for quiet good sense, "I must say I do not like or approve of such pictures. They are sensational, and create a feeling of superstition in the minds of the people of average brain who crowd to see them. I saw and disapproved of the subject and the way it was treated."

"Oh! but did you see Doré's pictures?" cried Nannie, eagerly. "I am sure they must raise the standard of Art."

"I tell you, girls," said Julia, with quiet sarcasm in her tone, "we are talking nonsense. Not one of us knows what real Art is. We only know what we like and what we dislike, and what we have read or heard. Let us stop such a pretence, and take up a subject upon which we *do* know something."

"It is very hard," said Ellen, "to keep *you* up to an ideal life, Julia—*do* try to be more poetical."

Julia smiled good-humouredly. "I do not like pretences," she said; "I can't pretend to know what I am ignorant of."

"A little poetry in a person makes up for a great lack of the practical," continued Ellen. "I do want this meeting to be artistic and poetical as well as literary."

"As you like," said Julia with a yawn. "I see that one cannot get out of the common groove of souls, even in such a select party as this. From childhood to womanhood we have to pretend to be and to like what we do not in our hearts approve of. Very good. I am content. We will talk Art, and promise not to find out how ignorant we are. After all, why should we do anything but yawn and sleep?" She leaned back, looking extremely vexed; but seeing Ellen about to proceed with the discussion, made another protest.

"Before you go on," she said, "put the question to the meeting, what is Art?"

"Will you allow a stranger to intermed-

dle?" said a sweet voice from the shadowy corner.

"Do," chorused the girl voices.

Mrs. Beale rose and came into the middle of the room.

"I have listened to your discussions, young ladies, and have come to the conclusion that you will excuse me if I say a few hard things to you to-night."

"Say on," said Julia, with a look of amusement at Ellen's vexed countenance. "Every one has liberty of free speech at our meetings."

"I am going to preach," she said, smiling, "but not at first in my own words, and my text shall be—

"'THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL.'"

She took up a copy of the poem, and began with the words—

"'For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamped with the image of the King.'"

She read on; about the pure hearted nun, and the white-robed Galahad; of the conditions of the Quest; how none but the pure and true of heart could ever succeed in seeing the Vision. And then she stopped.

"Well," said Julia. "We have read that often. Why do you read it now?"

"'Every one of you stamped with the image of the King,'" said Mrs. Beale. "That is the reason. Every one of you capable of living to gain some great end; every one of you capable of making sacrifices of your own personal happiness for that end; and yet fifteen of you here to-night, and not one of you with a higher purpose at heart than self-amusement, or the flattering of each other's little vanities!"

"Very good, indeed," said Julia, approvingly, "pray continue."

"I think you are very hard on us," said Ellen, flushing with vexation. "You do not know, cannot imagine, how intellectually behind the times this town was before I formed this association."

"I speak as I find you—tell me fairly if I am unjust. You have souls, and some of you keen intelligence; yet here you are talking art in a school-girl way, instead of cultivating your minds or elevating your tastes by deep study of the subject. What do you mean by letting your lives drift away from you like this?"

"Blame us as much as you like," said Julia, "I enjoy nothing more. I make no protest against it, but I will state the question from our point of view—perhaps I ought to say mine."

"Pray do so," said Mrs. Beale, smiling.

"What are we girls to do to be saved? No, do not be shocked, I mean no irreverence. I make no allusion to religion. The question put to men is answered for us in this wise, 'Let them become wives.' Very good; I am quite willing they should, but statistics show that one only out of every two girls is married; therefore that must be put out of the question."

"Go on," said Mrs. Beale, as Julia stopped and considered.

"Men also say, 'let them attend to the household duties; let them make pies and fricassees; let them sweep and dust.' That also I think right and good advice; but unfortunately we are possessed of a fair share of intellect. For my part, it was no effort to me to learn to make pies; the fricassees tried my temper, but were no mental effort to accomplish. The sweeping and dusting I consider merely mechanical. You will therefore see that I have still a margin of intellect which man utterly fails to find work for, even if he will credit its possession. Perhaps he considers it is just sufficient to enable a woman to be charming enough to amuse his idle hours, or perhaps to reflect with adoration on his perfections."

"Julia is always bitter on this theme," said Ellen, with a superior and rather impatient air.

"Understand me," said Julia, "I am saying nothing against girls being good housewives. I know that half the happiness of life depends on the good and neat and wise offices of a clever housewife. All I contend for is that cooking, sweeping, and dusting are not enough for the intellect of a woman; that she has capabilities which are neglected all through life; and she drifts along until she reaches a miserable, scandal-loving, slander-loving old age. There, now, I have done for the present," said Julia, subsiding into her old careless attitude.

"Thank you, Julia, for letting me see the case from your point of view; and now, you have asked me a serious question. How are you girls to be saved from a frivolous existence; how are you to become true wo-

men? Let us call it your quest—and I will point out to you the road by which your difficulties shall be overcome, and the 'Holy Grail'—the full divine development of womanhood—at least appear to your eyes, even if it does not become your possession."

"In the first place," continued Mrs. Beale, "as far as I can understand the case, I find you all in the position of ladies who have no duty in life, or more serious occupation than the pursuit of present amusement. You are all of you in earnest, and conscious of power in yourselves to be and do something better. Oh! you have made a great step upwards if you are dissatisfied with yourselves. It is needless for me to tell you that a woman can easily find her own happiness in making those around her happy, by leading a purely unselfish life. That view of womanhood does not suit your needs. Neither could I hold out to you a distant view of happiness, as a reward for present effort. What you all want is one object in life for which to work, to suffer, and to hope."

"Aunt Primrose has got a poodle," said Maggie, modestly. "It is, I believe, the object of her deepest affections, and keenest intellectual power."

Every one laughed, and Ellen sneered at Maggie's expression.

"Keen intellectual power bestowed on the antics of a poodle!"

"She writes stories of his clever tricks," said Maggie, in explanation. "I am bored to death when I am visiting my Aunt—it is poodle, poodle, poodle, from morning to night."

"Well, in thirty years' time," said Julia, "if things continue as they are, I shall have no mind above a poodle."

"It must not be so," said Mrs. Beale, earnestly. "In the first place as a woman you have a noble duty to perform in influencing for good every human being with whom society or work brings you in contact. Try, wherever you are, to raise the standard of thought and feeling. Form in your mind some great purpose, and try to be patient and content even though ten, twenty years must elapse before it is accomplished; yea, be content even if you die on the battlefield, for I know it is only the very few who live until their highest ideal is accomplished. Yes; you must cultivate a divine patience, must expect to fail, to have many drawbacks, and not to realise quick results. Through all, be true to yourself, be true to your purpose; never forgetting that you have in view a great and noble aim, that your life is valuable to you only in so far as it is developed to its fullest power and usefulness."

"You are speaking from experience," said Maggie; "what purpose have you lived for?"

The question was not asked impertinently, but with interest.

"I will tell you my story some other evening," said Mrs. Beale, smiling kindly. "Are you all tired of my speechifying?"

"No," said Julia, "but I think you are tiring yourself for nothing. You cannot do us any good. We are too old to take up with a purpose in life now."

"Too old, my dear child!"

"Too idle, also; we have not been accustomed to work, and do not know how; I, at least, do not."

"You do not know the best way to work, I know," said Mrs. Beale; "only experience will teach you that. The *idleness* you must fight against. You need self-discipline; earnest work will do that for you. I am speaking to you all now. Some amongst you appear to have talents; or at least appreciation of art, music, and poetry. Others, I should judge, possess faculties for mathematics, languages, and the sciences. Take up the study of some one of these, and determine to work thoroughly at it. You will find in time that one will not satisfy your cravings, you will desire more and more acquaintance with what is true, good, and beautiful. Music! Study the works of the grand old masters; try to lose your little selves in the wonderful compositions of Sebastian Bach. Compose if you like, but at least study the theory and art of composing correctly. In the works of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, and other masters, you will find work for your keenest intelligence and skill. I could linger long in telling you the beautiful things you have yet to know—the exquisite harmonies, the expression of high and noble thoughts which await only the key of industry and zeal to disclose their treasures to you. Think again of painting; of sculpture; of the beautiful world—the skies, the seas—that an industrious hand may reproduce; of the beautiful truths to be demonstrated from mathematical calculations; of the wonders of the heavens that the study

of astronomy opens to you; of the thoughts of master minds to be read in different languages; think of all these things and say if there be not *one* for which you have some inclination to possess knowledge of."

"And how is this to make a true woman of me?" said Maggie smiling. "I think it might only make a selfish one instead."

"Explain," said Mrs. Beale.

"You would have to value yourself very highly before you cared to make yourself great in any way."

"And do you not?" asked Mrs. Beale. "Have you no ambition to excel in anything? Are you content to drift along in the aimless, purposeless manner you tell me you are now doing?"

There was a general laugh at Maggie's expense. Suddenly she said—

"Seriously, Mrs. Beale, the plans you propose are next to useless among us. I just suggest the possibility of marriage. Can you fancy any girl, after the studious course you recommend, marrying one of the average men? They would not have two ideas in common!"

"Thank you for that assurance," said Mrs. Beale laughing. "It is just what I want you to see. If men find that women are so much their superiors, they will have to *be* more. When an ignorant man, who has few ideas beyond money-making and love of cigars, finds that any and every girl he knows is eager to flirt with him and to marry him, without caring at all for his mental and moral qualities, is it not natural that he should remain the ignorant creature he is? It is our right, as true women, to raise the standard of society, not to accept one given by by-gone generations; to try to create or strengthen the love of the Divine wherever we go. That is one of our noblest rights; one that I am proud to say a woman can wield if she will."

"I thought you would want us to be Sisters of Mercy or nurses in hospitals," said Eva with a yawn. "I am rather pleased with your idea of self-culture, and shall think of what you have said."

"Wait fifteen years," said Mrs. Beale; "or rather, work and discipline yourself for fifteen years; you may then be content to accept even such a position as that of nurse, as one compatible with culture and true womanhood."

"Of course, as we grow older our ideas will expand," said Julia, with satisfaction.

"Or narrow," put in Mrs. Beale. "The narrowing process I am sorry to say is more often the accompaniment of age than the expanding."

"I had forgotten," said Julia; "so it is."

"Mrs. Somerville was ever so old when she began fresh studies," put in meek little Milly. "She did not narrow."

"And why was that?" asked Mrs. Beale.

"She worked for a purpose," said Milly, crimsoning with a sudden comprehension of how much that meant.

There was silence then for a little time. Then Mrs. Beale spoke again, and earnestly entreated the girls to rouse themselves to some purpose—to live aimless, objectless lives no longer. Soon it became evident that her words took effect—the girls gathered round her, eager for advice, and to detail their reasons for believing themselves gifted in some one way. But Mrs. Beale wished them to think for themselves, and for that reason would say no more to them that night. But she invited them all to come and see her the following evening, when they had had sufficient time for reflection.

* * * * *

All the guests had departed but Mrs. Beale and Milly; and Ellen came forward with a disconsolate expression.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Beale.

"I thought I had done so much," said Ellen. "If you knew how unintellectual the people are here you too would say so."

"Yes! much, my child, for the amusement of the hour. You did well, but your standard was too low; you must place it higher than mere amusement; plant it firmly on duty, self-control, and work. You will not find it fail you then. It will rise higher as you approach it if you follow the Quest with a pure and determined soul."

* * * * *

A week afterwards Mrs. Beale left the town. But her influence remains. There are girls at work, who once found that the days were too long and wearisome to bear, and who feel that they now have a purpose in life to work for. Perhaps the purpose is nothing very extraordinary, but nevertheless it is a purpose, and to keep true to it gives an interest to their lives. Instead of a "Literary Society," Ellen has started a "Students' Association," and the girls

meet without pretence of superiority to discuss or talk over their various studies and pursuits. A true, pure element has come into their lives.

Maggie has made a beautiful illumination which is hung in their meeting room and is adopted as their motto. It reminds them of many things it is good that they should think of; its gold and purple letters stand out clearly to the eyes—

"THE HOLY GRAIL."

MY OLD YEAR—MY LIVING DEAD.

OLD my year, my sad Old Year,
Dead but yesternight,
Would that I could bury deep—
Hide far out of sight—
All the ghosts of all thy days,
Hide beyond recall;
Dig a grave ten fathom deep,
There to lay them all;
So they should not follow me
Everywhere I go;
Bury thee, my sad Old Year,
Down beneath the snow.

But the Old Year never dies:
Tread and press it in the ground;
Pile and rear a mountain mound;
From its grave it still will rise,
Cold and stern, with piercing eyes,
Pointing with its wrinkled hand
Straight to me as, faint, I stand;
Till the blood has quit my heart,
And the marrow in my bones
Freezes, death-like, through each part,
At its low, sweet, awful tones.

"Didst thou deem that thou couldst bury,
Deep amidst the dust of days,
All thy year's dark thoughts and ways?
Nought to do but make thee merry,
Singing carols through the land;
Shrouding all thy care and fear
In gay garments of New Year?
Didst thou think that thou couldst borrow
From the bright dress of the morrow
That should hide thy thoughtful Past?
Thought is free, nor canst thou cover,
E'en with New Year's jewell'd fold,
Dread remorse, or dream of lover;
Nor canst bind with steel or gold
Days of joy, or days of sorrow;
Surely, will they rise at last—
Ghosts of Days, with searching eyes;
For the Old Year never dies."

LYD.

THE LAND OF THE MATABELE.

BY A. CAMPBELL, LONDON.

SINCE the earliest dawn of history, no part of our earth has been so much the subject of geographical speculation and doubt and contention as Africa. From the time of Herodotus, and in all probability even anterior to his time, the subject has at distant and less distant intervals awakened the interest of the most civilized communities of the world. But it has been reserved for this generation to see exploration carried on with a systematic and persevering intelligence, with that practical endeavour which is characteristic of the age, and with a cumulative vigour which is rapidly making us familiar with the inmost recesses of this magnificent country.

That most superb exploit of all time, in the way of travel, when David Livingstone marched from the Cape of Good Hope to the Portuguese settlements on the West, and thence across the Continent to the East Coast, where the great river Zambesi empties itself into the Indian Ocean, vibrated over Europe and America, and produced a generous spirit of emulation, which since that period has impelled such men as Speke and Grant, Baker and Stanley, and many others of less note, to follow in the footsteps of the great missionary.

It was my fortune in the year 1870 to find myself in the very heart of the territory of the Matabele, a people inhabiting the south borders of the Zambesi, and I have thought that a brief sketch of the country and of the people might be received with some degree of interest by the readers of this Magazine.

The journey from Durban, the port of Natal, was performed in waggons, each drawn by from twelve to sixteen oxen. After crossing the Drachensberg mountains, a chain attaining, in some places, to an elevation of ten thousand feet above the sea level, the great plateau of South Africa was reached. This table land, extending from the Zambesi southward, is of an average altitude of from three to four thousand feet. Within the Boer Settlements, severally called the Orange River Free State, and the South African (or Transvaal) Republic, the plateau, imperceptibly sloping westward towards the Kalahari Desert, is a rich, rolling prairie land, heavily grassed, but absolutely treeless, except, perhaps, in the deep Kloofs of the weird-like hills (Kopjies) that sentinel the plain, and awaken feelings of strange interest and awe from their grandly suggestive and isolated forms. Over this vast plain immense herds of game roam: the vildebeeste (gnu), the springbok, the quagga, divers species of antelopes. I have stood on an eminence, and all around, as far as the eye could reach, the space was filled with teeming myriads.

After passing Rustenburg, the most northerly settlement of the Boers, native villages, or kraals, are occasionally to be met with; the country assumes a partially wooded character; and the fierce denizens of the forest, the lion, leopard, hyena, begin to be encountered. Along the banks of the Limpopo the giraffe, the zebra, the rhinoceros, and the ostrich are further to be found; while on the high trees that shade its banks swarms of monkeys build their nests, and chatter among the branches, and play wild gambols as they dart about from limb to limb; the solemn-visaged baboon paces along in the deep shade; and amid the dense rushes lurks the crocodile. High overhead soars the vulture. Ducks and guinea fowl and partridges abound; and many are the birds of varied plumage and strange form. Here, too, are first seen those big earth houses, from ten to fifteen feet high, which have been raised by the little white ant, whose inveterate enemy, the black ant, often gets entombed alive in his predatory attacks, the intended victims surrounding and piling each a minute particle of viscid earth upon the struggling intruder, until he is helpless, out of sight, and forever buried.

Three days' journey from the Limpopo brought us to the chief town of the Bamangwato, beyond question the largest native

town in South Africa. The huts composing the town, as is usual throughout all these parts, are built almost exactly in the form of a bee hive, the circular wall being constructed of clay, hardened, after erection, by the action of fire; the doorway is a small aperture through which the entrants require to crawl; the roofs are thatched with grass, the thatch protruding considerably over the wall so as to form a verandah all around. There is not a vestige of design in the construction of the town, the huts being scattered about, thickly clustered, and forming a perfect maze of confusion. The tribe of the Bamangwato was governed by a chief named Matjene, he and his people being in turn subject to the all-powerful Matabele. A fat, inert, stolid-looking savage was this Matjene, yet cunning withal, who delighted in the practice of blackmail, and had to be dealt with firmly and fearlessly.

After a three months' journey, and after travelling a distance of over one thousand miles, the country of the Matabele was reached. Here had reigned, dying the year previously, Moselekatse, the great king, who after escaping from Zulu land with a force of hardy adventurers, had, in his early days, conquered the country now occupied by the Boers of the Transvaal, by whom, being greatly harassed, he retired to the farther north, and swept over the interior like a scourge, subduing, after the most unmerciful slaughter of the adult males, tribe after tribe, until not a tribe was left unconquered from the Limpopo to the Zambesi, along even to the very borders of the Portuguese Settlements on the east Coast.

At that time there was an interregnum in the government of the country. For until the very time of his death the old warrior continued to hope for the coming of the eminent missionary, Moffat, the father-in-law of Livingstone, who, on a long previous occasion, had cured him of a serious illness. "Ah, if my friend Moffat were here, I should not die," the old man would keep repeating. But a more powerful than Moffat came—Death—and Moselekatse went the way of all flesh, everything of value that he possessed being interred along with him. No successor had been named, and the chiefs of the nation were divided among themselves as to who should rule over them. The late king's eldest son, Kuruman, was, no one knew where, or whether he was alive or dead, for having by an act of construed rebellion incurred his father's displeasure, he had fled from the vengeance that must inevitably follow. And Lopingole, the second son, cautiously restrained any overt action on the part of his numerous supporters, in case Kuruman should mayhap reappear. The oldest and most trusted chiefs of the late King continued to administer the affairs of the state. This was the condition of the country at the period of my visit.

In the very centre of Matabele land, nineteen degrees south of the Equator, we pitched our camp. It was on the banks of the river Inyati, and near to a singular tree, almost unique in, at any rate, the southern part of the Continent. Under a cloudless sky, from which not a drop of rain had descended for the previous three months, the tree, day after day, poured down an unintermitting shower of sweet, pellucid water, little rivulets pouring down the trunk, and the ground receiving continuous saturation under the whole circumference of its outspreading branches.

Truly a country of wonderfully productive capacity, possessing a soil of exceptional richness; where no rain falls for nine months in the year; where there is no winter; and where the heat of summer, owing to the altitude of the land, is never oppressive; and yet a country well watered. The numerous rivers, which overflow their banks in the rainy season, when the rains fall in intermittent thunder plumps, continue to retain throughout the year part of the bountiful supply. For in the beds of these streams there is invariably a deep deposit of gravel beneath which the water subsides, and, protected from evaporation, filters slowly on its course, and can readily be procured at all times by digging. Far and wide, over the whole expanse of the land, excepting in the vicinity of the native villages, where necessary cultivation preserves the ground clear, the open forest extends. The trees are mostly varieties of the thorn species. Among these roam the buffalo and the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the zebra, and the elephant, the koodo and the eland, with many of the smaller descriptions of antelope—while the roar of the lion and the howlings of the hyena and jackal fill the night with their discordant sounds—noises, a familiarity with which begets indifference or contempt, as they become less and less indicative of danger. The

variety of beetles is something astonishing, and their variety of hue evokes even greater astonishment—glistening and glowing with all the lustre of burnished metal, they present every colour to the eye. But to every country there is sure to attach some disadvantage or scourge, and the scourge of Matabele land is the locust, the ravages of which extend in some seasons even as far south as the borders of Cape Colony. The natives take every precaution to protect their fields from attack, and when an alarm is given of an approaching cloud of the pests every available inhabitant of the villages hastens to the rescue; piles of brush, prepared before-hand, are set on fire; the most unearthly shouting and yelling goes on; an incessant beating of calabashes adds to the noise—and should the locust-cloud be driven off, great is the rejoicing that ensues. Nevertheless, it occasionally happens that fields are laid waste and that the crops of maize and of millet are lost. But as in all things evil there is a modicum of good, so in this also, for in such cases vast quantities of locusts are collected and preserved for food.

The inhabitants are a fine race—brave, intelligent, and hospitable. In their facial characteristics they are as far removed from the negro that is familiar to us on this continent as the Caucasian is from the Mongolian. Many of them, male and female, are eminently handsome, and even the typically Greek profile may be observed among them. I do not recollect ever having seen on woman's shoulders a head betokening more indication of intellectual strength, or gifted with a more pleasing expression of countenance, than that of the wife of the chief Umbego, the daughter of King Moselekatse. Neither was her complexion darker than that of the average Chinese. From chief and chieftain's wives downwards, the dress, or rather the want of dress, is almost uniformly the same. The males wear a "mooche" in front, and in rear a smaller covering, sufficient in their estimation for all the purposes of decency. The "mooche" bears a strange resemblance to the Scottish Highlander's sporran, and is highly suggestive of what may have been the pre-historic Highlander's scanty habiliments. The females wear, surrounding the loins, an ornamental covering of bead-work; and the great ambition of a Matabele belle is to load her ancles and her arms with, and to hang from her neck, circlets and quaint designs of curiously-wrought and many coloured beads. The chief Umbego improved somewhat upon the national costume, for, in addition to the "mooche," he wore, though only on important occasions, a wideawake hat.

Poor Umbego, fat and jolly and good-hearted! I heard of his death when, after six months' stay, I was clearing out of the country. Lopingole, having at length acceded to the wishes of his adherents, seized the reins of power. The chief called out his retainers in defence of the rights of the absent Kuruman. He was defeated; he and most of his followers being slain in battle.

But the Matabele, powerful as they undoubtedly are, all-powerful as they suppose themselves to be, proud of their superiority over the surrounding tribes, have a faint, overshadowing belief, amounting almost to a distinct perception of the inevitable, that their power must wane and disappear before that of the white man. The belief is settling down, and becoming a tradition among the rising generation, that the English will eventually take their country from them, and will become the dominant race over all the length and breadth of the land.

It is a belief that finds a sufficient justification in the past progress of our countrymen in South Africa, and which, there is little doubt, will find abundant confirmation in the evolutions of the future.

AN OLD BOOK.

BY JOHN READE, MONTREAL.

"England's Black Tribunall, set forth in the Triall of K. Charles I. at the Pretended Court of Justice at Westminster Hall, Jan. 22. Together with His Majesties Speech, immediately before he was murdered on a scaffold erected at Whitehall Gate, Tuesday, Jan. 30, 1648. Also the severall Dying Speeches of the Nobility and Gentry, as were inhumanly put to death for their Loyalty to their Sovereign Lord the King, from 1642 to 1658. London. Printed for J. Playford, 1660."

AS "England's Black Tribunall" is entitled to consideration on more accounts than its age, being a relic of the contemporary history of the most momentous period in England's progress; a brief notice of it may not be without interest to the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY.

The date of its appearance, the year of the Restoration, suggests at once that Mr. J. Playford was a wise man in his generation; and, no doubt, his book had many eager purchasers. On a blank page of the copy before us is a piece of rather venerable manuscript, subscribed by a name in cipher and the date 1696. It is a recipe for dyeing wool. The letters are like German text and not difficult to read. "His hand and pen" were probably some Jacobite farmer's. There is no saying, however. Books are sad wanderers, and take up their abode alike with friend and enemy to the opinions which they contain.

Our "old book" is divided into two parts. The first has to do with the trial and execution of the King; the second contains "the Dying Speeches of the Nobility and Gentry," and bears marks of being an afterthought, as, though it is paged in succession, its title is somewhat different (apart from the absence of the King's name) from that given above, and the publisher's name is omitted. Between these two parts occurs an "Elegie on the sufferings and death of K. Charles I.," which is as bad poetry as can be imagined, but is valuable as having a reference to the *Eikon Basilike*, whose fabrication has been ascribed to unscrupulous Bishop Gawden.

The "Black Tribunall" must have been ransacked by historians, but we have not at hand, as we write, the means of ascertaining by what writers it has been made use of.

The account of the King's trial and execution is substantially the same as that which is found in Guizot and Hallam. We are informed that His Majesty's last words were "taken in shorthand, on the scaffold, by three several gentlemen, who were very exquisite in that art," and, certainly, throughout the volume there is a note of rude fidelity and an absence of ornament which contrasts very saliently with the sensational picturesqueness and bold exaggeration of the modern "gentlemen of the press." "Nor had His Majesty any copy," we are told, "(being surprised and hastened by those who attended him on the scaffold) save only a few heads on a little scrip of paper, which, after his death, the soldiers took from the Bishop of London, to whom he gave it: therefore the reader must be content with this copy, which was by them upon joint comparing of their copies published, some few words being altered to make the sense perfect."

"The Act of the Commons of England, assembled in Parliament" for the King's trial, is given in full, with the names "Thomas, Lord Fairfax, General; Oliver Cromwell, Lieutenant-General," etc., attached to it. The description of the Court is very minute. "The Lord President (Bradshaw), in a crimson velvet chair, fixed in the midst of the Court, placed himself, having a desk with a crimson velvet cushion before him." A "crimson velvet chair" was also set for the King. The charge was read by "the Clerk of the Court, who sate on one side of the table covered with a rich Turkey carpet." It is very long and specific. "It is observed that the time the charge was reading, the

King sat down on his chair, looking sometimes on the Court, sometimes up to the gallery, and having risen again and turned about to behold the guards and spectators, sat down, looking very sternly, with a countenance not at all moved, till these words, viz., *Charles Stuart to be a tyrant and traitor, &c.*, were read, at which he laughed, as he sate, in the face of the Court." The behaviour of the King throughout is described with similar, almost painful, exactness. "The silver head of his staff fell off, the which he wondered at, and seeing none to take it up, he stooped for it himself and put it in his pocket." As he was withdrawn at the end of the unsatisfactory proceedings of the first day (Saturday, January 20) he looked "with a very austere countenance upon the Court without stirring of his hat, and replied 'Well, Sir,' when the Lord President commanded the guard to take him away."

"On Jan. 21, being Sunday, the Commissioners kept a fast at Whitehall: there preached Mr. Spigge; his text was, *He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.* Next Mr. Foxley; his text, *Judge not lest you be judged.* Last was Mr. Peters; his text was, *I will bind their Kings in chains and their nobles in fetters of iron.*"

On Monday the trial was resumed. "Upon the King's coming in a shout was made," which was not heard with favour by the Court. The King again disputed the authority of the latter, and it became evident that there could be no compromise between Commons and King. The arguments on both sides are well known. There is nothing new in this book in that respect. On the 27th of January the sentence was pronounced that "the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murtherer and a publique enemy, shall be put to death by the severing of his head from his body." The scene that ensued, as here detailed, is what would be now called sensational. It would seem as if the sentence took the King by surprise, and that for a time he lost that dignified self-command which was habitual to him. After the pronouncing of the sentence he said:—

"Will you hear me a word, Sir?"

President:—"Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence."

King:—"No, Sir?"

President:—"No, Sir, by your favour, Sir. Guard, withdraw your prisoner."

King:—"I may speak after the sentence—By your favour, Sir, I may speak after the sentence—ever.

By your favour (hold) the sentence, Sir,—

I say, Sir, I do—

I am not suffered for to speak. Expect what justice other people will have."

"After sentence, the King being hurried from their bar (which accounts, no doubt, for the confusion betrayed in those last words), as he passed down the stairs, the common souldiers, laying aside all reverence to sovereigntie, scoffed at him, casting the smoak of their stinking tobacco in his face (no smell more offensive to him) and flinging their foul pipes at his feet." The "Counterblast," it would seem, was not written without effect. The meeting between the King and his children is told with touching simplicity. The effect on the King of the well-known words of the little Duke of Gloucester, "I will be torn in pieces first," is quaintly told: "which falling so unexpectedly from one so young, it made the King rejoice exceedingly."

There is nothing new in the account of the execution. The King alludes to Strafford, saying, "An unjust sentence that I suffered for to take effect is punished now by an unjust sentence upon me." He does not mention any name, but, in a note, Strafford is designated as the person referred to. The "Remember" uttered after he had given his "George" to Dr. Juxon is explained in another note: "It is thought for to give it to the Prince."

In a letter written to Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II.) from the Isle of Wight, dated Nov. 29th, 1648, occur these words: "Subjects have learned that victories over their princes are but triumphs over themselves, and so will be more unwilling to hearken to changes hereafter." The following is not bad advice, though given by a Stuart to a Stuart: "If God give you success, use it humbly and far from revenge. If He restore you to your right upon hard conditions, whatever you promise, keep." We know what, in the long run, came to be regarded by Englishmen as worse than *punica fides*.

The words "This is the head of a traitor," generally claimed for the executioner, are not found in this book, in which it is simply said that "he held it up and showed it to the people." "Which done, it was, with

the body, put into a coffin, covered with black velvet, for that purpose, and conveyed into his lodgings there," that is, in prison. Thence the body was taken to St. James's, "laid there a fortnight to be seen by the people," and thence to Windsor. The Duke of Lenox, the Marquis of Hertfert, the Marquis of Dorchester, and the Earl of Linsey, "having obtained an order from the Parliament for the decent interment of their royal master, provided the expense thereof not exceeding five hundred pounds," and having in vain sought permission "that the interment should be by the form in the Common Prayer Book of the Church of England," "betook themselves to the search of a convenient place for the burial of the corpse, the which, after some painstaking therein, they discover a vault in the middle of the quire, wherein, as is probably conjectured, lyeth the body of King Henry the Eighth and his beloved wife, the lady Jane Seamor, both in coffins of lead. In this vault—there being room for one more—they resolved to inter the body of the King, the which was accordingly brought to the place, borne by the officers of the garrison, the four corners of the velvet pall borne up by the aforesaid four lords, the pious Bishop of London following next and other persons of quality; the body was committed to the earth with sighs and tears, especially of the reverend Bishop, to be denied to do the last duty and service to his dear and royal master. The velvet pall being cast into the vault was laid over the body upon the coffin with these words set:—

"'KING CHARLES, 1648.'"

The second part of "England's Black Tribunall" is, perhaps, more interesting than the first, as it deals with characters of which, with a few conspicuous exceptions, general history takes hasty, if any notice. It contains "the dying speeches of such nobility and gentry as have been put to death for their loyalty to their Sovereign, King Charles I., together with the names of their judges and manner of putting to death." The number of the sufferers is twenty-one. Of these, seven—the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, and five others—were executed before the King; the rest, among whom were the Earls of Derby, Holland, and Cambridge, and Lord Arthur Capel, after him. It has to be borne in mind throughout that the legal year began on the 25th of March, not as now (since 1752) on the 1st of January. This sets the date of Charles's death in 1648 instead of 1649, as we are accustomed to fix it.

The spelling is most capricious and perplexing, the same word being often spelled in three different ways in the course of a few pages, and there is little regard paid to punctuation.

What strikes one as very remarkable is the extreme cheerfulness with which some of the unfortunate gentlemen met their fate. Courageous resignation is intelligible, but exaltation and fervour of joy, showing itself in kissing the block and the axe, are things rather deep for a man whose neck is safe. They are, however, by no means unusual. Condemned criminals are often apparently the happiest of men. Whether their happiness be real, or whether, by some merciful provision of nature, their minds are numbed with apathy or excited to ecstasy during their awful ordeal, is a question for the psychologist. Religion, no doubt, is often successful in rousing the penitent to a sense of God's mercy, and the difference between the power of Divine love that would pardon the greatest crime and that which would pardon the most venial fault may be theologically infinitesimal; but we are, nevertheless, inclined to doubt the saintship which has its origin in the cell and its canonization on the scaffold.

Whatever were his previous faults or crimes, no martyr ever behaved with more dignity on receiving his crown, than the Earl of Strafford on the day of his execution. His words (as here reported) seem so honest and straightforward that one does not willingly pronounce him a hypocrite. His reference to the King, in which he prays "that he find mercy when he stands most in need of it," if conveyed to Charles, was, no doubt, bitterly recalled by him when he did stand in need of mercy. Whatever else Strafford was, there can be little doubt that he was a loyal and faithful servant to his fickle and ungrateful master. Among three instructions which he left to his son is this, "That he should never lay any hand upon anything that belonged to the Church," for if he did so, "he wished the curse of God might follow him." The Church of England

he calls "the most Apostolical Church on earth."

The "God save the King" with which the executioner shewed his head to the people seems to have a sort of prophetic irony.

Immediately following the account of the trial and execution of Strafford is a piece of execrable rhyming, addressed to the citizens of London, and called a "Satyric Elegie," the unfortunate hero being Master Nathaniel Tomkins, who was executed July 5th, 1643. The two concluding lines may serve as a specimen:—

"From your black doom we'll this conclusion draw,
You have no gospel, Tomkins had no law."

Some of those whose last days are here described were not the King's friends, but Parliamentarians who suffered for having betrayed their trust. Sir Alexander Carew, Baronet, was beheaded for treasonable correspondence with the enemy; Sir John Hotham, for betraying Hull.

From his position, the most important of all the victims was William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. His speech on the scaffold was half a sermon, beginning in due homiletic form with a text. Speaking of the Church of England, he says, "The poor Church of England, that hath flourished and been a shelter to other neighbouring churches when storms have driven upon them; but, alas! now it is in a storm itself, and God knows whether or how it shall get out; and, which is worse than a storm from without, it is become like an oak cleft to shivers with wedges made out of its own body, and that, in every cleft, prophaneness and irreligion is creeping in apace."

There are two prayers of his, one long, offered after his speech, the other just before his execution. In this last he implores God to "bless this Kingdom with peace and with plenty, with brotherly love and with charity, that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood amongst them, for Christ's sake, if it be Thy will."

The Earls of Cambridge and Holland, and Lord Arthur Capel, were all three executed on the same day, March 9th, 1649. There is nothing remarkable in any of their speeches. Lord Holland said that he had "endeavoured to do those actions that became an honest man and a good Englishman and a good Christian," at the same time acknowledging that he was a great sinner. His conversation with his chaplain, Mr. Bolton, is long and not without interest.

The following is an extract from the prayer, said on the scaffold, of Colonel John Morris, executed August 23rd, 1649:

"Welcome, blessed hour, the period of my pilgrimage, the term of my bondage, the end of my cares, the close of my sins, the bound of my travels, the goal of my race, the haven of my hopes. I have fought a long fight in much weakness, I have finished my course, though in great faintness, and the crown of my joy is that, through the strength of Thy grace, I have both kept the true faith, and have fought for my King's, the Lord's anointed's cause, without any wavering, for which, and in which I die."

One of the most interesting of all these sad obituaries is that of James, Earl of Derby, executed at Bolton, October 15th, 1651, for corresponding with the absent and unacknowledged King. He was much beloved by the common people; so much so, that at the hour appointed for his death, the scaffold, for lack of workmen, was not ready. "Shall the good Earl of Derby die?" was the general pathetic exclamation in the streets. "On his way to the scaffold the people prayed and wept and cried aloud," and while he was delivering his address the excitement was so intense that "the soldiers fell into a tumult, riding up and down the streets, cutting and slashing the people, many being killed and many wounded. His Lordship, looking upon this sad spectacle, said thus, 'Gentlemen, it troubles me more than my own death, that others are hurt, and, I fear, dye for me.' The panic interrupted his speech and he could not finish it, but the manuscript of it was preserved." "The executioner," we are told, "did his work at one blow, all the people weeping and crying and giving all expressions of grief and lamentation." A piece of paper with these lines was thrown into the Earl's coffin:—

"Bounty, wit, courage, all in one lie dead,
A Stanley's hand, Vere's heart and Cecil's head."

Some of the other speeches recorded in the "Black Tribunall" are interesting enough in their way, but the extracts which we have given will convey a general idea of their style and matter. Two or three are very tedious, and calculated, one would think,

to lessen the sympathy, by wearying the patience, of the audience. The brightest and most to the point is that of the "piously disposed Hugh Grove, of Chisenbury, in the parish of Enford and county of Wilts, Esq., beheaded the 16th day of May, 1655, in the Castle at Exon." The latest execution is that of Sir H. Slingsby and of "the Reverend Dr. John Hewyt, D.D.," who were beheaded on the same scaffold, June 8th, 1658. Both these men suffered for anticipating what was so near at hand through the sinuous diplomacy of General Monk. Among the charges against Dr. Hewyt was that of kissing the King's hand, which act of devotion he attempts to disprove by an *alibi*. "His Highness was pleased to tell me," he said, "that I was like a flaming torch in the midst of a sheaf of corn"—words not uncharacteristic of His Highness.

We take leave of this melancholy little book with a feeling of thankfulness that those bloody days and, we trust, their bitter memories, have passed away. Whatever blessings of civil liberty they brought, or were the means of bringing, are ours, increased a hundredfold; and the evils which were the dark channels of those blessings are not likely to recur. Still we find much to imitate in the characters of many who figured in them—whether of the chivalry of loyalty or the chivalry of freedom. On both sides of the great contest there were men distinguished by manly earnestness and love of truth and right, although circumstances may have led them to seek the objects at which they aimed by different paths. Happy are we in Canada, who have obtained all that was best in those objects, as, so to speak, a gift from Providence—thrice happy if we make a proper use of our lofty privileges!

SLEIGHING SONG.

TO the music of the trees,
Borne along the evening breeze,
To the sleigh-bells' cheery chime,
Bringing forth its tuneful time,
Merry, merry, on we go,
O'er the crisp and glittering snow.

No more on briar and tree,
Bird doth warble joyously.
List! Though hushed its witching strain,
Echoes still the sweet refrain—
Earth, O earth, so glad and fair!
Sing, Oh heart! why dream of care?

Oh! diamond-dusted hills,
Oh! glassy, glistening rills,
Oh! ye snowy-bowered glades,
Oh! ye laughing forest shades,
As we swiftly glide along
Break ye forth in gladsome song.

Barrie. F. E. P. P.

HEINRICH JUNG STILLING,

TAILOR, SCHOOLMASTER, PROPHET, AND PRIVY COUNCILLOR.*

BY LOUISA MURRAY, TILSONBURG, ONT.

A WRITER on German life has told us that Germany's greatest danger has always been the great amount of intellectual produce for which it finds no fit or profitable work. This unutilised intellect expends itself in spinning subtle webs of thought, and tries to give them form and substance by embodying them in systems of transcendental philosophy and mystical theology. "In such a state of things," said the great Prussian statesman, Stein, "the mind acquires an idle and foolish attraction for the extraordinary and incomprehensible, instead of devoting itself to energetic action." When the new and intoxicating hopes of universal freedom, brotherhood, and the rights of man, which heralded the great French Revolution, sprang into sudden being, like the latent seeds in a newly broken up piece of ground, this hidden force shaped itself into the secret societies of Freemasons, Rosicrucians, Illuminati, and a hundred other wild developments of the struggle between faith and reason, despotism and liberty, mingled with chimerical dreams of mastering the secrets of matter, and holding intimate intercourse with the spirit world. Out of this yeasty chaos the most extraordinary mental and moral phenomena rose to the surface. Religion, especially, assumed strange phases. Many fanatics believed themselves divinely inspired, and found enthusiastic disciples. Men proficient in all the learning of the universities threw it aside as a vain and worthless encumbrance, and turning peddlers travelled from house to house, offering with their wares the message of salvation. Pious countesses chose for their husbands pious peasants, and Christian faith was held to be a bond of union abolishing all class distinctions, and drawing all believers into the closest fellowship.

A mountainous district of central Germany was the stronghold of this pietistic movement, and has been called "the classic ground of sectarianism." Zinzendorf and other zealous religionists had visited it, and the writings of Spener, Francke, Madame Guyon, and other mystics were eagerly read by the people. In this district, in the little village of Grund, in 1740, was born that strange psychological phenomenon Heinrich Jung, "afterwards called Stilling," who was the son of a tailor, and brought up to his father's trade, but who in his old age assumed the mantle of the prophet, sat at princes' tables, and beheld an Emperor hanging reverently on the words in which he revealed his celestial visions. He wrote memoirs of his own life, and his *Lebensgeschichte* and *Wanderschaft* (Life History, and Travel) have delighted many readers. Goethe having heard from him the story of his youth, persuaded him to write it down, and helped him in getting it published. Count Stolberg sang its praises, and it has been extolled by poets differing as widely from each other as Schenkendorf and Freiligratt. In this remarkable book, beautiful and romantic scenery, legends, and presentiments, are curiously blended with the actions and feelings of men; there are powerful descriptions of the passions which agitate the heart, controlled by religion; mountains and forests, and the varying aspects of nature, have a voice and speak in parables; and all combine simply and naturally to produce a striking and fascinating effect. Its pictures of religious, rural, and domestic life have never been surpassed by any imaginative writer, and they have the great charm of reality.

The people among whom Stilling's youth was passed were a sturdy race of peasants,

* Taken chiefly from Baur's Religious Life in Germany, Goethe's Autobiography, and Carlyle's Essays on German Literature.

miners, smiths, and charcoal burners. They were deeply devout, but every one put his own interpretations on the Bible and its mysteries. These hardy tillers of the soil and workers in mines and iron forges believed in supernatural visions, presentiments, and revelations, and were imbued with the visionary speculations of the time. Stilling's grandfather, the patriarch Eberhardt, occupied himself at his charcoal burning with the quadrature of the circle; and his maternal grandfather, Pastor Moritz, had been dismissed from his office for practising alchemy. His mother, the gentle and susceptible Dortchen, from whom he inherited many traits of character, died early, and his grandmother, the wife of Eberhardt, then took charge of him. Here he became familiar with the life of the charcoal burners, and was often alone in the woods and among the mountains. In the solitude of the hills, and the seclusion of the forest glades, he made companions and friends of birds and trees and flowers, and learned to love nature, and to be a close observer of all her aspects. The garden behind the house, as it sloped up the hill, seemed only like a natural extension of the dwelling, and when quiet and seclusion were not to be had within, and they were in a mournful or meditative mood, these singular people would wander alone, or with wife or child, over the wooded hills, and fancied they heard spirit voices in the sighing of the wind, or the song of the nightingale. They had a strong family feeling, and took pride in looking back to a long line of pious and worthy ancestors. Heinrich frequently heard these ancestors alluded to, and one day, when taking a walk in the wood with his grandfather, he began asking him about them. Father Eberhardt smiled and said, "It would be hard to make out that we were descended from any prince, but your forefathers were all good and honourable people, and there are very few princes who can say that. You must consider it the greatest honour you could have that your grandfather and great grandfather, and their fathers, were men who were beloved and honoured by every one, although they had nothing to rule over but their own households. Not one of them ever married disgracefully, or acted dishonourably towards a woman; not one of them ever coveted what did not belong to him, and they all died full of years and honour." Heinrich was pleased to hear this, and said, "I shall find my forefathers in heaven then." "Yes," said the grandfather, "that you will. In that world we shall take a high rank; mind you do not forfeit your privileges. Heinrich, I hope you will remember this evening as long as you live! Our blessing will rest upon you as long as you are good; but if you are godless and despise your parents, we shall not recognise you in eternity."

The boy never did forget that evening. Family ties were always strong with him, and he showed their influence at an early age in a touching manner. When his grandfather died, a son-in-law of the name of Simon became master of the house. Not being one of the family he did not care for old associations, and the oak table over which so many blessings had been spoken and had witnessed so much hospitality, the useful old table, was exchanged for one of yellow maple wood full of locked-up drawers. The old one was put up in the loft behind the chimney, and Henry sometimes went up there, lay down upon the ground near it, and cried. Simon found him there one day and said—"Henry, what are you doing?" Henry answered, "I am crying about the table." His uncle laughed. "What! crying about an old oak table!" Henry was provoked, and said, "My grandfather made that lap to it, and that leg, and that carving in the lap; nobody who loved him would like to see it destroyed." Simon was angry and retorted, "It was not large enough for me. And besides where was I to put my own?" "Uncle," said the boy, "you ought not to have put that up here till grandmother was dead, and all the rest of us were gone away." In after years when Stilling was at the height of his fame, he had the satisfaction of receiving his father—then a venerable and weary old man—into his house and caring for him till his death.

The retired life of his childhood increased instead of repressed the desire to obtain knowledge and gain influence among men, which seemed born with him. Very early he excited observation both in his own family and others. His grandfather often said, "That boy is getting beyond us. He will be fledged earlier than any of us were. We must pray God to guide him with His good Spirit."

At fifteen he gave up tailoring and became

Apollyon of the Apocalypse, there were others who regarded him as a political Messiah, raised to spread God's kingdom by "the sword of Liberty and the bayonet of Equality." In Würtemberg there was a sect that held him to be Jesus Christ, come down to earth a second time, and they refused obedience to any other authority; withdrawing from all religious ordinances and sacraments, calling the clergy of all denominations priests of Baal, and wearing the white cockade as their peculiar badge. As Stilling refused to say that Napoleon was Antichrist, he was at one time accused of being the founder of this sect, but he indignantly denied having any connection with them or their views, though he acknowledged that he regarded the great conqueror as a mighty instrument in the hands of God, whose career would eventually tend to the salvation and redemption of the whole world. But it was in the Emperor Alexander of Russia that he hoped to find the deliverer of the saints. Naturally, the East has always had great attractions for pious Christians, and years before Alexander accepted the *role* of an earthly saviour, offered to him by Madame de Krüdener and other fanatics, Stilling had prophesied that a great restorer of God's kingdom would come from the cradle of the human race. At that time a flood of fanaticism poured over Germany. Whole communities tried to sell their possessions that they might go to the feet of the Caucasian mountains, and there await the advent of the New Jerusalem. Mary Kummer, an ecstatic peasant woman, in whose inspirations Madame de Krüdener and other enthusiasts believed, led a band of pilgrims, wearing blue ribbons and carrying pilgrims' staves in their hands. Having received a promise of protection from the Emperor, seven thousand persons took boat to go down the Danube, but before they arrived in Georgia, their number had diminished by three thousand. The rest fell into disorder and disunion, and the remnant had to be saved from starvation by the charitable help of a Swiss Missionary Society.

Undoubtedly Stilling's prophecies had done much towards inciting these delirious movements. He had hoped that the Emperor would set apart a territory in Astrachan or Georgia, to which the people of God might journey, and make of it a "Solyma," or land of Peace; and he was continually directing their attention to Asiatic Russia as the favoured land in which the Kingdom of God would first be made manifest. But as soon as his prophetic visions were uttered his common sense asserted itself, and he never joined in any of the fanatical demonstrations his writings had helped to excite, or in any way encouraged them. On the contrary, he always declared that the time had not yet come. "Now I earnestly pray of you," he wrote, "not to seek the land of refuge till the Lord leads you into it, and not to leave your homes till you can stay there no longer." Through all his life he showed a singular union of the wildest imaginations with practical prudence and common sense; but in these contradictions he was perfectly sincere and unaffected.

His writings exercised an immense influence among the pietists, millenarians, and Moravians; and a belief in his divine vocation, as a religious teacher and an inspired seer, extended itself in a surprising manner among people of the highest rank and position. His "Scenes from the Spirit World," and other visions, were accepted as supernatural revelations, and a periodical which he conducted, entitled *Der Grau Mann* ("The Grey-headed Man"), spread his fame through all Germany. Charles Frederic, Grand Duke of Baden, made him his privy councillor, with a salary, but no duties, except to act as his spiritual adviser, and win souls for the Kingdom of Heaven. By the Duke's desire, he took up his residence in the Palace at Carlsruhe, and a seat was always placed for him at the ducal table. His correspondence was entirely devoted to the task he had set himself of increasing the number of the elect, and he often spent nearly a hundred pounds a year in postage.

In 1806, the famous devotee, Madame de Krüdener, the Christian Egeria of the Emperor Alexander, called by Stein "the Field Marshaless of the *salons*," to whose influence the league of the Holy Alliance, and the document put forth by the three monarchs, whom she compared to the three wise kings of the East, was attributed, paid the venerable seer a visit. "Tell Stilling from me," said one of her votaries, "that I beg he will not invoke me as a saint!" But Stilling was too much occupied with his own inspiration to worship hers. However, he explained to her his views on prophecy and the millennium, and initiated her into the

mysterious relations between the spirit-world and the inhabitants of earth. Her future course seems to show that she left him with the resolve that similar manifestations of divine favour should be granted to her.

Some years later the Emperor Alexander, on his return from Paris and London, summoned Stilling to meet him at Buchsal. A private interview was arranged, and as Stilling was rather deaf, the Emperor seated himself close beside him, and took both the old man's hands in his, listening to every word he spoke, as if it were the voice of God. When they parted Alexander again pressed the prophet's hands, and said, "We two will make an agreement to be faithful unto death!" Ever afterwards he spoke of Stilling with reverence, took one of his sons into the Russian service, and sent him considerable presents.

The life of this singular enthusiast was, on the whole, peaceful and happy. He was twice married, and his second wife survived him. Children, grandchildren, and disciples surrounded him in his old age, honouring him as a true father in God, and reverencing him as an inspired seer and teacher of divine things. Shortly before his death one of his daughters, the child of his first wife, begged that when he was in heaven he and her mother would pray for her. "I must first see what is the custom in the other world," he replied; "then we will pray for you."

"I feel an unspeakable peace in my soul," he said to those about his dying bed, "which my physical suffering makes it hard for you to understand."

At four o'clock in the morning, feeling his death approach, he partook of the communion, with his family, performing the holy office himself. As the sun beamed brightly forth at mid-day, his pure and gentle spirit took its flight, leaving so peaceful and dignified an impress on his features, that to those who looked upon them, assurance was made doubly sure that he had reached his heavenly home.

NOTHING.

BY SARAH KEPPEL, HAMILTON.

BESIDE the door, one summer day,
There sat a maiden, bright and gay,
And fair, as was the fairy May,
That decked the fields around her.

Softly she hummed a blithesome strain,
And glanced adown the grassy lane,
Then turned and sewed her seam again,
With smile and sigh commingled.

"What are you thinking of, my child?"
Her gentle mother said, and smiled;
Then stood with anxious glance, yet mild,
Waiting her daughter's answer.

But she looked up with bright surprise,
And dropped her lovely tell-tale eyes,
And answered—are such answers wise?—
"Nothing, dear mother, nothing."

* * * * * *

Beside the fire one winter night,
There sat a maiden sad and white,
With weary eyes from which the light
Seemed chased away forever.

Anon she raised her head to smile,
With that self-sacrificing guile,
Which makes a woman laugh the while
Her very heart is breaking.

"What ails the girl?" the father said,
And kindly stroked the shining head;
But she with smile whence joy had fled,
Answered, "Dear father, nothing."

* * * * * *

A woman with a lonely look,
Sat reading from a time-worn book,
But often from its page she took
Her calm yet saddened glances.

"My life is passing by," she said,
"The years are fleeting o'er my head,
With swift and sure though noiseless tread,
Soon they will all be over.

"And I shall step from off the stage,
My hair grown white with work and age,
But nothing written on life's page,
That I had fondly longed for."

But when a child with wondering eyes,
Asked her what grieved her, in surprise,
She kissed his cheek and low replies
"Nothing, dear childie, *nothing*."

* * * * * *

O woman, 'tis your fate for aye
To hide your heart, seem light and gay,
And though that heart may break, to say
Forever, "It is nothing."

THE PHYSICAL EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

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MY attention has been directed to a series of articles upon the Prayer question which has appeared in the CANADIAN MONTHLY. The first of these articles was a well considered and well presented review of the Burney Essay for 1873. The second was a review of an Appendix to that Essay, and it also contained some original matter from the pen of the reviewer, FIDELIS. The third was a criticism upon the second, and was written by Mr. Le Sueur, of Ottawa. The fourth and last was a reply to this criticism, by FIDELIS. In now undertaking to deal with Mr. Le Sueur's remarks, so far as they affect me individually, I should like to state that I am moved to do so, not so much for the sake of defending myself from misrepresentation, as for the sake of placing the Prayer question upon what I conceive to be its proper basis, —it being improbable that more than a very small percentage of those who have read Mr. Le Sueur's article will have likewise read the treatise upon which he passes so free a criticism.

In the opening paragraphs of this article the following passage occurs:—

> "One view of the question was presented in the May number of this Magazine by a writer for whom I have the highest respect, and whose *nom de lume* of FIDELIS never fails to command attention for the articles to which it is prefixed. The article to which I now refer is based upon a recent Burney Prize Essay, and is devoted to proving that 'Prayer for Daily Bread' ('Daily Bread' being taken to stand for all temporal blessings generally) is not only in strict accordance with the teaching of Scripture, but fully justifiable on grounds of reason. The present writer has not had the advantage of reading the work to which FIDELIS refers; but, assuming its arguments to have been correctly and adequately reproduced, it is his purpose to show wherein they appear to be defective. No doubt, in the pages of FIDELIS, much illustrative matter has been omitted; but what has been given must have been deemed sufficiently conclusive, and there can therefore be no unfairness in dealing with the argument as we find it."

In this passage, Mr. Le Sueur frankly asserts that he intends the rest of his article to be considered as a criticism upon a work which he has not read; and he seeks to justify his position by assuming that a friendly notice of that work, in giving an epitome of some of the arguments employed, has not omitted anything further than "much illustrative matter;" for, as he just previously observes, "in a matter of this kind, no one can really have anything new to urge." And further, apart from all such considerations, Mr. Le Sueur thinks the author he criticizes cannot have anything to complain of in the unusual course pursued by his critic, seeing that "what has been given [by FIDELIS] must have been deemed sufficiently conclusive." Now, it is true that I have no reason to complain of the abstract which FIDELIS has given of my treatise upon the Prayer question. On the contrary, I may take this opportunity of stating that I think that abstract, so far as it goes, a very good one. But, although I have every reason to be satisfied with the review in question, when it is considered in relation to the subject with which it was written—viz., that of conveying a general idea of the nature of my work—it appears to me desirable to enter a protest against a Burney Essay being publicly criticized upon the basis of a review alone.

In speaking thus strongly, I do not wish it to be thought that I am speaking acrimoniously. The attitude of mind shown by the writer I am briefly replying to, is an attitude of mind which I can fully appreciate: while the breadth of view and the candour of tone that pervade his article are qualities in a writer which, with the single exception of accuracy of thought, I recognise before all others as entitled to the highest esteem. But we must always be careful to distinguish between the man and his writings; and in the foregoing observations I merely wish to enforce the general principle, that "the high *priori* road" is as dangerous a one for the critic as for the man of science to travel by—especially in cases where the

work criticized aims at an academic treatment of its subject. In the present case, I hope to show that Mr. Le Sueur has not escaped the casualties which are so liable to attend the treacherous way he has chosen.

First of all, then, my critic is mistaken in supposing that the arguments of "a recent Burney Prize Essay . . have been correctly and adequately reproduced" by FIDELIS. So far as the article by the last-named writer is concerned, no one could gather from it even the faintest conception of "the argument" referred to; seeing that this article is not concerned with the "Burney Prize Essay" at all, but with a totally distinct treatise, and one which is avowedly but a supplement to the main argument contained in that Essay. Even, therefore, if Mr. Le Sueur's remarks were otherwise valid, he would be wrong in supposing that they have any bearing upon my principal line of argument. This principal line of argument is "an elaborate exposition" of human ignorance, and of the consequent futility of all such objections to the Prayer theory of Scripture as are raised on *a priori* grounds alone. On the other hand, the supplementary Essay which FIDELIS reviewed is merely a detailed examination of the numerous arguments which have been adduced by the writers who from time to time have assailed the Prayer theory. Hence, as most of Mr. Le Sueur's objections are of an *a priori* nature, I cannot but regret that he did not think it worth his while to read my Essay before he presented these objections in the form of criticisms upon the very work in which they had been stated, considered, and, in my opinion, refuted. As this is the method which he has adopted, however, I think that the most effectual course for me to pursue in my reply will be to quote brief passages, and give references to longer ones occurring in the work he criticizes, in order to show that the various difficulties he propounds have already been anticipated and discussed.

It will tend to render my subsequent remarks more effectual if I begin with a few words of counter-criticism. Nearly the whole of Mr. Le Sueur's article is pervaded by the argumentative error which a large part of the first chapter of the book he criticizes was written to guard against. This error is that of confusing the antecedent improbability of the theory concerning the physical efficacy of prayer with the antecedent improbability of the theory concerning the government of the world by a Personal Providence. The two theories, it will be observed, are distinct—the latter *containing* the former as a genus contains a species. Now, it is quite possible to doubt the specific theory without doubting the generic one; —there may be a Personal Providence, who, nevertheless, does not see fit to answer human petitions with physical equivalents. Hence, the specific theory admits of being discussed apart from the generic one; and so long as the specific theory is the only one in dispute, it is not legitimate for an opponent to draw upon any objection to which the generic theory may be open, for in this way he would digress upon a much wider question than the one which is proposed for discussion. There is nothing new in the principle I here apply; it is one which is recognised by all logicians. Some basis of assumption every argument must have to rest upon; so that when our object is to ascertain the probability of any special proposition, we must always, for the time being, assume the truth of some more general proposition, without which the special one would have no existence. After this special proposition has been fully discussed upon this basis of assumption, and so has had its precise degree of rational probability upon that basis established, we are then, and only then, at liberty to widen our circle by discussing the probability of the proposition which was previously assumed. Of course, it is always open to an antagonist to say "the improbability of the proposition which you assume is so great that I cannot entertain as worthy of argument the proposition which you ask me to discuss, seeing that this proposition rests upon the basis of so questionable an assumption;" but this is merely to say that, in the opinion of the objector, the probability of the hypothesis assumed must be settled before he thinks it worth his while to discuss the thesis proposed. It would still be illegitimate in him to consent to discuss the thesis proposed, and then to employ arguments against that thesis which derive their force only from the bearing which they have upon the hypothesis assumed. This, as in effect I said before, is merely the enunciation of a rule to which all alike must conform if they wish, I will not say to argue logically with others, but to

think clearly for themselves. Now, in the particular case with which we are concerned, it is manifestly illegitimate for a man to say, "I consent to argue the Prayer question upon the assumption that there is a Personal Providence," and then, in the course of his argument, to adduce a number of objections to the Prayer theory in particular, which only apply to it *through* the application they have to the theory of Personal Providence in general. If a disbeliever in the Prayer theory is such because he is a disbeliever in the theory of Personal Providence, he should say so at the outset of his argument, and then either refuse altogether to discuss the Prayer theory as being antecedently absurd, or else, during the course of his argument, be careful to point out which of his objections apply specifically to the Prayer theory, and which generically to the theory of Personal Providence. I cannot occupy further space just now with rendering this important distinction more clear, and so must refer any one who wishes to understand it better to the part of the Burney Essay already referred to. Throughout this article, however, I shall consider it as fully established, that all objections urged against the doctrine concerning the physical efficacy of Prayer are illegitimate, in so far as they derive their force from the bearing which they have upon the more general doctrine concerning the government of the world by a Personal Providence.

We may now consider Mr. Le Sueur's objections *seriatim*. The first of these objections refers to the doctrine of foreordination. FIDELIS and myself, in common with many other writers upon the Prayer question, maintain that this doctrine supplies us with a conceivable solution of all possible objections which can be urged against the Prayer theory, so far as natural law is concerned—it being "quite reasonable to suppose that the two spheres of this spiritual and physical government have been adjusted to each other." Regarding this view, Mr. Le Sueur observes that "it is offered as a means of escape from the fatalism involved in the opinion that physical occurrences are governed exclusively by physical antecedents, and that it is consequently futile and irrational to hope that the natural course of events can be in any way affected by Prayer. We do not, however, require to examine it very closely in order to find that the doctrine recommended to us is itself nothing more nor less than fatalism enlarged so as to include all the operations of the human spirit, as well as the phenomena of nature." Now, the only objection I have to make against the term "enlarged fatalism," here proposed, is that its proposer seeks to disparage a theory merely by giving it a bad name. There is really no *argument* in the above quoted passage, or in the two columns that follow it—there is merely a change in the *terminology* which is usually applied to the theory under consideration. I for one can see no speculative reason why we should not speak of the theory of foreordination as a theory of "enlarged fatalism," so long as we carefully bear in mind that the *enlargement* is such as to supply us with some of the most important conditions to our belief in a Personal Providence. I should not object even to calling that Personal Providence itself "Fate," if only at the same time I give it to be clearly understood that by Fate I mean all that I mean by God.

And here we perceive the first example of the unfair mode of argument already alluded to. Any difficulty which the doctrine of foreordination raises against the Theistic theory in general, is here applied to the case of the Prayer theory in particular. Yet it is evident that any speculative difficulties which attend the doctrine of foreordination have no further bearing upon the Prayer theory than they have upon any other one of the countless theories which presuppose the truth of Theism.

It seems unnecessary to dwell upon this point, so I shall proceed to another. Mr. Le Sueur seems to think that there is a profound difference between the belief of the ancient Jew in a God who "'repented Him'" upon being petitioned, and the belief of the modern Christian in a God who "decided from all eternity whether to grant the desire or not." A very little thought, however, will render it obvious that this difference, so often vaunted by so many writers, is really very superficial. "If all things were pre-arranged, it matters not whether we regard any one of their number as a mediate or an immediate act of the Deity. 'The only difference between the man of common sense and the studious, is concerning the time when the disposition is made, which one thinks a few days or a few minutes, another many ages, ago; the one frequent and occasional, the other rare and universal:

but both acknowledge that nothing ever happens without the permission of one Almighty and Ever-vigilant Governor.'"* Hence the distinction in question "is only a piecè of transcendentalism, and even in a transcendental sense it is easy to see that the two opinions merely refer to obverse aspects of the same truth."†

But transcendentalism apart, Mr. Le Sueur is of opinion that the *practical* effect of a *realizing* belief in foreordination would require to be that of stifling the voice of prayer. "A man may plead hopefully with a God who 'repents Him,' and it is not too much to say, that all who do plead earnestly for specific blessings, not of a spiritual kind, think of God—whether they admit it to themselves or not—not as unchangeable, but as subject to change; in other words, they revert momentarily to the anthropomorphism of primitive times. To make such a one realize the theory of FIDELIS, that God's purpose in the matter was taken in the very beginning of things, and is now unalterable, would, it is greatly to be feared, give a serious check to his devotions." Here again, I venture to say that a few moments' thought might have prevented the penning of these sentences. If a man understands what he means by foreordination, he ought to "*realize*" that the theory includes his own actions and desires in common with every other event in the universe. Where then is the difficulty? "'God works out His plans not merely in us but by us, and we may dare to say that that which is to us a free self-determination, may not be other than a foreseen element of His work.' 'Prayer, too, is only a foreseen action of man, which, together with its results, is embraced in the eternal predestination of God.' 'The fixed laws of nature might in all eternity have been adapted to our foreseen petition or neglect of petition.' 'Some things Christ knew should come to pass and notwithstanding prayed for them, because He knew that the necessary means to effect them were His prayers.'"‡

I have quoted enough to show that belief in the doctrine of foreordination need tend to paralyze neither prayer nor effort. "This argument then [from foreordination] it seems impossible to refute, so long as we adhere to the Theistic hypothesis—which of course alone affords a possible basis for our present discussion. '*Magna dii curant, parva negligunt*,' is a maxim philosophically absurd, if by '*curant*' is meant foreordination. 'Those who suppose that there is a general, but that there cannot be a particular, providence, are limiting God by ideas derived from human weakness.' But not only so: they are of necessity propounding a contradiction in terms. All events must be known to the Deity by foreknowledge; otherwise He would not be omniscient, and if He were not omniscient, His government could not be universal. If anything has been foreordained, all things must have been foreordained; otherwise those which had not been foreordained would not be included within the Divine government."* I have adduced this quotation to fortify what I have already said, viz., that even if my critic's objections are valid as against Theism, he has no argumentative right to adduce them in a discussion which is concerned only with the Prayer question. Further, this quotation shows, perhaps even more conclusively than before, that what my critic calls the theory of "enlarged fatalism" is neither more nor less than the theory of philosophical Theism; so that when he asks, "but bring in the supernatural element of predestination, and take away the hope of being able to alter the Divine determination *now*, and might you not as well enthrone Fate at once?" I answer, that "Fate" is here the synonym of Deity; that every Theist believes in the "enthronement" of such a "Fate;" that notwithstanding this belief, however, his "enlargement" of the fatalistic theory is so great, that it practically envelopes, or includes, the theory of freedom; that therefore in his prayers, as in his efforts, his theory of fatalism practically leaves him his liberty of action; and that he scorns as irrational the idea of an *Eternal* Mind being limited by any of our human distinctions between "*now*" and its correlatives.

Mr. Le Sueur next asks: "Admitting for argument's sake that this theory does enable us to conceive how efficacy may attach to prayer for physical effects, the question still remains: Has it, as a matter of fact, any effi-

* Burney Essay, p. 140.
† Ib. Appendix, p. 215.
‡ Liddon, Pusey, and Hooker, quoted in Burney Essay.

* Burney Essay, p. 139.

cacy?" The argument contained in this question is then to some extent elaborated. It has been much more effectively presented, however, by Mr. Galton; for this gentleman went to the trouble of collecting a large number of statistics, with the view of ascertaining, in a strictly scientific manner, whether the element of prayer had any appreciable influence in determining physical sequences; and all his statistics agreed in yielding negative results. That I am not insensible to the cogency of this *a posteriori* argument, may be gathered from the following allusion in the preface of the Burney Essay to Mr. Galton's article, as "an article which, in my opinion, is of greater argumentative worth than all the rest of the literature upon the same side put together;" and again, on page 253, "It is refreshing to turn from the loose reasoning and rhetorical dogmatism of these reverend gentlemen, to the strictly logical and strongly convincing argument of Mr. Galton, conveyed as it is in a style at once clear, concise, and impartial. . . . There is no use blinking the fact that this inductive argument is one of very great weight," &c. As the present article, however, has a number of points to touch upon, I am precluded from transcribing "the only considerations which, so far as I can see, may fairly be opposed to Mr. Galton's arguments;" but I may observe that the conclusion which they appear to establish is, "that while Mr. Galton's enquiries may properly be taken as confirmatory of the opinions held by those who already disbelieve in the existence and action of a Special Providence, these enquiries have little or no logical bearing upon the opinions held by those who already believe in the existence and action of such a Providence;" and I may further observe that even in the opinion of Mr. Galton himself—with whom I have had private correspondence and conversations upon the subject—the considerations I have adduced appear to exert an important mitigating influence upon the severity of his arguments.

The objections which follow are scarcely worth considering. However, I shall briefly dispose of them in their order.

"It seems an abuse of language to speak of spiritual blessings constituting an *answer* to prayer for specific temporal good." This is merely a quibble, and even as such its validity is questionable. The distinction between "letter" and "spirit" is not theological only, and even in matters of everyday life a suppliant does not deem some *equivalent* less of an *answer* to his request than would be the specific thing requested. Much less, therefore, should he think this when the Being whom he supplicates is the *Omniscient;* but more of this hereafter.*

Next we hear, "It ill serves the object FIDELIS has in view (viz., the strengthening of the general belief in the efficacy of prayer for physical effects), to fall back upon the position, which no one cares to attack, that prayer may be productive of spiritual good." From this passage I infer that its author has not thought of "an apparently awkward doctrinal difficulty which writers upon the other side have, without exception, draughted into their service;"† for had he done so, he could scarcely have objected to the observations of FIDELIS regarding this matter on the score of their being superfluous.

To the difficulty next propounded—viz., how can men reap spiritual benefits when their hearts are set only on temporal good, it seems enough to answer that the frame of mind which is conducive to genuine prayer for "temporal advantage" is not incompatible with "aspirations towards spiritual good." On the contrary, I should think that any believer in the efficacy of prayer, either for temporal or for spiritual good, would feel that in neither case can *genuine* Prayer be offered, except in the spirit which my critic seems to think a typically unprayerful one—viz., that of "trusting ourselves entirely in his hands, while using all proper means for the realization of our wishes," "of which means," in the words of FIDELIS, "we believe prayer to be one."

It is next stated, incidentally, that "the author of the Burney Prize Essay believes in the 'physical efficacy of prayer.'" I do not know of any passage, either in my own writings or in any of the reviews of them which I have seen, that warrants such a statement. It is a well understood principle of University competitive writing, that any one may compete who thinks it worth his while to do so upon a given platform of opinion; for the only object of the Univer-

* See Burney Essay, p. 192, for a full discussion of the "doctrine of equivalents."

† See Burney Essay, p. 190, *et seq.*

sity in offering a prize being to elicit the best disquisition it can upon the subject it desires to have argued, the University is in no wise concerned with the private opinions of the competitors. Nothing, therefore, can be inferred as to the state of my opinions from the mere fact of my having competed for a Burney Essay; for even had I been a total disbeliever in Christianity, there would have been nothing dishonourable in my entering the competition. Under such circumstances, however, I should not have competed, because I should have considered that a prize would be no compensation for so sheer a waste of time and energy. But in the thesis upon which I wrote, the only basis of assumption was that concerning the truth of Christianity; and although ten years of labour have not proved sufficient for me, in these days of biblical criticism, to decide for myself the question as to the validity of that assumption, still I knew that there were thousands of persons who entertained no doubt concerning this larger question, who were, notwithstanding, "painfully perplexed" concerning the smaller one upon which I wrote. Under these circumstances I felt, and stated, "that in the present instance, only if I disbelieved in the Christian system as a whole, should I feel that time was ill-spent in refuting erroneous arguments against one of its leading doctrines." This much of personal explanation I feel in common honesty to be necessitated by the remark of my critic above quoted. It is incorrect to say that I "believe in the physical efficacy of prayer." I do not know whether to believe in such efficacy or not, the position I occupy with regard to the subject being simply that of a critic upon erroneous arguments on either side—a critic, I believe, all the more competent and impartial because having my judgment as yet suspended regarding the more ultimate question upon which the proximate one so largely depends.

But to proceed with the objections. "When people pray for the sick, what else do they want than this: *that the case may not be left to the ordinary laws of nature?*" I do not think that if Mr. Le Sueur had read the work he thus criticizes, it would have been possible for him candidly to have made this remark. It is utterly impossible for me, however, to reproduce its refutation here, as I have found it necessary to devote four-fifths of the entire essay to its discussion.

The next point raised is an important one for those who accept the teaching of Scripture as inspired. It is that Scripture nowhere draws any distinction between prayers for miracles and prayers for ordinary physical results, while those who believe in the physical efficacy of prayer are compelled to draw some such distinction. Now I recognise this difficulty as perfectly valid, and I am only sorry that I have not space to discuss it as fully as it deserves. To economize the space I have, I shall relegate to a foot-note a few of the passages in the essay which treat of this subject.*

*"But now, Is the difficulty insuperable? Is it even serious? Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the identification relied on is very much clearer than it really is; and further, that we can see no reason why miracles should have ceased: even in the presence of these suppositions it would surely still be an extravagant inference, that because miracles have ceased, therefore answers to prayer have likewise ceased. It would be an extravagant inference because unconditionally founded on a gratuitous hypothesis—to wit, that answers to prayer have no object to serve apart from some connection with miracles. . . . But not only do we assume that 'the Hearer of Prayer' does not 'attend unto our cry:' we also assume that in no case does He see fit to improve the moral nature of man through physical agency. We assume that all the numerous instances recorded in Scripture of Faith strengthened, Hope sustained, Thanksgiving occasioned, 'Rejoicing in Spirit' increased, and Praise evoked, in virtue of the perceived influence of God in Nature, are so many misconceptions worse than delusions. . . . And we assume all this, not only without any shadow of warrant from the teaching of Christ, but, as we have seen, against His express declaration.

"To this must be added that, on the one hand, we *can* see a perfectly satisfactory reason why miracles should have ceased—the Christian system no longer requiring their support—while, on the other, we can see no corresponding reason why answers to prayer should have ceased. True it is that Scripture nowhere expressly predicts the cessation of miracles; but before this fact can be raised to a presumption against the validity of prayer, it must be shown that we should antecedently expect such a prediction, if a prayer is of any validity apart from the function of miracle. How this can be shown, however, it is hard to see. Scripture nowhere warrants the inference that the validity of prayer depends upon the function of a miracle—on the contrary, the warrant is, as we have seen, altogether the other way. If, then, such validity exists apart from such function, we can have no reason to expect that *on this account* the cessation of miracles should have been predicted. The inference which, it is said, we should expect Scripture to rectify if erroneous, is an inference which is really drawn, not from Scripture, but from science; as we may readily perceive by asking the simple question:—Even if Scripture had predicted the cessation of miracles, will any one undertake to

The objections which follow, upon prayers for the sick (p. 151), have been so well met by FIDELIS (p. 232), that it seems unnecessary for me to add anything further than the remark that, even were the objections valid as against the Theistic theory in general, they would not be so as against the Prayer theory in particular.

I am next told that I "narrow things down to a very fine point," when I maintain that upon Christian principles the only legitimate region for petition is the "region of uncertainty;" and, to prove that I do so, my critic advances an argument which was originally propounded by Sir Henry Thompson in the *Contemporary Review*. "This writer ironically divides 'the realm' 'of the natural and invariable order' from that of 'the providential,' and adds, 'Thus it is that [with the growth of knowledge] class I. grows larger day by day, while class II. diminishes in like proportion. Where shall this progress stop?'"* In replying to this objection I must here content myself with observing merely that, although I fully agree with Mr. Le Sueur that "it is almost impossible not to believe that some law of periodicity will be discovered before long," I have not so much faith as he appears to have in the extreme accuracy which the science of Meteorology is destined to arrive at in the future. Even in view of the prodigious advances which all the sciences have made in recent years, I am unable to perceive that the legitimate domain of rational petition has been seriously encroached upon. Doubtless these advances have greatly increased our knowledge of other means of obtaining physical benefits, but it does not therefore follow that they have diminished the utility of prayer.†

Next it is objected that I "use language in a most unnatural way," when I assert that the clashing of interests of petitioners creates "no difficulty, for each prays that what upon the whole is best may be that which his prayers shall effect." The charge against me is sustained by the reflection that "nobody approaches God with a *request* that He will do what is best. Such a request would be simply irrational; and, if made with reflection upon its import, would imply a very low view of the Divine Being." The charge thus expressed is a serious one, so I can offer no apology for occupying space enough to render it quite clear upon which side the lack of reflection is apparent. First, then, let us hear all that my critic has to say. "A person may, in prayer, profess his willingness to accept, without reservation, a denial of his wishes; but in either case there is no petitioning of God to do what is best, as though He needed the stimulus or restraint of human entreaties upon that point."

Before I make any comment of my own upon this passage, I may quote the terse reply of FIDELIS: "The argument in effect is, that as the will of God must be perfectly wise and good, it is presumptuous to hope to affect that will by prayer. But this objection must fall to the ground if, as we believe, on good grounds, to be specified hereafter, *it is the will of God to establish a connection between prayer and the bestowal of blessings*." We have here a fallacy very neatly uprooted.

To this refutation by FIDELIS I should like to add the following remarks. The objection applies not only to prayer for physical benefits, but to all prayer; and as the doctrine concerning the duty of prayer is a cardinal doctrine of Christianity, the objection makes as much against the authority of Revelation as it does against the belief in the physical efficacy of prayer,—*i.e.* it opens up a *generic* question, and further implies that no one can accept the Christian system as of Divine origin who does not entertain "a very low view of the Divine Being." I think otherwise. Be Christianity true or not, I cannot but feel that the God of Revelation is a far more glorious Being than is the God of Nature.

But even so far as the specific question is concerned, I cannot agree with the sentiments of my critic. These sentiments have been well rendered by Byron:—

"Cease, or be sorrowful in silence; cease

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say that this fact would materially have altered the case?

"Now, it is simply childish to assert that this obvious distinction between the function of a miracle and the efficacy of prayer is 'a subtly-devised loophole of escape from an unpleasant conclusion.' Such subtlety as there is resides with those who would so amalgamate answers to prayer with miracles as to deduce the cessation of the former from that of the latter."—Burney Essay, pp. 185-7. Compare also, pp. 179-182.

* Burney Essay, chap. iv., s. 3, which with chap. vi. s. 12, compare for a fuller refutation than can be given above.

† Compare Burney Essay, Appendix, p. 255,

To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.
Wouldst thou have God commit a sin for thee?
Such would it be
To alter His intent
For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man!
And bear what Adam's race must bear, and can."

This is poetry, but is it the true sentiment of a soul in grief? The greatest moralist that ever lived, and the man who, from whatever cause, best knew what was in man, struck a truer note in sorrowing human nature when He said, "Fear not; ye are of more value than many sparrows. Ask, and it shall be given you."

But, sentiment apart, the logical answer to the objection that prayer for what is "best" implies a supposition on the part of the petitioner that if he did not pray, God would not do what is "best,"—the answer to this objection is sufficiently simple, as the words quoted from FIDELIS have shown. The following is an amplification of this answer.

The fallacy contained in the objection before us (which, I may observe, is an objection that has been urged by Prof. Tyndall, Sir H. Thompson, the Rev. Mr. Knight, and others) is this: the objector assumes that "the best" is necessarily a fixed entity, so to speak, and hence that the presence of petition can in no case make any difference in rendering one course preferable to another. What the ground of this assumption is it would be hard to say. If the universe is presided over by a Moral Being at all, I cannot see anything derogatory to Him in supposing that a trustful prayer of a sorrowing creature, in virtue of the new moral element which it introduces, may cause a profound modification in the previous conditions determining the action of that Moral Being (to speak in human terms); and so, by the mere fact of its presence, render a corresponding modification of that action preferable to the course which would have been "best" for Him to take but for the new moral element introduced by the trustful prayer. This, if I mistake not, will be thought a "narrowing of things down to a very fine point" only by those who do not appreciate the moral importance of prayer, supposing Christianity true.*

But to pass on. "Again, 'each prays that what is best upon the whole may be that which *his prayers shall effect*.' To understand this fully, let us suppose that a certain situation is vacant, and that A. and B. both pray earnestly that their individual efforts to secure it may be successful. A. fails, let us say, and B. is the fortunate man. Is it conceivable that the prayers of A., offered up in his own behalf, have anything to do in securing the place for B.? Unless we can suppose this, there is absolutely no meaning in the sentence quoted." To this I can only say, that although the case is doubtless the strongest that can be put, I fail to perceive the smallest difficulty in the way of our accepting the supposition offered. I may add, that I do not think any one could perceive any such difficulty, if he endeavoured to realize what is meant by "the Hearer of Prayer" being an omniscient and beneficent Father. Petition addressed to such a Being is not the same as petition addressed even to the wisest man (where, with a more justifiable confidence in our own judgment of what is "best," we may murmur at not being answered in precise accordance with the terms of our petition); and surely, if a man desires what is best for himself, he would not desire, considering his limited knowledge, to be invariably answered by such a Being in accordance with the strict letter of his request.

Even in the intended *reductio ad absurdum* which is adduced, to me it seems sufficiently clear that if, according to the supposition, the place prayed for would be detri-

* For a fuller discussion of this subject, see Burney Essay, pp. 116-119, where the following confirmatory quotations are adduced: "The true immutability of God consists in His never changing the principles of His administration. And He may, therefore, in perfect accordance with the immutability of His nature, purpose to do under certain circumstances, dependent on the free agency of man, what He will not do under others; and for this reason, that an immutable adherence to the principles of a wise, just, and gracious government requires it." (Dr. Chalmers.) "It may be agreeable to perfect Wisdom to grant that to our prayers which it would not have been agreeable to the same Wisdom to have given us without our praying for it." (Dr. Paley.) "The doctrine of God's immutability, instead of being an objection to prayer, is our chief encouragement to pray. God has appointed this means to procure certain blessings; and it is only because of His unchangeable nature that we can have any assurance as to the success of this means. The case thus resembles that of all other means—all our labours in temporary things presupposing our knowledge that the laws of Nature—that is, the ordinances of God—are permanent." (Dr. Romane's MS. Sermon on Prayer.)

mental to A., but beneficial to B., A. could not be, I will not say a Christian, but a man of common sense, if he continued to pray for the situation *after he saw clearly the respects and the degrees in which success would be to his detriment.* If so, a man of common sense, no less than a Christian, *before he saw this* would pray *conditionally* to the Being whom he believes to be omniscient and beneficent, "*Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.*"*

But we are next told, "'Thy will be done!' it may here be remarked, is not a prayer at all; it is a simple expression of resignation and faith." In view of what I have just said, however, I think it will be seen that the petition in question is a real petition: it is an expression, addressed to what is believed to be the Supreme Power, of what may be a true *desire* for something (though indefinite) to happen; and analysis will show that the connection of these qualities includes all that can be meant by petition. In connection with what has been previously said, the petition itself may be thus paraphrased: If, notwithstanding the moral element of my petition being present, the "best" course for events to take is still that one which it would have been, had my petition been absent; then I desire, I *pray*, that not my will, but Thine, be done; for I believe that if I knew enough, my will would be no longer what it is, but coincident with Thine.

There is only one other paragraph in which my writings are alluded to. Eliminating from that paragraph all the sentences which are merely reversions to Mr. Galton's argument previously adduced, the following remains:—"The only region which FIDELIS and the Prize Essayist seem to think wholly appropriate to prayer is 'the region of uncertainty,' where we cannot foresee the event, and, when it happens, cannot tell whether our prayers had anything to do with shaping it or not. In that region we may safely pray, because if we choose to think our prayer answered, nobody can disprove our opinion." I have nothing much to add to the able manner in which FIDELIS has met these statements. Until the author of the article I am replying to can tell us why it is that "the region of uncertainty" is, as FIDELIS says, likewise and alone "the region of effort," I must refuse to allow that his considerations have any other bearing upon the question of the physical efficacy of prayer than they have upon the fact of the physical efficacy of human action. To this I may add, that, supposing prayer to be one of the appointed means by which man is enabled to obtain physical benefits, we can see the best of reasons why its exercise *must* be limited to "the region of uncertainty." For whether or not Christianity is true, it is certain that the Deity has not intended to bestow a Revelation of demonstrative value. But if Christian prayer were able frequently to reverse the *inevitable*, would not the fact amount to an inductive proof of the Christian theory? If so, from what has just been said it is manifest that, if Christian prayers for physical results are ever effectual at all, the condition of their being so must be that the effectual prayers are limited to the domain of the contingent. And as we can thus easily discover that such a limitation is an *a priori* necessity of the case, supposing the Prayer theory true, it is clearly futile to urge the fact of such limitation as proof that the theory is false.

I have now passed in review all the points in Mr. Le Sueur's criticism which have any reference to my writings, and as a result I cannot see that I have any cause to modify by a letter the conclusion in which "the argument" he refers to terminates, viz., "On philosophical grounds alone no real presumption can be raised against it [*i. e.* the doctrine as to the physical efficacy of prayer], and the whole question turns upon the truth of Christianity, and the statements of Scripture when accepted as Divine." And here I should like to add a few words upon the general considerations with which Mr. Le Sueur closes his article, although in doing so I fear that if he has hitherto judged me to err on the side of conservatism, he will now think that I err on that of liberalism. The unreserved candour, however, with which he states his own thoughts in the latter part of his article, tempts me to imitate his spirit; and although I am far from wishing to disturb the faith which another may have found, I think that a free expression of the opinions we entertain

* Compare Burney Essay, pp. 192-3, where it is shown that "it is as much our interest to pray thus conditionally as it is our duty to pray at all." And again, "'*Nonnullis impatientibus Dominus Deus quod petebant concessit iratus, sicut contra Apostolos negavit propitius.*'"

regarding the most important of questions may be for our mutual good: where truth is our common aim such freedom of expression can scarcely be for harm.

So far as I can gather from the last two pages of Mr. Le Sueur's article, he appears to have satisfied himself that "old forms of thought" may be "cast aside," while "all central truths" may be "preserved"—that is, as I understand from the context, belief in the Divine origin of Christianity may be abandoned, while belief in a philosophical Theism may remain. To any one who conscientiously holds this opinion I look with a mournful hope that he may yet know of some one fact or of some one thought whereby to justify that opinion in the light of modern science. But even while I look I feel that my hope is a forlorn one: I know that there is not now, and I believe that there never can be, one single argument adduced in favour of Natural Theism which either science or logic is not able hopelessly to crush. These words are not written carelessly, or without due reflection upon their terrible import: they formulate the conclusion which has been reached by a most careful and laborious enquiry into the speculative standing of Theism at the present day, —an enquiry which, in full opposition to all my strongest inclinations and most deeply-rooted desires, proves incontestably that the theory of Mind in Nature is unnecessary to account for any of the observed facts in Nature; that, so far as science can lead us, the rational probability is against this time-honoured theory; and, therefore, that, on speculative grounds alone, the theory must henceforth be dismissed from the region of the Probable, and assigned to that of the merely Possible. The case, of course, is different if there is any valid evidence in favour of a Revelation. If the Christian System (notwithstanding the manifest inaccuracies in matters of detail, and the *a priori* difficulties in matters of importance, that pervade it) presents indications of being a superhuman Scheme—a Scheme extending throughout the entire historic period, and still in course of completion,—then these indications, in whatever degree present, constitute inductive evidence of the best possible kind in favour of Theism. But once let scientific analysis finally resolve that evidence into its natural causes, and then, to all who possess the faculty of accurate thought, the last hope of a rational Theism must forever vanish; so far as human mind can penetrate the awful Mystery of Things, it must be then to find itself alone—destitute of kith or kin in all this universe of being.

Mr. Le Sueur will perhaps reply—"This is merely the opinion of one, and there are millions who think otherwise." To such a reply I have, of course, no objection to offer. I have no wish, even had I the power, to allow a mere statement of my judgment materially to influence the thoughts of others; and I consider it the first duty of a man to himself always to keep his own opinions in a flexible state, by trying not to over-estimate their value. But, at the same time, I cannot conceal from myself that there are very few things in the world whose intrinsic value varies so enormously as does that of individual opinion. And in this connection I may ask, what is the use of adducing the case of "the Reverend Frederic W. Robertson, of Brighton," in order to prove that belief in Theism may remain when that in Christianity has perished? for this is what the meaning of the foot-note amounts to. Doubtless Mr. Robertson was a man "profoundly convinced of the existence of a God;" but even had he been a disbeliever in Christianity, his name would not have been worth quoting, for although he was always a beautiful writer, and often an original thinker in matters connected with Biblical Theism, his thoughts were far from being either deep or accurate. Moreover, he was almost totally ignorant concerning the developments of modern science, and hence his opinion upon such questions as that regarding the speculative standing of Theism is all but valueless.* Nor can I think that Mr. Le Sueur is any more fortunate in the selection of his other authority, the poet Clough. I think that this poet had some dim belief—or rather let us call it hope—that a God exists; but even had this sentiment been very much stronger than it was,† what would have been its value *in reason?* Let Mr. Le Sueur quote, in support of his views, the authority of a

* Perhaps Mr. Le Sueur does not intend to adduce it in this connection. If not, I apologize.

† Witness even the stanzas quoted by Mr. Le Sueur, which thus terminate:—

"Be Thou but there—in soul and heart,
I will not ask to feel Thou art."

single competent man of science who is also a competent logician, and I should hail the opinion of such a one as of far more worth than that of the countless millions who are always so ready so thoughtlessly to fling the traditional reproach of an unscientific age—"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

CHRISTMAS.

BY THE EARL OF DUFFERIN.

'TIS Christmas Day!—
To one another
I hear men say—
Alas! my Brother,
Its winds blow bitter,
Our Christmas suns
No longer glitter
As former ones!—
If this be so,
Then let us borrow
From long ago
Surcease of sorrow;—
Let dead Yules lend
Their bright reflections,
Let fond friends blend
Their recollections,—
Let Love revive
Joy's ashen embers,
For Love is Life
Since Love remembers.

RODNEY MAINWARING:

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY LIZZIE LYLE, TORONTO.

CHAPTER I.

PEN and I had been married a month when we reached Folkestone, a port on Lake Erie. We were recommended to the Saxon House. It was late in the evening, but the moon was resplendent, and we saw that our resting place was a large building situated on a corner at the intersection of two streets. A spacious verandah surrounded the hotel, and it was surmounted by a large observatory.

"What a splendid view of the lake from there," I said.

"Yes," Pen answered, "and I hope to secure the rooms to which that door belongs," pointing to one that opened on the side of the balcony, looking towards the beautiful Erie.

"Yes, sir," was the reply to Pen's enquiries, "there is a suite of rooms on the western side, vacated yesterday, that I think will suit you."

We went to look at them, but found they adjoined those possessing the coveted door.

"I suppose those are not at liberty?" Pen said.

"No, sir; they belong to Mr. Rodney Mainwaring; but he is going to be married in three weeks, and move to his own house —then, if you like, you can have them."

Our door was at the end of a long, wide passage, while a narrow one, formed by our wall and the staircase to the observatory, led to Mr. Mainwaring's.

Pen went down with the porter to see about our luggage, leaving me alone, when an irresistible desire to have a moonlight view of the Lake seized me. I took the lamp and went up the steps, but when I came to the second turn my light was suddenly blown out. What was my relief at that moment to hear Pen in the passage, calling "Lizzie, Lizzie, where are you?"

"I was going up to see the Lake," I said, hastening down, "but some one blew my lamp out."

"The wind is strong up there," the porter replied, "and plays all sorts of hobgoblin pranks between the shutters."

"But I felt the warm breath on my face."

"Why, Lizzie, you forget what a hot wind there is to-night," Pen said. Still I was unconvinced, and when the porter left I tried to persuade Pen to go up and see who was hiding there.

"No, no," he said, laughing. "If I began by running after the wind in this fashion, a pretty time I should have of it every night."

I was too excited to sleep, feeling sure that some one was concealed up those stairs; so that when, about an hour afterwards, I heard a stealthy step and our door-handle turn, I was not surprised, though I was alarmed.

"Pen, Pen!" I whispered, "there is some one at the door."

"A wayfaring toper," that obstinate creature answered, and was sound asleep again.

I still listened, and a few minutes later the whole household was startled by a piercing shriek, proceeding from a room below ours. It was a woman's voice, and the windows all being open, we distinguished the words, "Who are you, in Heaven's name?" followed by "Tom! Jem! Harry! Rodney! Murder!"

Pen was soon rushing along the passage, I closely following, while doors were being opened on all sides, and partially dressed people were hurrying down the stairs after us. "Mrs. Saxon's room," some one shouted. This had to be reached by traversing a number of intricate passages that seemed at the time endless.

We found Mrs. Saxon sitting in her dressing-gown; and this was all she could tell us. She was a light sleeper, and hearing some one move she awoke, when, peering into her face was a man in a mask. The moon was shining in her room and she saw him plainly. Harry, the ostler, hearing her scream, was at the door almost immediately, but the man was gone; and Harry, barefooted, bare-headed, and bare-legged, had given chase. Hearing this, Pen and two or three others dashed into the street, leaving us with Mrs. Saxon.

"A cattle-buyer," she said, "with a great deal of money on him, came here during the day, intending to stay all night, but I told him, as my husband was away, I wished he would go to McIntyre's, where there was a landlord, and I advised him not to tempt robbery by carrying about so much money. He did not go till just before we closed, and this man must have thought he was still here, but how he got in I can't understand."

I now had a chance to tell my little story to more believing ears. "That was the man," the women all cried, "and they ought to have gone up and looked."

"Yes," Mrs. Saxon said; "he would have been secured, and we should have been spared this fright as well. He has been going all over the house, trying to find the drover's room, you may depend."

By this time the party had returned, full of Harry's exciting race, but without his prey.

"He was no stranger," Pen said, "or he never could have escaped Harry in those perplexing passages. He dashed through them with all the speed of old acquaintanceship, and bolted through the door he had opened beforehand, the avenger close at his heels. Down one street and along another they sped, drawing closer and closer to the lake; but in those numerous lanes and byways near the shore the villain successfully dodged, and the brave Harry was at a loss which way to turn. Still he kept on toward the lake, feeling sure that was the place aimed at, though the point was another thing, and emerged on the bank just in time to see his man drop into a canoe and shoot over the water like an arrow."

After this we all returned to our quarters, and slept till a shrieking gong awoke us, an hour later, for breakfast. We went down to the dining-room, and at the head of the long table sat a handsome young gentleman, whom we had seen in the night, and on either side of him were placed chairs for Pen and me. This was Mr. Rodney Mainwaring, and in the course of conversation we learned that he, like Pen, was a native of Liverpool, and on the strength of this fellow-townsmanship we grew quite friendly. He was invited to come and see us, and he gave us permission to walk through his parlour to the balcony. "I am a lonely bachelor," he said," and seldom occupy it, and it will be a pleasure to me if you will avail yourselves of my door."

He was about twenty-six, with an Anglo-Saxon face, and thick brown hair clustering all over his head in the glossiest of curls.

Beside Pen sat a lady whom I can best describe as striking-looking, without being either beautiful, pretty, or plain. Her eyes were large, black, and penetrating, but with a look of treachery that marred their beauty. Her figure was faultless, and her voice melodious. She directed her conversation to Mr. Mainwaring, whom she called Rodney, while he addressed her as Alberta,

"She must be the intended bride," I said to Pen. During the morning I ventured to put the question to Mrs. Saxon.

"Oh! no," she replied, "Mr. Mainwaring is engaged to my daughter."

"Is she any relation to Mr. Mainwaring?"

"No, nor to us."

"Just one more. Is she married?"

"Ah now you have puzzled me," was the smilingly given answer. "To learn that you must ask her; though I would advise you not to do so."

"What is the mystery?" I said to myself. Later I found it all out, and before long I may be tempted to tell it.

At tea I saw Miss Saxon—Clematisa was her name, but it was shortened into Tisa—and a beautiful girl she was; tastefully dressed, and with the prettiest manners, In consideration of our friendship for her Rodney, I was asked into their private parlour, where I found she was a girl of varied accomplishments, and had apparently a very sweet temper. Alberta was in the room, too; but though her compliments were profuse, I saw that if Tisa had no other friend, she would be friendless.

When I went up stairs again, Mr. Mainwaring and Pen were walking up and down the balcony, where I joined them, and lis-

tened to their talk about England. It had been raining and blowing all day, and instead of the bright moon of the night before the sky was enveloped in black clouds. But though the rain came patter, patter over our heads, it did not touch us, and it was nearly eleven when we went in.

Mr. Mainwaring gave us an invitation to a 'nice little hot supper" they had below when the house was closed, "and soon after that," he said, "I shall be in bed."

We declined the supper, but we both thought Mainwaring very agreeable.

"I hope no one is hiding up the observatory stairs to-night," I said, as we passed. However, in the early morning, I dreamed of a robber being in the house, and awoke with a scream.

"What is the matter now?" Pen said.

"Nothing, but I thought that man was here again; though it is a true dream; he is here; listen!" for there was a stealthy step in the passage, coming nearer and nearer.

Pen sprang up and went to the door, but the step passed, and we heard Mainwaring's lock turn.

"It is Mainwaring," Pen said. "A good thing I didn't open the door and knock him down before he could speak.

"But it is two o'clock. Where can he have been till now?"

"Oh, if we attend to all the wheres, hows, whens, and whys of this household, we shall have plenty on our hands. Go to sleep, and dream the robber is slain."

In the morning when we went down to breakfast Mr. Mainwaring was not in his place, and there was startling news. We now learned that he was book-keeper to a Yankee grain merchant named Lydnett, and that during the night there had been a great robbery from their storehouse situated on the wharf.

"Where is Mr. Mainwaring?" some one asked.

"Gone to chase the robbers," was the reply.

There was a great deal of talk about it, but it was not till the next evening that Mainwaring returned. He came to our rooms for a few minutes. He had been searching the coves and inlets along the lake shore, he said, as well as calling at some of the towns; but all to no purpose. Nothing had been seen of the robbers. "I fear they have got completely away," he said, in a depressed manner.

"I suppose it is pretty certain they went by the water," Pen said.

"Undoubtedly; the wheat was traceable to the water's edge; besides, it is the most noiseless and safest way in which such a large quantity could be transported."

"Poor fellow," I said, when he was gone, "he looks so careworn and anxious."

"He is tired," Pen replied; "he'll be all right in the morning."

But in the morning we did not see him. At dinner, however, he appeared.

"Any tidings of the robbers?" Pen asked.

"None; and now that I have examined the books and the amount left, I find the robbery has far exceeded the first calculation. Lydnett is terribly cut up about it. He has offered a tempting reward, that may, perhaps, have some effect."

Next morning, when we opened our door, we were met by a man who introduced himself as a detective, and wanted to know if we remembered the night of the robbery.

"Yes," Pen replied.

"Did Mr. Mainwaring enter his rooms late that night? You are so close that if he did you could hardly help hearing him."

"I never make it my business," Pen answered, shortly, "to meddle with other people. I pay no attention to who goes out or who comes in, or when they do it."

"Perhaps the lady remembers," he said, insinuatingly.

But I told him I didn't make it my business either; that Mr. Mainwaring's hours, late or early, had nothing to do with the robbery.

"I'm not so sure of that. At any rate he is suspected of having made out a robbery, where no robbery was. You know a straw shows which way the wind blows, and Lydnett happened to notice that the wheat from the storehouse to the shore was as round and perfect as what remained in the bins; and if men had been hurrying to and fro that could not have been. This was the starting point, and he is to appear before the magistrates to-day on a charge of embezzlement, and if you can further the ends of justice by keeping an eye on him, I'm sure as honest people you will."

"Send your own spies," Pen answered, hotly. "Mr. Mainwaring is as innocent of

the charge as my wife. It is more like a Yankee trick than an English one."

"You're wrong there. A Yankee would have trampled the wheat and finished the job; this is a stupid English blunder."

"Well done, Lizzie," Pen said, when he was gone. "I was afraid your face would have told that wary fox we had heard poor Mainwaring come in. If he was late, he was not on that vile errand; but I dare say they would make a great thing of it if they got to know."

"He'll be sure to get off?" I asked.

"Of course! It is only a trumped up charge."

We went down, and Mainwaring was in his place, and talked of general matters, but with a very white face.

CHAPTER II.

THE people of the Village of Folkestone mainly consisted of Americans from the other side of the Lake and their Canadian-born descendants, but they also included a few English; and where can one go without meeting a Scotchman doing well for himself? These nationalities were all represented at the table of the Saxon House.

It seems that after leaving us the detective had gone to the bar, and told Pen's remark of the made-up robbery being more like a Yankee than an English trick, and the Americans were "riled." So that when Mainwaring, after a hurried dinner, left, one of them, named Waddelow, said to Pen, "Well, I reckon the Britisher's face pretty well settles the question of guilty or not guilty; it is white enough."

He had scarcely finished speaking, when Ribney, one of the boarders, came in with, "Here's news! poor Gatches' murderer is caught at last,"

"Where?"

"Do you mean where is he? He's in the bar."

"How do you know he's the man?" Pen asked.

"I don't know what the police have against him, but he is shaking from head to foot, and looking precious guilty."

"Yes," Waddelow said, "and folks don't quiver and quake, and show white faces for nothing."

"I should say," Pen quietly answered, "that it would be fairer to suppose him innocent till there is stronger proof against him than a mere show of weak nerves."

"When was the deed done?" some one asked.

"Last winter," Ribney replied, "Gatches was a station master, and one night a man knocked at the door, and as soon as Gatches opened it, knocked him down with a club." This led to all the details, and Mainwaring's white face was forgotten.

After dinner Mrs. Saxon sent Biddy up to ask me to go down for a minute. I went and found her talking to the supposed murderer, who was eating his dinner, a policeman sitting on guard by the door.

"Come and speak to the poor fellow,' Mrs. Saxon said; "he is as innocent of murder as I am."

"I am, indeed," he said, in a trembling voice, while I noticed that his hands shook so that he could scarcely hold his knife and fork.

"I never heard of the man till this morning."

"Where were you when you were taken?" I asked.

"I was sitting by the road-side on my carpet bag, a few miles from here: for I had been walking since daylight. I was on the look-out for work, and a man came and put his hand on my shoulder and said I was his prisoner for the murder of—I forget his name," and he lay down his knife, and, putting his head in his hands, looked the picture of woe and despair.

"If you are innocent," I said, "you have nothing to fear. Try and put a better face on it. If you appear so frightened it will make your case look all the worse."

"But I am a stranger here; I know nothing of your laws."

"Oh, the laws are just; innocent people have nothing to be afraid of in Canada."

"But the Assizes, they say, are just over, and I may lie in gaol for months. I never harmed any one; I wouldn't even hurt a dog."

"I believe you, and I wish I could do something for you; but I can only urge you to stop trembling and shaking if you possibly can. You won't lie in gaol months, nor days either, if there is nothing against you;" and now the policeman came up and led him off, saying to me, "A jury of ladies

would never do; a man's own tale would be proof enough."

Tisa Saxon, who was greatly grieved at the charge against Mainwaring, though in no way concerned about its ending, feeling assured, like myself, that the case would never go beyond the magistrates, was interested in the suspected culprit, and as the court was to be held in a large room in the Saxon House, she and I went with Pen. The prisoner was there with his trembling fit still on him, and by his manner of giving an account of himself, was damaging his cause in the eyes of the magistrates, when in came a gentleman who began shaking hands on all sides, and was making quite a stir, when up jumped the poor prisoner, who had been allowed a chair, and without a tinge of fear in his voice said:

"Oh, Mr. Waddelow, tell them I am not a murderer."

"Why, James," the new comer said, "is it you they have up for this job? You are all wrong," he said, turning to the magistrates. "This man, James Denwax, worked for me from October of last year till April of this. I saw him every day, and I could bring dozens of men from Oswego to prove he was on my place when poor Gatches was murdered. I am very glad I chose this time to come and see my uncle."

Mr. Waddelow was then sworn, and gave evidence to this effect, whereupon the magistrates at once discharged the prisoner.

Upon this there was a rousing cheer, and the hat went merrily round, and hearty congratulations and apologies were given to Denwax, with the contents of the hat, and he was sent on his way with a lighter heart and heavier pocket; Tisa and I rejoicing at this happy ending to his troubled day.

It had this effect on Mainwaring's affair, that his white face could no longer be brought forward against him, and the colour had not returned to it when he appeared at the table next morning.

"I suppose you know of the magistrates' adjournment yesterday," he said, in a low voice, to Pen; "but I have to answer this preposterous charge at noon to-day."

"Yes," Pen answered, "and if by any ill chance you should require a friend, you know where to find one."

"Thank you," said Mainwaring; "a friend went bail for me yesterday;" and after hastily swallowing a cup of coffee, he was gone.

"The Britisher looks hard pressed this morning," Waddelow said.

But Pen only had to bring Denwax on the scene, and the conclusive evidence of Waddelow's own nephew, to deprive that remark of its sting. "If there are any facts," he added, "why let us have them; but for heaven's sake leave a man's looks out of the question."

This was the one topic at breakfast, and at noon they all went to the magistrates' meeting, and Tisa took me into their parlour to wait till they came back.

"I know it will be all right," she said, "but it is hard for him to be there."

Her married sister, Mrs. George Wrigley, came in, and we were all sitting, anxious for their return, when Jem Saxon, a youth of seventeen, hurriedly entered.

"Where is Rodney?" Tisa eagerly asked

"He is committed for trial," was the reply.

This was not what Tisa expected, and she sank on a chair and burst into tears.

"He can be bailed out," Mrs. Saxon said.

"Yes he *can*, but who *will* bail him is the question. Yesterday, only one surety of two hundred dollars was required; but now it is a thousand dollars for himself and two sureties of five hundred each. Mr. Lyle volunteered for one, but where on earth to get another I don't know. The man who went surety yesterday refuses to be one now."

"Why, where is George?" Tisa asked, springing up.

"He won't."

"Did you ask him?"

"Of course I did."

"Oh, Helena," turning to her sister, "you ask him. Surely he will for you."

"You needn't go, Helena," Jem said; "he won't. You must get some one, mother. Why in the world doesn't father come home?

"That is what I say. I told him about this; though, to be sure, I did not think then he would have been wanted."

Mrs. Saxon set out on her distasteful mission, but was everywhere met with the same answer: "I should be glad to oblige you, Mrs. Saxon, but I can't do this. There is

your son-in-law, George Wrigley; why doesn't he come forward?"

"Where am I to go now?" she said to herself. There still remained one to whom she could appeal, Mr. Horatio Henson, owner of a hardware store in the village; but she did not much like to ask him. He had been an old admirer of hers; twenty years before she had been engaged to him. He had never married, and she had avoided him, as he had her. But now her love for her daughter was stronger than her repugnance to request a favour from him; and she went. He was alone in his little office at the back of the store when she was shown in, and her petition was at once granted; and not long after we saw Mainwaring and Pen pass the window.

Mainwaring did not appear at dinner, and the evidence on which the magistrates had committed him was discussed and argued—Pen and a couple of English Canadians on one side (the Scotch expressing no opinion), and the Americans on the other. The evidence consisted of two facts, which, according to Pen, amounted to nothing—the untrodden grains of wheat, and the names of a number of persons to whom, according to Mainwaring's books, he had paid money for wheat, but of whom the magistrates, who knew the whole country-side, had never heard; nor could he himself give any account of them.

"Talk it away as you will," Waddelow said to Pen, "I want no further proof than the man's face and manner."

After this, Mainwaring came to be called Lyle's protegé, and the question grew from Lydnett *versus* Mainwaring into Britisher *versus* Yankee, and created great excitement in the village. Heads of houses dined at the Saxon House to take part in the controversy. Then, too, as our Biddy was a better cook than the Biddies at home, they came again and again, and our long table, laden with venison and wild fowl when no one else could get them, was always full.

Among the new frequenters of the House was Henson. Mrs. Saxon had appeared before him unexpectedly. She was a beautiful woman still, and when she said, "Horatio, for 'auld lang syne' do this for me," he could not refuse. But more powerful than his old love for Mrs. Saxon was his love of money, and he grew anxious for the safety of the five hundred dollars that he in a moment of weakness had placed in jeopardy. Consequently he kept a pretty sharp look-out on Mainwaring's goings out and comings in.

The days wore on, and what was to have been Tisa's wedding day came. The pretty house, with its handsome furniture, was shut up, and there was only the liable-to-be-broken bond of two men between him and the county gaol. No wonder her spirits were low. "I have a dread of I scarcely know what to-day," she said, with an attempt at a smile, as I let her into our parlour. "I suppose it is from the difference between what was to have been and what is. Instead of what we planned, here is poor Rodney shackled by bail bonds."

"But it won't be for long," I said; "a couple of months more and this will only be as an unpleasant dream."

"I hope so; anyway, I must try to be braver for Rodney's sake; he doesn't like to see me so dull as this."

A few weeks later, as I looked from the window one morning, I saw what seemed a yard full of dogs: but on counting them there were only fourteen; and at table I saw their master, a tall, largely built man, with iron grey hair and a benevolent looking countenance, and this I found was Mr. Saxon. And now the hoard of venison and feathered game was explained, for he was a son of Nimrod. Being an American, and an upholder of Mainwaring as well, and consequently vulnerable on both sides, the prominent topic was dropped while he was at home. But this was not for long; he and his dogs soon went back to the woods.

The evening of his departure Pen and I went to a party, and did not return till late. The next morning Mrs. Saxon drew Pen aside and handed him a note from Mainwaring, which he read and handed to me.

"Dear Lyle," it ran, "While you were out last night I received letters which decided me on going to Montreal, and as you did not come in till I had gone to bed, and my being obliged to be off long before you will be awake this morning, I shall be unable to speak to you. I need not say to you I will return, for I know you will not doubt me; but I am afraid poor Henson will be in hot water till he sees me back next Saturday. Yours sincerely—R. MAINWARING."

We had not left the breakfast-table when Henson came in, looking greatly excited.

"Do you know Mainwaring has gone to Montreal?" he said.

"Yes," Pen quietly answered, "he went this morning and will return on Saturday."

"That is what he says, but do you believe him?"

"Of course I do."

"What's that, Henson?" Waddelow said; "has the bird flown?"

"I fear he has," was the reply, in an anxious tone.

"Well, you all know I predicted he would prove a bird of passage."

"Yes, and your prediction will prove true," was Pen's answer. "Like other birds of passage, he will return."

CHAPTER III.

IT was on a Saturday morning that Mainwaring left, giving his promise to return that day week; but Waddelow and his party were of opinion that they had seen the last of him, and many were the wittily sarcastic remarks that passed round the table. Pen and his friends, however, would not give in—Saturday was coming, and would prove the correctness of their belief. Saturday at last did come, but without any sign of Mainwaring's return.

We were at tea, having spent the day on the *qui vive* expecting him, when Horatio Henson entered, visibly anxious to learn whether there remained a hope of his five hundred dollars being saved.

"The day is come," he said to Pen, "but not the man."

"Nor the hour," was the answer. "Saturday," taking out his watch, "won't end for five hours and forty minutes."

"You still think we are on the right side, then?"

"Of course we are," the allies answered, together.

But they looked hopelessly on the wrong one when they met at breakfast next morning, for Mainwaring's chair was still empty.

"Did you ever notice any tendency to Judaism in your protégé?" Ribney asked Pen, "because it has just occurred to me that his delay might be accounted for by his having embraced that ancient creed, and refusing to travel on Saturday."

But this time Pen's power of repartee was not put to the test, for Ribney had scarcely finished speaking when the door opened, and Mainwaring walked in.

Shaking hands with Pen and me, and nodding to the rest, he took his old place. "I narrowly missed breaking my word to be back on Saturday," he said to Pen with a smile, "for I reached Hamilton too late to catch the Folkestone cars; so I was obliged to get a conveyance, and when I drove up to the door last night it was 11.55."

"I thought you had been unavoidably detained," Pen replied, "and as the cars came in without you, I didn't expect you till tomorrow night."

"I was very tired, but I had marked the day, and I like to keep my word in small things as well as great."

He spoke confidently, and his face had its wonted colour. The trip to Montreal, if that had been his destination, had made him look himself once more. When leaving the table he said to Pen, "How should you like a walk out to Beechy Grove Church this morning?" This was seven miles off.

"Very much, if Lizzie won't mind going to church alone?"

"Oh, no," I said. So the walk was arranged.

We were sauntering towards the door, chatting together, when Jem Saxon came behind, and said to Mainwaring, "A gentleman wants to see you."

He left, and a quarter of an hour later Jem brought Pen a message from him. He was very sorry, but must beg to be excused from going to Beechy Grove.

It was a glorious Indian summer's morning, the air balmy, the atmosphere hazy, and the woods decked in the loveliest tints of every conceivable colour, mingling together in the most striking contrasts; and Pen could not give up his walk. Hillyard, one of the English-Canadian boarders, set out with him, while I started to the balcony to watch them off.

Mainwaring kept his inner room locked, but his parlour door always stood open now, and, as usual, I was going by way of it to the verandah. But I soon drew back, for by the outer door stood Mainwaring, painfully changed from what he had been when he left us half an hour before. It was not only that his face was without a vestige of colour and his manner flurried, but he had a *hunted* look—that of being hotly pursued, nearly surrounded, and

no way out. He was talking low, but very fast, to Tisa Saxon, whose hand he held in his.

I withdrew, unobserved, full of wonder as to the cause of this sudden change, and returned to our own parlour, with the look in poor Mainwaring's face strongly impressed on my mind. What could it portend? I hesitated whether or not to go back and see if I could aid them in their evident distress. It could do no harm, I thought. They need not tell me what their trouble was, only whether I could be of any use; and I stepped into the passage. But I got no further, for Jem Saxon, who was hurriedly passing at that moment, went in, closing the door after him. "It is not as though they were alone or in an enemy's house," I said to myself; "I can do no good here;" and I stepped back again, and while the door handle was still in my hand, Jem and Tisa came out. Mainwaring may have been with them; if so, he was silent. I only knew the others by their voices. "It can't, Tisa," I heard Jem say.

"It can, and must, and shall," she passionately answered, as they went by, and I heard no more.

I went to church with Mainwaring's and Tisa's troubled faces before me in imagination still. I felt so sure something was going to happen, that when in the middle of the sermon the sexton came and told me the key of our rooms was wanted, as there was a search warrant in the house, I was not much surprised. I went out, and there stood Jem Saxon.

"What ever is the matter?" I asked.

"Why, that old fool, Henson, has set the constables on to take poor Mainwaring. I had just got a hint of it this morning when I told him a gentleman wanted him, for I was informed that Henson had been watching the boats and cars yesterday, and I guessed that meant mischief, for he was almost wild while Mainwaring was away."

"But now that he has honourably come back he might be sure of his innocence. If he had not meant to appear at the trial, does the man think he would have come all the way from Montreal?" I asked hotly.

"Oh! there's no accounting for a fool's folly," he said bitterly. "Mainwaring wanted the whole of this fortnight before the trial to get ready for it, for he is not going to have a lawyer."

"Is that wise?"

"*He* thinks so."

"At any rate, I hope he is out of the constable's way."

"That is hard to tell."

"He had a start?"

"Not much of a one."

"And they think we have hidden him?"

"They suspect you would if you could."

By this time we were at the door. Mainwaring had been searched for high and low, but was not to be found. I gave the constable my key, and we went in. He looked in all the closets, and had a light to examine a dark room opening off Pen's dressing-room, but Mainwaring was not there.

"He's in the house, and I'll have him before I go," I heard him say to his man. But he boasted too soon; for after looking all over the house, from the observatory to the cellar, and the yards and stables, he left without him.

Pen came home, and Mrs. Saxon told him Mainwaring did not intend to go to gaol, but he would appear at his trial without fear.

"I have not a doubt of it," Pen replied, "and I only hope he may succeed in keeping out of the constable's clutches."

Day after day passed, and there were no tidings of his arrest, and Tisa's face began to wear a less anxious look. At times, indeed, she was almost gay.

"I strongly suspect Mainwaring is not far off," I said to Pen, after seeing her in one of her bright humours. "She wouldn't be like that if she didn't know where he was." And the peaceful air of the kitchen seemed to say that Biddy was in the secret too; for generally there were storms in that part of the Saxon House. Biddy could accomplish an amazing amount of work, and she was a first-class cook; but she had one defect—she was saucy, and many a battle of words raged between her and Mrs. Saxon in consequence.

Now, however, amity reigned between them. It was "please Biddy" this, and "please Biddy" that, and Biddy gave the most obliging answers; and I could only account for this state of things by supposing one was offering a bribe and the other trying to gain it. But if there was a secret, they managed to keep it, though there were at least three women in it. A sharp watch was kept on the house; but no evidence as

to Mainwaring's hiding-place could be got at.

It was a week before the trial and nearly 12 p. m. when we heard a slight rap at our door. We kept late hours, for though we were married we found plenty to talk about, and the time flew swiftly by. Pen opened the door, when the Hamilton detective, whom we had seen before, came in, followed by Jem Saxon.

"Another search after Mainwaring, I suppose," Pen said. "You may just as well leave it alone. He will appear at the trial, and you won't see him before."

"Don't be too sure of my not finding him to-night."

A sarcastic laugh was the answer.

"That's meant to tell me he's not in the house, I suppose."

"It means anything you like."

He soon left, and we followed him to the head of the stairs. He went down, Jem behind him, each carrying a light, and marched up the long passage to the door of Mrs. Saxon's private parlour, when Jem turned round and told me as plainly as if he had spoken that the detective was going straight to Mainwaring now; but his attention was at once recalled. "Saxon, whose hat is this?" picking up one from a hall table close by.

Without a moment's hesitation Jem answered, "Mr. Brown's, from Buffalo."

"Where is he?"

"The house was full, and mother let him have her private spare room."

"Off this room?"

"Yes."

They went in, while I sat on the stairs, feeling every second an hour. Pen came down quietly and drew near the room. The house was perfectly still, and I heard Jem tap at the inner door. No answer. He opened it. "Excuse me, Mr. Brown," he said; "it is only a detective searching for a gentleman;" and he went up to the bed and drew the clothes down a little, when a straight black head of hair, instead of a brown curly one, was exposed.

"All right," was the muttered answer, as though more than half asleep.

Jem's coolness and presence of mind completely baffled the detective, and he turned and came out, little imagining who the occupant of that bed was.

This was the end of the search, and Jem let him out at the front door, in no small degree elated at having outwitted that "sharp, ferret-eyed chap," as he called the detective. The lock was no sooner turned than Tisa came out of her mother's room, trembling with excitement; but Jem held up a warning finger. "Spies in the house," he whispered. He beckoned to Pen and me, and we all went into a little family sitting-room, away from all the boarders' quarters, and there Jem sat down and laughed again with true boyish glee.

"What did you do with Mainwaring that Sunday when the constable was about?" Pen asked.

"He crept up in the hayloft and buried himself till the coast was clear, when he leisurely walked into mother's spare room, and Biddy has waited on him ever since."

"Were you not afraid the constable would go up into the hayloft, too?" I said.

"No," he answered, laughing, "I took care of that. I hid the ladder and put an old rickety thing in its place, that he looked at, but did not offer to go up. His face seemed to say, 'I don't trust my neck on that,' and you know what a fat old customer he is."

At last the day of trial came and general excitement prevailed throughout the house and village, and the question of Britisher *versus* Yankee came up again at breakfast. But it was suddenly hushed: for to the surprise of every one except Pen and me, Mainwaring came in and took his old chair. He looked pale—that, however, might be from his close confinement—but his manner was collected.

Waddelow and the rival faction were utterly silenced, and I think almost convinced. Any way they were civil enough to wish him, with an appearance of heartiness, a happy ending to the day.

The county town was eight miles off, and it was time to start as soon as breakfast was over. Pen and Mainwaring drove together, Tisa and I watching them from the window. When they reached the first turn, Mainwaring looked back and waved his handkerchief to us, and with tears in our eyes we wished him God speed.

What a long day it seemed. The morning passed well enough, but the afternoon grew tedious. "Do come down and sit with us till they come," Tisa, who had become very restless, said to me.

I went, and we had tea together in their room, and afterwards Mrs. Wrigley, the married sister, came in; but the evening seemed almost unendurable to Tisa. We did all we could to divert her mind, but ere long we became too full of anxiety to think of anything else ourselves. It was getting late in the fall, and the nights were cold, though as yet the stoves had not been put up; but by ten o'clock we were all shivering. "Let us go to the kitchen fire," Mrs. Saxon said; "we had better have Biddy's company than shake with the cold. The stoves must be put up to-morrow. We have been so excited that we have neglected our duties, and without Biddy I don't know what we should have done."

"Good, faithful creature!" Tisa said. "I shall remember her with gratitude all my life."

And to Biddy's warm kitchen we betook ourselves; but found that she and Harry had put up the stove in the sitting-room, where a bright fire roared and crackled, and here she had laid the cloth, for Mainwaring was to be welcomed home by a fine hot supper; and round this stove, throwing out its welcome heat, we gathered. How slowly the minutes, half-hours, and hours dragged on. At last, as the clock was striking twelve, we heard them drive into the yard. Tisa sprang up and was going to rush out, but her mother held her back—"You don't know who may be there, my child," she said; "some of them will be in directly."

Tisa was silent a moment, when she said, "People have to be afflicted before they can be grateful. I shall not know how to be thankful enough when Rodney comes in."

There were steps at the door, and Jem was the first to enter. No need to speak, Tisa's whole face was asking "What news? Where is he?"

"The verdict is guilty," Jem said; adding with bitter emphasis, "and he is guilty too."

Poor Tisa, how my heart ached for her. She gave one piercing shriek and fell into her mother's arms. "My poor girl, my poor girl!" Mrs. Saxon said, plaintively, "I would bear this trouble for you if I could."

Biddy brought restoratives, and she soon came to. There were no tears, but she sat with clasped hands and moaned in bitter agony of mind.

Pen and George Wrigley came in, and some one asked what new evidence had been brought out. "One fact that settled the question," Wrigley replied. "Lydnett's storehouse has been measured and found that if filled to the ceiling it would hold no more than two-thirds of the quantity Mainwaring asserted to have been paid for by him. That could not be got over, but there were other points as well. You know his books gave a number of names of people from whom he said he had bought the wheat, but the lists of jurymen and ratepayers for this and the two neighbouring counties have been searched in vain for them. Then, too, Lydnett gave in a pile of letters he had received from various quarters, stating that the writers had heard of the robbery and the trouble the bookkeeper was in, and declaring they had sold such and such quantities of wheat and received the money. The writing was disguised, but an expert showed they were all written by the same hand, and he proved from Mainwaring's acknowledged writing that the hand was his and his alone. He had made them all spell badly; it was not Canadian bad spelling either, but English, with all the H's murdered in a frightful manner. Besides, these people could nowhere be found. It was a fair trial; that cannot be gainsayed; and he has two years in the penitentiary to repent of his misdeeds, or plot more—the latter I strongly suspect."

Pen was standing by the stove; he had not spoken since he came in, and Mrs. Saxon now turned to him and said:

"Mr. Lyle, I know George has told it to me as it appeared to him, but he never liked Rodney. Tell me what you think. Is he guilty?"

"I am afraid he is, Mrs. Saxon," was the gravely spoken reply.

"Oh, yes, mother," Jem said. "No one who has been to the trial can think differently, and you know how Mr. Lyle and I were prejudiced in his favour. We have been all in the wrong, and we must try to forget him as soon as we can."

CHAPTER IV.

JEM SAXON'S advice, to forget Rodney Mainwaring, was not easy. There was that in his agreeable manners, intellectual conversation, and handsome coun-

tenance, which could not readily be forgotten. We all missed him in a variety of ways, and gloomy indeed we were when he was gone.

The question Britisher *versus* Yankee was dropped, for our opponents were generous enough not to say, "We told you so." They had won, and that sufficed. But I observed that, even among those who had taken Mainwaring's part, no one—Tisa only excepted—seemed to think he had been wronged.

"Pen," I said, "juries are not infallible. May not poor Mr. Mainwaring be innocent, though they have decided he is guilty?"

"He was an infant in crime, Lizzie," Pen answered, "and his own conduct at the trial showed me he was guilty of the charge. Poor fellow! he was sorely tempted, I know, before he, with his natural instincts of honour, descended to that. Well may we all say, 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

The evening after the trial, I was sitting with Mrs. Saxon and Tisa, in their parlour, when George Wrigley and his wife came in, and seeing Tisa's evident distress, he said coolly, "A happy escape!"

"Yes," Mrs. Wrigley added, "instead of making this fuss, you ought to be thankful you are not married to him."

"Thankful," Tisa warmly replied; "I only wish I was married to him. If I were his wife, and could write to him as a wife could, and meet him when he comes out of that horrid gate, my trouble would be but the half of what it is."

"I know you mean well, Helena," Mrs. Saxon said; "but this is no time to tell her to be thankful."

"I think it is, mother; at any rate there is some romantic nonsense in her head that ought to be got rid of at once."

"Let her alone, Helena dear; time will settle all that."

"Time will never make me love him less, if that is what you mean," Tisa said. "He has no more right to be where he is than Helena herself."

But Mrs. Saxon would have nothing further said then, and shortly after the Wrigleys left.

One evening, about a week later, Tisa came to our room when she knew I was alone. She was carelessly dressed—anything did now—with an old shawl thrown over her head.

"Will you copy this and mail it?" she said, handing me a piece of paper. "Mother made me promise not to send him a letter."

"I will do it for you," I answered.

"If you will agree to the last sentence I shall be grateful to you; but if not, do not put it in."

She left, and I copied her little note:

"DEAREST R.,—At all times and in all places I think of you, grieve for you, and pray that strength may be given you. I have to get a friend to send you this, and another time a willing one may not be found; but, whether you hear from me or not, believe me waiting in sadness for the end of the long dark day that has to pass before we meet. Anything you may wish to say to me, send to Mrs. L——.

"T. S."

I addressed the note under cover to the warden, and mailed it. And now came an anxious look-out on Tisa's part for an answer; but day after day, week after week, month after month passed, and no reply came.

Before Tisa, Mainwaring's name was dropped by her relatives, and every effort was made by them to cause her to forget him.

To her, the two years dragged wearily on. No reply to her letter ever came, and this she felt bitterly; and now that the expiration of his time was so near at hand, she became restless. A feverish anxiety to see him possessed her, but this she saw no way of accomplishing. "He may not like to write," she said, "and I do not even know how I am to hear of him."

"Don't let that trouble you, Miss Saxon," Pen said, who overheard her remark, "for I will see him; he shall not come out and find himself friendless."

Tisa's warmly-expressed reply need not be given.

The week before the two years expired, Pen wrote to Mainwaring, telling him that as his sincere friend he would meet him at the gate with a closed carriage, and conduct him to a place where they could quietly converse and arrange a plan for the future.

Pen went to Kingston, and Tisa eagerly awaited his return, as I also did myself. But when we began to expect him back, I received a telegram from Montreal, stating that he would be absent a week longer, and at the

end of that week another came, putting off his coming home ten days more. Tisa found these delays, with no cause assigned, after her two years' anxiety, hard to bear. She grew so nervous that Mrs. Saxon became suspicious she was planning some scheme in which Mainwaring was concerned, and watched her narrowly; but as Tisa was only waiting, there was nothing for vigilance to discover.

It was late in the evening when Pen reached Folkestone, but that Tisa should be sitting with me excited no curiosity in the Saxon House. She stood up, trembling with excitement, when he entered.

"He is well, Miss Saxon," Pen said; "and here is a letter for you."

The lamp was burning at the further end of the room, and she hastened towards it and began to read. A minute later and she crushed the letter in her hand, tossed it aside, and laying her head on the table passionately burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" I said, in a low tone, to Pen.

"Her idol is broken," he answered. "She has learned now what we all knew before."

"That the accusation was true?"

"Yes."

This was miserably disappointing. Though Pen said, "We all knew before," I had always had, at the least, a strong hope that some hidden circumstance would come to light and tell a widely different story. "I am sorry, sorry, sorry," I said, thinking aloud.

"Read that, Mrs. Lyle," Tisa said, looking up and pointing to the crumpled letter.

I straightened it out, and this is what it contained: — "Montreal, — Dearest Tisa, Every word of your letter to me is indelibly impressed on my heart, and I have hourly thanked you for it. But you did not think it hard you got no answer before! I could not write to you from there. Now, thanks to the kindness of my tried friend, who will give you this, I am in a good situation here, with an offer from the firm at the end of three months to go to France for five years. Will you go with me? *Knowing the past*, can you trust yourself to me? or am I asking too much? Though, when others have faith in me, will yours waver? Once, almost my own, darling, let me claim you for my very own, and in another country it will be my aim to make you the happiest of women. Lyle will tell you all respecting my business prospects, and anything else concerning me you may wish to know. I have suppressed my first Christian name and taken my second. Ever your's, CHARLES MAINWARING."

The next evening, when Tisa was calmer, Pen told us the story of how, where, and when poor Mainwaring fell. It is too long to tell here, but Pen was right when he said he had been "sorely tempted." There were tears in Tisa's eyes at the conclusion of the sad tale, but without any remark she withdrew to her own room.

"What is for the best?" I said to Pen, musingly.

"For her to marry him, undoubtedly," was the reply. "She will never be happy unless she does, and I have no more fear that he will be led astray again than I have fear of myself. Neither have Shaw & Stapleton"—the heads of the firm that employed him—"who know the whole truth. He was dejected when I met him, but I told him he must endeavour to forget all but the lesson it had taught him, and then seeing himself trusted inspired hope."

About a week after, I said to Tisa, "Have you written yet?"

"Yes," she replied; "for days I got no further than '*knowing the past*,' but when I did finish, and read the question, 'when others have faith in me, will yours waver?' I said, No."

Three months from Pen's return, Mrs. Saxon—whose extreme aversion to Mainwaring we had succeeded in overcoming and who clearly saw Tisa's determination sooner or later to be his wife—took her to Montreal, and when she came back I said, "And they are married?"

"Yes, and sailed."

"How did he look?"

"As well as ever, and I must confess I trust in him again."

When they had been married a year, Shaw, of the firm of Shaw & Stapleton, went over to France, and shortly after his return Pen met him in Toronto, and of course inquired after the Mainwarings.

"He is making himself invaluable,' was the reply, "and as for that handsome wife of his, I don't know where to find her equal."

"MATERIALISM" AND ITS OPPONENTS.

BY JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S., &C.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

I WILLINGLY yielded to the request that the following pages, intended as an introduction to a forthcoming edition of the "Fragments of Science," should first appear as an article in the *Fortnightly Review*. The presentation of the Fragments, in the order of their publication, will, I think, make it plain that within the last two years I have added no material iniquity to the list previously recorded against me. I have gone carefully over them all this year in Switzerland, bestowing special attention upon the one which has given most offence. To the judgment of thoughtful men I now commit them; the unthoughtful and the unfair will not read them, though they will continue to abuse them.

I have no desire to repay in kind the hard words already thrown at them and me; but a simple comparison will make clear to my more noisy and unreasonable assailants how I regard their position. To the nobler Bereans of the press and pulpit, who have honoured me with their attention, I do not now refer. Webster defines a squatter as one who settles on new land without a title. This, in regard to anthropology and cosmogony, I hold to have been the position of the older theologians; and what their heated successors of to-day denounce as a "raid upon theology," is, in my opinion, a perfectly legal and equitable attempt to remove them from ground which they have no right to hold.

If the title exist, let it be produced. It is not the revision of the text of Genesis by accomplished scholars that the public so much need, as to be informed and convinced how far the text, polished or unpolished, has a claim upon the belief of intelligent persons. It is, I fear, a growing conviction that our ministers of religion, for the sake of peace, more or less sacrifice their sincerity in dealing with the cosmogony of the Old Testament. I notice this in conversation, and it is getting into print. Before me, for example, is a little *brochure*, in which a layman presses a clerical friend with a series of questions regarding creation—the six-day period of Divine activity, the destruction of the world by a flood, the building of an ark, the placing of creatures in it by pairs, and the descent from this ancestry of all living things, "men and women, birds and beasts." He asks his friend, "Do you, *without any mental reservation*, believe these things?" "If you *do*," he continues, "then I can only say that the accumulated and accepted knowledge of mankind, including the entire sciences of astronomy, geology, philology, and history, are [as far as you are concerned] nought and mistaken. If you do *not* believe those events to have so happened, or do so with some mental reservation, which destroys the whole sense and meaning of the narrative, *why do you not say so from your pulpits?*"

The friend merely parries and evades the question. According to Mr. Martineau, the clergy speak very differently indeed from their pulpits. After showing how the Mosaic picture of the "generic order of things" has been not only altered but inverted by scientific research, he says, "Notwithstanding the deplorable condition to which the picture has been reduced, it is exhibited fresh every week to millions taught to believe it as divine." It cannot be urged that error here does no practical harm, or that it does not act to the detriment of honest men. It was for openly avowing doubts which, it is said, others discreetly entertain, that the Bishop of Natal suffered persecution; it was for his public fidelity to scientific truth, as far as his lights extended, that he was branded, even during his recent visit to this country, as an "excommunicated heretic." The courage of Dean Stanley and

of the Master of Baliol, in reference to this question, disarmed indignation, and caused the public to overlook a wrong which might not otherwise have been endured.

The liberal and intelligent portion of Christendom must, I take it, differentiate itself more and more, in word and act, from the fanatical, foolish, and more purely sacerdotal portion. Enlightened Roman Catholics are more especially bound to take action here; for the travesty of heaven and earth is grosser, and the attempt to impose it on the world is more serious, in their community than elsewhere. That they are more or less alive to this state of things, and that they show an increasing courage and independence in their demands for education, will be plain to the reader of the "Apology for the Belfast Address."* The "Memorial" there referred to was the impatient protest of barristers, physicians, surgeons, solicitors, and scholars among the Catholics themselves. They must not relax their pressure nor relinquish their demands; for their spiritual guides live so exclusively in the prescientific past, that even the really strong intellects among them are reduced to atrophy as regards scientific truth. Eyes they have, and see not; ears they have, and hear not; for both eyes and ears are taken possession of by the sights and sounds of another age. In relation to science, the Ultramontane brain, through lack of exercise, is virtually the undeveloped brain of the child. And thus it is that as children in scientific knowledge, but as potent wielders of spiritual power among the ignorant, they countenance and enforce practices sufficient to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the more intelligent among themselves.

Such is the force of early education, when maintained and perpetuated by the habits of subsequent life; such the ground of peril in allowing the schools of a nation to fall into Ultramontane hands. Let any able Catholic student, fairly educated, and not yet cramped by sacerdotalism, get a real scientific grasp of the magnitude and organization of this universe. Let him sit under the immeasurable heavens, watch the stars in their courses, scan the mysterious nebulæ, and try to realize what it all is and means. Let him bring the thoughts and conceptions which thus enter his mind face to face with the notions of the genesis and rule of things which pervade the writings of the princes of his Church, and he will see and feel what drivellers even men of strenuous intellects may become, through exclusively dwelling and dealing with theological chimeras.

But, quitting the more grotesque forms of the Theological, I already see, or think I see, emerging from recent discussions, that wonderful plasticity of the Theistic Idea, which enables it to maintain, through many changes, its hold upon superior minds; and which, if it is to last, will eventually enable it to shape itself in accordance with scientific conditions. I notice this, for instance, in the philosophic sermon of Dr. Quarry, and more markedly still in that of Dr. Ryder. "There pervades," says the Rector of Donnybrook, "these atoms and that illimitable universe, that 'choir of heaven and furniture of earth,' which of such atoms is built up, a certain *force*, known in its most familiar form by the name of 'life,' *which may be regarded as the ultimate essence of matter.*" And, speaking of the awful search of the intellect for the infinite Creator, and of the grave difficulties which encompass the subject, the same writer says: "We know from our senses finite existences only. Now we cannot *logically* infer the existence of an infinite God from the greatest conceivable number of finite existences. There must always obviously be more in the conclusion than in the premisses." Such language is new to the pulpit, but it will become less and less rare. It is not the poets and philosophers among our theologians—and in our day the philosopher who wanders beyond the strict boundary of Science is more or less merged in the poet—it is not these, who feel the life of religion, but the mechanics who cling to its scaffolding, that are most anxious to tie the world down to the untenable conceptions of an uncultivated past.

Before me is another printed sermon of a different character from those just referred to. It is entitled "The Necessary Limits of Christian Evidences." Its author, Dr. Reichel, has been frequently referred to as an authority, particularly on personal subjects, during recent discussions. The sermon was first preached in Belfast, and afterwards, in an amplified and amended form, in the Exhibition Building in Dublin. In passing, I would make a single remark upon its opening paragraph, as it contains an argu-

* Reprinted in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for February, 1875.

ment regarding Christ which I have frequently heard used in substance by good men, though never before with the grating emphasis here employed. "The resurrection of our Saviour," says Dr. Reichel, "is the central fact of Christianity. Without His resurrection, His birth and His death would have been alike unavailing; nay more, if He did not rise from the dead, His birth was the birth of a bastard, and His death the death of an impostor." This may be "orthodoxy;" but entertaining the notions that I do of Christ, and of His incomparable life upon the earth, if the momentary use of the term "blasphemy" were granted to me by my Christian brethren, I should feel inclined to employ it here.

Better instructed than he had been at Belfast, the orator in Dublin gave prominence to a personal argument, which I have already noticed elsewhere.* He has been followed in this particular by the Bishop of Meath and other estimable persons. This is to be regretted, because in dealing with these high themes the mind ought to be the seat of dignity, if possible of chivalry, but certainly not the seat of littleness. "I propose," says the preacher, "making some remarks on the doctrine thus propounded [in Belfast]. And, first, lest any of you should be unduly impressed by the mere authority of its propounder, as well as by the fluent grace with which he sets it forth, it is right that I should tell you, that these conclusions, though given out on an occasion which apparently stamped them with the general approbation of the scientific world, do not possess that approbation. The mind that arrived at them, and displayed them with so much complacency, is a mind trained in the school of mere experiment, not in the study, but in the laboratory. Accordingly the highest mathematical intellects of the Association disclaim and repudiate the theories of its President. In the mathematical laws to which all material phenomena and substances are each year more distinctly perceived to be subordinated, they see another side of nature, which has not impressed itself upon the mere experimentalist."†

In view of the new virtue here thrust upon the mathematician, D'Alembert and Laplace present a difficulty, and we are left without a clue to the peculiar orthodoxy of Helmholtz, Clifford, and other distinguished men. As regards my own mental training, inasmuch as my censors think it not beneath them to dwell upon a point so small, I may say that the foregoing statement is incorrect. The separation, moreover, of the "study" from the "laboratory," is not admissible, because the laboratory *is* a "study" in which symbols give place to natural facts. The word Mesopotamia is said to have a sacred unction for many minds, and possibly the title of my "Inaugural Dissertation" at Marburg may have an effect of this kind on my right reverend and reverend critics of the new mathematical school. Here accordingly it is: "Die Schraubenfläche mit geneigter Erzeugungslinie, und die Bedingungen des Gleichgewichts auf solchen Schrauben." A little tenderness may, perhaps, flow towards me, after these words have made it known that I began my narrow scientific life less as an experimentalist than as a mathematician.

If, as asserted, "the highest mathematical intellects of the Association disclaim and repudiate the theories of its President," it would be their bounden duty not to rest content with this mere second-hand utterance. They ought to permit the light of life to stream upon us directly from themselves, instead of sending it through the rude polemoscope* of Dr. Reichel. But the point of importance to be impressed upon him, and upon those who may be tempted to follow him in his adventurous theories, is, that out of Mathematics no salvation for Theology can possibly come.

By such reflections I am brought face to face with an essay to which my attention has been directed by several estimable, and indeed eminent persons, as demanding serious consideration at my hands. I refer with pleasure to the accord subsisting between the Rev. James Martineau and myself on certain points of biblical cosmogony.

"In so far," says Mr. Martineau, "as Church belief is still committed to a given cosmogony and natural history of man,

* "Apology for Belfast Address."

† "Es ist ihre Taktik, die Gegner, gegen welche sie nichts sonst auszurichten vermögen, verächtlich zu behandeln, und allmählich in der Achtung des Publikums herabzusetzen." This was written of the Jesuits in reference to their treatment of Dr. Döllinger. It is true of others.

* "An oblique perspective glass, for seeing objects not directly before the eyes."—*Webster*. To mere obliquity Dr. Reichel's instrument adds coarseness of construction.

it lies open to scientific refutation." And again: "It turns out that with the sun and moon and stars, and in and on the earth, before and after the appearance of our race, quite other things have happened than those which the sacred cosmogony recites." Once more: "The whole history of the genesis of things Religion must surrender to the Sciences." Finally, still more emphatically: "In the investigation of the genetic order of things, Theology is an intruder, and must stand aside." This expresses, only in words of fuller pith, the views which I ventured to enunciate in Belfast. "The impregnable position of Science," I there say, "may be stated in a few words. We claim, and we shall wrest from Theology, the entire domain of cosmological theory." Thus Theology, so far as it is represented by Mr. Martineau, and Science, so far as I understand it, are in absolute harmony here.

But Mr. Martineau would have just reason to complain of me, if, by partial citation, I left my readers under the impression that the agreement between us is complete. At the opening of the eighty-ninth Session of the Manchester New College, London, on October 6, 1874, he, its Principal, delivered the Address from which I have quoted. It bears the title "Religion as affected by Modern Materialism;" and its references and general tone make evident the depth of its author's discontent with my previous deliverance at Belfast. I find it difficult to grapple with the exact grounds of this discontent. Indeed, logically considered, the impression left upon my mind by an essay of great æsthetic merit, containing many passages of exceeding beauty, and many sentiments which none but the pure in heart could utter as they are uttered here, is vague and unsatisfactory; the author appears at times so brave and liberal, at times so timid and captious, and at times so imperfectly informed regarding the position he assails.

At the outset of his address, Mr. Martineau states with some distinctness his "sources of religious faith." They are two —"the scrutiny of Nature" and "the interpretation of Sacred Books." It would have been a theme worthy of his intelligence to have deduced from these two sources his religion as it stands. But not another word is said about the "Sacred Books." Having swept with the besom of Science various "books" contemptuously away, he does not define the Sacred residue; much less give us the reasons why he deems them sacred. His references to "Nature," on the other hand, are magnificent tirades against Nature, intended, apparently, to show the wholly abominable character of man's antecedents if the theory of evolution be true. Here also his mood lacks steadiness. While joyfully accepting, at one place, "the widening space, the deepening vistas of time, the detected marvels of physiological structure, and the rapid filling-in of the missing links in the chain of organic life," he falls, at another, into lamentation and mourning over the very theory which renders "organic life" "a chain." He claims the largest liberality for his sect, and avows its contempt for the dangers of possible discovery. But immediately afterwards he damages the claim, and ruins all confidence in the avowal. He professes sympathy with modern Science, and almost in the same breath he treats, or certainly will be understood to treat, the Atomic Theory, and the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, as if they were a kind of scientific thimble-riggery.

His ardour, moreover, renders him inaccurate; causing him to see discord among scientific men, where nothing but harmony reigns. In his celebrated Address to the Congress of German Naturforscher, delivered at Leipzig, three years ago, Du Bois Reymond speaks thus: "What conceivable connection subsists between definite movements of definite atoms in my brain, on the one hand, and on the other hand such primordial, indefinable, undeniable facts as these: I feel pain or pleasure; I experience a sweet taste, or smell a rose, or hear an organ, or see something red? . . It is absolutely and for ever inconceivable that a number of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen atoms should be otherwise than indifferent as to their own position and motion, past, present, or future. It is utterly inconceivable how consciousness should result from their joint action."

This language, which was spoken in 1872, Mr. Martineau "freely" translates, and quotes against me. The act is due to a misapprehension of his own. Evidence is at hand to prove that I employed the same language twenty years ago. It is to be found in the *Saturday Review* for 1860; but a sufficient illustration of the agree-

ment between my friend Du Bois Reymond and myself, is furnished by the discourse on Scientific Materialism, delivered in 1868, then widely circulated, and reprinted here.* With a little attention, Mr. Martineau would have seen that in the very Address his essay criticizes precisely the same position is maintained. "You cannot," I there say, "satisfy the human understanding in its demand for logical continuity between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness. This is a rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy of the human mind."

"The affluence of illustration," writes an able and sympathetic reviewer of this essay, in the *New York Tribune*, "in which Mr. Martineau delights, often impairs the distinctness of his statements by diverting the attention of the reader from the essential points of his discussion to the beauty of his imagery, and thus diminishes their power of conviction." To the beauties here referred to I bear willing testimony; but the excesses touched upon reach far beyond the reader, to their primal seat and source in Mr. Martineau's own mind; mixing together *there* things that ought to be kept apart; producing vagueness where precision is the one thing needful; poetic fervour where we require judicial calm; and practical unfairness where the strictest justice ought to be, and I willingly believe is meant to be, observed.

In one of his nobler passages, Mr. Martineau tells us how the pupils of his college have been educated hitherto: "They have been trained under the assumptions—(1st) that the Universe which includes us and folds us round is the life-dwelling of an Eternal Mind; (2nd) that the world of our abode is the scene of a moral government, incipient but not complete; and (3rd) that the upper zones of human affection, above the clouds of self and passion, take us into the sphere of a Divine Communion. Into this over-arching scene it is that growing thought and enthusiasm have expanded to catch their light and fire."

Alpine summits must kindle above the mountaineer who reads these stirring words; I see their beauty and feel their life. Nay, in my own feeble way, at the close of one of the essays here printed, I thus affirm the "Communion" which Mr. Martineau calls "Divine:" "'Two things,' says Immanuel Kant, 'fill me with awe—the starry heavens, and the sense of moral responsibility in man.' And in his hours of health and strength and sanity, when the stroke of action has ceased, and the pause of reflection has set in, the scientific investigator finds himself overshadowed by the same awe. Breaking contact with the hampering details of earth, it associates him with a power which gives fulness and tone to his existence, but which he can neither analyze nor comprehend."†

Though "knowledge" is here disavowed, the "feelings" of Mr. Martineau and myself are, I think, very much alike. But, notwithstanding the mutual independence of religious feeling and objective knowledge thus demonstrated, he censures me—almost denounces me—for referring Religion to the reign of Emotion. Surely he is inconsistent here. The foregoing words refer to an inward hue or temperature, rather than to an external object of thought. When I attempt to give the Power which I see manifested in the Universe an objective form, personal or otherwise, it slips away from me, declining all intellectual manipulation. I dare not, save poetically, use the pronoun "He" regarding it; I dare not call it a "Mind;" I refuse to call it even a "Cause." Its mystery overshadows me; but it remains a mystery, while the objective frames which my neighbours try to make it fit, simply distort and desecrate it.

It is otherwise with Mr. Martineau, and hence his discontent. He professes to *know* where I only claim to *feel*. He could make his contention good against me if he would transform, by a process of verification, the foregoing three assumptions into "objective knowledge." But he makes no attempt to do so. They remain assumptions

* In the new volume to which this is the introduction.

† In the first preface to the "Belfast Address" I referred to "hours of clearness and vigour," as four years previously I had referred to hours of "health and strength and sanity," and brought down upon myself, in consequence, a considerable amount of ridicule. Why, I know not. For surely it is not when sleepy after a gluttonous meal, or when suffering from dyspepsia, or even when possessed by an arithmetical problem demanding concentrated thought, that we care most for the "starry heavens or the sense of responsibility in man."

from the beginning of his address to its end. And yet he frequently uses the word "unverified," as if it were fatal to the position on which its incidence falls. "The scrutiny of Nature" is one of his sources of "religious faith:" what logical foothold does that scrutiny furnish on which any one of the foregoing three assumptions could be planted? Nature, according to his picturing, is base and cruel: what is the inference to be drawn regarding its author? If Nature be "red in tooth and claw," who is responsible? On a Mindless nature Mr. Martineau pours the full torrent of his gorgeous invective; but could the "assumption" of "an Eternal Mind"—even of a Beneficent Eternal Mind—render the world objectively a whit less mean and ugly than it is? Not an iota. It is man's feelings, and not external phenomena, that are influenced by the assumption. It adds not a ray of light nor a strain of music to the objective sum of things. It does not touch the phenomena of physical nature—storm, flood, or fire—nor diminish by a pang the bloody combats of the animal world. But it does add the glow of religious emotion to the human soul, as represented by Mr. Martineau. Beyond this I defy him to go; and yet he rashly—it might be said petulantly—kicks away the only philosophic foundation on which it is possible for him to build his religion.

He twits incidentally the modern scientific interpretation of Nature, because of its want of cheerfulness. "Let the new future," he says, "preach its own gospel, and devise, if it can, the means of making the tidings *glad*." This is a common argument: "If you only knew the comfort of belief!" My reply to it is that I choose the nobler part of Emerson, when, after various disenchantments, he exclaimed, "I covet *truth!*" The gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who is really competent to say this. Besides, "gladness" is an emotion, and Mr. Martineau theoretically scorns the emotional. I am not, however, acquainted with a writer who draws more largely upon this source, while mistaking it for something objective. "To reach the Cause," he says, "there is no need to go into the past, as though being missed here, He could be found there. But when once He has been apprehended by the proper organs of divine apprehension, the whole life of Humanity is recognised as the scene of his agency." That Mr. Martineau should have lived so long, thought so much, and failed to recognise the entirely subjective character of this creed, is highly instructive. His "proper organs of divine apprehension"—denied, I may say, to some of the greatest intellects and noblest men in this and other ages—lie at the very core of his emotions.

In fact, it is when Mr. Martineau is most purely emotional that he scorns the emotions; and it is when he is most purely subjective that he rejects subjectivity. He pays a just and liberal tribute to the character of John Stuart Mill. But in the light of Mill's philosophy, benevolence, honour, purity, having "shrunk into mere unaccredited subjective susceptibilities, have lost all support from Omniscient approval, and all presumable accordance with the reality of things." If Mr. Martineau had given them any inkling of the process by which he renders the "subjective susceptibilities" objective; or how he arrives at an objective ground of "Omniscient approval," gratitude from his pupils would have been his just meed. But as it is, he leaves them lost in an iridescent cloud of words, after exciting a desire which he is incompetent to appease.

"We are," he says, in another place, "for ever shaping our representations of invisible things into forms of definite opinion, and throwing them to the front, as if they were the photographic equivalent of our real faith. It is a delusion which affects us all. Yet somehow the essence of our religion never finds its way into these frames of theory: as we put them together it slips away, and, if we turn to pursue it, still retreats behind; ever ready to work with the will, to unbind and sweeten the affections, and bathe the life with reverence, but refusing to be seen, or to pass from a divine hue of thinking into a human pattern of thought." This is very beautiful, and mainly so because the man who utters it obviously brings it all out of the treasury of his own heart. But the "hue" and "pattern" here so finely spoken of are neither more nor less than that "emotion" on the one hand, and that "objective knowledge" on the other, which have drawn this suicidal fire from Mr. Martineau's battery.

I now come to one of the most serious portions of Mr. Martineau's pamphlet—serious far less on account of its "personal

errors" than of its intrinsic gravity, though its author has thought fit to give it a witty and sarcastic tone. He analyzes and criticizes "the materialist doctrine, which, in our time, is proclaimed with so much pomp and resisted with so much passion. 'Matter is all I want,' says the physicist; 'give me its atoms alone, and I will explain the universe.'" It is thought, even by Mr. Martineau's intimate friends, that in this pamphlet he is answering me. I must therefore ask the reader to contrast the foregoing travesty with what I really do say regarding atoms:—"I do not think that he (the materialist) is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and motions *explain* everything. In reality, they explain nothing. The utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance."* This is very different from saying, "Give me its atoms alone, and I will explain the universe." Mr. Martineau continues his dialogue with the physicist:—"'Good,' he says; 'take as many atoms as you please. See that they have all that is requisite to Body [a metaphysical B], being homogeneous extended solids.' 'That is not enough,' he replies; 'it might do for Democritus and the mathematicians, but I must have something more. The atoms must not only be in motion, and of various shapes, but also of as many kinds as there are chemical elements; for how could I ever get water if I had only hydrogen elements to work with?' 'So be it,'" Mr. Martineau consents to reply, "'only this is a considerable enlargement of your specified datum [where and by whom specified?]—in fact, a conversion of it into several; yet, even at the cost of its monism [put into it by Mr. Martineau] your scheme seems hardly to gain its end; for by what manipulation of your resources will you, for example, educe Consciousness?'"

This reads like pleasantry, but it deals with serious things. For the last seven years the question proposed by Mr. Martineau and my answer to it have been accessible to all. They are also given in this volume. Here, briefly, is the question:—"A man can say, 'I feel, I think, I love,' but how does consciousness infuse itself into the problem?" And here is the answer:—"The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought, and a definite molecular action in the brain, occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened, and illuminated, as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, 'How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?' The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable."†

Compare this with the answer which Mr. Martineau puts into the mouth of *his* physicist, and with which I am generally credited by Mr. Martineau's readers:—"'It (the problem of consciousness) does not daunt me at all. Of course you understand that all along my atoms have been affected by gravitation and polarity; and now I have only to insist with Fechner on a difference among molecules; there are the *inorganic*, which can change only their place, like the particles in an undulation; and there are the *organic*, which can change *their order*, as in a globule that turns itself inside out. With an adequate number of these, our problem will be manageable.' 'Likely enough,' we may say ['entirely unlikely,' say I], 'seeing how careful you are to provide for all emergencies; and if any hitch should occur in the next step, where you will have to pass from mere sentiency to thought and will, you can again look in upon your atoms, and fling among them a handful of Leibnitz's monads, to serve as souls in little, and be ready, in a latent form, with that Vorstellungs-fähigkeit which our picturesque interpreters of nature so much prize.'"

"But surely," continues Mr. Martineau, "you must observe that this 'matter' of

* Address on "Scientific Materialism."

† Bishop Butler's reply to the Lucretian, in the Belfast Address, is all in the same strain.

yours alters its style with every change of service; starting as a beggar, with scarce a rag of 'property' to cover its bones, it turns up as a prince when large undertakings are wanted. 'We must radically change our notions of matter,' says Professor Tyndall; and then, he ventures to believe, it will answer all demands, carrying 'the promise and potency of all terrestrial life.' If the measure of the required 'change in our notions' had been specified, the proposition would have had a real meaning, and been susceptible of a test. It is easy travelling through the stages of such an hypothesis; you deposit at your bank a round sum ere you start, and, drawing on it piecemeal at every pause, complete your grand tour without a debt."

The last paragraph of this argument is forcibly and ably stated. On it I am willing to try conclusions with Mr. Martineau. I may say, in passing, that I share his contempt for the picturesque interpretation of nature, if accuracy of vision be thereby impaired. But the term Vorstellungs-fähigkeit, as used by me, means the power of definite mental presentation, of attaching to words the corresponding objects of thought, and of seeing these in their proper relations, without the interior haze and soft penumbral borders which the theologian loves. To this mode of "interpreting Nature" I shall to the best of my ability now adhere.

Neither of us, I trust, will be afraid or ashamed to begin at the alphabet of this question. Our first effort must be to understand each other, and this mutual understanding can only be ensured by beginning low down. Physically speaking, however, we need not go below the sea-level. Let us then travel in company to the Caribbean Sea, and halt upon the heated water. What is that sea, and what is the sun which heats it? Answering for myself, I say that they are both *matter*. I fill a glass with the sea-water and expose it on the deck of the vessel; after some time the liquid has all disappeared, and left a solid residue of salts in the glass behind. We have mobility, invisibility—apparent annihilation. In virtue of

> "The glad and secret aid
> The sun unto the ocean paid,"

the water has taken to itself wings and flown off as vapour. From the whole surface of the Caribbean Sea such vapour is rising: and now we must follow it—not upon our legs, however, nor in a ship, nor even in a balloon, but by the mind's eye—in other words, by that power of Vorstellung which Mr. Martineau knows so well, and which he so justly scorns when it indulges in loose practices.

Compounding, then, the northward motion of the vapour with the earth's axial rotation, we track our fugitive through the higher atmospheric regions, obliquely across the Atlantic Ocean to Western Europe, and on to our familiar Alps. Here another wonderful metamorphosis occurs. Floating on the cold calm air, and in presence of the cold firmament, the vapour condenses, not only to particles of water, but to particles of crystalline water. These coalesce to stars of snow, which fall upon the mountains in forms so exquisite that, when first seen, they never fail to excite rapture. As to beauty, indeed, they put the work of the lapidary to shame, while as to accuracy they render concrete the abstractions of the geometer. Are these crystals "matter?" Without presuming to dogmatize, I answer for myself in the affirmative.

Still, a *formative power* has obviously here come into play which did not manifest itself in either the liquid or the vapour. The question now is, Was not the power "potential" in both of them, requiring only the proper conditions of temperature to bring it into action? Again I answer for myself in the affirmative. I am, however, quite willing to discuss with Mr. Martineau the alternative hypothesis, that an imponderable formative soul unites itself with the substance after its escape from the liquid state. If he should espouse this hypothesis, then I should demand of him an immediate exercise of that Vorstellungs-fähigkeit, with which, in my efforts to think clearly, I can never dispense. I should ask, At what moment did the soul come in? Did it enter at once or by degrees; perfect from the first, or growing and perfecting itself contemporaneously with its own handiwork? I should also ask whether it was localized or diffused? Does it move about as a lonely builder, putting the bits of solid water in their places as soon as the proper temperature has set in? or is it distributed through the entire mass of the crystal? If the latter, then the soul has the shape of the crystal; but if the former, then

I should inquire after its shape. Has it legs or arms? If not, I should ask it to be made clear to me how a thing without these appliances can act so perfectly the part of a builder? (I insist on definition, and ask unusual questions, if haply I might thereby banish unmeaning words.) What were the condition and residence of the soul before it joined the crystal? What becomes of it when the crystal is dissolved? Why should a particular temperature be needed before it can exercise its vocation? Finally, is the problem before us in any way simplified by the assumption of its existence? I think it probable that, after a full discussion of the question, Mr. Martineau would agree with me in ascribing the building power displayed in the crystal to the bits of water themselves. At all events, I should count upon his sympathy so far as to believe, that he would consider any one unmannerly who would denounce me for rejecting this notion of a separate soul, and for holding the snow crystal to be "matter."

But then what an astonishing addition is here made to the powers of matter! Who would have dreamt, without actually seeing its work, that such a power was locked up in a drop of water? All that we needed to make the action of the *liquid* intelligible was the assumption of Mr. Martineau's "homogeneous extended atomic solids," smoothly gliding over one another. But had we supposed the water to be nothing more than this, we should have ignorantly defrauded it of an intrinsic architectural power, which the art of man, even when pushed to its utmost degree of refinement, is incompetent to imitate. I would invite Mr. Martineau to consider how inappropriate his figure of a fictitious bank deposit becomes under these circumstances. The "account current" of matter receives nothing at my hands which could be honestly kept back from it. If, then, "Democritus and the mathematicians" so defined matter as to exclude the powers here proved to belong to it, they were clearly wrong, and Mr. Martineau, instead of twitting me with my departure from them, ought rather to applaud me for correcting them.

The reader of my small contributions to the literature which deals with the overlapping margins of science and theology, will have noticed how frequently I quote Mr. Emerson. I do so mainly because in him we have a poet and a profoundly religious man, who is really and entirely undaunted by the discoveries of science, past, present, or prospective. In his case Poetry, with the joy of a bacchanal, takes her graver brother Science by the hand, and cheers him with immortal laughter. By Emerson scientific conceptions are continually transmuted into the finer forms and warmer hues of an ideal world. Our present theme is touched upon in the lines—

> "The journeying atoms, primordial wholes,
> Firmly draw, firmly drive by their animate poles."

As regards veracity and insight these few words outweigh, in my estimation, all the formal learning expended by Mr. Martineau in these disquisitions on force, in which he treats the physicist as a conjuror, and speaks so wittingly of atomic polarity. In fact, without this notion of polarity—this "drawing" and "driving"—this attraction and repulsion, we stand as stupidly dumb before the phenomena of crystallization as a Bushman before the phenomena of the solar system. The genesis and growth of the notion I have endeavoured to make clear in my third Lecture on Light, and in the article "Crystals and Molecular Force" published in this volume.

Our further course is here foreshadowed. A Sunday or two ago I stood under an oak planted by Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna. On the ground near the tree little oaklets were successfully fighting for life with the surrounding vegetation. The acorns had dropped into the friendly soil, and this was the result of their interaction. What is the acorn? what the earth? and what the sun, without whose heat and light the tree could not become a tree, however rich the soil, and however healthy the seed? I answer for myself as before—all "matter." And the heat and light which here play so potent a part are acknowledged to be motions of matter. By taking something much lower down in the vegetable kingdom than the oak, we might approach much more nearly to the case of crystallization already discussed, but this is not now necessary.

If, instead of conceding the sufficiency of matter here, Mr. Martineau should fly to the hypothesis of a vegetative soul, all the questions before asked in relation to the snow-star become pertinent. I would invite him to go over them one by one, and consider

what replies he will make to them. He may retort by asking me, "Who infused the principle of life into the tree?" I say in answer that our present question is not this, but another—not who made the tree, but what *is* it? Is there anything besides matter in the tree? If so, what, and where? Mr. Martineau may have begun by this time to discern that it is not "picturesqueness," but cold precision, that my Vorstellungs-fähigkeit demands. How, I would ask, is this vegetative soul to be presented to the mind; where did it flourish before the tree grew, and what will become of it when the tree is sawn into planks, or consumed in fire?

Possibly Mr. Martineau may consider the assumption of this soul to be as untenable and as useless as I do. But then if the power to build a tree be conceded to pure matter, what an amazing expansion of our notions of the "potency of matter" is implied in the concession! Think of the acorn, of the earth, of the solar light and heat—was ever such necromancy dreamt of as the production of that massive trunk, those swaying boughs and whispering leaves, from the interaction of these three factors? In this interaction, moreover, consists what we call *life*. It will be seen that I am not in the least insensible to the wonder of the tree; nay, I should not be surprised if, in the presence of this wonder, I feel more perplexed and overwhelmed than Mr. Martineau himself.

Consider it for a moment. There is an experiment, first made by Wheatstone, where the music of a piano is transferred from its sound-board, through a thin wooden rod, across several silent rooms in succession, and poured out at a distance from the instrument. The strings of the piano vibrate, not singly, but ten at a time. Every string subdivides, yielding not one note, but a dozen. All these vibrations and subvibrations are crowded together into a bit of deal not more than a quarter of a square inch in section. Yet no note is lost. Each vibration asserts its individual rights; and all are, at last, shaken forth into the air by a second sound-board, against which the distant end of the rod presses. Thought ends in amazement when it seeks to realize the motions of that rod as the music flows through it. I turn to my tree and observe its roots, its trunk, its branches, and its leaves. As the rod conveys the music, and yields it up to the distant air, so does the trunk convey the matter and the motion—the shocks and pulses and other vital actions—which eventually emerge in the umbrageous foliage of the tree. I went some time ago through the greenhouse of a friend. He had ferns from Ceylon, the branches of which were in some cases not much thicker than an ordinary pin—hard, smooth, and cylindrical—often leafless for a foot and more. But at the end of every one of them the unsightly twig unlocked the exuberant beauty hidden within it, and broke forth into a mass of fronds, almost large enough to fill the arms. We stand here upon a higher level of the wonderful: we are conscious of a music subtler than that of the piano, passing unheard through these tiny boughs, and issuing in what Mr. Martineau would opulently call the "clustered magnificence" of the leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster, and every leaf—their form and texture—lie, like the music in the rod, in the molecular structure of these apparently insignificant stems? Not so. Mr. Martineau weeps for "the beauty of the flower fading into a necessity." I care not whether it comes to me through necessity or through freedom, my delight in it is all the same. I see what he sees with a wonder superadded. To me as to him—nay, to me more than to him—not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these.

I have spoken above as if the assumption of a soul would save Mr. Martineau from the inconsistency of crediting pure matter with the astonishing building power displayed in crystals and trees. This, however, would not be the necessary result; for it would remain to be proved that the soul assumed is not itself matter. When a boy I learnt from Dr. Watts that the souls of conscious brutes are mere matter. And the man who would claim for matter the human soul itself, would find himself in very orthodox company. "All that is created," says Fauste, a famous French bishop of the fifth century, "is matter. The soul occupies a place; it is enclosed in a body; it quits the body at death, and returns to it at the resurrection, as in the case of Lazarus; the distinction between hell and heaven, between eternal pleasures and eternal pains, proves that, even after death, souls occupy a place and are corporeal. God only is incorporeal." Tertullian, moreover, was quite a physicist in the definiteness of his conceptions regarding the soul. "The

materiality of the soul," he says, "is evident from the evangelists. A human soul is there expressly pictured as suffering in hell; it is placed in the middle of a flame, its tongue feels a cruel agony, and it implores a drop of water at the hands of a happier soul. *Wanting materiality*," adds Tertullian, "*all this would be without meaning.*" One wonders what would have happened to this great Christian Father amid the roaring lions of Belfast. Could its excellent press have shielded him from its angry pulpits, as it sheltered me? *

I have glanced at inorganic nature—at the sea, and the sun, and the vapour, and the snowflake—and at organic nature as represented by the fern and the oak. That same sun which warmed the water and liberated the vapour, exerts a subtler power on the nutriment of the tree. It takes hold of matter wholly unfit for the purposes of nutrition, separates its nutritive from its non-nutritive portions, gives the former to the vegetable, and carries the other away. Planted in the earth, bathed by the air, and tended by the sun, the tree is traversed by its sap, the cells are formed, the woody fibre is spun, and the whole is woven to a texture wonderful even to the naked eye, but a million-fold more so to microscopic vision. Does consciousness mix in any way with these processes? No man can tell. Our only ground for a negative conclusion is the absence of those outward manifestations from which feeling is usually inferred. But even these are not entirely absent. In the greenhouses of Kew we may see that a leaf can close, in response to a proper stimulus, as promptly as the human fingers themselves; and while there Dr. Hooker will tell us of the wondrous fly catching, and fly-devouring power of the Dionæa. No man can say that the feelings of the animal are not represented by a drowsier consciousness in the vegetable world. At all events, no line has ever been drawn between the conscious and the unconscious; for the vegetable shades into the animal by such fine gradations, that it is impossible to say where the one ends and the other begins.

In all such inquiries we are necessarily limited by our own powers: we observe what our senses, armed with the aids furnished by science, enable us to observe; nothing more. The evidences as to consciousness in the vegetable world depend wholly upon our capacity to observe and weigh them. Alter the capacity, and the evidence would alter too. Would that which to us is a total absence of any manifestation of consciousness be the same to a being with our capacities indefinitely multiplied? To such a being I can imagine not only the vegetable, but the mineral world, responsive to the proper irritants, the response differing only in degree from those exaggerated manifestations, which, in virtue of their grossness, appeal to our weak powers of observation.

Our conclusions, however, must be based, not on powers that we can imagine, but upon those that we possess. What do they reveal? As the earth and atmosphere offer themselves as the nutriment of the vegetable world, so does the latter, which contains no constituent not found in inorganic nature, offer itself to the animal world. Mixed with certain inorganic substances—water, for example—the vegetable constitutes, in the long-run, the sole sustenance of the animal. Animals may be divided into two classes, the first of which can utilise the vegetable world immediately, having chemical forces strong enough to cope with its most refractory parts; the second class use the vegetable world mediately; that is to say, after its finer portions have been extracted and stored up by the first. But in neither class have we an atom newly created. The animal world is, so to say, a distillation through the vegetable world from inorganic nature.

From this point of view all three worlds would constitute a unity, in which I picture life as immanent everywhere. Nor am I anxious to shut out the idea that the life here spoken of may be but a subordinate part and function of a higher life, as the living, moving blood is subordinate to the living man. I resist no such idea as long

* The foregoing extracts, which M. Alglave recently brought to light for the benefit of the Bishop of Orleans, are taken from the sixth lecture of the *Cours d'Histoire Moderne* of that most orthodox of statesmen, M. Guizot. "I could multiply," continues M. Guizot, "these citations to infinity, and they prove that in the first centuries of our era the materiality of the soul was an opinion not only permitted, but dominant." Dr. Moriarty, and the synod which he recently addressed, obviously forget their own antecedents. Their boasted succession from the early Church renders them the direct offspring of a "materialism" more "brutal" than any ever enunciated by me.

as it is not dogmatically imposed. Left for the human mind freely to operate upon, the idea has ethical vitality; but stiffened into a dogma, the inner force disappears, and the outward yoke of a usurping hierarchy takes its place.

The problem before us is, at all events, capable of definite statement. We have on the one hand strong grounds for concluding that the earth was once a molten mass. We now find it not only swathed by an atmosphere and covered by a sea, but also crowded with living things. The question is, how were they introduced? Certainty may be as unattainable here as Bishop Butler held it to be in matters of religion; but in the contemplation of probabilities the thoughtful mind is forced to take a side. The conclusion of science, which recognises unbroken causal connection between the past and the present, would undoubtedly be that the molten earth contained within it elements of life, which grouped themselves into their present forms as the planet cooled. The difficulty and reluctance encountered by this conception arise solely from the fact that the theologic conception obtained a prior footing in the human mind. Did the latter depend upon reasoning alone, it could not hold its ground for an hour against its rival. But it is warmed into life and strength by the emotions—by associated hopes, fears, and expectations—not only by these, which are more or less mean, but by that loftiness of thought and feeling which lifts its possessor above the atmosphere of self, and which the theologic idea, in its nobler forms, has through ages engendered in noble minds.

Were not man's origin implicated, we should accept without a murmur the derivation of animal and vegetable life from what we call inorganic nature. The conclusion of pure intellect points this way and no other. But this purity is troubled by our interests in this life, and by our hopes and fears regarding the life to come. Reason is traversed by the emotions, anger rising in the weaker heads to the height of suggesting that the compendious shooting of the inquirer would be an act agreeable to God and serviceable to man. But this foolishness is more than neutralised by the sympathy of the wise; and in England at least, so long as the courtesy which befits an earnest theme is adhered to, such sympathy is ever ready for an honest man. None of us here need shrink from saying all that he has a right to say. We ought, however, to remember that it is not only a band of Jesuits, weaving their schemes of intellectual slavery, under the innocent guise of "education," that we are opposing. Our foes are to some extent they of our own household, including not only the ignorant and the passionate, but a minority of minds of high calibre and culture, lovers of freedom, moreover, who, though its objective hull be riddled by logic, still find the ethic life of their religion unimpaired. But while such considerations ought to influence the *form* of our argument, and prevent it from ever slipping out of the region of courtesy into that of scorn or abuse, its *substance*, I think, ought to be maintained and presented in unmitigated strength.

In the year 1855 the chair of philosophy in the University of Munich happened to be filled by a Catholic priest of great critical penetration, great learning, and great courage, who bore the brunt of battle long before Döllinger. His Jesuit colleagues, he knew, inculcated the belief that every human soul is sent into the world from God by a separate and supernatural act of creation. In a work entitled "The Origin of the Human Soul," Professor Frohschammer, the philosopher here alluded to, was hardy enough to question this doctrine, and to affirm that man, body and soul, comes from his parents, the act of creation being, therefore, mediate and secondary only. The Jesuits keep a sharp look-out on all temerities of this kind, and their organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, immediately pounced upon Frohschammer. His book was branded as "pestilent," placed in the Index, and stamped with the condemnation of the Church.*

It will be seen, in the "Apology for the Belfast Address," how simply and beautifully the great Jesuit Perrone causes the Almighty to play with the sun and planets, desiring this one to stop, and another to move, according to his pleasure. To Perrone's Vorstel-

* King Maximilian II. brought Liebig to Munich, he helped Helmholtz in his researches, and loved to liberate and foster science. But through his "liberal" concession of power to the Jesuits in the schools, he did far more damage to the intellectual freedom of his country than his superstitious predecessor Ludwig I. Priding himself on being a German prince, Ludwig would not tolerate the interference of the Roman party with the political affairs of Bavaria.

lung God is obviously a large Individual who holds the leading-strings of the universe, and orders its steps from a position outside it all. Nor does the notion now under consideration err on the score of indefiniteness. According to it, the Power whom Goethe does not dare to name, and whom Gassendi and Clerk Maxwell present to us under the guise of a "manufacturer" of atoms, turns out annually for England and Wales alone, a quarter of a million of new souls. Taken in connection with the dictum of Mr. Carlyle, that this annual increment to our population are "mostly fools," but little profit to the human heart seems derivable from this mode of regarding the Divine operations.

But if the Jesuit notion be rejected, what are we to accept? Physiologists say that every human being comes from an egg, not more than one one-hundred-and-twentieth of an inch in diameter. Is this egg matter? I hold it to be so, as much as the seed of a fern or of an oak. Nine months go to the making of it into a man. Are the additions made during this period of gestation drawn from matter. I think so undoubtedly. If there be anything besides matter in the egg, or in the infant subsequently slumbering in the womb, what is it? The questions already asked with reference to the stars of snow, may be here repeated. Mr. Martineau will complain that I am disenchanting the babe of its wonder; but is this the case? I figure it growing in the womb, woven by a something not itself, without conscious participation on the part of either father or mother, and appearing in due time, a living miracle, with all its organs and all their implications. Consider the work accomplished during these nine months in forming the eye alone—with its lens, and its humours, and its miraculous retina behind. Consider the ear with its tympanum, cochlea, and Corti's organ—an instrument of three thousand strings, built adjacent to the brain, and employed by it to sift, separate, and interpret, antecedent to all consciousness, the sonorous tremors of the external world. All this has been accomplished, not only without man's contrivance, but without his knowledge, the secret of his own organization having been withheld from him since his birth in the immeasurable past, until the other day. Matter I define as that mysterious thing by which all this is accomplished. How it came to have this power is a question on which I never ventured an opinion. If, then, matter starts as "a beggar," it is, in my view, because the Jacobs of theology have deprived it of its birthright. Mr. Martineau need fear no disenchantment. Theories of evolution go but a short way towards the explanation of this mystery; while, in its presence, the notion of an atomic manufacturer and artificer of souls raises the doubt, whether those who entertain it were ever really penetrated by the solemnity of the problem for which they offer such a solution.

There are men, and they include amongst them some of the best of the race of men, upon whose minds this mystery falls without producing either warmth or colour. The "dry light" of the intellect suffices for them, and they live their noble lives untouched by a desire to give the mystery shape or expression. There are, on the other hand, men whose minds are warmed and coloured by its presence, and who, under its stimulus, attain to moral heights which have never been overtopped. Different spiritual climates are necessary for the healthy existence of these two classes of men; and different climates must be accorded them. The history of humanity, however, proves the experience of the second class to illustrate the most pervading need. The world will have religion of some kind, even though it should fly for it to the intellectual whoredom of "spiritualism." What is really wanted is the lifting power of an ideal element in human life. But the free play of this power must be preceded by its release from the torn swaddling bands of the past, and from the practical materialism of the present. It is now in danger of being strangled by the one, or stupefied by the other. I look, however, forward to a time when the strength, insight, and elevation which now visit us in mere hints and glimpses during moments of "clearness and vigour," shall be the stable and permanent possession of purer and mightier minds than ours—purer and mightier, partly because of their deeper knowledge of matter and their more faithful conformity to its laws.

CURRENT EVENTS.

M. CAUCHON'S entrance into the Ottawa Cabinet is an accession of weakness, from a moral point of view, to be explained only in one way. The needs of party are inexorable, and they demand, at this juncture, from men of staunch principle and comparatively untainted conscience, such as we believe Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake to be, an amount of personal humiliation which can be measured, if at all, by themselves alone. Of all the public men who have been tried by a long Parliamentary and official life, and still remain to us, the worst man is M. Cauchon. This is not our own judgment, but the judgment deliberately recorded in the files of the chief organ of the *soi-disant* Reform party—a judgment unreversed by acquittal or apology. Nor do we depend upon the *Globe* merely; for the views entertained by it were those of the whole party, from 1855, when the new President first took office, until the breeze of the Pacific Scandal caused him to veer about and make for the harbour of refuge. In the olden time he was, even more than Sir George Cartier, the *bête noire* of Gritism. There was not a principle distinctively Reform against which he did not wrestle with bull-dog tenacity, in the House and in the press. Those were the days when Mr. Brown indulged in high Protestant cavalry exercise on the barque of a lake-faring alderman—the nearest approximation ever known to the mythical character of "horse marine." They were the days also of big words and loud professions—sad that they should have since been [illegible]d and rated so low. M. Cauchon was then a frequent object of denunciation; he was corrupt and violent—worse still, the friend of the hated Popery and the enemy of Upper Canada. Whether he deserved it all or not is immaterial; suffice it to say that he has not changed, though his *ci-devant* enemies have. The charges against him remain untried, yet not withdrawn. It was no mere difference of opinion, as the *Globe*, with its usual lubricity of memory would have it, which separated them. M. Cauchon was represented as self-seeking, venal, corrupt in grain, and bankrupt in character. Even upon his name a villanous pun was made, and he was represented, in Lower Canada especially, as the animal type of selfishness—*Epicuri de grege porcum.* The *Mail* has made the most of the Beauport Asylum job of 1872, which suffused a tinge of shame even upon M. Cauchon's cheek, and impelled him to consult the proprieties by resigning his seat. He, however, as his present ally of the *Globe* said at the time, after having been "proved guilty of jobbery and of defiantly breaking the law for years," ventured to "brazen out the whole of his iniquities," and although "he surrendered his position in the House to avoid the shame of being ignominiously expelled," managed to get back. "Some men even in their degradation have some respect for themselves," said the *Globe*, "but M. Chauveau and his friends" (the local Government of Quebec) "appear to have lost theirs, if they ever had it. They affect to regard M. Cauchon as an honourable man." Three years only have elapsed since these words appeared in the organ; nothing has transpired to reverse the verdict given by every "sane man;" and now the same immaculate purist discovers that it has merely "had occasion to differ" now and then from the man whom it denounced in the objurgatory phrases quoted above.

It would be unreasonable, perhaps, to ask the *Globe* to postpone its interests to its convictions, "if it has any." The insincerity of party politicians has become a by-word with common folks. These understand neither the bitterness of the enmity nor the sudden ardour of the reconciliation. To them personal integrity is a priceless possession; to impeach it successfully entails upon the guilty one the sentence of perpetual ostracism. As Mr, Pickwick was surprised to find his lawyers on amicable terms with those on the other side, so are the unsophisticated, and with more reason, alarmed when they witness these embraces between prosecutor and thief. To do the *Globe* justice, it is ashamed of itself. Once only, as in the "big push"

matter, and that in the ordinary way of its self-imposed duty as an organ, has it ventured to touch M. Cauchon. Perhaps some superfluous fear of defilement seized it, for it has never since mentioned the new President of the Council or breathed the faintest allusion to him. The time for scruples of conscience, however, has passed away for the *Globe;* henceforth nothing remains to it but a certain looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. It is itself on trial, and may well be excused for being indulgent towards the peccadilloes of others—even of M. Cauchon. As for the new Minister himself, the raking-up of musty files of the *Globe* will be as effective as tickling the hide of a rhinoceros with a peacock's feather. Whatever truth there may be in the charges outstanding against him—and they should be withdrawn or proved so soon as Parliament meets—he will not revive them, we may be sure. Forgiving in disposition, he will consent to let bygones be bygones, certain that charity such as his will cover a multitude of sins, even the "jobbery" and defiant breaking of the law which his organ said he had committed for years. He will prove himself forgiving in another sense than that of the Gospel, by demanding two coats for the one taken, instead of surrendering the cloak. As an instance of perfect equanimity in public life, he is Dryden's best example that, self-interest apart, it remains true that "politicians neither love nor hate." Dignity and self-respect! Pray what have partisans to do with them?

It is not difficult to explain why the appointment was made. No one can suppose that honourable-minded men, like the Premier and the Minister of Justice, selected M. Cauchon from choice. The probability rather is, that the step cost both of them, especially Mr. Blake, some qualms which may yet work trouble in the future. He is sensitive on points of honour, and it may well be that so bitter a pill as the new President will sit heavy on the stomach, act as a moral emetic, and compel the Minister, in whom the people generally repose most confidence, to throw up office altogether. The Premier, who has enjoyed ample opportunities of gauging M. Cauchon, intellectually and morally, can have no cordial feeling towards him. Whether the charge of "jobbery" be true or not, a feeling of honour should have prompted an investigation of it before the Government accepted the accused as a colleague. It is true that if Mr. Mackenzie waited until he found a man of sufficient importance to warrant an invitation to office, who has not been charged with jobbery or corruption in some form, he would wait some time. The practice of vilifying character, which stood the Grit party in good stead during their long years of murmuring in the Opposition desert, has left no public man with an unsmirched reputation. The people are grown so accustomed to this policy of defamation that, taking it for granted that every politician is a knave, they have ceased to affect surprise at any fresh instance of its truth. Party rancour has been instilling the lesson for a quarter of a century past, until the ear has grown heavy and it cannot hear. What is worse, the moral sense of the community is being blunted and depraved by this constant iteration, until it has ceased to care whether the charges made are truthful or calumnious. In M. Cauchon's case only three years have passed since the Committee of the Quebec Assembly found the accusation of "jobbery" proven, and yet we have no doubt that many who call themselves Reformers are quite ready to condone the job, on the ground that he is no worse than the rest. His offence may be "rank and smell to heaven," but he is now in the only heaven he has any conception of—the Paradise of office. Like some of the hangman's victims, he has probably passed from criminal to angel by easy steps—the only part omitted being the *rôle* of penitent.

M. Cauchon has succeeded in forcing himself into the Cabinet by sheer persistence. He is above all things active, *exigeant*, and importunate, undaunted by repulse and unshaken by scruple. Without intellectual power of more than average merit, and with scarcely a trace of political principle, he possesses just that amount of craft and astuteness which enables him "to get on in the world." The circumstances which have enabled him to inflict his distasteful presence at the Council Board upon unwilling colleagues are—to use the mildest phrase—untoward. Party necessities are the only reasons that can be alleged for the unsavoury appointment; and we admit that so long as party is to be preferred to country, these reasons must be held sufficient. The attitude of the hierarchy in Quebec has rendered the introduction of a new Conservative element

essential to the very existence of the Government. Mr. Blake has been compelled, *nolens volens*, to submit to the humiliation of sitting cheek by jowl with a man whom the organ of his party and the bulk of its members stigmatize as unworthy the title of "an honourable man." It would almost seem as if Confederation were destined to prove a failure. Sectionalism, which it was framed to destroy, is more rampant than ever; national interests are forgotten in petty higgling about the price of Parliamentary support. Under a true national policy there would be a chance of enlisting the best talent and the clearest integrity; as it is, there is little or none. The party system should be universally condemned in Canada, if only for this —that it suffers a man like M. Cauchon to find his way, as a fetid bubble, to the surface of public life.

We have no intention of alluding further at present to the "big push" matter; the party manager has pleaded not guilty in a feeble voice, and there let the matter rest. But we desire at once to take a "grand stand" against a fresh display of the *Globe's* usual tactics. The case of Mr. Wilkinson is *sub judice*, and therefore a forbidden subject to the honourable journalist; the chief organ entertains a different view of editorial duty—or rather decency. The article in which it endeavoured to bias the minds of the jury by forestalling its verdict was in every way disgraceful. The prosecutor has, with great shrewdness, discarded Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, and retained the services of the Messrs. Cameron—the most eminent counsel in the Province, and both Conservatives. One would imagine that these gentlemen stood in no need of assistance; but to make assurance doubly sure, the *Globe* must needs put its oar in and endeavour to force a verdict before trial. More than that, the editor-in-chief, although not connected with the particular charge involved in this prosecution, is himself before the bar of public opinion on one closely allied to it. It would be more satisfactory if he ventured to put that accusation to the test, as the West Durham *News* challenged him to do. On that topic he is mute; having, like Mr. Micawber, signed his little note, he considers that no further obligation rests upon him. We believe he is very much mistaken if he thinks he country is satisfied with so evasive an apology. Let him leave the Simpson case to the jury, and prepare, if he can, a complete vindication of himself.

The Ontario Legislature has adjourned for the usual Christmas recess. Mr. Mowat's Government appear to have pressed on the business of the Session with commendable energy. Its measures, useful in their way, were not of a nature to provoke discussion. The debates have been dull, for the most part. Even Mr. McDougall's appearance upon the arena has not had the exhilarating effect we anticipated. He wants none of his ancient fire, but fails for want of elbow room. After all that can be said on their behalf, the Local Legislatures are miserable burlesques of Parliament. In fact, they are not Parliaments at all in the strict sense, because they want the essential characteristics of a Parliament—omnipotence. Our constitution is mongrel in character—neither British, French, nor American. Here in Toronto we have an Assembly aping the forms of a Parliament: a Speaker with cocked hat and robes, a Serjeant-at-Arms in charge of "that bauble," and the other belongings of a British House of Commons, and yet it is only a superior sort of County Council. Constitutional questions bristle up at every turn: "Can we enact this?" "May we remedy that evil?" "May we vote money for such a purpose?" Dr. Clarke proposes to cut the knot, by boldly enacting what is admittedly *ultra vires*. Mr. McDougall has made some laudable attempts to keep the House within constitutional lines—it appears to us from a mistaken sense of duty. A certain importance attaches to an Assembly when its acts are vetoed. In England this power has never been exercised since the time of William III., of pious and immortal memory; in Canada it occurs frequently, and, on the whole, produces an enlivening effect upon the legislative mind. So long as the Dominion Government was labelled Conservative, and the Ontario Government Reform, the latter found itself snubbed whenever occasion offered—and not without reason. Gentlemen who have had the good fortune to attach the mystic letters M.P.P. after their names feel that they are called upon to earn the distinction. Line fences will not satisfy them, nor will railway subsidies, as a subject of discussion; the

divinity stirs within them and finds expression in various ways. Professional gentlemen air their crotchets in the chamber; those of the humbler sort bicker and wrangle like quarrelsome school-boys in the committee-room. Above all, they are strong on moral questions under the Constitution or above it. They are even disposed to resent party guidance—an unusual event—when the chance offers to put some crotchet on its legs. Mr. Currie's Manhood Suffrage Bill, for example, was an attempt to revolutionize our Governmental system altogether; and yet it was introduced with less consideration than would be devoted to the most insignificant private bill. The air of jauntiness and *nonchalance* with which Messrs. Clarke and Currie show their hobbies through their paces ought to convince reasonable people that the local jurisdiction requires to be kept well in hand. How is this to be done?

In the old time, the monarch announced his intention of considering a bill he had resolved to disallow; now-a-days the Premier is the ruler in England, and must stand or fall by the decision of Parliament. Prior to 1867 we had here, in the main, a counterpart of the English system, save in the comparatively unimportant instruction to the Governor-General to reserve divorce bills for the consent of people—not the Queen, be it observed—three thousand miles away. This reservation was not, of course, a veto, because the royal assent usually followed. Under the old *régime* there were no constitutional troubles in this regard. As a matter of course, the Queen's representative sanctioned the bills sent up from the Legislature, and the only serious trouble, since 1837, arose from an adherence by Lord Elgin to constitutional practice, in 1849. It would be rather difficult to tell how matters stand now. We have an authority within an authority which is itself limited by the supreme jurisdiction of the Empire. If the first and second happen to be under the control of adverse parties, conflict is inevitable, and as the Ottawa Government has the ear of the Colonial Secretary, its issue may be forecast without the aid of divination. Last Session the Dominion Government, having felt the inconvenience of this state of things, resolved to constitute a Supreme Court to judge of the legality of Acts, both provincial and federal. The theory seems to have been that a set of judicial arbitrators, set in the place of royalty, might decide questions of constitutionality, if need were, over the head of the Crown and its responsible advisers. In point of fact, Ministers, under the American system thus introduced into Canada, instead of being vigilant controllers of legislation, will be inclined to permit any quantity of slip-shod journeywork to go through, relying on the wisdom of the new Court. Either at Ottawa or Toronto, it will always be a sufficient answer to constitutional objections, that, if an Act be invalid, the Supreme Court will pronounce it to be so.

The theory of the Confederation Act we take to be that the country is to be governed by the Queen with the advice of responsible Ministers. If a bill be introduced into a local legislature apparently unconstitutional, the Attorney-General, being responsible for the legislation so long as he holds office, is bound to examine the matter with such professional skill as he possesses, and his decision having been made he must stand or fall by it. The Minister of Justice has a supervisory duty also to perform, should the bill rise to the dignity of an Act. With an eye to his responsibility to the Ottawa House, he is required by the law to review the decision of the Provincial Minister, and to allow or disallow a particular statute. Responsible Government has received a grievous wound by the Supreme Court Act, and it will not be many years before Parliament will regret that it surrendered its omnipotence into the keeping of irresponsible judges. All that is yet needed is the importation of the *plébiscite* from France to make our Constitution the most admirable specimen of conglomerate to be found amongst civilized men. The local legislatures, therefore, as matters stand, afford no arena for ability. Talent is not wanting in the Assemblies, but there is no space for it to move about in—*contracta pisces æquora sentiunt.* There must speedily come a re-distribution of power and a clearer definition of jurisdiction, or the boasted compact inaugurated in 1867 will perish by that untimely atrophy appointed by a mysterious Providence as the euthanasia of paper constitutions.

The Hon. Mr. Currie distinguished himself and edified the House by the introduction of a bill to extend the suffrage to all adult males. The bill was rejected by about a two-thirds vote of the members present,

and it is difficult to suppose its mover serious when he introduced it. Any one who has paused and reflected upon the evidence adduced at the trials of election petitions must be joking, or making a bid for the votes of the "residuum," to submit such a proposition. Whether Mr. Currie is a "workingman's friend" or not, we scarcely know; considering his neighbourhood to the Welland Canal, it is probable that he is, and that his little bill, like the clamour for prohibition which honourable members never fail to raise when it is futile, means nothing but a waste of time for "buncombe." It is pleasant to set up your Aunt Sallies on the legislative race-course, to be shied at, especially when the country provides the tobacco-pipes. Mr. Currie's arguments were of the stock character—refuted though they have been again and again. It is absurd to say that every man has a natural right to the franchise; he has nothing of the kind. If it be for the advantage of the community that any class should be entrusted with the privilege of voting, or—to put it in the most favourable light—if it be safe to confer it upon any class now unenfranchished, it should be done. The question, however, is one of expediency and not of right. Any extension of the electorate which would have the effect of swamping the intelligence of the community and giving a preponderance of power to the "residuum" must obviously be to the disadvantage of a governmental system. The income franchise appears to be a step in the right direction, for it has introduced upon the lists a body of tolerably cultured young men, likely to exercise their privilege with some measure of discretion. Mr. Currie's "manhood suffrage" could only have one effect, and that a most deleterious one. It would hand over the controlling voice in public affairs to the uneducated, the venal, and unscrupulous, and effectually destroy the legitimate influence of intelligence and education. The lesson taught by experience here and in the United States, and likely to be repeated in England, appears to be lost on the theorizers. The election trials should have impressed them, one would think, with the obvious moral, that the process of levelling down has been carried far enough already. To retrace our steps is impossible; but we can at least prevent the deteriorating process from going on to the extreme of general enfranchisement. Mr. Mill used to urge the argument that the franchise was a popular educator, and elevated the classes upon which it was conferred. Has it been found to do so in Canada, in England, or the United States? When we reach the lower social strata, the effect of enfranchisement is distinctly corrupting and depressive, instead of enlightening. The notion that men of coarse mental and moral fibre will become new creatures by imposing a new duty and enlarged responsibilities upon them, is the wildest of political chimeras. Mr. Leslie Stephen, in the current number of the *Fortnightly*, seems to differ from Carlyle on this head; and yet he is constrained to admit that his *dicta* are more than half right, though they are "too sweeping." The words, strong as they are, of the octogenarian philosopher, will bear re-quoting. "If of ten men," he says, "nine are recognizable as fools, which is a common calculation, how in the name of wonder will you ever get a ballot-box to grind you out a wisdom from the votes of these ten men? Never by any conceivable ballot-box, nor by all the machinery of Bromwicham or out of it, will you attain such a result. Not by any method under heaven, except by suppressing and in some good way reducing to zero nine of those votes, can wisdom ever issue from your ten." Reduction of the standard has been supplemented with a corrective in the ballot-box, and the result is rather an increase of corrupt practices than otherwise. In England, that *rara avis* which Mr. Disraeli discovered, in the person of the conservative working-man, turns out to be a member of the publican's body guard. The first hint of the real significance to be gleaned from house hold suffrage was the election of a blatant demagogue for Stoke-upon-Trent. Following close in its wake were the evidences of ingrained corruption tainting a majority of the constituencies in Norwich, Stroud, and other English boroughs. The ballot has been useful in its way, but like most other political and social nostrums, it has failed to satisfy the expectations of its advocates. Corruption is as rampant as before; neither the mechanism of the ballot nor the judicial inquiry in contested election cases appears to have stemmed the evil to any appreciable extent. On the whole, it appears rather to wax than to wane. The mischief is at work in Canada also, and in a more perilous degree in the United States. Electors endowed with an

average share of self-respect are yearly standing further aloof from public affairs, pleading in excuse the futility of working in a sphere of action abandoned, in effect, to ignorance which is purchasable, and the immorality that has craft enough to work out its own gratification. Every extension of the franchise, unaccompanied by substantial guarantees of the intelligence and honesty of the enfranchised, is a fresh apology for this neglect of duty and a renewed attack upon the vitality of the State. What hope can there be for the future of any community, when its destinies are committed to the majority of adult males without regard to the distinction between cultured sense and crass ignorance, regulated conscience and self-willed struggling for personal ends.

Amongst the platitudes constantly revamped is the old one—"Taxation without representation is tyranny." Why the man who pays his statute labour impost should be entitled to an equal voice in the government of a nation with him who pays, as a mulct upon the fruits of hard work and sober frugality, hundreds or thousands of dollars, it is difficult to understand. In fact, this theory, borrowed as it has been from the school of Jefferson in an entirely different sense from that it originally bore, is fallacious in two obvious respects. If there were any truth in it, as thus interpreted, these results would logically follow: Representation by the voting power should be in proportion to the amount of taxation, and women, who pay taxes, should be entrusted with votes. The dilemma cannot be escaped. If taxation without representation be tyranny, and we deny that it is, the voting-power should be proportioned to the taxation, and the moneyed man should enjoy a plurality of votes. In like manner, the woman whose name appears on the assessment roll should have her due share in the management of public affairs. The fallacy of the theory is immediately apparent when it is carried out to its legitimate results. The true basis of representation is, we believe, the general good of the community, and not a fancied conception about natural rights. The well-being of the State is the first consideration —the supreme law to be obeyed at all hazards on pain of national decay and dissolution. Individualism has answered good purposes in modern days, but it is going near to make shipwreck of representative institutions by the extreme to which theorists have carried it. What is wanted seems to be an electoral scheme which will elevate the intelligence of the people and put a curb upon the baser elements which struggle for predominance. If Mr. Currie would devise a plan by which this might be effected he would deserve the thanks of the Province. Manhood suffrage can only aggravate the admitted weaknesses in our representative system, and it is to the credit of the Local Assembly that it rejected it by a non-party vote of fully two-thirds.

The scene presented in the House when Dr. Clarke passed for the hero of the day was something novel, even under our *quasi*-Parliamentary *régime*. An ordinary motion to print a petition was made the occasion for a display unexampled, we should imagine, in the history of legislation. Provincial Assemblies are not dignified bodies, although the Quebec House has asserted its majesty by bringing one of its members to his marrowbones; and of all the unworthy displays yet made by them, the worst was the speaking to the galleries and floors on the occasion alluded to. The invasion of the latter may be overlooked, vanity and love of distinction rising eternal in the female breast; but it is strange that legislators could bring themselves to speak *at* their fair visitors, as some of them ventured to do. It is creditable to Messrs. McDougall, Mowat, and Fraser that they knew their duty better than to encourage measures, not only unconstitutional, but founded upon mere gushing—as Mr. Fraser rightly said, on enthusiasm—impetuous and unreasonable.

The evils wrought by intemperance in drinking are too palpable to be ignored. They meet us at every turn, staring us in the face at every street-corner, forming the *staple* of judge's charges and grand jury presentments. The serious problem is to find a remedy for them, at once reasonable and effective. It is of course an easy solution of the difficulty to suggest the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors; and we are not at present concerned about the right of society to do away one wrong by perpetrating another. Those who use, and do not abuse, these liquors have a right to be heard on their own behalf, it is true. It is questionable how far the community has the power of forbidding an ad-

mitted right to eat and drink rationally, in order to restrain others, wanting in self-control, from an abuse of the privilege. At any rate, they are justified in demanding that the proposed remedy shall be effective. If those who can exercise self-control, and do not care to wander far afield in search of their beverages, are the only ones restrained by the operation of a law, it fails of its intended effect, those not properly aimed at by the restrictive measure being punished, so to say, by being debarred from the exercise of an undoubted right, whilst the men in the purview of the prohibitory law will take good care to provide themselves with the stimulant, law or no law.

The sympathy of every right-minded man is with those who have determined to battle with a gigantic evil; but it is surely essential that the warfare should be carried on in a rational and practicable way. As Mr. Fraser remarked, enthusiasm has its merits, but it cannot be a guide for the legislator. For a motive power it is sometimes invaluable, as feeling and sentiment often are; but it requires the guidance of a cool head to keep it in hand. Let it be admitted, for the philanthropic object avowedly in view, that a prohibitory law, sanctioned by a bare majority under a plebiscite or otherwise, is within the legitimate sphere of legislation, the question yet remains—How far would it secure the purpose of its enactment? If we may judge by experience in other countries, we are compelled to answer that it would not. When the overwhelming majority favour total abstinence, popular opinion keeps the intemperate within moral restraint, and the law is scarcely of any use. On the other hand, a drinking community would refuse to submit to the restrictive law; the refusal to license houses for the sale of liquor would result in a sort of free-trade in liquor, and the last end of that nation or municipality would be worse than the first. Mr. Mowat pressed another point upon the total abstainers which deserves consideration. There is already on the statute-book an Act which gives exceptional powers in the way of repression, and yet, even where the municipalities decide for it, the Dunkin Act is never faithfully enforced. And this leads to a disagreeable aspect of the temperance agitation—its want of sincerity. It would be a grave injustice to accuse the members of the various societies, and the ladies allied with them, of disingenuousnesss. That they are perfectly in earnest in their efforts for moral reform, we entertain no doubt. The misfortune is that about them there hover a crowd of designing politicians who twist their honest, philanthropic endeavours to a sinister purpose. These men would vote for a Prohibitory Liquor Law in the Ontario Assembly, or for Dr. Clarke's palpably unconstitutional License Bill, without scruple, not because they have any vehement desire to promote the cause of temperance, but solely that they may gain popularity with those who are in earnest about the work. Of all people philanthropists are the most easily gulled by designing men—their very earnestness being the trap in which they are caught. The sympathy of the people as a whole is with them, and if they could be induced to abandon Quixotic measures, which, even were they successful, would be merely dead letters on the Statute book, they might receive, as they certainly would deserve, the support of all the moral power in the community. The present state of the law is lax and unsatisfactory in the extreme, and the method of its enforcement is still more disgraceful. Let those who take their stand upon total abstinence adopt some rational method of dealing with the serious and growing evil to be combated, and they will not call in vain for assistance to the bulk of their fellows. There is some promise in the attitude recently assumed by temperance men; all that needs be done to ensure success is the abandonment of chimeras and the adoption of a reasonable and intelligent "platform."

The controversy touching creeds and confessions has taken a broader aspect than was intended by those who first stirred in the matter. Our daily newspapers have caught the contagion, and hand over the columns devoted to correspondence to archbishop and provost, priest and layman, orthodox and heretical, with judicious impartiality. An editor may usually be trusted in gauging the tastes of his readers, and therefore it is not without significance that theological discussion has assumed a prominent place in the secular journals. The interest awakened in the cause of free discussion is ominous; for it indicates the breaking up of obsolete formulas and of decaying authorities and infallibilities. When even Archbishop Lynch

and his Church condescend to enter the controversial arena, there is some hope that reason and common sense are soon to assume their legitimate sway in matters of faith. Of the many contributions to the literature of the controversy, one of the ablest and fairest is that recently published, or rather re-published, by Principal Caven, of Knox College, Toronto.* We cannot pretend to agree with its conclusions, yet we gladly recognise its general fairness and the charitable construction of the views it combats. The *odium theologicum* crops out here and there, but not offensively, taking the pamphlet as a whole. One expects the professional religious teacher to be dogmatic, positive, and even rude; it is an agreeable surprise when he restrains himself, as Principal Caven has done, within the limits of decorous controversy. The preface, which is the only portion of the *brochure* written since the discussion of the "heresy" case began to attract public attention, is, perhaps, the most objectionable in point of tone. Principal Caven entertains "sentiments of respect and affection" for those who cannot appreciate the *imperium in imperio* implied in the system of standards, supreme and subordinate, which has been formulated by "the Church." It appears to us that their position is inexpugnable, and, if proof of it were wanting, it is supplied by the indignation displayed in some quarters when Mr. Macdonnell lodged an appeal from the subordinate standards —"compositions purely human," as the Principal admits—"to the law and the testimony," which is the *suprema lex*, professedly, of all Protestantism. The virtuous rage which possessed some reverend gentlemen was evidence sufficient that the pyramid had been inverted upon its apex—the "supreme" yielding in authority to the "subordinate." What we regard as specially objectionable in the tone of Dr. Caven's preface is the fatal tendency of which theologians seem unable to divest themselves—the tendency to mangle and caricature the views of those from whom they differ. What persons are they, for example, "who look upon the doctrines of religion as merely a department of philosophy, in which almost nothing is so determined that it may not require essential revision?" Most people have a notion, more or less hazy perhaps, of the nature of philosophy, but the confusion of thought which jumbles together a theory of religion with a department of philosophy, on which Dr. Caven differs "on first principles," where none are stable enough to be exempt from revision, is a religion and a philosophy never yet dreamed of by mortal man.

The Rev. Principal only refers to Protestantism, as its founders understood it, in a somewhat sneering tone, to lapse into gross sacerdotalism. "The Church has the Truth, as a deposit committed to her; and she, under great responsibilities, is appointed to keep as well as to propagate it." Could Cardinal Manning or Archbishop Lynch exact more from human credulity? What is the Church, pray? Is it what the Thirty-nine Articles define it to be—"a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered?" If so, the article (xix.) directly affirms its fallibility as a depositary of the truth—"as the Churches of Jerusalem, Alexandria and Antioch have erred; so also the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith." Principal Caven repudiates infallibility, and yet distinctly affirms it, in effect, for something called "the Church of Christ." What is this Church, may again be asked? Is it the Eastern or the Western, Calvinism or Arminianism, Baptist or Pædobaptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Congregational? Where, in fact, does the deposit of truth rest in the turbulent sea of theology? No two denominations agree upon the essential doctrines of a common Christianity, not because there is no absolute standard of truth, but because it presents a different aspect, not merely to classes, but also to individual types of the same class. We do not demand the trimness of a Dutch garden in matters belonging to the domain of private judgment. Better things might have been expected of so enlightened and charitable a defender of the faith as Principal Caven. We do not wonder at the irritability and rage of the Philistinism which has taken the ark captive, when Dagon falls upon its face in the sacred presence; but of the sober

* A Vindication of Doctrinal Standards: with Special Reference to the Standards of the Presbyterian Church. By the Rev. Principal Caven, D.D., &c. Toronto: James Campbell and Son. 1875.

theologian we have a right to ask temperance even in the heat of controversy.

In the pamphlet before us there is a careful avoidance of any apology for "the Calvinistic or Reformed Theology." Most people might be led into the belief that the contents of a Confession—the doctrines inculcated—were at the least of equal importance with the mere fact of its existence as a Confession. Dr. Caven is evidently of a different opinion. To defend theological symbols in the abstract is to vindicate them in the concrete, irrespective of their doctrinal significance. It would appear, on this theory, to be of inferior importance what sort of religious truth is promulgated in the formulas, so long as it was authoritatively promulgated by somebody who lived a long time ago. Our author would have infused no little interest and still more instruction into his commonplaces about the necessity of creeds, if he had thrown some light upon the dark places of Calvinism. It would be interesting to ascertain his views on elect and non-elect infants, as well as to learn from authority how the Confession is to be reconciled with Scripture on the eclectic principle of picking out texts at random. We read in Scripture a most impressive chapter in the prophecy of Ezekiel which, in the name of the Almighty, declares with the strongest sanction, so far as words can convey it, reiterated again and again, "Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God; and not that he should return from his ways, and live?" The Confession teaches us that long before man appeared upon the scene, and from no merit or default of his own—"by the secret counsel and good pleasure" of his Creator's will, his destiny for weal or woe was irrevocably fixed. In the stiffest chapter of the Pauline theology, the admission is made that predestination was the fruit of foreknowledge; the Confession denies it. The most tender and touching utterance of Jesus was His pathetic lament over the city he loved so well—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" The Confession proclaims that those over whom the soul of Jesus yearned could not have accepted His gracious offer, if they would. Worse than all, the Almighty is distinctly proclaimed to be the Author of evil in the opening words of chap. iii.: "God from all eternity did, by the most wise and holy counsel of His own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass." Now it may be admitted that denominations must have creeds of some sort—*cela va sans dire*—but the crucial difficulty remains—can any man believe in a God such as the Confession pourtrays Him? The origin of evil is a mystery to us all; those who believe in the Fatherhood of God are content to leave it unsolved, trusting in that loving-kindness which all who are moved by the spiritual instinct recognise, with trusting thankfulness, as its generous influence encompasses them from hour to hour.

It is something to have it admitted that only the "great leading features" of the theological creeds demand the acceptance of church members; and yet it is surely blowing hot and cold with one breath to say that any "laxer subscription than formerly prevailed" is inadmissible. Principal Caven claims, as within the knowledge of "every Biblical scholar," that "the results achieved by Textual Criticism and Exegesis, interesting and valuable as they are, do not render necessary any modification of the great doctrines of the Creeds." Indeed! We should have thought Biblical scholarship might, at least, have saved the learned Professor from the egregious error of considering the Scripture as a homogeneous whole, and quoting the much-abused words in the conclusion of the Apocalypse (xxii. 19), as if they referred to the Bible in its entirety from one lid of the book to the other. It may be an erroneous impression of ours, to be corrected by "Biblical scholars," that Scripture, in the light thrown upon it by philology and an examination of the ancient codices, appears in a different aspect to that presented two centuries and a quarter ago. Dr. Lightfoot, Dean Alford, and Canon Westcott are evidently of the same opinion; but, perhaps, Dr. Caven would not style them Biblical scholars. As for the "six days" of creation, referred to as the only conceivable point of conflict between modern thought and the Confession, it is only mentioned *en passant* with that lightness of heart which is the distinguishing feature of unscientific theology. We should like—to mention one instance only, although they might be multiplied to an almost indefinite extent—to have an explanation of the dogma "that the dead shall

be raised up with the *selfsame* bodies, and none other, although with different qualities" (c. xxxii. 2). Scripture nowhere teaches this —the words of St. Paul being plainly inconsistent with it—and as a matter of fact we know it to be impossible, unless particles of matter can be in different places and form part of different organisms at one and the same time. It is quite defensible to believe in *a* resurrection of the body, but monstrously absurd to profess belief in the definition of the Confession.

Principal Caven has fallen into the same error which invalidated Buckle's philosophy. That honest and industrious worker in the sphere of philosophical history started with the thesis that moral and religious truth, subjectively viewed, is insusceptible of progressive development, and therefore unworthy of consideration as a factor in his calculations. The advocates of stereotyped statements of doctrine arrive at the same conclusion by a different path. "It is forgotten," says our author, with the forcible feebleness of italics, "that all the facts of the theologian are found in the Bible." We beg his pardon; it is not forgotten, and, if there were any danger of its being lost sight of, the theological controversies of the past eighteen hundred years would have sufficed to keep it prominently in view. The trouble has always been this, that no two sects can agree about the significance of the facts. "The Church," whatever that nebulous entity may be, has never agreed upon an unanimous interpretation of them. Principal Caven's own views are those of a small minority of the visible Church, and he cannot point to a single dogma outside the generalities of the so-called Apostles' Creed which, in Roman Catholic phraseology, has been received *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*. Certainly the doctrines Calvin borrowed from St. Augustine, and which form the backbone of the Westminster Confession, are not of that character.

Above all, the Bible directly opposes the notion that religion is stereotyped, and can ever be formulated once for all. Throughout its pages there is proof sufficient to satisfy any one but a professional theologian that although truth changes not in its intrinsic nature, man's capacity for receiving it undergoes progressive development. There is an ebb and flow of the religious intelligence, but, on the whole, a palpable advance in purity and spirituality. The anthropomorphism of patriarchal times was succeeded by the improved conceptions of the Davidic era, and this again by the cleansing process, as by fire, of the prophetic. Jesus taught distinctly the doctrine of religious development and indicated a future when some truths would be imparted men were unable to bear during His life. This progress has been, with many serious drawbacks, going on continuously from that day to this. Men only began to crystallize the truth into angular definitions when its pristine clearness had been dulled by human corruptions. The age of Constantine was the beginning of this serious slip backwards and downwards, which the Reformation only partially arrested. The decaying Roman Empire took the religion of Jesus under its baneful patronage, and the process of deterioration at once commenced. The mistress of the world, doting and *ennuyeuse*, stained the garments of the virgin religion with the mire that had befouled herself. The attempt was at once made to systematize and congeal the truth; and creeds and Confessions grew up on every side, until "the faith once delivered to the saints" lay, like Enceladus, fevered and restive, under an Etna of human accretions. Religion still lies prostrate under the load, which is yearly growing less tolerable—the load imposed by councils, monarchs, and assemblies, and it is full time that it be cast away with the other rottennesses of a past and ill-instructed time. Standards which are venerable only because of their age must pass through the fire and stand or fall by the test. If "the fathers have eaten sour grapes," that can be no reason why the children's teeth should be set on edge any longer.

President Grant addressed Congress at the appointed time. He evidently designs to make the emergency he had in view when he made a *quasi* refusal of renomination for a third term. His message clearly indicates a fixed purpose to be President in some way or other. On the other hand, the House of Representatives, which to be sure is Democratic, has plainly signified its disapproval of his candidature by a vote of nearly seven to one. That this resolution will influence the veteran schemer is not likely. He has become accustomed to the White House, likes the pomp and circumstance of it, and

is loth to quit it if by hook or by crook he can manage to retain its glories in possession for at least four years more. The two new strings to his bow, or one of them, he hopes will stand him in good stead now that the period of National Conventions is drawing nigh. One is a bold onslaught upon the insidious encroachments of Ultramontanism ; the other a strong push for intervention in Cuba. On the former his position is clear and definite enough. He proposes to make a new assault on State sovereignty by a constitutional amendment rendering the establishment of free, secular schools compulsory all over the Union. There is no suggestion that the funds required should be taken out of the federal exchequer, and therefore Congress will virtually put its hand into the State treasuries and expend other people's money without consulting them. The revival of Know-nothingism in another form may be a fiction of the newsmongers, yet the strong ground taken against the sacerdotal movement by President Grant, both in his St. Louis speech and in the message, seems to support the rumour upon a plausible foundation. The Irish element in the large cities is considerable, no doubt, but it is apt to grow callous to Church considerations—infidelized, as the priests would term it. In New Jersey, the ecclesiastics failed to gather in the faithful, where they made an effort to force their sectarianism at the polls. Of the fifteen or twenty thousand Catholic voters, they only managed to muster three on the constitutional amendments. The Irish voter is a different being as an exotic compared with his congener in the sainted isle. Unlike the Frenchman, he does not neglect or contemn his religion; on the contrary, he cherishes it, in a militant or contributory way, when it calls upon him. But, in New York for instance, he derives a factitious importance from the atmosphere around him. Men such as Sweeney and Connolly used to be, and as Kelly is, or was until recently, impress him with an overweening sense of the dignity of man. Ward and corner intrigues, the first glimpse afforded him of concerted action in politics, open up a new vista for him, on the hazy horizon where everything is pictured for him in misty colouring. To fight with the Orangemen is a gift from nature—the fruit of ancient feuds, national as well as religious—but further than that the naturalized Irishman refuses to go. The Church secures a traditional or hereditary affection from him, but it is diluted by his equally natural propensity to go with a well-led crowd. Consequently, when the Church sends out her commands upon his conscience and vote, he balances the thunders of the Church, boding ill to him in another world, with tangible advantages in this. Commonly, he inclines to the latter. Sensible of this tendency in the transplanted Celt, President Grant can afford to deal a blow at the hierarchy which may redound to his credit, or, what is the same thing to him, his popularity with the Republicans in convention. His proposed intervention in Cuba is another bid to the electorate, upon which we presume the President chiefly relies. If it were not clear that he reverses the old motto of the upright American statesman, and prefers being President to being right, the question might arise, what can he possibly intend by the proposed intervention? He and General Sheridan have made muddle enough in the Southern States, we should think, to satisfy any ordinary meddler, without adding a new element of trouble to the mass already accumulated. Cuba may be badly governed ; no doubt it is ; but what would become of it, if the carpet-baggers and negro-worshippers had it in possession. In every way General Grant has discredited Republican institutions, and we much mistake the present temper of the American people, if either of his *ad captandum* appeals should prevail with the bulk even of the demoralized party to which he belongs.

In Europe, public matters are scarcely clearer than they were a month ago. The revolt in the Christian provinces of Turkey is unsuppressed, and Count Andrassy, the Austrian Minister, has not yet made public his basis of settlement. Mr. Disraeli has enjoyed the opportunity of making one of those *coups de théâtre* in which he delights, by the purchase of the Khedive's shares of the Suez Canal. Whether he has acted prudently in so doing was probably an aspect of the case deemed unworthy of consideration ; on the whole, Europe takes it calmly, the only irritated powers being Russia and France. Lord Derby, with characteristic caution, claims it as an effort to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number—an effort to make the Canal a free

highway of nations, not a menace to the Czar or anybody else. When Parliament meets, the merits of the policy will no doubt undergo a thorough sifting. The Duke of Cambridge evidently desires to keep the public mind unsettled as much as possible and to protract the war panic into the next session, at least till the Army Estimates are worked through. When a prince of the blood bluntly declares that "a warlike state of affairs may arise before we are many weeks older," most people will suppose that there is some ground for the unaccountable alarm which seems to possess the European mind. The only man who seems to be thoroughly jolly under creditable circumstances is Sir Stafford Northcote, who manages to be cheerful and even jaunty in his public addresses. He has discovered that Conservatives and Liberals both hold one creed and have the same end in view—differing in method rather than aims. The party now in power dislikes jerky progress, and prefers "educating the nation" up to the pitch of reform, to which it is by no means averse, if done warily and in the easy, humdrum way in vogue before the days of "exciting legislation." *Festina lente* may be a good motto, but it does not suit every one, and has already caused the retirement of Mr. Clare Read, the Norfolk representative of the tenant farmers, about whose appointment as Secretary of the Local Government Board so loud a flourish of trumpets was made. Mr. Ward Hunt, however, appears to be the Jonah of the Government, and will disappear, like one of his iron-clads, in a fog for which no one can account and no one is responsible. On the Continent there is nothing specially noteworthy. The Emperor of Russia has assured the world that the *entente cordiale* of the three great Powers is unbroken; Prince Bismark has signalized his reappearance in public life by a new proposal of a despotic kind, intended to prevent a repetition of the Arnim trouble; and, in France, the tedious process of Senatorial election has, somewhat unexpectedly, resulted in a triumph of the Republicans. The new year opens upon a prospect which can hardly be called peaceful or warlike; apprehension is at its height, and yet no one can give a reason for fears which may, after all, prove delusive.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. By Duncan Campbell, Author of "A History of Nova Scotia," &c. Charlottetown: Bremner Brothers. 1875.

Happy is the nation that has no history, but unhappy must be the historian. He has to make bricks without straw, and the taskmasters expect the tale of bricks to be complete. To drop figure, let us say at once that Mr. Campbell deserves well of Prince Edward Island. He has written a book that is sure to be interesting to every inhabitant of that tight little Island, but one that he must not expect to be equally interesting to the world in general. Miss Sullivan, who writes to the *Times* that she has been robbed of £500 sterling a year by the Land Purchase Act of 1875, would find it profitable reading; but it is scarcely a work that even the average Canadian would select to while away a rainy afternoon with. And this not from any fault of the author. He has given us honest workmanship. The book must have cost him months of weary overhauling, sifting, and plodding among dry-as-dust despatches and even drier old newspapers; and almost every page shows a conscientious determination to get at the truth on every point—no matter how trivial the point may seem to outsiders—and an impartiality that gives to every one his due for what he has done, or even, as in the case of Miss Rankin, who is heroically determined that Charlottetown shall no longer lag behind the times, for what she intends to do. But despite the dignity of all labour, and doubly of all literary labour, it is impossible to invest the disputes of a parish with much interest. As far as the disputes which have agitated Prince Edward Island are important, the record of them here given has inspired us with rather melancholy feelings. The thought that comes up is the thought that probably arises in the

mind of the successful politician when, for the first time, he is privileged to sit at a Cabinet or Privy Council meeting—"Well, with how little wisdom the world is governed!" The two questions that may be said to constitute the history of Prince Edward Island are the Land Question and Confederation, which again involved, or was involved in, a Railway Policy. The way in which these questions—so vital to the real prosperity, happiness, and honour of thousands of people—were in the one case trifled with by the Colonial Office, and in the other case made the shuttlecock of parties, is simply humiliating.

The history of the Land Question extends over a century. In the year 1767, in a single day, the whole Island—with the exception of three lots—was granted in blocks of twenty thousand acres each to proprietors, few of whom took any steps to fulfil the conditions of their grants, and fewer of whom ever dreamed that it was their duty to visit the Island. Immigrants were coaxed to go out, as they are now coaxed to go to Brazil or Kansas, as if it were some wonderful country where life was all play and no work; or they found their way out of their own motion, hardly knowing how or why. They built their log-houses, cleared the forest and tilled the land, handing down to their children the results of their life-labours. The soil proved to be of unusual fertility; and as the Island is indented by numerous bays and arms of the sea called rivers, communication between the different parts was easy. When the farms had been made to look beautiful through the toil of one or two generations, the proprietors, who had ignored their responsibilities, discovered that they had rights. In little Prince Edward Island, the old play of absentee landlords *versus* tenants with moral rather than legal rights was then played out at wearisome length. The tenants spoke of escheat, and the landlords only of rent and arrears. Agrarian troubles arose and continued down to the present year, the bitterness being intensified with every attempted settlement and its defeat. While this open sore remained, legislation on other subjects was well-nigh impossible. The people suffered in credit and in every other way, while the social exasperation produced was not the smallest of the consequent evils. At length, in 1860, it appeared as if the long-standing quarrel was to be amicably arranged. Three competent Commissioners representing the Crown, the proprietors, and the tenants, were appointed under the Royal sign manual, with full powers to investigate, and, as it was universally believed by the people of the Island, to suggest or define a satisfactory solution of the great difficulty. But the Report of the Commissioners was not satisfactory to the proprietors, and they then made the discovery that they had not bound themselves to accept the mode of settlement recommended. The Duke of Newcastle, at that time Colonial Secretary, took, as was to be expected, the same view as the proprietors in England, and politely thanking the Commissioners for their labours, assured them that their Report could only be regarded "as an expression of opinion that was not binding, and which ought not to be allowed to stand in the way of any other proposal which promised an amicable settlement of the question." And so the miserable play was played, till the Government of the Island introduced the Land Purchase Act of 1875, which received the formal sanction of the Governor-General, and which has given an effective *coup de grace* to the question. We do not wonder at Miss Sullivan's dissatisfaction with this Act. Mr. Campbell, although all his sympathies are evidently with the tenantry, declares it to be "the most unconstitutional Act that ever received Imperial sanction;" "in its principle antagonistic to the fundamental rights of property," "unjust to the landlord," "unjust to the tenant," yet "an act of Governmental necessity."

Mr. Campbell found, among the archives of Government House, Charlottetown, a despatch from His Excellency Lord Durham that gives us another proof of the thorough mastery of Colonial subjects attained by that nobleman, short—all too short—as was the time during which he held the position of Governor-General. His despatch was not published nor communicated to the Local Assembly; in other words, it was suppressed, simply because it went to the root of the matter, and vindicated the complaints of the people. What a terrible being to the ordinary official mind such a man as Lord Durham must have been! Had his despatch been after the customary official pattern, it would have been published as a matter of course. Had it seen the light, we believe that the Land Question would have been settled a generation ago, and by no means in the interests of the proprietors. Lord Durham's despatch would have done for Prince Edward Island what his celebrated Report did for the Canadas and the Maritime Provinces. It put the grievance of the people plainly in so few words, and explained the cause of the continuance of the evil so straightforwardly, that the whole ground was covered and there was really nothing more to say. The nuisance of absentee landlords—men who had not complied with the conditions on which they received their huge grants of land, who would not improve the land nor let others improve it—had attained its maximum in Prince Edward Island, he tells the Colonial Office. "The people, their Representative Assembly, the Legislative Council, and the Governor have cordially concurred in devising a remedy for the evil. All their efforts have proved in vain. Some influence—it cannot be that of equity or reason—has steadily counteracted the mea-

sures of the Colonial Legislature. I cannot imagine it is any other influence than that of the absentee proprietors resident in England," &c. We are glad that Prince Edward Island can now learn that it should bring its own special stone of thanksgiving to add to the cairn that all Canada should erect to the memory and in honour of Lord Durham.

The history of how Prince Edward Island was wheedled and bribed into union with the Dominion reads like a satire on representative institutions, and is especially rough on the Island politicians, though Mr. Campbell has done his best to make it smooth all round. It can scarcely be read without shame or amusement, according to the disposition of the reader. We prefer to say nothing on the subject.

Mr. Campbell has confined himself too exclusively to the political history of the Island. Descriptions of its scenery—undulating, park-like, green, and beautiful as Old England itself; of its pine groves, through which the sea breezes are tempered; of its natural history, down to its mussel-mud; of the struggles of the settlers and the hardships endured by them; of the characteristics of the people—for the sturdy Islanders have a character of their own—would not have been out of place, and would have relieved the arid wastes of political squabblings. The last two or three pages of the book are the worst. They are not so much history, as advertisements of certain doubtless very estimable men and their establishments, warerooms, and hotels. But there is much to commend both in Mr. Campbell and in this little history. He has given us the only account that we have of "the garden of the St. Lawrence," and in a good, readable, unaffected style. His accuracy and diligence are worthy of all praise. We trust that, as he has put us in his debt for histories of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, he will go on with the course, taking up New Brunswick or the ancient colony of Newfoundland next.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSES: A POEM. RAVLAN: A DRAMA. By Samuel James Watson. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. 1876.

The first thought that occurs to one in attempting a review of this book is naturally this—For what audience was it prepared, and where, in Canada, are the sympathetic readers with taste for such compositions? Of course it may be retorted, Where are the native critics who can intelligently analyse and expound them? But waiving such compliments between reviewer and reader, the fact remains that there is little field in Canada for the encouragement of poetical composition, and less to reward the labour of the dramatic writer. This, however, is the greater reason why justice should be done, in the way of criticism, to such a work as the one before us. Moreover, limited as the field is here, it should not be forgotten that it is in dramatic composition that Canada has won her greenest literary laurels abroad. Mr. Heavysege's drama of "Saul," and his later work, "Jephthah's Daughter," both won the critical ear of England; and, if our estimate of Mr. Watson's work is not astray, there is no reason why it should not meet with equal attention there. Be this as it may, however, it is due to the author and publishers that the work should receive at the hands of Canadians that consideration which the ability of the one and the enterprise of the other entitle them to.

Few are the workers among us whose enthusiasm in intellectual pursuits leads them to desire to build up a name in letters; fewer still, those who are able to achieve such distinction. Hence the greater reason why all honest effort should be recognised and rewarded; more especially when it toils in a field where high culture and critical taste are necessary to its appreciation.

Mr. Watson was already favourably known as a diligent student, and a writer on the Constitutional history of Canada; but few, who were unacquainted with his occasional poetical contributions to the press, were prepared to find in him that genuine poetic spirit which the present volume indicates. Throughout it there is ample evidence of experience and taste in metrical composition, and of unquestionable skill in dramatic construction. The volume contains two works; one a Poem, "The Legend of the Roses;" the other a drama, entitled "Ravlan." Both reveal sustained power; but the latter is richer in elements of interest. In "Ravlan," moreover, there is more sinew and substance, though perhaps less warmth of colour, and less simplicity and variety of versification. The author has an excellent narrative faculty, and while there is nothing strained or artificial in his work, there is much that is exceedingly vigorous and effective. The "Legend of the Roses" is a poem, in varied measure, founded upon the narrative of Sir John Maundeville, the famous traveller of the 14th century, which recites the birth of the Roses—white and red—by the transformation of burning brands, quenched, according to the legend, by miraculous interposition, just as an innocent maiden is about to be burned for idolatry. The story opens with a description of the separation of two Hebrew maidens, one of whom, Cydna, is seized and taken before the Sanhedrim, on a charge of idolatrous worship, falsely raised by the maiden's uncle and guardian, who, could he but secure a verdict against her, would inherit her portion, which he greedily covets. The trial takes place—or rather the accusation is heard; and by the

connivance of the High Priest who sits in judgment, and despite the protest of Arion, who champions her innocence, she is condemned to the stake.

The second part consists of a dialogue between two soldiers that guard the maiden, concerning the mysteries of life and death, which is suggested by the approaching fate of the prisoner. This is relieved by the arraignment of those who, by their perfidy, encompass the maiden's life; and the scene closes with the wailing of the captive, who bemoans her fate, which, by the sentence to be executed upon her, will sever her from the common hope of her race—that of being the mother of the looked-for Messiah.

The third and final part discloses the deliverance that comes to the maiden, in the person of our Lord—

"A matchless majesty, Love divine,"

who, amid the plaudits of the multitude, bursts the prisoner's chains, and calls forth in beauty,

"Unharmed by fire, and unscorched by flame,"

the intended victim of perfidy and avarice. The crowning act follows, which gives meaning to the legend, and excites the further marvel of the on-lookers. The blazing fagots, acknowledging the power of the Deliverer, transmute themselves into flowers,—the burning brands that had just hissed up to murder, changing into red roses, and the unkindled ones blossoming into white.

Of the drama, "Ravlan," we have not left ourselves space to say much; and the little we can afford will, perhaps, be best used by making a few extracts. The story belongs to the tenth century, when the Saxon king, Athelstane, ruled over Britain, and consists of a series of intrigues by the Chief Druidess, Britomart, to place her son on the throne, or, at all events, to prevent the heir, and hero of the story, Ravlan, from ascending it. Her action results fatally to almost all of the characters in the book, which thereby acquires its tragic interest. The work is more full of action than the "Legend of the Roses;" and it displays in many passages great energy of expression, and a dramatic talent of no mean order. There is a good deal of subjective verse in the monologues of Ravlan and the Druidess, which many readers will admire, and doubtless mark for re-perusal. The soliloquy of the Druidess after her interview with Thorwolf, in whom, for her own ends, she had awakened a vanity and ambition which rewards her by slighting her charms in favour of her daughter's, may be taken as a fair specimen of the author's manner:—

DRUIDESS.

"So thou art gone, blind, envious, scheming fool,
Without the brains to circumvent a churl,
But with ambition to be made a king,
And have me for thy subject, not thy queen.
I see he does not wish to wed with me,
Which once was in our compact—be it so.
Fickle, unfertile fool, he will repent
The slur that he has cast on charms that once
Transformed to worshippers whoever saw them.
How old am I? how old? Ah! cruel query,
'Tis vain to answer thee, but not so old
That beauty and myself have said farewell;
That this ungrateful boor should ask of me
If that I had a daughter—aye, I have,
But he shall never wed her, king or no.
Yet I will feed his foul ambition full
With such hot viands as love, power and fame;
Humour his whims as if he were a babe,
Pour oil upon the flames of discontent,
Be the purveyor of his least caprice,
Keep still before his eye the tempting crown,
And still more tempting beauty of my daughter;
I'll do all this till I achieve my purpose;
And then—what then? I'll crush him in his slime,
Just as a chariot-wheel would crush a snail
That dared to stop it as it thundered on.
Can nothing compensate for faded charms,
Not even knowledge, intellect nor power?
Ah! no; and were the world itself a woman's
She'd barter it when in her autumn days,
For one brief year of youth.
Treason has ever been reward of woman;
Patience, however, is her only weapon—
Patience is power when she has wit to use it,
As I will do, e'en twenty years from now;
And, on the grave of my departed youth,
I'll sacrifice, unto the ghosts of beauty,
The cruel boor who hath insulted me;
And, on the altar of an old revenge,
Will offer up this drooping, dotard King,
And in his place will set mine only son,
Who is the very image of myself,
And who would jump to murder if I bade him,
And still is fascinated by revenge.
He will avenge me on this treacherous Thorwolf,
And rid me likewise of the king and Ravlan.
Then all my enemies too late shall know
Women and cunning strike the deadliest blow."
—pp. 83-5.

These similes of Ravlan's are worthy of quotation:—

"True friendship hath a thousand eyes, no tongue;
'Tis like the watchful stars, and just as silent;
It is a guardian angel and sleeps not:
'Tis Mercy's messenger, a peerless spirit,
And stands above its blessed kin in this,
That it foregoes its home, which is in heaven,
To live 'mongst men for whom it always yearns,
That it may make them better."—p. 93.

We add but one further extract, as a specimen cast in the softer mould of the author's muse, and must then take leave of a work which merits, by its uniform excellence, the consideration and commendation of every Canadian, as well as of all lovers of poetry, wherever the work may meet with them:—

RAVLAN.

"Aidnai, I fear that thou wilt never love me.

AIDNAI.

I should love everything, because I feel
That almost every creature seeks for love ;
And as we treat it, adds unto our pleasure.
For our delight the brave and songful lark
Mounts heavenward with his treasure-trove of mirth,
To vaunt before the unseen choristers
That waft the singing morning-breeze to earth,
The gleeful glories of his meadow music.
For this I love him, and along with him
The faithful hound, whose big fond heart doth feed
On a caress, and lives but for his master.
And next there comes the proud and patient steed,
Which willingly for us yields freedom up,
And like a meek-eyed giant, deigns to serve us,
And him I love ; nor anything can hate,
From the fierce lion that affrights the woods,
Down to the little mouse, whose humble life,
Which is as dear to him as ours to us,
Is staked on every meal. So, if we wish
To wind up pleasantly the skein of life,
The way is to endear ourselves to others,
And thus live in the memory of friends,
Which is that only after-life on earth
Which costs not war and orphans, tears and toil,
Racked brains by day, and vigils drear by night,
But may be bought by what a child can give,—
A smile, a word, a small sweet deed of kindness."

—pp. 149-50.

REMINISCENCES OF FORTS SUMTER AND MOULTRIE, IN 1860-61 : by Gen'l. Abner Doubleday. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In this 12mo. volume of 184 pages is given, with almost the particularity of a diary, the story of the occupation, bombarment, and evacuation of Forts Sumter and Moultrie, the recital being confined to the period between July, 1860, and the day of evacuation of Sumter, April 14th, 1861. The volume is free from effort at rhetorical effect, and is interesting only as a detailed account of the character, condition, and conduct of the brave few who held the post which chanced to be the objective point of that outbreak, and which developed into the greatest civil war of history. The value of the book as a contribution to history is enhanced in that its author was at first the chief, and afterwards second in command of the post, and was, to use his own words, the one who "aimed the first gun fired against the rebellion." The author claims to have written in the spirit of the sentiment "with malice toward none ; with charity for all," and his claim may be considered generally substantiated. Nevertheless, there is an occasional ungracious slur upon the loyalty of the hero of Sumter, General Anderson, and several of the comments upon incidents are in bad taste ; for example, that referring to the removal of poison from the stomach of General Pryor, who, while visiting Fort Sumter under a flag of truce, accidentally swallowed a poison draught. Gen'l Doubleday says, "Some of us questioned the doctor's right to interpose in a case of this kind. It was argued that if any rebel leader chose to come over to Fort Sumter and poison himself, the Medical Department had no business to interfere with such a laudable intention." On the whole, however, the book may be considered as an interesting contribution to the literature of its special subject.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Fortnightly Review* is rather heavy this month, in spite of the notable names which appear in its table of contents. Mr. Forster contributes a light sketch of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the last of the great philologists. To ordinary English readers he is chiefly known as the conscientious editor of the older dramatists, especially of Shakspeare. His life was the uneventful one of a bookworm, and it would scarcely have appeared in any form but for his bequest of all his rare old books—the collection of a lifetime—to the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Forster's paper is an introduction to the catalogue, written at the request of the trustees. The biographer of the Worthies of the Commonwealth, of Dickens and of Swift never fails to make his subject attractive, even though he sometimes beats out his gold a little too thin. In Dyce the scholarly taste was always the ruling pas-

sion and it constantly crops out in the anecdotes recorded by Mr. Forster. His baggage, when he paid a week's visit to his brother, the General, at Southampton, was easily catalogued as "seven shirts and a Sophocles." Nothing poetical, especially dramatic, came amiss to him, classic or modern. "With Shakspeare, on a little bed at the last, were Athenæus and Ariosto." His editions of the Elizabethan dramatists will probably secure some faint hold for him on posterity. Mr. E. A. Freeman, with characteristic lucidity and moral feeling, makes a powerful literary onslaught upon the Turks and their rule, political, fiscal, and social. "The True Eastern Question" is the fruit of a visit recently paid by the historian to the Eastern Shores of the Adriatic —a telling piece of invective, twenty-three pages long. Turkish domination in Europe Mr. Freeman denounces in unqualified terms as a disgrace to modern civilization—undisguisedly brutal and licentious, unworthy of the name of government, and incapable of any reform, save one which would sweep it off the face of the earth. Professor Clifford treats of "Right and Wrong," in his clear but, to our mind, utterly fallacious style. The "tribal system," which he partially unfolded in the *Contemporary*, is made the basis of all morality. Man's first duty is to the community, and this serves, according to what is dignified by the name of the scientific method, to define his duties to individuals. Self-regarding virtues have no existence, and the ground of obligation, although paraded with some ostentation, has but little standing-room. Mr. Gifford Palgrave commences an interesting description of Dutch Guiana, of which English-speaking people, and perhaps Hollanders themselves, know very little. The account is graphically written and full of information. Professor Jevons attacks the Post Office Telegraph system, for which Mr. Scudamore stands sponsor, as a financial failure; perhaps when it has had a longer and fairer trial, it may turn out to be the reverse. Mr. Leslie Stephen gives the Comtist political scheme, which space forbids us to notice at length. "The value of Political Machinery," according to him, is practically *nil*. Representative schemes, proposals for university representation or individual representation, ballot-boxes, are all futile. "The question is, essentially, one of moral influence, and, occasionally and accidentally, one of machinery," and as intellect can best exercise a preponderance in the press, it is idle for such men to bother their heads about Parliaments. Mr. Traill follows, with a favourable estimate of Pascal's Provincial Letters, in literary style, dialectic power, and wit—but thinks that, from a theological point of view he was entirely in error about the five propositions of Jansenius condemned by Innocent X. Mr. Meredith's story, "Beauchamp's Career," is concluded in this issue.

Of the *Contemporary Review* we must speak briefly, although it contains several noteworthy papers. Cardinal Manning proves, no doubt to his own satisfaction, that Innocent III. was an ardent friend of popular liberty in England. It is true that he denounced Magna Charta as "not only vile and base, but unlawful and wicked;" but that was only because the Barons employed wrong means in obtaining it—the only ones in fact which could have secured it. What his Eminence chiefly concerns himself to prove is the supremacy of the spiritual authority over the temporal in those good old times. Mr. Willis gives a very interesting contribution on "Sea Lions," which has been perused with pleasure. He distinguishes between the Eared Seal, or Sea Lion, and the Earless Seal, or Seal Proper, and gives an entertaining account of the habits, species, and modes of hunting and curing the fur-skins. He makes a strong appeal against the wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of these valuable animals without regard to sex or time. Mr. Bayne's slashing attack upon Walt Whitman's poetry seems like breaking a butterfly upon the wheel; and Mr. Galton's "Theory of Heredity," as a modification of Darwin's Pangenetic Theory, has nothing specially new in it. Lady Verney's account of "The Songs and Legends of Modern Greece" is exceedingly attractive; as is likewise Mr. Llewellyn Davies's opening part of "Wesleyan Methodism in Wesley's Lifetime and After." Of the latter, as well as of Mr. Frederick Harrison's advocacy of Positivism, we hope to have an opportunity of speaking more fully again. Mr. Gladstone concludes the number with a responsory Hymn —a Latin translation of Dr. Neale's "Art thou weary? Art thou languid?"—itself an adaptation from the Greek.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE theatrical season, now that we have reached the period of the Christmas holidays, may be said to have set fairly in. At the Grand Opera House the audiences have grown both in size and in sympathy. The effect of the season has been to arouse the interest, and to quicken the emotions, of those who frequent the play. But while this is so, and while the holidays increase the social interest in dramatic pastimes, why is it that the management have not given us a holiday piece more kindred to the season than that placed on the boards—one retaining all the traditions of "boxing night," and recalling all its glories and fun? It were a libel upon the simplicity and naturalness of Canadian youth to suppose that Harlequin, Clown, and Pantaloon, if unfamiliar to the footlights on this side the Atlantic, would not be as much the heroes of their childish world, and their follies and grimaces the delight of their little hearts, as they are to their English brothers and sisters. It may be that the management is right, and that we are wrong; and that the truer measure of a youthful audience among us is that which sneers at the reveldom which John Bull, junior, delights in, while it takes its own sweets off stronger stuff. Which gets the most and the purer pleasure for their choice we shall leave disputants to say, but our own recollection of the vivid pleasure which an English Christmas pantomime performance brought to our youthful bosom is a theme too tender to risk comparisons upon, or to admit of a contention. Happy age and happy childhood that accepts the dictum that the player "doesn't at bedtime take off the whole of Macbeth with his stockings!"

But though the ingredients of buffoonery and extravaganza were absent from the holiday play Mrs. Morrison put upon the boards, there was in it all the other elements, of fairy representation and scenic display, which go to make up a Christmas piece of more than ordinary interest. "Kate Kearney" is one of those plays that admit of unlimited adaptation to the purposes of holiday representation, and with the help of the scenic artist, and the aid of some twenty *danseuses*, the piece may be said satisfactorily to meet the exigencies of the season, and fairly to satisfy the holiday frequenters of the Opera House. The play itself is of the simplest construction; its strength, as we have said, lies in the opportunity it offers for introducing scenic effect and the ballet *divertissement*, due advantage of which was very creditably taken. It is such a play as we could fancy the probably now ice-bound crews of the, 'Alert" and the "Discovery" beguiling the tedium of their dark isolation in the regions of the North; its Irish characteristics giving opportunity for the introduction of the needed enlivenment of fun and frolic; and its "Fairy of the Lakes" giving place to the weird spirits of the Ice King; while the gorgeous auroras of that land of desolation provide to hand the spectacular setting of the piece, more magnificent than ever produced by thc hand of man.

However, it is with the representation at the Grand Opera House, and not at the Polar regions, we have now to do. Miss Davenport took the title *rôle* with pleasing results, and more than her usual animation. Mrs. Vernon personated *Filadaune* with simple effect, and as *Fairy of the Lakes* realized the part as much as her rather unmelodious voice would permit, though otherwise doing it full justice. Mrs. Marlowe, as *Rose Kearney*, acted with her accustomed heartiness, and in concert with Miss Davenport helped to realize the slight plot its author entrusted to the ladies to give expression to. Mr. Spackman appeared as *Cornelius Lynch*, the rival suitor of Mr. Grismer, as *Lanty O'Laughlin*, for Kate Kearney's heart and hand. The latter looked and acted the Irishman with great success, throwing into the part the spirit and dash necessary to its happy realization. Mr. Sambrook, as *Ned Ryan*, more than shared the honours with Mr. Grismer, and we have much pleasure in noting the great improvement manifest in the appearance and acting of this gentleman during the past month. He has managed, if not quite to overcome, to modify the defects of voice and intonation which we referred to last month. To a sensitive ear nothing is so jarring as violations of elocutionary taste; and Mr. Sambrook, having discovered, or had discovered for him—for he is a modest man—the possession of decided musical talent, which, with the aid of the orchestra, gives him the opportunity for the singing of such character songs as generally take with the house, his voice, which hitherto has been sadly wanting in modulation, is now much more pleasing and acceptable.

For several evenings in the past week two acts of Byron's amusing comedy of "*Our Boys*" prefaced the representation of the holiday play, and put the audience in good humour

by the capital acting of Messrs. Farwell and Spackman, both in the drawing room scene and in that of the lodging house, whither "Our Boys" had betaken themselves in the laudable design of earning their own living. An increased familiarity with the play on the part of these actors brought out its points with amusing effect; and though exaggerated in some degree, they succeeded in realizing the evident purpose of the dramatist—to illustrate the common failure of grafting a veneer of firmness and authority upon a basis of weakness and pride. Mr. Farwell took the part of *Sir Geoffrey Champneys*, for which his physical presence and bearing well suited him; and Mr. Spackman personated *Middlewick* — a part in which his gifts of facial expression and amusing gesture find a good opportunity for display. Mr. Grismer and Mr. Sambrook sustained, but with no special merit, the parts of "Our Boys;" Miss Davenport and Mrs. Vernon appeared as the objects of their respective passion; and Miss Carr and Mrs. Marlowe completed the caste with an effect wholly agreeable.

But we have yet to speak of the *pièce de résistance* of the past month, Mr. Edwin Adams's impersonation of "Enoch Arden," the exquisite idyll of the Laureate's muse, for the opportunity of witnessing which lovers of the drama are under no little indebtedness to Mrs. Morrison. In right of the poetic pretensions and fame of the play we appropriately had an actor of acknowledged eminence to illustrate it, and the pleasure was one it is not given us every day to enjoy. Mr. Adams, as an interpreter of the tragic muse, has won a high place among contemporary expositors, and if his reputation rested alone upon his delineation of the character of "Enoch Arden," it would be a triumph which none could gainsay, or refuse him the credit of. The piece was mounted with considerable enterprise, and with a high degree of scenic success which well entitled it to the encomiums passed upon it. The principal characters pourtrayed were those of Mr. Adams as *Enoch Arden*, Mr. Grismer as *Philip Ray*, and Miss Davenport as *Annie Leigh;* and the acting of all was worthy of the subject and the author, and in harmony with the truest art. We have witnessed few performances which have so overmastered our feelings as that of Mr. Adams, and, though it is the fashion of the age to repress and resent exhibitions of emotion, it was impossible to witness the last two acts of the play without experiencing how utterly vagrant the emotions are in the presence of exciting subjects of genuine feeling and of untutored nature. Miss Davenport had, in the quiet and impressive *role* of *Annie Leigh*, a part which she interpreted with a more touching display of feeling than we had seen her previously evince, and with a sympathetic intelligence and appreciation which did full justice to the character she assumed. Mr. Grismer acted the part of *Philip Ray* with an amount of tenderness and intelligence unusual in that actor; unusual, perhaps, because of the amount and variety of work which he takes upon himself, and which make such exactions upon his resources, mental and emotional, as few men of his age are equal to. The most meritorious part of the play, as it is the most touching, was that taken by Mr. Adams, which gave expression to the noble abnegation of Enoch, on his return to his home, where he finds—

> "—— him, that other reigning in his place
> Lord of his rights, and of his children's love,"

and which called into play the highest powers of the actor. Mr. Adams, during his brief engagement, appeared in "Hamlet," a representation which added to our experience of Shakespearian exposition, in a character that admittedly escapes the art of the greatest tragedian adequately to personate. He appeared also in "The Marble Heart," a play of evident French origin, and which is noticeable in its offering a pretty bit of stage effect for the applause of the audience—a group of animate statues, in the attire of vestal virgins, the embodiment of the classic and artistic ideal of the artist, Phidias, represented by Mr. Adams.

Mr. Gilbert's comedy of "Tom Cobb," in which Mr. Curtis appeared to advantage, and some other plays, have had a brief possession of the boards at the Grand Opera House during the month, but they do not call for any special comment, except as they manifest the enterprise and unwearied labour of Mrs. Morrison in endeavouring to enlarge the horizon, and to add to the pleasurable experience, of the lovers and students of the drama in Toronto.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Second Term of the Ladies' Educational Association of Toronto will commence on the 17th inst., with the lectures of Mr. J. M. Buchan, M.A., on English Literature, and of Professor Ramsay Wright, M.A., on Zoology. The course consists of eighteen lectures each; and it is to be hoped that the interest attaching to the study of these subjects, coupled with the attractiveness of presentation on the part of the lecturers, will induce a large attendance of the fair portion of Toronto society. One often hears of the anxious desire of parents and guardians to reach some clear conviction as to the best means of stimulating interest in the intellectual life in those whom they have to educate. Considering the success which this and similar educational schemes have met with, there can be little doubt of the advantage young ladies derive from an attendance upon such lectures. It may be said that a study of the text-books will suffice, if the student is zealous and diligent. But we know that, as a rule, this is not the case; nor, even where there are earnest and studious habits, do we always find the result satisfactory. Much, undoubtedly, is gained from the enthusiasm engendered by the competitive pursuit of studies, and the hearty stimulus given by allied effort.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. have just issued an authorized reprint of Prof. Proctor's recent collection of Essays on popular astronomical science, entitled, "Our Place among the Infinities." They have also just published reprints of Prof. Bonamy Price's Oxford Lectures on "Currency and Banking;" of the interesting record of a tour with the late historian Buckle, in the Holy Land, by J. Stuart Glennie, entitled "Pilgrim Memories, or Travel and Discussion in the Birth-Countries of Christianity;" and of the new Fairy book, "Higgledy Piggledy," from the prolific and fascinating pen of Knatchbull Hugessen, M.P.

Messrs. Harper Bros'. recent publications embrace the reprint of the initial volume of Mr. John Forster's Life of Dean Swift, an important contribution to biographical literature; an interesting and attractive work, by Dr. Van Lennep, on "Bible Lands: their modern Customs and Manners, illustrative of Scripture;" and a kindred work, of equal interest and value, entitled "The Thrones and Palaces of Babylon and Nineveh, from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean," by the Rev. J. P. Newman, D.D. Of the recent publications in the department of Fiction, of this firm, the following, as the most important, may be noted—Miss Braddon's "Hostages to Fortune;" Hugh Melton," and "Of the Roll," by Miss Katharine King; and the "Queen of Connaught," said to be by Charles Reade.

Messrs. Belford Bros., Toronto, are just issuing, in the absence of copyright protection here, a volume that might be termed a Trilogy from recent contemporary sources, composed of the following poetical productions—"Mable Martin," by John G. Whittier; "The Masque of Pandora," by Mr. Longfellow; and a Poem, symbolical of the Christian Church, entitled, "The Shepherd Lady," by Jean Ingelow. The whole will make a neat 12mo. volume of undoubted attraction to lovers of poetry. Messrs. Belford have just published a Canadian edition, in handsome style, of William Carleton's new volume of characteristic American verse, entitled, "Farm Legends and other Poems," which, it is said, has been largely bought by the native trade, incited by the demand for the author's previous production, "Farm Ballads," &c.

Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co.'s last issue from their press is a volume of Canadian verse, by Mr. Watson, Librarian of the Legislative Assembly, entitled "The Legends of the Roses," &c., a work which we notice in our review department.

Mr. A. S. Irving has issued, by arrangement with the author's American publishers, the new work of the Rev. S. P. Roe, author of "Barriers Burned Away," &c., entitled, "From Jest to Earnest."

The Canadian Monthly Directory.

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WITH our next issue will be commenced the fifth year of publication of what has been termed by its friends "The National Magazine of Canada." In maintaining the publication, the Publishers are still actuated by the motives expressed in the announcement of last year, that they desire to secure the continuance of a periodical worthily representative of Canadian thought and culture, and of value in the service of helpful and independent criticism. The aid rendered by the periodical press of Canada has hitherto been inappreciable, in consequence of the intermittent character of its literary ventures. The discredit of this, it is believed, has been in some measure taken away by the maintenance, so far, of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY; and by the continued effort that has been made to conduct it with ability and credit, its existence in the future, it is hoped, is well assured. In whatever degree it may be said to have succeeded, it has had this at any rate to commend it—that its publication has been a continued protest against the sole and permanent dependence of the country upon foreign literature for its serial reading, while it has made the effort, in the higher walks of journalism, and in the minor paths of literature, to give expression to the aspirations of the national life, and to be helpful to the social and intellectual development of the Dominion. To those who have followed our progress thus far it will not be necessary to point out the increased exertions that have been made in the past year to improve the Magazine. In the extent and variety of the contributions a noticeable gain has been made, while appropriateness of subject and ability of treatment have always been sought after in their publication. The Editorial Department of "Current Events," it may confidently be stated, has been ably sustained by a vigorous and well-informed writer; and the minor departments have admittedly been made more attractive. The interesting compilation of Canadian annals, issued in occasional numbers, it is hoped, has not been an unimportant service to our readers. The compression of the type in the volume now completed, it will also be noticed, is a feature claiming some recognition, as it has added one-sixth to the amount of reading matter hitherto given. In the coming year no effort will be relaxed in the conduct of the Magazine towards securing its continued acceptance by the subscribers, to whose favour and interest the Publishers again commend their enterprise. Appended will be found the terms of Subscription, and the arrangement for clubbing, &c.

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11. Postmasters are forbidden by law to disclose the name of any depositor, or the amount of any sum deposited or withdrawn.

12. No charge is made to depositors on paying in or drawing out money, nor for Pass Books, nor for postage on communications with the Postmaster General in relation to their deposits.

13. The Postmaster General is always ready to receive and attend to all applications, complaints or other communications addressed to him by depositors or others relative to Post Office Savings Bank business.

14. A full statement of the Regulations of the Post Office Savings Bank may be seen at any of the Post Offices named in the following List:—

Acton Vale
Albion
Alexandria
Almonte
Amherstburg
Angus
Arkona
Arnprior
Arthur
Aurora
Aylmer, East
Aylmer, West
Ayr
Baltimore
Barrie
Bayfield
Beachville
Beamsville
Beauharnois
Beaverton
Belleville
Berlin
Berthier
Blairton
Bobcaygeon
Bond Head
Bothwell
Bowmanville
Bracebridge
Bradford
Brampton
Brantford
Bridgewater
Bright
Brighton
Brockville
Brooklin
Brussels
Buckingham
Campbellford
Cannington
Carleton Place
Cayuga
Chambly Canton
Chatham, West
Chelsea
Chippawa
Clarksburg
Clearville
Clifton
Clinton
Coaticook
Cobourg
Colborne
Coldwater
Collingwood
Compton
Cookstown
Cornwall
Croemore
Danville
Dresden
Drummondville, W.
Dungannon
Dundas
Dunnville
Durham
Elora
Embro'
Erin
Exeter
Fenelon Falls
Fergus
Fingal
Flesherton
Font Hill
Forest
Fort Erie
Frelighsburg
Galt
Gananoque
Garafraxa
Georgetown
Georgina
Glenallan
Goderich
Granby
Grimsby
Guelph
Haliburton
Hamilton
Harriston
Hastings
Hawkesbury
Hespeler
Hull
Huntingdon
Ingersoll
Inverness
Iroquois
Joliette
Keene
Kemptville
Kincardine
Kingston
Kingsville
Kirkfield
Knowlton
Lachine
Lachute
Lanark
Laprairie
L'Assomption
Leamington
Leeds
Lennoxville
Levis
Lilley's Corners
Lindsay
Listowel
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Lucknow
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Madoc
Manchester
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Meaford
Melbourne
Merrickville
Millbrook
Mille Roches
Milton, West
Mitchell
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Montreal
Morpeth
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Muir
Murray Bay
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Newburgh
Newbury
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Oshawa
Ottawa
Otterville
Owen Sound
Paisley
Pakenham
Paris
Pembroke
Penetanguishene
Perth
Peterboro'
Petrolia
Picton
Plantagenet
Point St. Charles
Portage du Fort
Port Burwell
Port Colborne
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Port Dover
Port Hope
Port Robinson
Port Rowan
Port Stanley
Port Elgin
Prescott
Preston
Prince Albert
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Quebec
Renfrew
Richmond, East
Richmond, West
Richmond Hill
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St. Andrews, East
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Howe Sewing Machine Co., estimated "	35,000	Victor Sewing Machine Co. - - "	6,292
Domestic Sewing Machine Co. - "	22,700	Florence Sewing Machine Co - - "	5,517
Weed Sewing Machine Co. - - "	29,495	Secor Sewing Machine Co. - - - "	4,541
Grover & Baker S. M. Co., estimated "	20,000	J. E. Braunsdorf & Co., Ætna - - "	1,866
Remington Empire S. M. Co. - - "	17,608	Bartram & Fanton S. M. Co. - - "	250
Wilson Sewing Machine Co. - - "	17,525	McKay S. M. Ass'n - - - "	128
Gold Medal Sewing Machine Co. - "	15,214	Keystone S. M. Co. - - - - "	37

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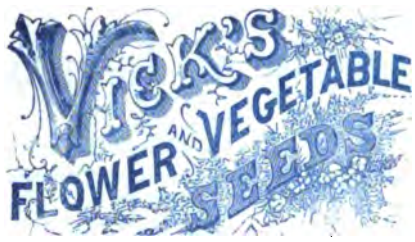

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Emigrants on arrival in Canada will find Agents of the Government at the following places:

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All information which Immigrants obtain from the Agents of the Dominion they may accept as reliable.

L. LETELLIER,
Minister of Agriculture.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
Ottawa, October 1st, 1875.

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THE LETTERS OF VERITAS.*

BY REV. HENRY SCADDING, D.D.

CANADA, both in its French and its English portions, has had a troubled history. With a very mixed population, teeming with a variety of clashing prejudices, brought with them, or inherited, from the old world, governors sent out by the parent state to guide their destinies, to amalgamate them into one mass, to mould their character into a national consistency, have found, especially in years bygone, that their task was not an easy or a trifling one; and whatever their line of conduct, they were sure to be criticized with severity by one coterie or another in the community. Here, as elsewhere, the newspapers and other local periodicals have been vents for the spleen of individuals; and as at early periods in Canada, Upper and Lower, men in power held it to be proper to stand on their dignity more punctiliously than they do now, it was not quite safe for writers to come out with their strictures *in propriâ personâ*. Consequently, the local periodicals of the day abound with objurgatory communications under the fictitious signatures usually adopted in the newspapers and periodicals of the same period in Great Britain and Ireland. And when I say in former days men in power were specially touchy, I include in the expression the Houses of Assembly themselves, which were very ready to summon offenders before them for verbal breaches of privilege. Thus Mr. Cary, Editor of the *Quebec Mercury*, was sent for by the Lower Canadian House, in 1813, for publishing a communication signed "Juniolus Canadensis," an invective, in the style of Junius, against Mr. Stuart, a member of the House. Mr. Cary absented himself from the city during the remainder of the Session, and so eluded the search of the Serjeant-at-Arms. But the day after the prorogation the following Card appeared in the *Mercury*: "The Editor's respects to a majority of the House of Assembly. Being just arrived from a tour of business, he learns that the House had evinced much anxiety to see him during his absence. Unfortunately, his return has taken place a day too late for him to have the honour of waiting on the House. He is, however, rather at a loss to conceive how his presence could be in any manner useful in assisting them in their vocation of framing laws." Sometimes an editor es-

* From "Some Canadian *Noms-de-Plume* identified, with samples of the writings to which they are appended"—a Paper read before the Canadian Institute, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1876.

caped the infliction of pains and penalties by giving up the writer ensconced behind a *nom de plume*, as in the case of Mr. Sewell, who lost the Solicitor-Generalship for venturing, under a pseudonym, to criticize the Government of which he was an officer. It would be, of course, an endless and unprofitable undertaking to trace the authorship of the great bulk of pseudonymous productions in early Canadian journals on political subjects. But one *nom de plume* which appeared in the columns of the *Montreal Herald*, in the years 1813–15, presents exceptional claims to consideration. The signature of VERITAS has become historical. Moreover, it possessed for a time an additional degree of interest from the slight mystery and uncertainty which attached to it, the author having taken some pains, as I suppose, to maintain an incognito. As all persons concerned have long passed off the scene, no harm will be done now if I remove the veil, as I shall do presently, and for the first time since an uncertainty on the subject sprang up.

Sir George Prevost was the Governor-General of Canada and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in 1812, when the war broke out between Great Britain and the United States, and the letters of Veritas are devoted to an adverse criticism of Sir George's military tactics throughout the unnatural contest. In many of the subsequent accounts of the war of 1812, Veritas is quoted as an authority, but I do not observe anywhere that the real name of the writer is mentioned. It became, in fact, as we shall see, almost irretrievably lost. So late as 1855, after all reason for secrecy had passed away, Auchinleck, in his "History of the War, '12, '13, '14," defends Sir George Prevost against the strictures of the shadowy Veritas. "Veritas observes," he says, "that it is the acme of assurance to insinuate that the [British] Ministry were to blame for the insufficiency [of force in the two Provinces at the outbreak of the war], especially as they could only have a knowledge of our wants through Sir George's information. Now, how, in justice," Auchinleck asks, "can Sir George be blamed for not informing Ministers of his requirements for a war which he was instructed [by that Ministry] by all the means in his power to avoid the promotion of? In his anxiety to attack the movers of the address [to Sir George, on his departure from Quebec] in reference to the war, Veritas has suffered himself to go to the verge of injustice." Again, in Col. W. F. Coffin's admirable and eloquent work, entitled "1812; or the War and its Moral: a Canadian Chronicle," it is observed, "If York (Toronto) had been left defenceless and unprotected; if a ship of war in the hands of the shipwright had been recklessly exposed to destruction, the fault was not with Sheaffe nor with his direct superior, Sir George Prevost, as charged by Veritas, but with the authorities in England, who trifled with the emergency until too late, and then spent treasures in life and money to repair an irreparable error."

In Tupper's "Life and Letters of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock," Veritas is also largely quoted, but in the same abstract way. The author of an article in the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1822, headed "Campaigns in the Canadas," evidently knew who Veritas was; but he refrains from naming him. "The Letters of Veritas," the writer says, "were originally printed in a weekly paper published at Montreal, in Lower Canada, and subsequently collected in the little volume before us. Within a small compass," the reviewer continues, "these unpretending letters contain a greater body of useful information upon the campaigns in the Canadas than is anywhere else to be found. They are, we believe, the production of a gentleman in Montreal of known respectability. Though not a military man, he enjoyed the best opportunities for acquaintance with the circumstances of the war; and as these letters, which excited great attention in the Canadas, appeared in successive papers while Montreal was filled with almost all the officers of rank who had served in the country, it may reasonably be presumed that his errors, had he committed any, would not have escaped without censure; yet no reply was ever attempted to his statements—no doubt ever expressed in the provinces of the correctness of his assertions." My curiosity, a few years since, having become aroused as to the identity of Veritas, it came to be with me, for a time, a kind of Junius-question which I sought to solve: for a long time, but not, finally, without success. I searched in vain in the useful works of Mr. H. J. Morgan, of Ottawa, the compiler of "Sketches of Celebrated Canadians," and the *Bibliotheca Canadensis*;

but I found no clue. I interrogated the late Rev. Dr. Richardson on the subject (he, in his younger days, lost an arm while actively serving in a naval capacity in one of the expeditions ordered by Sir George Prevost). I addressed notes to several gentlemen who had interested themselves in early Canadian history, but without result. Amongst them, especially, I applied to Col. Coffin, above named, but after inquiry instituted, he could afford me no help. Inquiries were also made for me of the present proprietors and publishers of the *Montreal Herald.* I thought that possibly among the traditions of the office of that paper the name of its now historical contributor might be preserved. Mr. Penry, the present editor of the *Herald*, kindly endeavoured to get the desired information from Mr. Archibald Ferguson, a gentleman now aged more than ninety years, formerly proprietor of *Herald.* Mr. Ferguson's reply, however, now lying before me, was as follows :—"In answer to your note of the 17th instant, I beg to inform you that I do not know who wrote the articles signed Veritas and Nerva, in 1815. They were published nine years before I purchased the *Herald* establishment, and the two former proprietors were dead before I purchased." (I had coupled my query about Veritas with one about a writer styling himself Nerva, also in the *Herald;* but Nerva I discovered afterwards by accident, while looking through the articles in Mr. Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis.*) How I came at length to recover the all but totally forgotten authorship of the Veritas letters, I will detail concisely after I have given a sample or two of the productions themselves. I add the reflection : if in so short a period an uncertainty so decided could spring up in regard to writings whose authorship was probably notorious to contemporaries, how easy it must have been, in the days when printing was unknown, and when of many an important record no duplicate existed, for ambiguities to arise on such points ; how easy it must have been, at the dictate of policy or ambition, to falsify and substitute, with small chance of explicit detection at the hands of posterity.

Veritas, throughout his letters, inveighs against Sir George Prevost for an apparent lack of energy, decision, and dash. But we must bear in mind what Auchinleck has said, as quoted just now, that Sir George was probably under restraint from the instructions which he had received from the Ministry at home, who had no relish for the contest in which they found themselves engaged. "Towards spring, 1814, so inveterate," Veritas says, "was Sir George's rage for armistices, notwithstanding the injurious consequences of the former to the military service, that a negotiation for another was set on foot, and defeated solely from the refusal of our admiral on the American Station to concur in it. The Americans gave out that the proposition came from Sir George, which I believe, because otherwise he would have met it at once by a direct negative that would have ended all discussion on the subject. In January, 1814, whilst the Legislature was sitting at Quebec, Sir George made a trip to Montreal, from no military motive that has ever been discovered or assigned, during which the then Assembly were active in preparing mischief. That Session was a stormy one, and ending in March, the Head-Quarters were retransferred to Montreal. * * * Soon after the navigation opened upon Lake Champlain, Capt. Pring, in the naval command there, sailed from Isle aux Noix with our flotilla, then superior to that of the enemy, which had wintered in Otter Creek, where they had a ship in yard employed in constructing a force intended to surpass ours. Capt. Pring, in consequence, applied to Sir George for some troops to accompany him, with a view of attempting to destroy this establishment and the vessels in that creek, whether afloat or upon the stocks, which, next to Sackett's Harbour, was an object worth a trial at some risk. As usual, the application was refused. When Capt. Pring returned from his cruise up that creek, he reported to Sir George what might have been done by a joint attack, and then he was offered assistance, but the Captain replied that it was then too late, as the enemy had taken alarm and prepared accordingly. Sir George had the extraordinary fatality of either never attempting an active operation, or of thinking of it only when the time for practical execution was past."

Here is a passage which, for style, may remind us of Kinglake or Sir William Napier ; the incidents referred to will also probably interest us. "As the season for action advanced," Veritas says, "to the astonishment of everyone, there was formed at

Chambly what is called a Camp of Instruction, comprising the greater part of the force above enumerated, and from which might and ought to have been detached a force for the attack of Sackett's Harbour, or for the reinforcement of the Niagara frontier, seriously threatened as it then was (1814) with invasion, in the opinion of every person who had eyes to see or ears to hear. Had the first-mentioned object been attained, the enemy would not have ventured to cross into Upper Canada; or if Sir George was obstinately bent on letting Sackett's Harbour alone, the reinforcement of the Niagara frontier became the more imperiously necessary to secure it against the enemy's accumulating force, which had been even seen by some of our officers in returning from captivity, but whose reports thereon were utterly disregarded. Thus the Camp above-said furnished the means of instruction to the enemy upon the said frontier, by allowing them to practise against our very inferior force; but of destruction to our troops there employed, who were thereby doomed to combat against fearful odds, as will be seen hereafter, which is quite inexcusable, seeing we had the means of prevention in our power; for so infatuated was Sir George that not a man was sent from Lower Canada to their aid until the 12th July, after our first disaster at Chippewa was known. * * From the end of May, reinforcements from Great Britain, Ireland and the West Indies came in; but the accursed Camp of Instruction continued; when to our astonishment, in June and July, such a numerous body of troops arrived from Bordeaux that it became evident Sir George was quite bewildered thereby. Piecemeal reinforcements were now despatched to Upper Canada, and a very large force kept below to do something —but what it was remained doubtful, although a bustle of preparation began across the river, which was continued for months at infinite expense." I add one more passage: an indignant, Junius-like denunciation of certain speeches in the House of Commons, notably one by Mr. Whitbread, on the subject of the destruction of the public buildings at Washington by a British force, in which speeches more feeling was apparently shown for the loss experienced by the United States Government than for the sufferings of British subjects when violently deprived of their homes and property at York and Niagara, a few months previously, by an invading United States army. "Now, is it possible to conceive," Veritas asks, "that all these and former acts of conflagration and pillage could have happened without orders from the American Government? And yet if we had retaliated upon this principle in the Chesapeake, or elsewhere (which was completely in our power to have done), what an outcry would have been raised by Mr. Madison, and re-echoed by the Opposition in the Imperial Parliament, who, on finding themselves beat from their grounds of censure against our Government and officers for the destruction of the public buildings at Washington, when proved to have been merely retaliatory, then took up a new position equally untenable, viz., that it would have been magnanimous not to have followed the example of the Americans in their conduct at York and Newark. Now, in common sense, what does such doctrine mean? Do these mock-patriots reserve all their sympathies for the enemies of their country, and regard with callous indifference the sufferings of their fellow-subjects? Are the latter not entitled to protection and consideration; and as means of that protection, was it not incumbent upon our officers, and a point of justice, to turn against the enemy their own weapons, and thereby make them feel the consequences of their own enormity of conduct, with a view to prevent their repeating the like in future? It is very magnanimous, to be sure, to speak with cold-blooded indifference about the infliction of ruin upon friends, at the distance of 3,000 miles, by fire and devastation in the most aggravated shapes; but I will venture to say that if Mr. Whitbread's brewery and his princely mansion, with all their contents, had been at York or Newark, and shared the fate of the buildings there consigned to the flames by the enemy, we should never have heard of his lecture upon the virtue of magnanimity." It was by the aid of Sir Francis Hincks, now resident in Montreal, that my curiosity in regard to Veritas was at length gratified. Sir Francis took much interest in the inquiry, when it chanced to be proposed to him; and he kindly applied for me to the present authorities of the *Herald* office, with the result already mentioned. When now I supposed nothing further would come of the investigation, I unexpectedly received from Sir

Francis the following communication, which sets the question at rest. The note is dated Montreal, 15th July, 1873. "By a very singular accident," Sir Francis writes, "I obtained a few moments ago the information which you wanted a few weeks since. Coming into town this morning, I met Mr. J. S. McKenzie, one of our oldest and wealthiest citizens, lately a Director of the Bank of Montreal, and senior partner of one of our principal firms. He was talking of his age, and as having served in the war of 1812. It immediately occurred to me that he might know who Veritas was; but at the moment I had forgotten this signature, and was only able to ask if he recollected a criticism on Sir George Prevost's operations. 'Certainly,' he said, 'it was signed "Veritas," and was written by the Hon. John Richardson, with whom I was a clerk in the old house of Forsyth, Richardson & Co.' Mr. Richardson was a very likely man to have written such an article," Sir Francis adds, "and Mr. McKenzie was quite clear on the point. I think, therefore, you may be satisfied. I had overlooked Mr. McKenzie, who is one of our octogenarians." The most concise way in which I can explain who Mr. Richardson, the writer of the letters signed "Veritas" was, will be to copy the inscription on a marble tablet on the outer wall of the "Richardson Wing" of the General Hospital at Montreal. It reads as follows:—"This building was erected A.D. 1852, to commemorate the public and private virtues of the Hon. John Richardson, a distinguished merchant of this City, and Member of the Executive and Legislative Councils of the Province. He was the first President of this Hospital, and a liberal contributor to its foundation and support. He was born at Portsoy, North Britain, and died 18th May, 1831, aged 76 years."

Veritas closes his series of letters with this paragraph: "It was my intention to have given also a sketch of Sir George's civil administration; but reflecting that it has been already so ably depicted by NERVA, in his admirably written allegory, I shall for the present not prosecute that intention." The "allegory" of Nerva was contained in a series of letters, professedly on Irish affairs, addressed to the *Herald*, in which Canada was adumbrated by Ireland, Sir George Prevost by Earl Fitzwilliam, and Sir George's predecessor, Sir James Craig, by Lord Westmoreland. Sir George's marked policy of conciliation as a civil governor is therein roundly condemned, but evidently from the point of view of a narrow conservatism: a policy, it must be remembered, enjoined by Sir George's masters in England, with distinct reference to the immediate crisis, when Canada was about to be exposed to an invasion, and required for its safety a people, so far as possible, united. "Between two systems of government proposed for adoption," Nerva observes, "theorists may often find it difficult to determine the claims to preference; because the peculiar defects of each may be compensated by peculiar advantages; but where a system of government is already established, there are certain rules for its exercise from which the experience of practical politicians will pronounce all deviation to be improper and hazardous. Of these rules, the most universally admitted is, that all changes should be gradual, not abrupt; should be necessary, not experimental. But Earl Fitzwilliam began his innovations upon his entrance into office, without waiting to ascertain whether Lord Westmoreland's measures were adapted to the situation of the country; without indeed knowing what the situation of the country required, or whether a sudden change, even from what might originally have been improper, would not produce greater evil than that which it should be intended to correct. His proper path had indeed been marked out for him, and every obstruction and difficulty removed by Lord Westmoreland, whose labours, had they been turned to advantage, would have enabled his successor to pursue, with perfect ease and safety, a course at once consistent with his own honour and with the dignity of his government. Yet these advantages were overlooked or despised by the Earl, who, like some rulers, in whom vanity has predominated over judgment, disdained to govern in any respect according to the prescription or example of another. In consequence, he was speedily surrounded by men of principles avowedly inimical to the just and long-established prerogatives of the Crown, who were the objects of his peculiar notice, and most graciously received at his table and his court. Situations of trust and power were accumulated upon individuals unknown before in departments of State, and incapable as well as regardless of the performance of their

official duties; while their rapacity was so insatiable as to force from the unwilling Viceroy himself the observation, that if England and Ireland were given to them as estates, they would ask for the Isle of Man as a kitchen garden. A viceroy, with the assistance of associates, dependents and companions of so unusual a cast, it would be natural to expect would differ in principle and in action from most representatives of royalty. And the event fully justified the expectation The conciliation of the worthless became his primary object; and concession was considered the principal means." Nerva, whose letters, like those of Veritas, were re-published in a collected form, after their appearance in the *Herald*, was Mr. Justice Gale, who died at Montreal in 1865.

SLEEP.

BY GOWAN LEA, MONTREAL.

SLOWLY droop thy heavy eyelids,
Softly now they rest,
Flown away the languid glances,
Leaving peacefulness.
'Twas like the twilight's mellow shades
That, quivering o'er the snow,
Seemed lingering glimpses from the sun,
And loath to go.

And now I watch thee lie
In deep unruffled rest,
Thy whole life sleeps—no weary sigh
Escapes thy breast.
'Tis as the Winter's snow
Which wraps the earth,
That it may rest awhile
To give new birth.

And soon thou shalt awake,
Nor know surprise
That weariness took wings
In such sweet guise.
As sudden peeps the Spring
From under ground,
Refreshed but to renew
Its endless round.

Sleep then, O sleep and rest,
The time's well spent!
Think not that life is given,
'Tis only lent.
And when the last sleep comes,
The rest below,
Dream not the germ is dead,
We sleep to grow.

Our yet material eyes
Are blind to what shall be,
But progress rules through all
Time and Eternity.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

BY CATHARINE OWEN, MONTREAL.

I.

"WELL, mother, I can't please you; I had better go away from Milford; I am tired of being treated as a child, and cannot submit to it, and as I cannot, of course, there can be no peace between us."

"Very well, you will go your own way now, as you have ever done," said Mrs. Barnes, in a hard, dry tone; and her son John left the room, determined to put into execution a purpose he had been meditating for some time, which was to leave the city in which he was born, and in which he had been expected to settle. But circumstances, in the shape of his mother, were too hard for him. Between his mother and himself there was constant trouble; no two beings could be more dissimilar than were they, and so, despite the natural affection which should have existed between a mother and her only son, these two were mutually miserable when together.

Mrs. Barnes (for John Morton's mother had married again five years after his father's death) was a hard, thrifty, economical woman, practical to the last degree. No wonder that such a woman should feel exasperated to find a son of hers loving better to read poetry than to go about with other boys haying or fishing; that as he grew older he actually wrote verses, in secret as he thought, but not so stealthily that those keen eyes of hers did not discover his secret, aye and ridicule it too, which was hardest of all to her sensitive son.

John Morton, senior, had been an imaginative man, loving his books better than farming, and spending so much of his time over them and kindred "trash," as Mrs. Morton termed it, that there is little doubt that when she said, if it had not been for her the farm would have gone to wreck and ruin, she spoke the truth; and so, when she saw her son taking after his father, she had thought she was doing her duty when she sedulously repressed every fanciful tendency.

He was an affectionate child, but soon learnt that he was never to show his affection to his mother, never to fling his little arms around her on a loving impulse; her cold kiss, and hard "that will do, John," as she disengaged herself, early taught him self-repression.

Of course the books he was allowed to read were in keeping with Mrs. Barnes's system of education. No fairy tales or chivalric love, so dear to the boyish mind, ever entered the doors of her house; and, as John was silent and self-repressed, she flattered herself she had nipped his father's faults in the bud.

One memorable morning, when John was about ten years old, his mother came upon him, uncomfortably seated in a half empty corn-crib, devouring a forbidden book. So absorbed was he in his reading that he had not heard her approach; and just as he was enjoying, in a state of intense excitement, every nerve thrilling and tingling, the concluding combat of the tournament in Ivanhoe, the book was snatched from his grasp, his ears soundly boxed before he realized whether he was one of the combatants or not; and then, though his ears tingled, and his head ached so that he hardly knew whether it was his own, his first and chiefest agony was in the thought that there were to be no more stolen, blissful readings in that old corn-crib. Ah! what happy hours he had passed that summer, in trembling fear of discovery that had only lent the greater charm to his dissipation; and now, he well knew, it was all over.

But the seed was sown on fruitful soil, and the memory of those forbidden romances survived all his mother's efforts to eradicate it. And as he could not read them, John took to making them for himself, and henceforward and all through his school-days he lived within himself, brooding over the great things he would some day do. He was not loved in the school; in his morbid sensibility he held aloof from his school-mates' brood-

ing over his unloved boyhood, and longing for the time when he should be a man, and prove himself a hero. But in those early school-days he never returned home without a yearning hope that his mother would welcome him with affection; he had listened to the eager talk of his companions, each boasting loudly of the welcome awaiting him, and what his mother and sister would do for him, and little John thought, as each vacation approached, that his mother would begin to love him now that he was going home a bigger boy. But no matter what his mother's feelings may have been, she never showed them to her son, whom she invariably greeted with a frigid kiss, which the little fellow received with the curious empty feeling that never left him during the holidays, that were so full of gladness to his companions.

But, as years went on, John got over this longing for his mother's love, and grew to feel bitter and cynical instead, and to think that it was a thing only read of in romances, which we may be sure he had taken every opportunity, away from home, to study very deeply; in fact, in those days it was his mature opinion that Scott and G. P. R. James, and Ainsworth were the greatest novelists that ever lived, and if truth must rigidly be told, had he not been so modest, he might have exhibited a thrilling romance modelled on the styles of these three favourite authors.

It had been Mr. Morton's wish that his son should go to Harvard, where he himself had graduated, and John had looked forward to doing so with much pleasure; but his mother had heard of the economy of sending boys to the German Universities, and not approving the result of Harvard training, as shown in Morton *père*, she decided that to Germany John should go.

It was a disappointment to him, but that had to be got over as best he could.

I do not want to follow him through his life at Gottingen; suffice it to say that while he was there his mother wrote to inform him that she had married Mr. Barnes, a widower with one daughter. He was not greatly disturbed by the news—it could make very little difference to him, he thought, and he was right.

When he returned home, he saw little change in the family arrangements.

Mr. Barnes was, as he bitterly thought, the sort of husband his mother had wished his father to be, a cipher in the house, but a stolid, plodding business man out of it. She certainly could not have been troubled with any excess of imagination on his part.

His daughter Mary, John found to be a nice little girl enough. He was a somewhat silent and reserved youth now; but after a time he found himself confiding his plans and dreams to this simple country lass, and it was pleasant to have some creature at home whom he could patronise or snub as he felt inclined. She was, of course, quite a child in his estimation, being fully four years younger than himself.

John's father had been educated for the law; but I suppose Mrs. Morton had some grounds for her dissatisfaction with him, for notwithstanding his talents and opportunities he had wanted backbone enough to keep on when once he had married the rich Miss Mason, preferring to drop into the sort of dilettante existence so despised by his wife. He had, perhaps, intended his son to make up his own deficiencies; be that as it may, he wished John to be brought up to the law. On his coming of age John would come into possession of the property that had belonged to his father before his marriage, which would yield him an income sufficient to keep him as a gentleman, but admitting of no extravagance on his part.

John had no love for the legal profession; but his father was as a sort of demigod in John's memory, and every wish of his was sacred; so he applied himself to it, entering himself in the office of Judge Crane, who was considered a man of much legal talent in Milford. John's studies were carried on in a somewhat desultory fashion, it must be confessed, and called forth the reproaches of his mother. Added to this he had acquired in his student days habits unheard of before in quiet Milford. He was fond of driving, but not such horses as sufficed for his mother's modest carriage; and it was not long before he bought himself a horse; nothing very out of the way or extravagant in his doing so, but Mrs. Barnes predicted in bitter terms his coming ruin. It must be confessed John's tastes were not in keeping with his means or country life. Everything mean or sordid he hated, all things elegant and beautiful he craved, and as he had long decided to make himself a name in the world of letters as well as the law, and had already written reams of melancholy

verse, he thought he might fairly indulge himself. At every such indulgence Mrs. Barnes's dissatisfaction found vent in scornful comment, until it became a misery for him to read a handsomely bound book in her presence; his Russia-leather writing case was an eyesore as it lay on the table. In vain little Mary represented to her stepmother that such things were not now-a-days much more costly than the cumbrous old contrivances of other days, and tried her art as peace-maker.

The want of sympathy grew daily more irksome and at last culminated when John bought some beautiful and costly engravings. That was the last straw on Mrs. Barnes's self-restraint; she taunted her son with wasting his substance because he expected that when he had run through his money he would have hers to squander in the same way; but she warned him that her money should never go to support an idle man, or to enrich booksellers and picture dealers.

It was also the last straw on John's patience, and he spoke, as we have seen, announcing his intention of giving up all hope of practice in his native Milford, and going to New York.

Now, although going to New York was no great punishment to John, who had looked to a career in Milford more as a duty than as a pleasure, he yet felt very bitter that his mother should have received his resolution of going so coldly. He began to think, perhaps, that that was what she wished; the suspicion once formed grew upon him until he felt quite certain she wished to be rid of him. He complained bitterly to Mary of his mother's want of natural feeling, and the child assured him, with tears in her eyes, that he was mistaken in his mother, as she was in her son; but John smiled at her inexperience, and went on with his preparations for departure, almost hating the world and his life; and yet, when the moment of departure came, his feelings towards his mother softened, and as he came into the family sitting-room, equipped for his journey, and found her alone, his heart went out towards her as she sat at her sewing.

"Well, mother, I am going."

"Very well, John, I wish you well."

"Mother, let us be friends."

"We are friends, I hope."

"Yes, but surely we should be more than we are to each other; however much we may differ, you are my mother, and I am your son," he said sadly.

"Yes, you are my son, and I hope I shall not have to rue the day I bore you; but whatever happens, remember that as you make your bed you must lie on it."

Her eyes looked so cold, her mouth so pitiless, as she said these cruel words, that John said a hasty good-bye, and so left his home without a word more of farewell than many would utter if about to take a walk.

He regretted that he had yielded to his natural feeling, and had attempted to elicit some spark of affection from his mother.

The depot was very near, and he intended to walk. As he went along he felt very bitterly towards the world that was using him so ill; even Mary had not thought it worth while to be at hand, when he left, to wish him good-bye. His stepfather had said at breakfast—

"I suppose I shall not see you again before you go."

"No, I think not."

"Well then good-bye; hope you'll do well."

Mary, of course, knew that he was going.

He was just thinking how well he could understand Byron's feeling when he wrote, "There is not an eye to weep for me," and how applicable that lament was to his own case, when a great dog came bounding out of the thicket by the roadside.

"Why Rover, dear old Rover."

In his present state of feeling the brute's obstreperous joy at finding his master touched him, and seemed to point more forcibly to the neglect and coldness he had met with from those from whom he might have expected affection.

He was just apostrophising Rover as being his only friend, when he heard a fresh young voice that he knew, calling "Rover, Rover."

And the next moment Mary, flushed and breathless, came down the bank.

"Oh, I am so glad I have met you; you went so much earlier than I expected."

"Yes, but do you mean to say you have come all this way to wish me good-bye, Mary."

"Of course! You did not think, John, I would let you go away without saying good-bye, did you?"

"I do not know why you should not. Example is so catching, why should I ex-

pect more from you than the rest of the world?"

"I am sure I do not know why you should either; not certainly because you have ever been better tempered with me than others. Forgive me, John," she added hastily, "I forgot myself. You are going away, and I could not let you or any one I liked leave, perhaps, for ever, without saying farewell."

He looked at her now; something in her voice struck him, and he saw a suspicious redness about her eyes; it was very consolatory in his present state of mind to feel that some one had shed a tear for him, although it did upset the aptness of his recent quotation. He felt suddenly very sorry to leave Mary; he remembered her kindness now. Taking her two hands in his—

"And so then you came to meet me; this was more than I expected any one would do for me."

"People are very wise not to take the trouble, if you treat them as you began to treat me."

"You did not come all this way to be sulky, Mary. I am sure, you know, you must see how I am treated, and when one's mother cares about as much for her son as she does for her dog, it makes one doubtful as to anyone else."

"Dear John, you really mistake your mother. She is fond of you, and even now, I am sure, if I were to return suddenly, I should find her in great grief at your departure. I can tell she feels it by her look when I speak of it; only, you know, she is so undemonstrative that she would never let one see her feeling, particularly when she thinks she has some cause for displeasure."

"Mary, you do not know my mother; she never yet in earliest days has shown me a spark of affection."

"Do not speak so; I do know her better than you, having been so much more with her; but your tempers are so different, you do not understand one another."

"It is not a question of temper or understanding, but of hearts. However, I suppose my mother cannot help it if she has not one."

"Hush, hush, I will not hear such nonsense. You have not much time to spare, so I must wish you good-bye now."

"I very much think," he said, smiling, and drawing out his watch, "that I have already lost the train; but no matter, if it will give me a couple more hours with my kind little Mary."

"Oh, I am so sorry; what will you do?"

"Why, what can I wish for better than to ramble about with you, shepherd and shepherdess fashion, in the shady grove, and come to know each other better than we have yet done."

You see, he took it very much for granted, in his patronizing way, that Mary would be quite willing to pastoralize with him as long as he pleased.

Mary smiled a little to herself as she thought this; but she thought something else at the same time, which was, that she was the only person he ever treated as a child. When she remembered that it was because she was the only one with whom he was on sufficiently familiar terms, the thought was not disagreeable, and she resigned herself to his guidance entirely, saying, as they turned into a delightful woodland walk—

"I don't think I have much to learn about you, John; I know you very well, I believe."

"The deuce you do," he exclaimed, half laughing, and peering into her face curiously. "How and when have you made my acquaintance so thoroughly?"

"Ah, I must have been a strangely stupid little person not to have done so," she said, looking at him roguishly.

It was beginning at last to dawn on the mind of this youth, just crossing the threshold of manhood, that Mary was not a school-girl any longer. He began to think of her age—seventeen—four years younger than himself. This was conclusive, at his age at any rate, whatever it might have been to one older.

After a pause, during which he had arrived at this conclusion, he said, *apropos* of nothing at all—

"Mary, you are seventeen."

"Why, yes; what made you think of it now?"

"I don't quite know; I was thinking that I have known very little of you before this morning; it never struck me you were so old."

"It never struck you that I was old enough to be a companion to a learned judge in embryo; but I have never been so much in love with my young womanhood as

to feel aggrieved that it had never made itself palpable to your eyes."

He said nothing; they had come to a mossy bank, and he suggested their sitting down. After a few minutes' silence, he said thoughtfully—

"Yes, you are seventeen. If I stay away ten years, you will be twenty-seven, and—

"What?"

"Mary," he said, looking at her from under his hand which was shading his eyes.

"What?" she asked, blushing, "unless you meant to add that I shall be getting towards the dreaded rubicon which, it is said, woman never consents to pass."

"No, I did not mean that; but, Mary, you know, I suppose, that I have been stupid enough not to have seen till now that you are very pretty."

He took her hand without the least occasion, as she seemed to think, for she tried to withdraw it.

"And you will be married."

"Oh, pray don't talk such stuff, John. By the way, I want you to promise me, John, that you will try and not be so unjust. I mean," she corrected, seeing him make an impatient movement, "I wish you would be a little less sensitive to your mother's coolness; she means so well, if you did but understand her. Forget that you have been chilled in leaving, and let it make no difference in your thoughts of her."

"I can't promise that, but I want you to promise one thing. You must write to me, tell me all about yourself, and your—your lover when you get one."

John looked as if he expected Mary to protest that she would never have one, but she looked at him very calmly.

"Yes, I will promise, but on condition that you write and tell me all about yourself; and one thing particularly: make me acquainted in your letters with all the new acquaintances you make, like a good brother."

"Show me your friends, and I will tell you what you are," quoted John. "I see through you, little girl," at which Mary blushed guiltily.

"Yes, I shall keep you well informed as to my doings, but not as a good brother, you are not my sister at all, you know,"

"Very well, I am not, if you won't have me."

Notwithstanding his disappointment and griefs, John passed on this, his last day, some of the pleasantest hours he had ever known in Milford, and when at last the train bore him away, he thought seriously of Mary, how pretty and how bright she was, and how strangely blind he had been all this time to the fact that, in all his lonely unappreciated hours since his return from college, there had been at hand within his reach a true little friend, as much unappreciated by him as he was by his mother, and he thought of all this with the kind of regret we feel for opportunities of pleasure to ourselves which we have missed.

II.

JOHN had been some few weeks in New York, and was thinking what a very miserable place that big city was, with its thousands of faces and not one known. He had been working since his arrival with more steadiness than was usual with him, but this day a vagabond impulse had taken him out with the intention of going to Central Park. He walked along the crowded thoroughfares heeding no one, when he was startled by a voice.

"John Morton? or do my eyes deceive me?"

"My name is Morton. Why, Alton, is it possible?"

"None other, my dear fellow, although I hardly expected you to remember me after all these long years; but I should have known you anywhere, you have altered so little. How are you?"

"Oh, pretty jolly for me," John replied, somewhat dolefully, "but your turning up like this is the greatest pleasure I have had for some time."

And the two young men shook hands again very heartily.

"But what brings you this side of the water? I thought you were studying art in Rome?"

"So I have been, but I was told I should get endless commissions in New York, and I came. I suppose by this time you are a flourishing lawyer?"

John laughed.

"Not very flourishing, but never mind talking of such a poor subject as myself. Come to my rooms and let us talk over old times."

John Morton and Edward Alton had been students together at Gottingen, and the latter had been the only acquaintance with whom the shy American had become in any degree intimate. John's manners were not of that sympathetic kind that wins friendship or favour without seeking it; on the contrary they were repellent to strangers, and but for the gay pertinacity of Edward, and the fact that the latter had laid himself under some obligation to him, John would probably have left Germany without having made a single acquaintance. But of Alton he became fond. He was such a direct contrast to himself, so gay and so good-tempered; and if he had some of the little foibles that go so often with that temperament it did not interfere with John's liking for him.

After the surprise of meeting was over, Edward Alton exclaimed, as if struck with a sudden thought:

"By the by, did I tell you I am not here alone?"

"Not alone! Are you married then?"

"No, but my mother and sister are with me."

"Indeed," said John, in surprise.

"Ah my dear fellow, you may well be surprised who do not know my mother and sister, and of what devotion they are capable. What a sacrifice they are making you can judge; they leave a home where they are surrounded by friends, and where their means enable them to live with some degree of elegance; while here, until I can establish myself, those means will be only sufficient for bare comfort. Some day I hope to introduce you to my mother, but on my sister's account she is very particular as to what acquaintance she makes, in fact I may say, of our sex she does not make any, and except in your case I am as little anxious to do so as she. You, I know, she would be glad to make an exception, for she has often heard me speak of you in former days."

"But, my dear fellow, I would not for the world that your mother should break through her rule on my account. I respect her motive too much to wish it."

And yet John had hardly meant what he said; he had heard of this good mother from Edward when at college, and her son's tone now revived a recollection of all those anecdotes he had heard of her, and Alton's little sister, who, from her brother's description, was an angel, I was going to say, but as in addition to unusual beauty he had also occasionally related various *espièglerie*s of hers, perhaps it would be hardly the fitting word. He remembered, too, how he had longed to know this mother, and had watched Alton go home for his holidays half enviously, therefore he felt a desire to see this true woman; to look for once in his life on a family perfectly united.

After his meeting with his old schoolfellow, John Morton modified his views of life in New York considerably, things and people look so different under different circumstances, and he began to think that life was easier there, where, nobody caring for anybody, there were no heartburns or aches, at least of the kind he had been accustomed to. His views of human nature, too, were improving; he began to believe in the reality of friendship, maternal, filial, and paternal love, things he had read of and believed in early "foolish days," as he had since called them, but which he had afterwards rejected as myths, romantic and ideal virtues, never realized in life, where he had seen everything give way to interest and prejudice. These things were once more becoming real; he found a son worshipping his mother, and joining that mother in love for the sister and daughter. John could not help reflecting that the world, having so much improved Edward's moral qualities instead of spoiling them, could not be so bad as he had thought it in his ignorance, for certainly Edward was much improved. He remembered him for an easy-tempered lively boy, attaching himself to new friends —"for what he could get" some ill-natured boys had hinted—his ideas on money matters rather lax, and his courage not above suspicion. Now he found him a man after his own heart, generous, enthusiastic, and with an almost ferocious sense of honour. This much he learned from his conversation; what other faults of his boyhood he had got rid of he could not, of course, tell; at present he could hardly be expected to suspect him of flattery towards himself—we are all so apt to think we merit all the good others attribute to us.

They soon became inseparable. Edward told him of his mother, his saintly mother, of her self-sacrificing devotion to her children; of her beauty; and already, without seeing her, he began to reverence this matron

who had so surrounded her children from their cradle with love that they almost worshipped her, whose son when speaking in her praise did so with glistening eyes, and an eloquence that John had never before seen evoked by *filial* affection; and he began to think that his experience had been unlucky. There were model sons and devoted mothers after all out of books!

So, although he had protested against intruding his acquaintance on Mrs. Alton, he was very glad when Edward told him his mother was anxious to see him, and named an evening on which he was expected, and was absurdly disappointed to find that Mrs. Alton was suffering from neuralgia when next he saw his friend, and that his visit must be postponed until the following week. He felt sure she was the woman who would realize his ideal, and so waited with impatience till he should see in the flesh what he already felt he knew and loved in the spirit.

At last the night came when John was to be admitted within the bosom of this happy family,—he went, saw, and was conquered. When first he entered the room, a lovely lady rose to receive him with a gracious smile and warm pressure of the hand, saying in most melodious broken English, that she was glad to see the friend her son had spoken of so often; she seemed grateful for his being Edward's friend.

John Morton was touched by the warm sympathetic manner of which he had known so little in his life, he gazed with admiration at the bands of glossy air with scarce a grey thread,the still fair cheek and brilliant teeth, and admired the preservative qualities of a loving heart. This enthusiasm was at its height when there was a rustling on the stairs, a look as of listening on Mrs. Alton's bright face,—the door opened, and a vision entered, a vision to John, but not so to you or me, reader, and so with undazzled eyes I will try to describe what he saw, or was too dazed to see.

Beatrice was a lovely girl; she had luxuriant golden brown hair that rippled off a low, broad, white forehead and temples as did no other hair that I ever saw, eyes of deepest blue, a mouth like Cupid's bow, faultless pearly teeth, and a head and profile perfectly Greek in outline; all these were beautiful, and any woman possessed of them must have been a beauty, but they were the smallest part of nature's charm with Beatrice, the thing that made the girl so bewildering was her expression, a look of enthusiasm, if I may so say, that invested her with some spell that other women lacked. That she was not content to trust to beauty unadorned was evident by the careful, if simple, toilet she had made; a dress of watery shimmering green muslin, cut somewhat low in the neck, a thread of black velvet through the lace tucker; and round her perfect throat a chain of fantastically cut pink coral made John Morton think of Naiads, Loreleys and a hundred other beings that Beatrice in no way resembled. He was done for; he did not fall slowly, gracefully in love, but over head and ears, and floundered in his new position as ungracefully as did ever country bumpkin.

She had stretched out both her little white hands.

"I am so glad, very glad, to see my brother's friend; he has told us so much about you."

What answer he made, with those eyes beaming upon him, he never knew, something idiotic of course, but she sparkled and laughed, and was so gracious that his clumsiness did not seem to be noticed. And then her mother and Edward, how amusing they could be, what anecdotes they told, and thus left him to feast his eyes and steep his soul in love for this enchantress, who talked to him too, telling him of her tastes and distastes, from which it appeared that what she liked she liked very much, from the earnestness with which she spoke, and what she disliked it took all the energy of her nature to express.

"Had Mr. Morton been to Italy?" "No." "Oh, he must go; Italy was divine, glorious, beautiful, to breathe that air was truly a thing to revel in," and she sniffed the air with her pretty nostrils as if inhaling that beloved Italian atmosphere.

"Ah! that is living: so different from England or America! Of course I love England, my dear papa was English, but I don't want to live there—except perhaps in winter sometimes," she added dubiously, remembering, may be, certain cold Italian days when the divine country was not so comfortable as more prosaic lands.

John Morton was sure he would like Italy; he was prepared to love everything Italian from this time forth, from the soft Italian accent that sweetened Beatrice's otherwise

perfect English, to the little Italian greyhound that lay so cosily on the rug at its mistress's feet.

Poor John went home intoxicated that night with Beatrice's voice, manner, and beauty. How poor and mean and utterly insignificant was every other woman compared with this one. He had found his ideal! Henceforth the world was Arcadia! life a poem! All he had ever dreamed was a true living reality. Was not here a woman whom painters might worship, yet fail to paint? A woman to inspire a poet, and yet for a man to love?

Edward had made no secret that his mother's means were limited, he had even confided his fears on this subject to John.

"My great fear is," he had said, "that mamma will find it very difficult to live long in comfort in this expensive city on her small means; you see, Italy is so much cheaper that they have had sufficient even for all their tastes there. That adds to my sense of my mother's devotion in coming here with me, and leaving the country she loves; besides, there is so much more pleasure for them in life there than here where they are strangers, and—well, the fact is," he said laughing, "my sister, angel as she is, is somewhat expensive; she has from childhood been adored by every one, been made much of by all our friends, who are rich enough to gratify every whim, so that she has acquired extravagant tastes, and our dear, indulgent mother would give the blood from her veins rather than deny us anything; thus *voyez-vous, mon cher*, the difficulties of living with such tastes in a gay, extravagant city are great. But you must not suppose that dear Trixy knows our doubts, her heart is so good that, if she thought it cost my mother an anxious thought to gratify her, she would deny herself every pleasure."

"She would, I am sure. I do not wonder you can deny her nothing," said John.

This confidential conversation had taken place the day after his introduction to the extravagant little divinity, and it set our hero wondering. What would he not have given to have been rich and able to offer a brilliant position to this adorable creature; he was madly in love, he never stopped to ask himself what it would all come to, how he could hope to marry this gorgeous girl with his modest means? He did not know how, but he was determined he would win fame, fortune, and position; with such a prize in view he would "scale the highest heaven."

He was interrupted in his reverie by a letter from Mary, as fresh and artless as herself, in which she told him all home news; how his mother was sad and more reserved than ever, "which I know is on your account; she loves you dearly, do try to believe it. I always felt sure of it; she thought she would have more power over a wilful boy (you *are* wilful, sir) if she did not show her love; I almost think she sees she was wrong now, although I need not say she is not the woman to confess it. I did not tell you before; but when I got home the day you left, I found her at work, but with her eyes red and swollen. I knew she had been crying, in fact she said:

"'I don't know what the boy is made of, he cares no more for leaving me than if I were a stranger.' I said:

"'Dear mamma, you are mistaken; he sincerely feels leaving you; but he fancied you were glad to get rid of him, because you considered him extravagant, and might come to need help.'

"'Then, if he thought that, if he had a spark of manhood about him, he would not have played the hypocrite, as he did just before he left; but he saw where his habits will inevitably lead him, and wanted to make all right in case of the worst.'

"Now, you see how you two mistake each other. Each act of yours is misunderstood by her, and I must say, sir, you do not make allowance for her temperament, but make things worse by running counter to her prejudices. She does care for you, be sure of it. Your last letter to me she read in her own room, and would not come down to dinner that night."

Having nothing very special to do, and being anxious to talk to some one on the subject that engrossed his thoughts, he answered her letter at once. In doing so, he faithfully obeyed her last injunction, told her about Miss Alton, and glancing off to other topics, always returned to that one. To Mary, he resumed his old brotherly, patronizing manner; it is true, at parting she began to appear in the light of a possible "ladye love," but now, by comparison with Beatrice, what was she? A mere childish school-girl! He smiled to think what a state of mind he must have been in to have been

nearly captivated by her mere common sense and fresh prettiness, to think that he might possibly have stayed in Milford, married Mary and settled down into a quiet, country life, and never met his ideal.

Poor romantic John Morton ! It had been well for you to have settled down with simple little Mary, and left your poetic soul to take care of itself !

Of course John was not long in finding an excuse to go very soon again to Mrs. Alton's. Beatrice, the evening before, had expressed her admiration of flowers ; violets and lilies of the valley, she declared, were her favourites, and "if mamma were only rich, I would have great bunches of them in the rooms ; but," she had added, shrugging her shoulders disconsolately, "here, every nice thing is so dear, mamma says, to have as many flowers in our rooms as we do in Italy, would cost a fortune," and so, feeling it very hard that a divine creature like that should have a wish ungratified, John had paid a visit to a florist on his way, and invested twenty dollars in two bouquets of violets and lilies, and bore them in triumph to his enchantress.

How can I describe the pretty rapture, the passion of admiration displayed by the beautiful girl when she saw them ; her voice positively trembled with delight as she ran to her mamma like a child with a toy.

"Mamma, mamma, look at the delicious flowers that dear, good Mr. Morton has brought," each adjective emphasised with voice and glances of intense gratitude.

"My dear Mr. Alton," said the mother, "excuse me, but you are very extravagant to bring such costly flowers, I cannot allow Beatrice to receive such gifts. Look at her, look how pleased she is," she added, her prudence evidently swallowed up in watching her daughter filling with her own hand the vases to hold them, and stooping to inhale their fragrance in ecstasy.

"Poor darling, it is so long since she had such things," and the mother's soft eyes looked gratefully at the young man who had given her darling such pleasure.

But Beatrice is not satisfied with mere thanks.

"Now, Mr. Alton, you have given me such pleasure, I will do something for you, though only such a small thing beside yours. Are you fond of music ?"

"Yes," said John, earnestly.

"Well, I am a true daughter of Italy, and some people say," she said coquettishly, "that I can do something in the way of singing—so I shall sing for you, and I assure you I don't do that except for my particular friends."

Beatrice sang, and John could scarce refrain from falling at her feet as he listened to that divine voice. She had chosen some of the songs most thrilling to a man in love, and as she sang to him appealingly, entreatingly, "*Robert, toi que j'aime,*" with tears in her voice, her eyes full of love, what wonder if he felt thrilled with emotion, that he was afraid to trust his voice to thank her. But to the mother, jealously watching for signs of his appreciation, his silence was eloquent ; she was, no doubt, accustomed to the signs.

Edward came in just as she concluded, and broke the spell that it had left. He joined her in a duet, and then she sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," and it was not till she rose from the piano that John found words to thank her.

"Your voice would be worth a fortune to any one who needed it," he said, after expressing the pleasure it had given him.

"I suppose it would," she said with tranquil acquiescence, "and that is what I would like, but mamma will not allow me to think of it ; although I must confess while I have studied, it has always been with the view of being one day a *prima donna.*"

"Your mamma is very right," said John, very earnestly. He felt a jealous pang at the possibility of her belonging to the public as much as to him.

"I am very glad, my dear Mr. Morton, that you agree with me. With economy, I have enough to live upon, and do not wish to expose my child to the temptations and fatigues of a professional cantatrice."

"Yes, but is it not hard, dear Mr. Morton ?" said Beatrice, "I love beautiful things, so does mamma ; I confess to a passion for diamonds and carriages and all sorts of ease and luxury, and I think mamma would like me to have them, and yet with the power of obtaining all by my voice, we are obliged to live in this mean way ; I suppose I am very mercenary ? No, I am not. For really I think more of dear mamma than of myself ; I am afraid even now, although I really don't buy many things that I want, that I am too extravagant for her purse."

John smiled to himself as he looked at

the elegant knick-knacks around the room, and thought some one must indulge a taste for trifles that it required a tolerably long purse to pay for.

"But Miss Beatrice, your mother is quite right, your sphere should be in a home."

"Oh! I don't care about spheres. Now look at us; Nilsson sings to-morrow; we have heard her many times in Europe, and once here, and yet mamma wants to hear her in *Mignon* to-morrow; I know she does, and I would give my eyes to go. Well, because we went last week, we can't afford it now. Of course these are little troubles, but see how easily they might be avoided; I have only to sing, and we have all we want. Suppose mamma," she said, turning eagerly to her mother, "that it was your daughter who was in Nilsson's place?"

"Ah, my dear, you don't know when you are well-off," said the mother, sadly.

"That is the way, Mr. Morton, mamma always looks when I begin to talk sensibly," and she looked with comic appeal at him, "Nilsson sings *Mignon* to-morrow night. now, you go and hear her, and then tell me if she does it better than this!" And with childlike impetuosity she took up the music of *Mignon*, and went through the principal parts, her brother and mother joining in occasionally.

"There, now!" she said, when she had done.

John saw he must say something, though he would rather have remained silent with those tones lingering in his senses.

"It is delicious; I have heard Nilsson; I thought no one could approach her; but, although your styles are so different, I don't know which to prefer. It is certainly a pity to hide such gifts under a bushel, and yet I should not like—that is, as a friend, I would rather you—I agree with Mrs. Alton."

He felt he had betrayed his strong interest by his blundering speech, and hastened to take leave of the family, although he knew that his life would be a blank until he saw her again.

The next day he wondered what she might at that moment be sighing for, that prudence prevented her having. He longed to get the tickets for Nilsson; but as she had spoken so openly the previous evening, he did not wish to wound her delicacy by offering them; but he knew she was to sing *Mignon* again the following week, and then he would offer the tickets. He accordingly went to the agent, engaged the best seats vacant, and then cast about him for some means of gratifying her at an earlier date. She had said she had a weakness for diamonds and a carriage; how he wished he might dare to offer her a superb diamond ring he knew of! At least he could get a carriage, and take her and her mother for a drive in the park, and so he went to the best livery stable he knew, engaged a handsome carriage and horses for the afternoon, and then returned to work until the blessed hour should come when he would make his appearance at the house of his enslaver.

It was not, perhaps, the quickest way to get rich, this; but he wanted to get so very rich that such expenses as an occasional carriage or opera-box would certainly not make much difference, and, then, how well was he repaid by Beatrice's little scream of joy when she saw the champing horses at the door, and learnt Mr. Morton's desire to know if she would drive. Of course she would; she kissed the tips of her fingers to express her delight, and then tripped off to get ready.

Whatever might be Beatrice Alton's faults, coolness in receiving kindness was not one of them, and in the park her face was so bright, her remarks so animated, that over and over again John congratulated himself that he had thought of this drive, and determined to renew it very often.

I need not trace John Morton's progress for the next six months; suffice it to say that he spent much of his time at Mrs. Alton's, and worked like a horse to make it up when at home, and that he had made no money, but spent so much that he was afraid to look into his affairs, and was more in love than ever with Beatrice.

His love's course had not gone on smoothly. He found she was somewhat of a coquette; but it seemed the charming coquetry of a spoiled child, not of a designing woman. Every one admired her, and she seemed to listen to every one with as much pleasure as to himself, and yet there was a manner about her, too, to him, that he thought she showed to no one else. Surely, surely, her eyes brightened at his approach, her manner was more subdued when he went away; and yet when he spoke to her of love—for, of course, he had spoken very early in their acquaintance—she checked him—gaily, merrily, as if she did not look on it as a serious matter.

"Now, Mr. Morton, this is dreadful," she had said. "I was just thinking at last what a dear friend my brother and mamma had, and you spoil all by talking such nonsense to me. I love every friend that way; men think of nothing but love. *Dio mio!* why can't they leave that on one side?"

Edward told him that the dearest wish of his heart was to call him his brother-in-law, and Mrs. Alton spoke of the great esteem she had for him, but did not think Trix was likely to marry, and she advised him to try and get over his love; they would be so sorry to lose him for a friend, and so, though he told her he could never get over his love for her daughter, they were better friends than ever. Mrs. Alton became very confidential, told him all her affairs, and then let out the skeleton in her cupboard: her difficulties with her children. Yes, she, this devoted, happy mother had trouble with her children, but her trouble arose from the very qualities which made them so charming. "Edward was gifted, as Mr. Morton could see; he had influential friends; but he was unstable, he neglected opportunities of making reputation, not from idleness, but from sheer inability to tie himself down to accomplish a task; he worked in a desultory fashion very hard. Mr. Morton could see for himself what were the faults of her dear boy; would he not advise him? He will be guided by you, Mr. Morton, for he loves you so much."

Of course, John Morton was proud and happy to think he had influence over Edward, and very earnestly promised to use it.

"And then I am troubled, my dear sir, about my daughter; you see what a dear girl she is, and, you see, she is like a child in so many things; but she is self-willed and capricious, and with her beauty (you will excuse a mother saying this, will you not?) these qualities cause me great uneasiness. She is extravagant, and would never be happy in a life in which she could not have all she has been accustomed to; and yet she is capable, if she took a fancy to a man as poor as her brother, of marrying him, trusting to her voice to keep them; and I could not see my daughter marry in that way, Mr. Morton. You must not think me a 'managing mamma,'" she added, laughing, "but I know Beatrice, and what life would be to her without luxury."

Mr. Morton thought no such thing, and quite sympathised with her maternal anxiety; at the same time he wondered within himself if this little confidence had been given for his benefit. He was comparatively poor; but even if it was, it only proved a kind desire on the part of Mrs. Alton to show him things as they really were, and it raised Beatrice in his estimation that she was a girl to follow the dictates of her heart in spite of prudence, and he told himself the man who would let her throw herself away on him, unless he had a splendid home to give her would be a scoundrel. But did not this very confidence of her mother foreshadow a possibility that she might be capable of committing such a folly for him? In short her mother must know or suspect she loved him. The thought was delirium, and he worked harder than ever, and so it turned out he was encouraged rather than discouraged by her confidence. He wrote for the Magazines, and was engaged on a book, all to help him to the fortune he must have; and he also stuck to his law, but somehow it was very uphill work, and his expenses were very far in advance of his income now. He was proprietor of two thorough-bred horses in Dickel's stables, and had, besides, become an exquisite in his dress, and a frequent customer of Tiffany's. He was very largely in debt, as may be supposed, and had. besides, anticipated a large part of his future means; but his love and his confidence in himself blinded him to everything, he sought only the means, at present, of gratifying Beatrice. He had heard her speak longingly of a beautiful horse, and say how much she enjoyed riding; here was an opportunity of enjoying hours of her company alone, and so he possessed himself of the steeds before mentioned; nothing less than a thorough-bred was worthy to bear Beatrice, and he could not ride, at her side, an inferior animal. The horse he had wished to present to her, but her mother positively declined so costly a present, though, as other articles as costly had been accepted without difficulty, John more than suspected that Mrs. Alton preferred the use of the horse to accepting it as a gift which she would have to feed.

It was, perhaps, singular that at the end of six months, notwithstanding her confidence in and friendship for him, John had not quite such a high opinion of Mrs. Alton as he had at the beginning of the acquaint-

ance; he had a vague distrust of her soft words and tender looks, and had fancied once or twice her actions had not quite accorded with her disinterested words; but this feeling never existed when he was in her presence, then, with her sympathetic face and kind manner, she was again the devoted mother and model woman of his fancy.

Edward, with the greatest affability, came to his rooms, drank his India ale, smoked his best cigars, borrowed his money, and kept him company in the kindest manner. Was John busy, Edward sat down with a book or made drawings, until, weary of writing, his friend felt it a pleasure to turn and have a bright companion. As to his money-borrowing, John had known his propensity in that way in former days, and took it as one of the faults of which all men must have a share; and, really, apart from a little laxity in money matters, Edward seemed to have no other. But Mrs. Alton had even frankly told John of her knowledge of her son's thoughtlessness, and begged him not to gratify it, as it only made him extravagant, for if he knew when he was in need that he must either apply to her or economize, he was too good a son not to do the latter. Who could really doubt the sincerity of a woman who thus gave him kind motherly advice even against her own son?

As I said some time ago, six months had drifted by since John was blessed with the acquaintance of Beatrice; his majority was at hand, and he knew that he had made a very large hole in the modest fortune his father had left him; he began to see that, even working like a horse as he did, the law would not give him for many years the wealth he must have before he could wed Beatrice. True, he was not *sure* she would have him; but he believed her coquettish evasions resulted only from girlish caprice and love of keeping him in suspense. But the money, the money! how to make it? He had heard a good deal lately of fortunes made in a single day in Wall Street; he might do for Beatrice what he never would have done for himself—he would risk a trifle.

He paid a visit to an acquaintance of his, a stockbroker, and then came back to drive with Beatrice and her mother, according to previous arrangement.

Mrs. Alton still kept to her Italian custom of never leaving her daughter alone in gentlemen's society if she could help it, and John was very far from quarrelling with her for her prudence; perhaps, if he had been engaged, and dared to expect a lover's privilege, sometimes he might have found a third person *de trop*.

They drove to the park, and Beatrice was bright and gay as a bird. He looked with delight on her animated face, and forgot the money cares that had begun to press heavily upon him lately, in listening to her bright sallies. They had reached the end of the drive, and were turning, when a carriage that had been behind them passed, and John, glancing casually in it, saw a gentleman alone. He was startled to hear a stifled "*Dio mio!*" from Beatrice; turning quickly round he saw her looking white and frightened; she had put her hand out to her mother, who looked equally disturbed.

John's first idea was that Beatrice's discomposure had something to do with the gentleman in the carriage; but he saw his mistake when her mother, looking relieved, said: "*Beatrice mia*, you frightened me; are you better?" and then he saw that it was some sudden indisposition that had caused that blanching of her countenance. Very much concerned, he asked her tenderly what he could do.

"Nothing, I think," said her mother. "Beatrice is subject to little attacks like this sometimes. You must excuse me being so anxious about what is really a trifle; but a mother feels all her child's pains, you know, as if they were her own."

The colour gradually returned to Beatrice's lovely face, but she was not herself, and Mrs. Alton was evidently anxious about her, and directed the man to drive home as quickly as possible.

On arriving there, Beatrice retired at once, and her mother, having excused herself, followed her.

John Morton was left a prey to keen anxiety for his darling. There must surely be something serious in these attacks that could so change her in an instant.

When he called the next day Beatrice received him, and in answer to his anxious inquiries, laughingly assured him she was now in perfect health. It had just been a little spasm; but something in her manner, an uneasiness and restlessness she could not hide from so keen an observer, alarmed

him, and he determined to see a doctor and ask if there could be anything the matter with her heart.

He carried out his resolution of asking a doctor's opinion, but could get no satisfaction from him without he had been able to see the lady. Forced to be satisfied, he solaced himself by lavishing upon the capricious beauty everything that could gratify her taste: costly books that he himself delighted in acquiring, and believed others must equally value; curious knick-knacks for which she had a passion; and hot-house fruits and flowers in abundance. Truly he must have acted on that deceitful old maxim, "In for a shilling, in for a pound," for he threw away his money most recklessly.

After a few days of this seclusion, he succeeded in making her promise to drive the next day, and then Mrs. Alton gave him another proof of her confidence.

As he was preparing to leave, elated to think at last the darling girl was herself again, her mother followed him out of the room, and told him she wished to speak to him for a minute, and then he entered Edward's studio with her.

"Mr. Morton, I am going to confide in you as a friend. I know I may do so, for I look on you as my own son."

John's heart gave a great throb at these auspicious words, and he felt as if he could embrace the charming motherly lady gazing at him with her large soft eyes.

"Beatrice does not know what I am about to tell you, for although she is such a child in some things, she is very sensitive; but Edward and I think I ought to tell you, who are so good to us, all our secrets. Not very much of secrets after all," she adds with a smile. "But it is a little history, and you must sit down."

After he was comfortably seated, she began.

"While Beatrice was at school in Paris the brother of the schoolmistress fell in love with her. She was such a child—imagine, only fifteen!—and so gay and thoughtless that she was younger than most girls at that age. Of course she knew nothing of love, and as this man was pleasant and kind to her, she liked him very well. He was a very fine musician, and that was a charm that Beatrice could not resist. Had he been old and ugly it would have been the same, she would have been delighted in hearing his violin, and when he brought that to the parlour in the evening, she used to applaud rapturously. I know Beatrice; I see it all; but this man pretended that he took this love of his art for encouragement—that he knew from this pleasure that she loved him. When I took her from school he came to me and made his proposals, saying he had every reason to suppose my daughter loved him. I was very angry, Mr. Morton, as you may suppose, that Beatrice should have concealed such a thing from me; but on asking her and telling her of the man's visit, she was horrified. The poor child had no idea of his caring for her; she certainly did not care for him. All her enthusiasm had been for his violin."

John mentally thanked his stars he had no violin, so that all her enthusiasm for him must be for his own personal qualities. "Would you believe me, Mr. Morton, that man told me he had determined to marry my daughter, and would follow us to the ends of the earth; but he would have her. And he has kept his word; he has followed us these three years, and he is here now. That was what frightened us in the park the other day; Beatrice saw him."

"But," protested John indignantly, "if this man annoys you, the law will help you."

"Ah, my dear Mr. ——, no, I will call you John, shall I not? My dear John, you little know that man. He does absolutely nothing that we can take hold of. He meets us at public places, bows to my daughter and myself, and we find him everywhere we go; and there are no means of preventing that. But Beatrice is afraid of him, he affects her like an evil spirit. I believe," said Mrs. Alton earnestly, "it is the *magnetismo*, as we say in Italy. Now, I want your advice, dear John," and she laid her hand on his arm caressingly. "I want to take Beatrice away to some quiet place where she can recover herself. She hates the sight of that man so much that I know she will not venture out enough for her health, now she knows he is in the city. shall take her away at once, to-morrow morning, if you can tell us where it is best to go."

John was very glad to aid her in running away from his rival that she hated, and very much flattered that they should, as it were,

make one of the family of him. He immediately suggested their going to a quiet little place up the Hudson, and told the anxious mother that he would go with them, and put all straight for them.

"I thank you very much, John. I am ashamed you should have so much trouble, and indeed Edward can take us and settle us comfortably, if it is any sort of inconvenience. It is only that, I suppose, you being American must be able to do so much better."

John assured her of what she knew already, that nothing would give him so much pleasure as being useful to her and her daughter.

It was not till John Morton got to his rooms, and was thinking over what he had just heard, that he remembered Mrs. Alton's manner in the park on the day her daughter had been startled by the appearance of this hateful lover; and the somewhat circumstancial account she had afterwards given him of Beatrice suffering from such attacks, and this discovery of her powers of acting confirmed the vague distrust he had sometimes felt of her, and he was thankful to remember that Beatrice had not taken any part in the acting, except by allowing him to think her ill. However, he could find a dozen excuses for that passive deception, but none for Mrs. Alton, who seemed to have made it a fine art. Beatrice could not help her mother's faults, and it was she he loved; so he started off the next day to Newville with the purpose of engaging rooms at the hotel there.

The same afternoon he went to inform Mrs. Alton that everything was ready for their reception, but that lady was out, and Miss Beatrice was dressing, the girl said.

Begging she might not be disturbed, he went into a little reception room behind the parlour, to wait.

He had not been seated many minutes when he heard Mrs. Alton enter; but as she appeared to be accompanied by some one, he went on with the book he had picked up; but he was very soon roused by hearing his own name.

"I tell you, mamma, she had better marry John Morton. I would tell him about Beatrice; he will believe anything you say."

"Marry *him!* My Beatrice marry *him!*" said the lady, whose voice was Mrs. Alton's, scornfully. "Don't you know better than to counsel a second mistake? No, when Beatrice leaves me now, it will be to make her own and all our fortunes."

"I don't know about that, with this fellow hanging about."

John Morton had surely not meant to listen, but the parties were speaking excitedly and quickly, and before he could get out of the room he had heard the foregoing, and then he swiftly left the house. Ah! that he had never entered it.

But no. Beatrice was blameless of this; he had not quite understood some of the allusions, but in all there was nothing to show that Beatrice had anything to do with her mother's wily schemes. Indeed it would rather seem she had not, for she was spoken of by both mother and son as an instrument in the hands of the former,

His horror and indignation at the cruel scheming of Mrs. Alton were extreme. Of course he saw now that she had only tolerated his advances just for what she could get from him, and Edward the same; but Beatrice had accepted all in childish faith; he knew that. No doubt she loved him, and was cajoled by her mother into a game of procrastination, the result of which she did not herself foresee.

Having explained to his satisfaction Beatrice's part in the scheme, disgusted as he was, he could stand everything else.

As if to console him in part, he heard on his way home that his small speculation had turned out well. He had made more money in a day than law would have brought him in ten years, as he was going on now. He instantly sent instructions to his broker to operate largely, and then sat down to consider what he should do. It was clear he must come to an understanding as soon as possible with Beatrice. With Fortune smiling at him as she had just done, he feared nothing. He would be of age in a few days, and then he would marry; but he had quite decided that Mrs. Alton should afterwards see as little of her daughter as he could manage. Meanwhile he must fight that lady with her own weapons until he had this desirable understanding with Beatrice; for if once she suspected he knew her, and intended marrying Beatrice in spite of her, she was capable of carrying her off.

You see, his opinion of Mrs. Alton was a very poor one at this time, but the very success with which she had blinded him

showed him the extent of her powers; so, foreign as it was to his nature, he must play the hypocrite, and thus once more he went to keep his engagement, tell of the arrangement he had made, and see them off.

This he did, and so busy were they all, or so well did he disguise his feelings, that no one observed any difference in his manner to Edward or Mrs. Alton. Beatrice was brighter than she had been for many days, evidently relieved to get away from her persecutor, and as if to make up for the cruel discovery he had made of her mother's sentiments, she was kinder than ever to him.

She returned the long, lingering pressure of his hand as he wished her good-bye, and her last words were—

"Mind you come to-morrow early— don't forget."

"As if I could forget," he murmured.

"No, you must not forget, dear Mr. Morton," said Mrs. Alton softly.

"Good-bye, old fellow, see you to-morrow," says Edward; but John hears nothing but Beatrice's sweet "Don't forget."

Now John had intended going to Newville to instal his beloved in her home *pro tem.:* but he had that day received a note, asking him to meet a gentleman who wished to consult him. Now, as clients were very rare fish, he had thought it best to forego the pleasure of being with Beatrice, and attend to this one. He had made an appointment accordingly.

Punctually to the minute appeared a tall, thin gentleman, in blue spectacles, who plunged at once into business.

"I want to ask you a few questions about a case I am going to lay before you. I have a little personal history to relate, and must beg your patience. Three years ago I was in Italy, and fell in love with a singer there, a young lady who had lately made a successful *début.* She was wonderfully beautiful, and, of course, queen of the hour; but, notwithstanding the crowd of suitors she had, she returned my affection; but her family had much higher views for her, and knowing they would never consent to our union, she eloped with me. For a few days all was *couleur de rose*, my wife charming, and I worshipped her; but after the first novelty wore off, I found my wife's love was one of those transient passions, to which the Italian nature is subject, and that unless I could supply all her extravagant whims, I should have a very wretched life. I am a musician; I was then only commencing my career, and this elopement had made a great difference to my pocket, having had to throw up my engagement to effect it. Thus, a very luxurious life was impossible. As my wife had known my means, I had hoped she would have contented herself until I could get another engagement; but I was mistaken, and, after five weeks of married life, she returned to her mother, who had been furious at her child's marriage. After she had left me, some attempt was made to annul the marriage; but, although the lady passed for a girl in her teens, it could be proved that she was really of age at the time of our union. Failing in this attempt, the mother, who expects the daughter's beauty to make a brilliant match, came here, and has procured a divorce; that is to say, she petitioned in some out-of-the-way court for a decree of divorce on false grounds, and the notices to me to defend myself were published in an obscure journal that could scarcely by any ordinary chance meet my sight; but, in dealing with my mother-in-law, I do not trust to ordinary chances, and so it *did* come under my notice, but not till too late for me to put in a defence. Now, if this divorce stands, my wife will marry again as soon as she can reach Europe. There is a wealthy young Englishman madly in love with her, waiting to marry her on her return from this trip, which he has been told is the fulfilment of a professional engagement.

"I warned the unfortunate fellow; but the mother knowing I was going to do that, had represented me as a harmless lunatic who had gone mad from love of her daughter, and believed myself married to her. I could have convinced him, had he allowed it, but he treated me with courtesy, pretended to take my word for all I asserted, and I left him, astonished at the calm way in which he took such tidings. It was not until afterwards that I found out that his mind had been prepared."

John had listened with a strange, eager interest to this story, making no remark that would interrupt its progress; in spite of himself he felt a sinking of the heart as the gentleman looked in his pocket-book for papers, saying,

"Here, I have the notice of the divorce court. Now, I must explain why I sought you, instead of applying to another lawyer.

I believed your mind also might have been prepared by my mother-in-law, and you would thus refuse to listen to me until I could offer proofs. I have no doubt you recognise me as the individual who so startled a young lady you were with in a carriage, and I took the precaution of wearing glasses to avoid immediate recognition, as I knew in some way or other I had been slandered by her. I will trouble you to read these."

Mechanically, John took the printed slips, his eyes rested on the names: "Beatrice Alton, Henri Felix." Worn down as he had been for months past with excitement, the shock was too much, he fell as if shot.

* * * * * *

John Morton heard voices whispering around him. For some time he lay in pleasant semi-consciousness, and then he began to wonder who could be whispering in his bedroom. He opened his eyes languidly, surely the window was not in the right place! This was not his room! He made an effort to rise in his bed, and see what the meaning of it all was, but he was powerless. Some one passed the end of his bed, surely it was his mother!

"Mother! why, where am I?"

"Never mind that now, John, you have been very ill, and must not talk."

Yes, there was Mrs. Barnes. Grim still, but with a softer look, of which she seemed ashamed, hovering round that stern mouth.

John tried to think how she could have come there, for he saw now he was in the little sitting room attached to his office, and then light began to dawn upon him. He remembered the visit of the stranger, Beatrice, all. Ah! why had he remembered? Why had not memory remained a blank? In his utter weakness, his face worked with pain and his eyes filled, but his stern mother still beside him created a happy diversion.

"John, can you see a friend and keep quiet?"

"Yes." And the next minute Mary was at his bedside, sweet as ever, but pale and weary-eyed with watching; how pleasant it was to see her, how peaceful it all seemed after the feverish life of the last few months.

Mary repressed the eager questions that rose to his lips, and sat beside him in silence.

But the days came when he was stronger, and then she told him how Mr. Felix had found out where his mother was, and had telegraphed for them; how when they came they found him where he was, well attended by the excellent Mr. Felix, who, on their arrival, resigned his post to Mrs. Barnes, telling her all that he knew himself, which seemed to be almost everything there was to know, and then Mrs. Barnes's mother's heart had spoken.

"I always told you she loved you, John, and you would not doubt it if you had seen her agony of mind when you were in the greatest danger. Oh, that was a dreadful time!" and the tears welled into Mary's sweet eyes as she thought of it.

It was a great relief to John to know that he had no explanations to make; but he dreaded that what his mother might think it right to say when he was stronger would spoil their present good relations; for, deceived as he had been, except in the case of a little reckless extravagance, he could not hold himself wrong in having so madly loved Beatrice; it was not his fault if she was not as good as he had thought her.

But he need not have feared, Mary had made her stepmother promise that she would not in any way allude to the past; indeed, like many more, she found it easier to forgive a great misdoing than a small one. She even went further; and when she found that nearly all John's money had been swallowed up in his second speculation, she made him no reproach.

As far as her son was concerned, it was, perhaps, a very good thing it had so happened, for he went to work, as he had never gone before, to repair his wrecked fortunes.

His misplaced passion for Beatrice faded as his health returned; and, in spite of her beauty, he could wonder what had so enthralled him. Mary was worth fifty of her for a wife, and when he went home in the summer he took up the thread of his life where it had broken on his departure for New York; he pastoralized anew with Mary, but now he intends it to be not only for a summer's day, but to life's end.

A WINTER SONG.

ALAS! cold earth, dost thou forget
The scent of April's violet?
Do wailing winds bemoan the death
Of youth, and joy, and odorous breath?
Are all these shrivelled leaves that fall
Heaped up for beauty's burial?

Ah! no, no, no—the careful year
Prepares a bed and not a bier;
Though beauty's trance be long and deep,
Her heart still quivers in her sleep;
Then leave her place of slumber bare,
Let the loved sunlight enter there.

Alas! cold heart, hast thou foregone
The bliss that o'er the spring-time shone?
Has all the winter of thy woe
Congealed thy weeping into snow?
And in that long and bitter frost
Has the sweet life of love been lost?

Ah! no, no, no—love wakes again,
Though still and pale it long hath lain,
And chilly was its place of rest—
Then warm it, dearest, on thy breast;
Revive it with thy voice divine,
It wakens to no touch but thine!

—*Temple Bar for January.*

A STUDENT'S VIEW OF EDUCATION IN NEW YORK CITY.

T. S. ORMISTON, N.Y.

THE Public School system of the United States has always been considered not only one of their greatest subjects of gratulation, but also, perhaps, the chief bulwark of their liberties, the true foundation for the perpetuation of their republican institutions. Having once granted universal suffrage, however clearly statesmen may now perceive it to have been a serious blunder, it is impossible to do away with it. The only safeguard, then, consists in educating the people to such an extent that they may properly and wisely use the power so trustingly confided to them. Hence the great importance of the schools to the Government, and hence the necessity that these schools should be conducted in accordance with the principles that underlie the United States Constitution. To permit them to be controlled by a system adverse to liberty, free thought, free government, would render them not useless, but dangerous, to the authorities they are designed to support. The long-headed Jesuit, ever wily and sagacious, has perceived this most vulnerable point for attack, and the warfare is already begun. Their insidious advances have been met in too many places by careless concessions and ready compliance. In other localities, on the contrary, the recoil has been to the other extreme. It is decidedly questionable just how far "the Bible and our Public Schools"—a cry now ringing from many a broad platform—is to be justified. Is it not tyranny, a word abhorred by ears republican, for the two Christian neighbours of a son of Abraham to compel his child to listen, in company with theirs, to the story of Him whom he believes to have been only an impostor? And why should the version of King James, the learned, be preferred to the Douay, accepted and believed in by so many citizens? It seems to be no part of a public education in this country, which recognises no sect as superior to another to instruct the young in matters of religion. The thoughtful, though truly pious, l-gislator would hesitate to place the Bible among the text-books of the Common Schools; though he may well question whether, at the bidding of an arrogant, assuming, aggressive Church, he should now remove it from its honoured place. There can be no doubt, however, as to the necessity of active resistance to all demands for Separate Schools to be supported by the general fund. Contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, and in the highest degree ill-adapted to the training of a truly patriotic American citizen, their establishment would create a dark, heavy cloud for the future.

But it is not proposed to attempt the discussion of any so weighty questions in the present article. The writer intends, as best he may be able, simply to give a sketch of education in New York city, as it has appeared to him as a student, not attempting to view it as an instructor or educator. It may be well to add, in order that the reader may judge how far he is entitled to make comparisons, that he has had experience as a scholar in both Ontario and New York city schools; while his collegiate training was received in two of the Metropolitan colleges.

Of private schools it is scarcely possible to write in general terms, so much depending upon the principal. As a whole, with some notable exceptions, they are very questionably effective and exceedingly expensive. Besides these schools, almost countless in number, there are one hundred and seventeen Public Schools, with an average attendance of one thousand in each. The teachers are paid, probably, neither better nor worse than their fellow-labourers elsewhere. Although these schools are supposed to be equally well-equipped, and to stand on the same level—divided, of course, into the "primary" and "grammar school" grades—still, it is a well-known fact, that two have been drilled and maintained to a special point of excellence as show schools, and it is to these, the one for boys and the other for girls, that the attention of visitors, interested in our school system, is usually directed. The teach-

ers in these schools are selected as the best in the employment of the city; the subjects of study are more numerous, and are pursued to a greater extent than in the other sister-schools. In consequence of these advantages, these schools are crowded with the children of the rich, and it is no easy matter to have a child enrolled in them as a pupil. With specially chosen teachers, carefully admitted pupils, and manifold advantages, it is obvious the visitor to these schools gains no true impression of New York city schools in the main. However, the same spirit which created these schools has had its effect more or less upon the others. They all have a training for these inspections by the distinguished stranger or those in authority. If, for instance, a noted visitor from a distance desires to see the school, the principal conducts him to the "large room," as it is commonly called, capable of seating all the pupils, and quietly giving him a seat upon the platform in the empty room, he rings a bell. In a moment a person enters, at times a teacher, but not unfrequently one of the scholars, and plays a march upon the piano —that universal adjunct to the gathering-rooms of our city schools. By this time, the steady tramp of hundreds is heard throughout the building. Doors, on opposite sides of the room, open simultaneously, and disclose long lines of pupils keeping time to the music, and waiting for the signal to enter. A clear note from a silvery-toned bell, and together the ranks at each door move in, and, so close is the array, that not a sunbeam could slip between. On they march, the leaders on each side of the room taking care that they are exactly opposite each other, until they reach their allotted seats, when they file in, and stand motionless. At the sound of the bell, together these sink into their seats, not one head being lowered before its mates; while the same signal has started the next classes waiting at the doors. And so these movements are repeated until all the scholars are seated, and the room is full. Then the music ceases, the performer steps back with a bow, and all listen for the praises of the visitor for whom this has taken place. Of course they receive them, for no doubt, the performance is very effective. Not a word has been spoken,* only the music, the tramp of hundreds of little feet, and the occasional tinkle of the bell have been heard. The regular lines of children, accurately graded from the leader, the tallest in the class, to the shortest, who humbly bring up the rear, in the closest arrangement, and keeping perfect step, moving as if by one impulse, are, no doubt, suggestive of thorough discipline and the best of good order. But these visitors do not know the many hours which have been spent in practice for this, after all, useless show. Every week this manœuvre is repeated again and again. Classes whose execution of it is considered particularly bad are kept beyond hours, and required to march in and out until at last a satisfactory degree of excellence has been obtained. Punishments for the individual scholars who fail in any way to observe the strict decorum at this time insisted upon, are severe, and every care is taken to make the performance as effective as possible. I remember hearing a gentleman, who had been struck by the universality of some such drill—generally, indeed, of a much more decided military character—in the schools throughout the States, maintain that the Republic would rapidly become warlike, and, as in France, a military despotism, the realization of the shadowy "Cæsarism" of the New York *Herald*, would soon dwell in the White House! Without believing that any so direful results will follow these harmless performances, we may regret their existence, when too much time is occupied in practice for them.

In the school-room itself, as a scholar, I was particularly struck by the freedom which existed between the teacher and the pupils, a freedom that not always escaped license. One example may be given from my personal observation. The teacher, a gentleman, had just finished an explanation of a somewhat troublesome problem in algebra, and one of the boys, failing to understand it, and desiring that it should be repeated, abruptly called out, "That's too thin—it won't wash!" As this expression was at that time very much in vogue, it was readily interpreted by the teacher, who, without a

* While care is taken to prevent noise, and unnecessary talking is avoided, I have not here noticed the excessive precautions in use in the Detroit schools, mentioned in an article which appeared in a recent issue of the MONTHLY, from the pen of a well-known instructor, the advantages of whose thorough and scholarly teaching I enjoyed for fully five years.

word of rebuke, began again the explanation. Of course I do not suppose many teachers in New York would permit such language to be addressed to them in the class-room; yet this gentleman was second only to the principal in a large school, and was considered a most excellent teacher.

Of the subjects of study, arithmetic is the most favoured. Rapidity as well as accuracy of solution is required. Generally the answer is called for before the whole class have completed the problem, so that a high pressure rate is continually maintained. While the work is performed both rapidly and correctly, in the majority of school-rooms it will be found it is done solely by rule, and few scholars are able to give any other explanation than the rule learned by rote. As corporal punishment is almost, if not entirely, abolished, detention after hours takes its place; and, while so confined, the children are usually drilled in arithmetic. Drawing is taught in most of the schools by a master specially provided for that purpose, vocal music receiving a similar attention. The ordinary subjects of a Common School education are not neglected. Reading is remarkably well cultivated, a distinct articulation being always required; though universally a peculiar inflection is taught, which is not over agreeable to my ears. The history of the United States is thoroughly studied, with but little of any other nation. Another incident that occurred in my personal experience I venture to give, with the caution that *ab uno disce omnes* must not be applied here. It was at the time the Court of Arbitration was sitting at Geneva, and the feeling in New York was very strong, that I chanced to be present at a lesson in history, which was certainly unique as *history*, and which would probably receive a plainer monosyllabic epithet "across the line." It was begun by the question "Has the United States a claim against Great Britain on account of the ravages of the Alabama?" The class was unanimous in the affirmative. "Has Canada a claim against the United States on account of the Fenian raids?" Here a negative was returned. "Wherein lies the difference?" The class failed to answer, as their suggestions that "the British Government knew beforehand of the unlawful preparations, and that it had the power to stop them," were met by the teacher with assurances that the American Government was equally well-informed and able to interfere in the case of the Fenians. Finally he solved the perplexing question thus: "*The Alabama was manned by sailors transferred from the British navy, and, so long as they fought her, were regularly paid by the British Lords of the Admiralty;* while the Fenians, whatever encouragement they may have indirectly had from the American Goverement, were certainly not in its pay during their incursions into Canada!" If such teaching were universal, it would be surprising that the feeling is not more bitter against that country which, while thus apparently fearing to wage open war against the north, still secretly and cowardly did its utmost to injure it in its day of trouble. My own surprise at this outrageous statement was so great that I was unable even to contradict it.

For a year past we have had a "Compulsory Education Act" in New York, but little can be said of its action, for it has never been really enforced. By it children from five to fourteen are required to attend school. Our army of newsboys and shoeblacks would be almost annihilated were this Act carried out. The State must first resolve to support these homeless children before she can deprive them of their opportunity of earning a livelihood for themselves. For the instruction of those at work during the day, night schools are conducted, and, in many neighbourhoods, are well attended by pupils of all ages.

As a part of the educational system of the city, two colleges are supported: the Normal College, for the education of young women, more especially with the view of fitting them for teachers in the Public Schools; and the College of the City of New York, which crowns the school system with an academic training, and confers upon its graduates the degrees of A.B. and B.S.

The Normal College has lately been transferred to the magnificent and costly building erected for it by the city on an "up-town site." As we are very fond of saying of all manner of things over here, it is, in all probability, *the largest and finest* Normal School *in the world.* Fifteen hundred pupils have even now filled its spacious halls. These come from the Public Schools, but are admitted only after a thorough examination, at which it is necessary to receive not less than 75 per cent. of the

maximum attainable. The course is of three years; Latin, geometry, algebra, the sciences, and modern languages being the subjects of study. There are six Professors and a large number of lady-teachers, selected from those engaged in the schools. The diplomas entitle the graduates to teach in any of the Public Schools.

The City College is attended by seven or eight hundred pupils, but nearly half of these are in the "preparatory department," in which Latin is begun, and geometry and algebra studied. In addition to this year, there are the usual four years of a College course. No student is admitted who has not spent at least one year in a Public School, and, like the schools, it is perfectly free, even all the text-books being furnished. There are two courses, with some options; those who have pursued the classical course (Greek is begun in the freshman's year!) receive the degree of A.B., while on graduates of the other, known as the scientific, which differs from the first in little save that modern languages supplant the classics, the degree of B.S. is conferred. The average age of graduation is eighteen or nineteen, and, with a freshman class of over a hundred, seldom more than thirty receive their diplomas, since so many leave after a partial course, or fail to pass the semi-annual examinations. While the course in the mathematical department is nominally severe, the calculus being a study of the second year, and applied mathematics in the third, it will be found that the course is not so extended nor so rigid as in many other institutions. Never is any work required of the student except what is given on the printed page. No problems in geometry, for example, such as tormented me in my Grammar School course in Canada, are ever assigned for solution. Nothing is demanded save what can be, and, in many cases, is, actually learned by memorizing. The knowledge acquired, and the amount read, of classics at graduation are little more than what is required for matriculation at Toronto University. The sciences are better taught, the Professor of Chemistry being the well-known lecturer, Dr. Doremus. During the freshman year, drawing occupies the students as many hours as the classics, and proficiency with the pencil is of equal weight with scholarship and application in the languages in determining the "merit roll" of the class. Oratory and composition receive great attention. Three orations are delivered each morning before the faculties and the whole body of students, immediately after the reading of a short passage from the Bible, which constitutes the only religious service maintained. The honours at Commencement depend not a little upon the ability of the student as a speaker. At the recent "Intercollegiate Literary Contest" two prizes for Essays were awarded the competitors from New York College. Under the able presidency of Gen. A. S. Webb, the discipline is rigid. The whole plan, together with part of the curriculum, as we have seen, is that of a High School, and not at all what is generally understood as that of a College, in Britain. The students are boys, and are treated as boys. The first time I was present in one of the lecture-rooms, the Professor made an evidently stereotyped welcoming address: "that we had now become collegians, and were no longer schoolboys; that we would be treated as men, and he hoped we would so act," &c. When he had concluded, and we were quietly awaiting the end of the hour, to be dismissed, one of us naturally looked at his watch, and instantly drew down upon himself a very severe reproof from the Professor. The amusement I felt at the inconsistency of his speech with this tirade, which forcibly recalled the "hands-behind-your-back" period of infant instruction, was too great to be concealed, and my indiscreet smile transferred the irate Professor's attention to me.

Attendance is strictly compulsory, and the theory is, if absent one hour you cease to be a member of the College, and have to be readmitted by the President on your return; that is, an absentee must present to him a satisfactory excuse before joining his class. Of the daily recitations (the classes attend four instructors each day) a record is kept, which is posted fortnightly in the halls. At the semi-annual examinations, 50 per cent. must be obtained in each subject to entitle the student to continue in his class, though a failure in one subject will be overlooked. There is nothing of the nature of an "honour course," and the so-called honours are orations at Commencement, which is the universal name in the States for the ceremony of receiving diplomas. Of these ten orations, five are delivered by the best speakers and writers in the class, and the others are given to those who have re-

ceived the greatest number of marks during their four years' course, those obtained on the examinations being of equal importance with the sum of their daily recitations. (Demerit marks, given for misconduct and tardiness of attendance, cancel three times their number of merit marks, as in the Canadian school system.) An inspection of the students will impress one with the numerical importance of the Israelitish element in the city. The youthful detractors of the College are accustomed to style it "the Hebrew Orphan Asylum!" The faculty are chosen with considerable care, receive a salary of from three to five thousand dollars, and are assisted by a large body of tutors. They are selected with a truly admirable catholic spirit, and I well remember an exciting scene that took place in a senior class lecture-room some years ago, when the Professor, *ex cathedra*, saw fit to stigmatize Christianity as an *effete* system, even in inculcating good morals! The debate which followed, between the Professor, aided by the Jewish members of the class, and those who had received a Christian training, was far too warm to be dignified. The most noted graduate is Mr. Theodore Tilton, but, in spite of his eloquence and ability, not a few question the propriety of taking the public moneys, wrung from rich and poor alike, to support an Institution by which the children of the former class are alone benefited; since a father must be at least moderately well-to-do to be able to keep his son at an unproductive employment until eighteen or twenty years of age. This objection has the more force from the fact that another College, the University of the City of New York, has recently been made free. This latter College, before the late "unpleasantness," was largely attended, I have been told, by Southerners. Of course, that class perished in the conflict, and the University during several years, pined for lack of students. Under the present Chancellor, the learned and eloquent Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, its efficiency and status are again improving, and its three departments of Letters, Law and Medicine, are now moderately well attended.

The University was founded about half a century ago; for ten years only has the "Free Academy" been known as the City College, but in 1754 King George the Third granted a charter to found a college "for the better education of the youth of his loyal City of New York." For twenty years King's College (so called in honour of its royal founder) lived and thrived, until the Revolution came, and the struggle in New York for a while absorbed all energies. Soon, however, the citizens reorganized the College, re-baptized it "Columbia," and under that name she is now New York's greatest seat of learning—indeed, from the numbers in her professional schools of law and medicine, the largest University in the States. With ample endowments (she bears the reputation of being America's wealthiest college), and enjoying all the advantages that money supplies, it is only on account of her metropolitan situation that she is not more widely known. The vast tumultuous life of busy New York completely conceals the quiet cloisters of Columbia, while, were she elsewhere, her thirteen hundred students would make her almost a town in herself. Eminently conservative, the College is conducted in an unobtrusive yet effective way, and, while seldom attracting public attention, her impress upon New York is deep and lasting. Many of New York's ablest statesmen, from John Jay and Alexander Hamilton, of Revolutionary times, to the present talented Secretary of State, Hon. Hamilton Fish, have received their collegiate training within her walls.

There are four schools under the same general authorities: the School of Letters, or the Arts Department, with 188 students; the School of Mines, or the Scientific Department, 200; the School of Law, 575; and the Medical Department, with an attendance of over 400. The School of Letters alone will lie within the scope of this article. The curriculum, save in metaphysics, will compare favourably with Toronto University. In the classics, perhaps, in general so accurate scholarship is not acquired; while the courses in chemistry and physics are especially thorough. Scholarships of $100 are annually awarded in each subject, and to compete for these it is necessary to do not a little extra work, making the "scholars" much the same as the "honour men" of Toronto University; though "to graduate with honours" from Columbia merely means that the student in his last examination was questioned upon the whole of the work of the senior year, instead of simply that of the last term, and was successful in obtaining over 75 per

cent. The so-called "honour men" alone receive a special standing in the class, the others are graduated without distinction of excellence.

As the students are exclusively New Yorkers, and are generally living with their parents, but little control is exerted by the college authorities over them. While they are expected to be present at every lecture, no notice is taken of their absence, except that no professor will examine a man who has not attended at least three-quarters of his lectures and recitations, and unfortunately no degree will be conferred until a satisfactory examination has been passed in every subject of the four years' course, though, if the student prefer, he may leave many of these until the senior year. For entrances, Cæsar must be read *in toto*, six orations of Cicero, six books of the Æneid, three of the Anabasis, two of the Iliad, with selections from Lucian, &c. It will be seen that, while Toronto requires a greater variety, she demands less reading. In mathematics about the same is needed to matriculate at Columbia as at Toronto, with this important exception, that never is anything like "book-work" expected. As this matriculation examination is more severe than those in the other city colleges, the average age of the students is greater, and no difficulty is experienced in following out the general regulation, "the students are assumed to be gentlemen, and will be treated as such." With the exception of Harvard, of all American Colleges, Columbia gives the greatest freedom to her students, and relies the most upon their manliness. The faculty make no other effort to prevent lack of application than the fact before mentioned, of thorough examinations that must be passed in order to obtain a degree; but the parent or guardian receives a monthly statement of the collegian's attendance and success in his studies, and is thus enabled to enforce greater diligence if he deem it necessary. At Yale College, on the contrary, the strictest surveillance is had over the students. Professors are even willing to serve as temporary guardians, and arrange the financial affairs of those under their care. A recitation on each day's allotted task must invariably be made to the Professor at some time, even though sickness may have been the cause of the student's absence from the class-room!

The cost of tuition at Columbia is $100 per annum. The Professors are of the ablest and best known in the States. Dr. Anthon (now deceased), who edited so many classical books, his colleague and successor, Dr. Drisler, the American editor of Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, Dr. Short, of the committee for the revision of the Bible, Drs. Davies and Peck, the writers of so many highly esteemed mathematical works, have occupied, and, save Drs. Anthon and Davies, still fill professional chairs in Columbia. The present learned President is the Ven. Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, the noted mathematician and scientist. Their support is liberal in comparison with others, if not in proportion to their attainments—from six to eight thousand dollars a year.

It is said that the Columbia men, from the many seductions of city life, are apt to devote too much time to society and the theatres, too little to real study, and many New York fathers send their sons to Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. Yet this is unfair, for, while the city, indeed, offers to those who would be only loungers anywhere, opportunities particularly attractive for their amusement, still at the same time, it affords the main body of Columbia's students, those who are really earnest workers, the great wealth of the public libraries and museums, and occasions for hearing the great men of the platform, the pulpit, and the bar, such as only the metropolis can provide. That city life is not deleterious to muscle, Columbia's record as sending the winning crew of the intercollegiate regatta of '74, and the second in that of '75, most clearly exemplifies. For its effect on the intellect, the after-life of its graduates must be examined.

An objection to Columbia College more frequently advanced by young gentlemen is, that she has no true "college life" for her students, that they merely spend a small part of each day in her halls, and then separate for their home circles, and their home amusements and occupations. Yet we find the college feeling, the *esprit de corps*, very strong and active, and the general good-fellowship among the students marked. The trustees seem to be still in doubt whether, removing a few miles from the city, (they have indeed purchased nine acres in the upper part of the island for $360,000), they shall transform the college, by the adoption of the dormitory plan, to one more like Harvard, or

whether they shall retain their present central position and select London University as their model, and become in reality a lecturing and examining body solely. The Colleges of New York State are under the supervision of "the Regents of the University," consisting of a number of gentlemen appointed, I believe, by the Governor. Columbia alone, from her age and reputation, perhaps also from the fact that, owing to the immense increase in value of her extensive real estate in the city, she no longer requires or desires further State support, is in no way subject to them. It will no doubt have been understood that the City College is a part of the public education provided by the city, and is, therefore, under the direct control of the Commissioners of Education.

An important feature of American student life remains to be noticed. What causes the students of Columbia to display so much more good-fellowship and *esprit de corps* than would, from her peculiar position, naturally be expected? Undoubtedly it is the great development of the "secret fraternity" system. All Americans, of every rank and age, are very fond of secret associations, and nearly every man bears the golden badge of some organization, which claims him as a member. These college "Greek Letter" societies, which are clubs that meet for social and literary purposes, and whose "secret" character consists simply in their doors being closed to all non-members, have indeed become a characteristic feature of college life in the States, and are certainly better and have wiser ends in view than the celebrated fighting bands of German Universities. Notwithstanding the recent action of the Princeton faculty in suspending all known members of these societies in the College, I cannot understand how the presence of any such organization as the Delta Kappa Epsilon, or Psi Upsilon fraternity can have otherwise than a healthy effect upon the collegians. It must be acknowledged that a mere local club might degenerate into a gathering for frolic and dissipation; but on a fraternity with chapters in twenty, or even thirty colleges, with a past reputation during forty or fifty years for scholarship and literary ability to maintain, the very rivalry with its competitors causes the annual convention, or congress of this little republic, to keep a close watch over each individual lodge. Since each band carefully selects only such students for members as are quite agreeable to all within it, the friendship and companionship between brothers of a lodge are close and intimate. By these clubs men are prevented from developing abnormal eccentricities. They spur on the sluggard to exertion; they seduce the pale, wan bookworm from his folios for a row on the river, or a walk with merry companions; they coax the modest and retiring to social scenes and pleasant circles, and warn and guide aright the fast and dissipated. In short, these societies (of course I do not speak of all, but of the best) aim at producing among their members no one-sided, abnormally developed character, but perfect men, with all the faculties and muscles alike in healthy action. It may seem strange, but it is the repeated experience in our Colleges, that men who will not work for their own reputation will strive hard for the honour of their society; and those who would care little for their own disgrace will hesitate to make their fraternity a by-word, and give her rivals an advantage. Of course the system has drawbacks as well, and even its warmest defenders should not hesitate to state them. Union is strength the world over, and it not unfrequently happens that these societies, acting as guided by one will while possessing the influence of many, conscious of their power, make improper use of it. All honours in the gift of the students—the men who represent the College in its public entertainments, the Wooden Spoon of Yale, the Goodwood Cup of Columbia, which are reputedly given to the most popular man in the class, the valedictory in those Colleges, as in Columbia, where the students, and not the merit roll, select the speaker—all these and many more are controlled by the societies. Two or three unite, and by their combined vote carry the elections as they will, and divide the various offices with true political immorality. Occasionally, it is said, but very rarely, and never in the best of these organizations, they interfere with matters beyond the sphere of the student, and, by exciting the interest and using the influence of their graduate members, have removed professors, and remodelled faculties. On the whole, however, their effect is excellent upon the general tone of the students, and their rivalry with each other prevents even the unprincipled from forming so extensive coalitions as to be dangerous.

or troublesome, as a usual thing, to the constituted authorities; their antagonists' efforts are directed against each other.

In general, of the system of education here adopted, I would mention the great attention paid to elocution. Reading and declamation are carefully taught in the lowest classes in school, and so soon are the pupils encouraged to deliver their own compositions, that it has been said that they are taught to make a speech before they are to think. (In many of our Legislatures the same unfortunate *hysteron proteron* mode of proceeding is too common.) In most Colleges, though not in Columbia, oratory has a very prominent place in the curriculum, and it would be well for Canadians to imitate this in part. It is only lately that English literature has received the attention it merits; but rhetoric has never been neglected. Mathematics are not pursued, on the whole, to such an extent, nor with such thoroughness, as in British institutions; while the amount read in classics is frequently greater, though but seldom can such accurate scholarship be shown. On the other hand, the sciences are more generally studied, and the professors are furnished with more extended opportunities and with ampler facilities for experiment and illustration in the lecture-room, than in most Canadian institutions.

It is evident, however, that the system of education in Ontario compares most favourably with that of New York in all important particulars, and, whatever may be said of Canada's "slowness" in forming rings and in corrupting legislative bodies, she may claim, at least, to be abreast of her go-ahead neighbour in her system of public education.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN A LOVING PAIR OF TWINS, SIAMESE TWINS, BY NAME, SELF AND I.

SELF and I, on our return from a fashionable dance in the moon—it will at once be seen how little like the fashionables of the moon are to those on what we are pleased to call our sublunary sphere—drew up our easy chair before the fire, which burnt cheerily in our cosy bachelor's room, and with ample dressing gown wrapped round our manly limbs, great Tom, wisest of councillors, purring on our knees, and the most fragrant of weeds between our lips, proceeded to hold a *Tabaks-concilium* on the evening's party. This is a habit which we have borrowed from several of our young lady friends.

"Well, I," said Self, "how did you enjoy the dance to-night?"

"Oh! much as usual; you know, Self, dances are not much in my way."

"Now, I, there is a good deal of humbug about your not enjoying dances. It is all very well, when it is over, to put on the air of a philosopher and despise such frivolities; but, unless I am much mistaken, you enjoyed yourself very well—at least your flirtation with Miss Tender Sympathy."

"Yes, Self; but then Miss Sympathy, dear girl, appreciates my ideas, and I adore a woman who appreciates my ideas."

"Nonsense! what woman appreciates ideas? No, no, I, if Miss Sympathy appreciates anything of your pet *Idea*, it is, perhaps, the great *I* himself, unless, indeed, the *dea* is herself, goddess of your worship."

"Vile pun, Self, I am ashamed of you."

"*Peccavi*, I won't do it again. But, friend I, what a lot of nonsense you did talk to Polly Vain, and not a word of truth in it."

"Truth! Self, what man ever talks truth to a woman? And if he does, small thanks he gets for it."

"Well, I, the dear creatures return the compliment, for little truth they talk to men."

"No, nor to each other—unless it's disagreeable."

"Rather low, I, for men to blame women for their shyness of the truth, when they take care, as far as they are concerned, they shall never hear a word of it from the cradle to the grave. If we were continually fed on trashy sweetstuff, I daresay our digestion for wholesome food would soon become very weak. No, I, try a little truth with our sisters; the best of them will think more of the compliment to their strength than of the nastiness of the dose; and even the Polly Vains may, in time, learn to take it—in thimblefuls."

"Yes, Self, and hate the doctor."

"Well, I, you know it is the privilege of an unselfish man, if such there be, to sacrifice himself for the good of society."

"Perhaps you are right, Self, but even you must allow that the sex is dreadfully vain. Poor little Polly! what a monstrous appetite for flattery she has, to be sure!"

"Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, I. Polly and her sisters have time to digest the sweet poison, while the hurry-scurry of the world gives us a corrective next day; but we are just as fond as they of the intoxicating draft."

"Self, you are, indeed, a philosopher. But what do you say to Carry Faithful, who, on my praising Miss Proudfoot's looks and dress, enthusiastically agreed they were superb; but then, sly puss, gently insinuated that gas-light and—hem!—a little high art improved Miss P.'s style of beauty immensely; and, of course, her dress was very rich and handsome of its kind, but 'don't you think, Mr. I., as a man of taste, it is more remarkable for costliness than elegance,'—delicate thrust, Self."

"Yes, but not so fast, I; remember Carry is poor, and has sense enough to know that, spite the old proverb, beauty unadorned has a very poor chance with beauty much adorned. Besides, you did not see, as they entered the room, the envious disdain on Miss Proudfoot's haughty countenance, as, at one swift glance, she took in the cheap simplicity of Carry's dress and the fresh prettiness of her girlish face. By the way, I, do you know a greater miracle than the number of flaws in a rival's person and dress which a woman can detect at a glance? Phew! what the earth reveals in a flash of lightning is nothing to it. But to return to Carry—who is a friend of mine—did you see how politely she endured—spite her spite, as you would say—young Pump's wishy-washy egotism, and how, at supper, she put her share of the mottoes in her pocket for her little brother at home. Ah, I, if we, donning the cloak of Asmodeus, could go home with her, see her run into her mother's room and tell her how she enjoyed the party, then up to the little brother's crib, where she puts the mottoes on his pillow, and lovingly kisses his rosy cheek, praying that he may not grow up like brother Tom; and in her own little room, before she gets into bed, see her kneel down by the bedside and pray for the good-for-nothing Tom, who insists on going to the devil faster even than nature intended; and, still on her knees, thinks if Tom would only come home, she could make him better; then wonders if she can manage to send him a little money; and, her thoughts still wandering, blushes as she remembers her speech at Miss Proudfoot, and prays humbly that she may not become spiteful; and then she thinks of the object of her girlish hopes and prays that he may soon be able to claim her as his own. Not a very grand or wise, even a somewhat rambling prayer, I, but honest, and perhaps as acceptable as that of her saintly cousin, who thanks God, in rounded periods, that she cares not for the frivolities of the world."

Here Self stopped for breath.

Whereupon I, after a slight pause, said, "Steady, old fellow! If you had gone on much longer I should have thought you were in earnest."

"So I was, I. But why did not your self-denial make you ask poor Miss Heavytoes to dance?"

"Unselfishness is all very well, Self, but one must draw the line somewhere, and mine stops just this side Miss Heavytoes; but I acknowledge the corn, and that's half way to curing it."

"Nothing of the kind, I. Some people's stock of virtue is so slender that it is all expended in acknowledging their want of it, leaving none upon which to found amendment. But now that you're down, confess you did not feel so particularly well pleased when Miss Carry praised young Slender's good looks and dancing, though you cunningly said, 'Yes, quite a Crichton,' thinking the while his accomplishments lie chiefly in the heels, some one else's at the other end."

"Now, Self, let's change the subject. Don't hit a fellow when he's down."

"By the way, did you see how young Peacock tried to flirt with pretty little Mrs. Grahead. Poor fool! He fancies she is in love with him."

"More knave than fool, I. You see he judges others by his magnificent self, and therefore concludes his pretty partner can't care a rush for her great uncouth monster of a husband, a hair of whose ugly red head, by the way, she would not sacrifice to save Peacock's whole body from hurt, or his soul, if he had one, from Hades; and as he has seen his rivals snubbed, he thinks the chambers of her heart are empty, and that he, like the chief, or all seven, of the devils in Scripture, may enter in and abide there; goodly furniture to look on, I, but rather rotten at the core. But tell me, I, if nature had not forbidden you the same success in *ces affaires de cœur* as young Peacock, do you think you would be proof?"

"Humph! No success, indeed! I can tell you, Self, when I was young and went in for that sort of thing I, I—"

"Stay! 'No more of that, Hal, an' thou lov'st me.' Don't remind me of one of those old fellows, awfully wild in their youth, who tell you, with a flourish, 'Gad, sir, you should have seen me with the women when I was young; why the dear creatures hadn't a chance, but went down before me like the pigeons before the artillery of the gun club.' Poor old fool! His deadliest weapon was the long-bow, and a feeble enough one at that. But, I, what were you talking so earnestly about to Miss Maud Pious?"

"Why, I was trying to make her as a good woman, confess that Bragg had behaved very shabbily to Miss Simple; but she couldn't see it."

"No, I should think not. Why Bragg is her hero, and catch a woman, however good, understand injustice on the part of her hero god. A woman takes her principles diluted through the concrete. Remember Milton's line—

"'He for God only—she for God in him.'"

"Yes, or, as Shakespeare might have said, 'for man, as you know, is woman's idol.'"

"An ugly Joss, I."

"Like the rest of them, his superior parts gold, his inferior clay."

"H'm! Great predominance of clay! But, I, it strikes me that if some of your fair friends were here they would think you a little less than kind."

"Yes, Self, but they would be wrong. A cynic always sneers at the foibles of those he loves most. Why, man! it's when you are all raw with the flaws in your hoped-for ideal that you writhe and sting. For my part I adore everything in a petticoat—save a priest."

How much longer we might have gone on with the colloquy I do not know, but our cigar was out, and Tom, stretching himself with a portentous yawn, seemed to say, "It is time to go to bed, my friends, and I hope you will be the better for your talk."

We took the hint, and went to bed, but just before going to sleep, I, who is very pertinacious, called out, "I say, Self."

"Yes."

"Eureka!"

"What have you got into your head now?"

"An idea, an epigram, and a rhyme."

"Indeed! I suppose I must listen to it. Go on."

"Here it is—

> "Woman, at her best, an angel is,
> But man a god becomes at his."

"Not so bad at this time of night, but pray remember, I, that *many* women are angelic, but as for men—well! though we have got rid of the tail, the mark of the beast is still there, and I am afraid that most of us are much nearer to the ancestral gorilla than to the gods."

"Self, speak for yourself."

"Good night."

"Good night!"

THE HINDOO SIRDAR, OR THE RAJAH OF BICKRAMPORE.

RISE ! rise ! my men, the Sirdar cried ;
The foe invades our soil,
And seeks our children for his slaves,
Our riches for his spoil.

Up ! mount ! my warriors, and away ;
Confront these savage foes ;
Ne'er be it said the Moslem swine
Got aught from us but blows.

A carrier pigeon he enclosed
Within his silken vest,
And ere he mounted for the field
He thus his Queen addressed :

" Should victory rest upon our swords,
Myself the news will bring ;
Soon as my courser's head is seen,
The gates wide open fling ;

" And in the shadow of this arch,
Unnoticed thou may'st come ;
Thy glance will cheer my victory,
Thy smile my welcome home.

" But should the pigeon reappear,
We never meet again :
I greet thee soon victorious,
Or 'midst my foes lie slain.

" Should fate for me have such a doom,
My funeral pyre raise high ;
Better than meet the Moslem's gaze,
In honour pure to die."

With silent agony of heart
She humbly bent her head ;
Herself to God's high will resigned,
And for her husband prayed.

From earliest streak of coming dawn,
The conflict's din rose high ;
With vengeful shout, with curse of hate,
And shriek of agony.

By noon the Moslem host gave way,
The Rajah still pressed on ;
And ere the sun had reached the west,
He victory had won.

To quench his burning thirst he came
Near to a river's brink,
And kneeling on the muddy shore,
He stooped him low to drink.

His vesture's fold was thus unclosed ;
Away the pigeon fled ;
And with a rapid circling flight,
Its homeward course it sped.

Haste ! mount ! speed ! speed ! the dove is gone ;
Great gods, arrest its flight,
For if it safely reach its cote,
My day is changed to night.

Long, long he urged his weary horse,
With voice, with spur, and rein ;
When morning broke the gallant steed
Lay dead upon the plain.

Alone on foot he struggled on,
Though strength was ebbing fast ;
When first he saw his palace walls,
The dawn was fairly past.

The Queen had on the palace roof
At twilight walked alone,
In hope to hear the courser's hoof
Bring news of victory won.

Gazing across the arid plain,
By fears her hope was hushed ;
Lo, thro' the coming evening's gloom,
A snowy meteor rushed.

" The carrier pigeon comes," she shrieked—
" Where, where's my lord ? " she sighed—
The crimson blood her bright lip stains,
She faltered, fell, and died.

Too late, alas ! he reached the gate,
Then cursed his vesture's fold :
A cloud of white and curling smoke
His loss too surely told.

Then, when he felt his fate was full,
Fierce blazed the funeral pyre,
His failing strength but served to plunge
Into that scorching fire.

Ruined and drear his palace lies,
With rank weed tangled o'er :
Thus died the last of his high race,
The Chief of Bickrampore.

D.

Montreal.

GOETHE'S "FAUST."

BY A. C., STRATFORD.

A LATE reviewer has dwelt ably upon the difficulties that stand in the way of a just estimate and a full appreciation of the power and work of a poet who writes in a foreign language. So much of the essence of poetry evaporates in the best translation; so much of its subtle grace eludes the student who is compelled to read with the dictionary by his side; the deeper meaning is so hard to fathom when the forms of speech employed are other than those which have been familiar to us from childhood. Thus it is that so few English readers have anything but a superficial acquaintance with those bright stars in the literary world who wrote in other languages than that of Shakespeare and Milton. We generally bow to the authority of that small class who are able to comprehend and appreciate them, and who assure us that they are worthy of being called great; we dutifully read some translation —uncertain whether it be good or bad—and profess ourselves satisfied as to the beauty and power which we are told may be found in the original.

And yet there are some authors whose works, even when seen only through the mist of translations and by the light of lexicons, justify the pre-eminence that has been accorded them. Such an one is Goethe. Idolized by his own countrymen, who can enter into and fully comprehend the spirit that actuated him, and to whom his eccentricities of expression, his alternations of grossness and of grace, of selfishness and of sympathy, are quite natural, he has, at the same time, a large class of devoted adherents among those who have had to study him under disadvantages from which one of his own nation would be happily free. And while there are many who look with a feeling akin to abhorrence on his cool self-sufficiency—his entire separation from all human interests, except in so far as they can be made subservient to his own pleasure or culture; yet none of these for a moment deny his possession of a genius which places him beyond the reach of detraction. No name during the last century has won so high a place in poetry; none has exercised so great an influence on literature. His writings have given rise to numerous schools of poetry and of fiction; they have been the stimulus which has stirred into activity many a noble mind; they have been the delight of his own countrymen, and the study of the cultured of all countries where literature is known.

The genius of Goethe culminates in "Faust." It is true that he spent far more time in the composition of "Wilhelm Meister," which is generally considered the matured product of his matured brain; but this is not a work which fixes the attention, takes hold of the imagination, and dwells in the memory, like "Faust." No German work has been so often translated into English; and yet, for the time and energy expended upon it, we know of no work that has so poorly rewarded the translator's labour. More than twenty translations have been issued, and yet so able a critic as Mr. Lewes, the biographer of Goethe, assures us that "Faust" has not yet been, and cannot be, translated. We do not accept Mr. Lewes's verdict as strictly just; but still we must confess that we have never seen the version which fully satisfied us. Even the best of them—that of Bayard Taylor—has its faults.

It is not our intention, however, to review the translators nor to enter on any extended criticism of the original. But as there are doubtless many readers of these pages who know "Faust" by name only, and who may not be unwilling to know it more thoroughly, we purpose devoting a little space to a description of this masterpiece of the great German poet. In our quotations from it, wherever we adopt the rendering of other translators, we shall give them full credit; for those which are not credited to any one the present writer is responsible.

As already intimated, we conceive that Bayard Taylor has approached nearest the

spirit of the author in his version, while at the same time making the English dress in its metrical form an almost literal copy of the original. There are, however, many other versions of considerable merit—notably those of Lord Ellesmere, Theodore Martin, and C. T. Brooks. Translators have usually confined their labours to the first part of "Faust," which gives the episode of Margaret complete in itself. There is a second part, which only a few devoted disciples, like Mr. Taylor, have ventured to translate, and into the consideration of which we shall not enter at present.

The story is founded upon a legend long current in the imaginations of the people of many nations—of a soul sold to Satan for earthly pleasure and power. But in his treatment of this old fable, Goethe has nationalized it. To give a philosopher the chief place in the story; to bring the outpourings of a lofty intellect into such close contact and contrast with the gross pleasantries of the vulgar; to cover the whole with a fantastic mist through which goblins and witches peep and mutter, and behind which angels sing, would be unnatural in any other land than Germany. So it is that on an English reader, unaccustomed to German literature and German life, the first effect of "Faust" is not always pleasant. The mixture of reality and unreality, the blending of intellect and superstition, the combination of metaphysics and sentiment, tend only to bewilder, while the occasional grossness of the scenes and coarseness of the humour awake a feeling not far from disgust. But this effect soon wears away, as the reader begins to admire the beauty of the language, and to discern the moral of the story—the deep meaning beneath all its apparent mystic confusion.

After an invocation of singular beauty to the "dim and shadowy forms" that surround the poet; a "Prologue in the Theatre," in which the manager, the poet, and the jester give their views of the poetic and dramatic art; and a "Prologue in Heaven," in imitation of the first chapter of Job, the tragedy opens with a night scene in Faust's study. In a long soliloquy, we have laid bare all the weary and unsatisfied restlessness of a mind filled with ambition, yet convinced of its limited powers and attainments. After long years of patient application he has become fully versed in all the learning of the schools, and has attained a high reputation for wisdom; but still he feels that an ocean of truth lies beyond his ken, and that disappointment and failure await him.

"Too deeply does my spirit feel the thought;
Unequal to immortal powers 'tis wrought."

By the power of magic he calls up the Spirit of Earth; but in its awful presence he stands abashed, and dare not avail himself of its companionship. In his despair he turns to suicide as a last resort, and already is raising the cup of poison to his lips when his hand is arrested by the sound of the Easter Hymn, sung by a neighbouring choir. His heart is melted by the reflections that arise, and he feels himself drawn back to earth to enter anew upon its struggles.

In the scene "Before the Gate," Faust mingles with the populace in the festivities of the Easter Fair. The free, sociable, and un-English Sunday of the German is before us, and we can see how readily the liberal-minded scholar unbends to meet the simple merriment around him. But after he has left the crowd behind, in the companionship of his own thoughts, the old weariness comes back, and he turns sadly homeward, followed by a dog which has attached itself to him on the road. The dog, however, is only the devil in disguise; and when Faust, in his study, commences to translate the New Testament, he becomes so excited as to awaken the scholar's suspicions. Through the force of a magic incantation he is compelled to drop the shape of the dog and assume a human form—the Mephistopheles of the tragedy. He offers Faust all the satisfaction and happiness that can be desired, and the latter accepts—more apparently from excitement and a desire to escape the consciousness of his own failure than from any hope that the devil can help him.

MEPHISTOPHELES. "Done!"

FAUST. "And heartily!
When thus I hail the moment flying:
Ah! still delay—thou art so fair,
Then bind me in thy bonds undying—
My final ruin then declare;
Then let the death-bell chime the token;
Then art thou from thy service free;
The clock may stop—the hand be broken—
Then time be finished unto me."*

The scene in which Mephistopheles assumes Faust's robe, and converses with the

* Bayard Taylor.

student, is amusing, though in some places a little misty; and the reader is apt to adopt the words of the youth, after some of the extravagant statements of the teacher—

"Your meaning, sir, I cannot quite discern."

The whole scene is a satire on the educational systems of the German universities, which Goethe held in poor esteem. After this we have a scene of revelry in Auerbach's cellar, at Leipsic; and then more disgusting orgies in the witches' kitchen, where Faust drinks the magic potion that restores his youth.

Then follows the accidental meeting of Faust and Margaret. Struck with her beauty and her *naïve* simplicity, he at once seeks to secure her for his own sensual gratification. Of course, Mephistopheles gives him all the assistance he can. But a new emotion is awakened in his breast, for he speedily falls in love with her. Even at the outset, when he steals into her empty chamber, we can note his remorseful passion awaking some degree of pitying tenderness for the helplessness he seeks to ruin:

"Oh, welcome twilight, soft and sweet,
That breathes throughout this hallowed shrine!
Sweet pain of love, bind thou with fetters fleet
The heart that on the dew of hope must pine.
How all around a sense impresses
Of quiet, order, and content;
This poverty, what bounty blesses!
What bliss within this narrow den is pent!
* * * *
And I? What drew me here with power?
How deeply am I moved this hour!
What seek I? Why so full my heart, and sore?
Miserable Faust, I know thee now no more."*

The character of Margaret is unique in fiction. We see her simplicity, which is not ignorance; we recognise her passionate emotion, which is never coarse; we listen to language which, though that of a peasant, is free from all traces of vulgarity. The child of a mother evidently stern and puritan, her own amiable disposition readily accepts the friendship of Martha, whose loose theories pave the way for her ruin, and listens to the seductive words of Faust unconscious of evil. And after their mutual confession of love, she shows how admiration for his splendid intellect has helped to stimulate and strengthen her affection:

"Dear God! how ever is it such
A man can think and know so much!
I stand ashamed, and in amaze,
And answer 'yes,' to all he says;*
A simple child, I cannot see
Whate'er it is he finds in me."

But now, with a purer emotion of love awakened for her whom he had fixed on for his victim, the spirit of Faust is filled with remorse and hesitation. He rushes away from the scenes of pleasure to commune with himself, alone with nature; and in that grandest of scenes, "Wood and Cavern," he has almost determined to forsake her entirely—to leave her in her innocence and purity before evil comes to her. But his attendant demon cannot permit him to relapse into a state of virtue; and by his sensuous description of her loneliness, and sorrow over her desertion, turns him from his half-formed purpose:

Enough of this! Your darling sitting there,
Waiting in rain her lover's face to see,
Is full of sadness and of care,
So ardent is her love for thee.
* * * *
Instead of making here your throne,
'Twould best become a man like you
With some reward her love to own.
For her the hours are sad and long,
As by her window still she waits,
Watching the passing clouds; her song
Is ever "Would I were a bird!"
All day and half the night 'tis heard.
Cheerful at times, but pensive most, she
Now sadly weeps, and then will be
Composed again; but always loves.

Then we see Margaret sitting alone with her spinning-wheel, singing her mournful song, "Meine Ruh' ist hin." This has been often translated, but Mr. Taylor's version comes nearest the original, in spirit as well as in form:

"My peace is gone,
My heart is sore;
I never shall find it,
Ah! nevermore.

"Save I have him near,
The grave is here;
The world is gall
And bitterness all.

"My poor weak head
Is recked and crazed;
My thought is lost,
My senses mazed.

* * * *

"To see him only,
At the pane I sit;
To meet him only,
The house I quit.

* Bayard Taylor.

* Bayard Taylor.

" His lofty gait,
  His noble size;
The smile of his mouth,
  The power of his eyes,

" And the magic flow
  Of his talk—the bliss
In the clasp of his hand;
  And, ah! his kiss!

* * * *

" My bosom yearns
  For him alone;
Ah! dared I clasp him,
  And hold, and own!

" And kiss his mouth
  To heart's desire,
And on his kisses
  At last expire."

This prepares us for the second garden scene, where, after catechising Faust concerning his religion, Margaret consents to admit him to her chamber—first securing themselves against discovery by giving her mother a sleeping draught. But their pleasure is soon tempered with bitterness; the mother dies from the effect of the potion administered to her, and Margaret begins to feel the pangs of that remorse which follows sin committed. "My peace is gone," she sang, when she thought her lover was lost; but there is a more tragic anguish in her hymn to the Virgin:

" Bend down thy gracious brow,
O rich in sorrow thou!
  Upon my sore distress and need!
The sword hath pierced thy heart,
For, aching with the smart,
  Thou stoodst to see thine own Son bleed!
Then to the Father high
Went up thy yearning sigh,
  Pleading for His and thy sore need.

" Who knoweth
How floweth
  Keen anguish through me now,—
How my poor heart with fear
Is trembling, longing here?
  Thou knowest—only thou!

" And wheresoe'er I go,
With woe, and woe, and woe,
  My heart is always aching;
And when alone I creep,
I weep, and weep, and weep,
  My heart is in me breaking.

" The flowers before my window,
  As soon as dawn appears,
Dew-gemmed I pluck to bring to thee;
  The dew-drops are my tears.

" The bright sun every morrow,
  As on the day that's fled,
Finds me in lonely sorrow,
  Weeping upon my bed.

" Keep, save me, comfort me indeed;
  Bend down thy gracious brow,
  O! rich in sorrow thou,
Upon my sore distress and need!"*

The shame of Margaret is soon known; and then another crime is added to the tragedy. Her brother Valentine finds Faust and Mephistopheles serenading her, and, attempting to drive them off, is killed. Faust flies for the murder, and Margaret seeks comfort in her devotions, only to meet the whisperings of an evil spirit, tempting her to the commission of further sin.

We pass by the wild and fantastic "Walpurgis night"—it would take up too much space to treat it fairly—and come to the last scene in the prison, where Margaret is awaiting execution for the murder of her child. While Faust has been disporting with the witches, and plunging into the mad Walpurgis revel, Margaret has been arrested for her crime, and sentenced to death. The anguish that fills his soul when he learns the impending fate of his victim shows that his intercourse with the fiend and his acquaintance with crime have not extinguished all the higher elements of his nature. With the help of Mephistopheles he obtains the keys of the prison and comes to liberate her, only to find that her sorrows have overturned her reason, and that she has become insane. In the words of Mr. Lewes, "The terrible pathos of this interview brings tears to our eyes after twenty readings. As the passion rises to a climax, the grim, passionless face of Mephistopheles appears—thus completing the circle of irony which runs throughout the poem."

We will attempt to give English readers some idea of this scene; though, as we compare the translation with the original, we are almost disposed to agree with Mr. Lewes in his belief that it is untranslatable.

THE PRISON.

FAUST (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp before an iron door*).

" Strength to my limbs my fainting soul denies,
Sick with the sense of man's collected woe;
Behind this dungeon's dripping walls she lies,
Frenzy the crime for which her blood must flow.

* An anonymous translation, first appearing, we believe, in an English paper.—A. C. [The readers of the MONTHLY will find another fine translation of this beautiful hymn at p. 509 of the seventh volume.—ED. C. M.]

Traitor, thou darest not enter in
To face the witness of thy sin!
Forward! Thy cowardice draws down the blow!" *

(*He grasps the lock; singing is heard within.*)

"My mother the harlot
Who put me to death;
My father the varlet
Who eaten me hath!
Little sister so good
Laid my bones in the wood,
In the damp moss and clay.
Then I was a beautiful bird o' the wood,
Fly away! Fly away."†

FAUST. (*Opens the door.*)
She thinks not that her lover listens near,
The rattling chains, the rustling straw to hear.
(*He enters.*)

MARGARET. (*Trying to hide herself in the bed.*)
Woe! woe! they come! 'Tis hard to die!

FAUST (*gently*). Hush! hush! I come thy chains to break.

MARGARET. (*Throwing herself before him.*)
Art thou a man? O hear my cry!

FAUST. Thy cries the sleeping guards will wake.
(*He takes hold of her chains to unlock them.*)

MARGARET (*kneeling.*)
O! headsman, who to thee could give
O'er me such power?
Ah! pity me and let me live!
Thou comest at the midnight hour—
To wait till morn is not too long.
For I am still so young—so young;
And yet must die!
Once was I fair—for that I am undone!
My lover then was near, but now is gone;
My wreath is torn and all its flowers flown.
Clutch me not roughly—spare me yet.
How have I harmed thee? Do not let
Me in vain for mercy sue!

FAUST. How can I bear such grief to see!

MARGARET.
I yield me to thy power. But first
My little baby must be nursed.
I held it to my heart all night,
But now they've torn it from my arms,
And say I killed it in despite.
Never shall I be glad again!
* * * *

FAUST (*loudly*). Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET (*listening*).
That was my lover's voice!
(*She springs up—her chains fall off.*)
I hear him call! O! where is he?
My chains have fallen; none can hinder me!
To his dear arms I'll fly,
And on his bosom lie!
He calls! He stands within the door!
Through all the grim, infernal war
Of hellish sounds his voice I hear,
And know those tones, so sweet, so dear.
* * * *

FAUST. 'Tis I; haste and fly with me.

MARGARET.
And dost thou break my chain,
And clasp me to thy heart again?
Dost thou not shrink and dread to see
Her whom thy hand is setting free?

FAUST. Come! come! Night steals away.

MARGARET.
My mother did I foully slay;
My baby have I drowned.
Was it not sent to thee and me?
To thee! Is it thyself? O! can it be?
Give me thy hand; scarce true it seems!
Yes, 'tis thy hand; these are no dreams.
But ah! 'tis wet! What hast thou done?
There's blood upon it! Quick! Begone!
Put up thy dagger in its sheath, I pray.

FAUST.
O! let the past be past, and haste away!
* * * *
Come! Out in the boundless air.

MARGARET.
Is the grave there?
Waits death for us? Then come!
We'll hasten to that peaceful home.
* * * *
For me, I dare not flee.
What help would freedom bring?
Outside my cell they wait for me.
'Twill be so hard to beg my bread,
And in a foreign land to lay my head;
And then, they'll seize me, whatsoe'er I do.

FAUST. I will be near thee!

MARGARET.
Be quick! be quick!
Save thy poor child!
Keep in the way
That runs by the brook,
Over the road
Into the wood!
To the left—by the brink
Of the pool.
Quick, ere it sink!
It struggles, and tries
Again to rise;
Save it! Save it!

FAUST.
Calm thyself, I pray. See!
Take but a step, and thou art free!
* * * *
The day dawns! my love! my love!

MARGARET.
Day! Yes. The last for me is dawning;
It should have been my wedding morning.
Tell no one thou hast been with me before;
Woe for my garland! Its flowers bloom no more!
Again we shall each other greet,
But at the dance we will not meet.
The crowd is gathering; but no sound is there;
The streets cannot contain them, nor the square.
Now tolls the bell; the staff they break;
They seize me and they bind me fast;
To the seat of death they quickly haste!
The axe that gleams behind
Seems threatening every head,
Though drawn alone for mine.
The world lies silent as the dead.

* Lord Ellesmere. † Bayard Taylor.

FAUST. Oh, that I never had been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Appearing*).
Up and away with haste!
Why thus the moments waste?
My horses shudder in the morning air!

MARGARET.
Who from the earth is rising there?
Oh, drive him forth! 'Tis he! 'tis he!
What wants he here? He comes for me!

FAUST. Thou shalt live.

MARGARET.
O, righteous God! myself to Thee I give.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Come! or I leave you to your fate!

MARGARET.
Save me, O Father! Thine am I!
Ye angels, and ye hosts on high,
Gather around me here, and succour me.
Henri, I shudder as I gaze on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES. She is judged!

VOICE (*Above*). Is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES. (*To Faust.*) Hither to me!
(*Vanishes with Faust.*)

VOICE (*From within, dying away*).
Henri! Henri!

There are few supernumerary characters in the *dramatis personæ* of Faust. The brave and honest Valentine, the loose-minded Martha, the pedantic Wagner, the revellers in Auerbach's cellar, the witches and spirits that flit to and fro across the scene, are but accessories, used only to develop and set forth in *alto relievo* the three principal characters around whom all the interest gathers —Faust, Mephistopheles, and Margaret. Of these, Margaret is the attraction. Indeed the story centres in her; it is her tragedy; it is only an incident in the career of Faust. And in what marked contrast to the others she is pictured! About her there is nothing revolting—even in her sinfulness. About Faust there is little that is agreeable; even his fitful gleams of remorse fail to attract us towards him. He is not the victim of Satan; he is the willing slave. He goes out to meet his tempter. Before Mephistopheles makes his alluring offer, Faust is busy availing himself of magic incantations, invoking demons, and ready, in the presence of failure, to resort to deeper crimes. In the career of pleasure upon which he enters, he plunges with avidity into excesses of every description. Attracted by Margaret's charms, he seeks her acquaintance for his own gratification, although he knows that it involves her ruin. Even the purer emotion of love which subsequently effects an entrance into his heart, is tinged with a selfishness making it too weak to be virtuous, and only revealing itself in paroxysms of sentimental remorse.

But Margaret, though she falls into sin, excites in us neither indignation nor disgust. We know she is a sinner, because we see her sinning; and yet we have no condemnation for her—only sympathy. The evil into which she falls leaves no stain upon her; she seems as pure as when first we met her. She is the victim of man and devil. Without a thought of evil, her loving heart submits to the entreaties of Faust and the machinations of Mephistopheles; and she falls from step to step till she becomes the inmate of a murderer's cell, and through all the only emotion she awakes in us is one of sympathy. Margaret stands alone in the world of fiction. No character has ever been fashioned like her. And as we read the story of Faust, all our interest centres in this ideal of beauty, love, and simplicity, in her lightsome days of innocence, and still more in the pathos of her woe.

As to Mephistopheles, he is a very devil. He is not the magnificent Satan of Milton, whose gloomy splendour and majesty calls out our admiration; but a mean compound of heartless impudence and mockery, without one mitigating feature. He is "the spirit that always denies;" that can see no good in anything; a scoffer and a mocker. No touch of humanity about him; and none of divinity, save in the superhuman power he possesses. We see in him not a trace of compunction over the misery he creates—not the faintest regret for the evil in which he loves to dwell. He is not even a very powerful fiend; for he is bound by petty incantations. The obedient slave of a wizard's device, and the companion of witches in their revels, he is ridiculous in our eyes, as well as disgusting. A mean devil, who offers nothing that we may admire, and whose greatest efforts evoke only detestation.

A solemn moral lies only partly hid by the veil of weird imagery that Goethe has thrown over this old legend. It is a repetition of the cry of the preacher, "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity." For the ambitious soul of man there is neither rest, nor happiness, nor any enduring pleasure. In vain does he burn the midnight oil in the pursuit of knowledge; in vain does he receive the applause of men; in vain does he seek

gratification in sensual excesses. There is no satisfaction to be found anywhere.

> "Die Welt is leer,
> Und weietr gibt sie
> Dem Wunsche nichts mehr."

Stern morality and the pleasures of sin are alike hollow and fruitless of joy. A sad moral were it a true one. Let us be thankful that the poet's conception is but a half truth at its best.

NO HERO AFTER ALL.

BY F. D. WASHBURNE.

"ARE you star-gazing?" asked Helen Deno, stepping out upon the verandah, where Tom Ford stood, staring abstractedly at the cloudless evening sky.

"Only trying to devise some new method of shuffling off this mortal coil," Tom answered, laying his unlighted cigar on the railing beside him.

"Have matters reached such a desperate condition with you?" laughed his companion. "I should never have suspected it."

"It is my hero, not myself, who is to be sent out of the world," was the reply. "Cannot you give me a hint? Poison, consumption, precipices, shipwreck, runaway horses. Bah! I have made use of them all till they have grown wearisomely common. I am tempted to advertise for a novel way of ridding myself or other people of life — even at the risk of bringing a whole host of detectives down upon me."

"Why not let the poor myth live?" questioned Helen, smiling at the comical expression of despair on the perplexed author's face.

"Impossible!" replied Tom. "The lost heir has turned up, and is all ready to marry Lady Gwendoline, and so this hero—assistant hero, rather—is in the way, and must be removed, even if I have to do it in a commonplace fashion. You do not know what a benevolent person I am, Miss Helen, nor how much I have done for the happiness of my kind since first I commenced scribbling. At the lowest estimate I have hunted out and returned to their sorrowing parents fully three dozen heirs and heiresses—with and without strawberry marks and tattooed anchors on their arms. If it were not for the base ingratitude of humanity, my statue, arrayed in nondescript costume, and executed in the worst style of American art, would now adorn Central Park or Union Square. I would like to be a lost heir myself," he went on musingly, "only to be one it is necessary to have liquid blue eyes and golden hair and snowy brow; or raven locks and fathomless dark orbs and classic features, and not one of these attractions did unkind nature see fit to bestow upon me. I am homely—not even picturesquely homely, at that— do you know it, Miss Helen?"

"Since you have made the assertion, I cannot be impolite enough to contradict it," she replied, gathering some of the crimson leaves from the Virginia creeper and putting them into her belt as she spoke.

"Give them to me, please," said Tom, stretching out his hand.

She shook her head and pointed to the vine.

"For a memento of this evening," he pleaded, in a tone which was far from sentimental.

"How many such mementos have you already?" questioned she, still keeping the leaves.

"A dead rose—some other plant, which now looks and smells decidedly hayey—a glove spotted with lemonade, and of no possible use to its rightful owner—a slipper rosette, big and ugly as a mushroom, and a piece of pink ribbon much creased, which may, perhaps, have belonged to Miss Hal-

sted instead of you," enumerated Tom. "That is all, I assure you."

"What are you going to do with them?" Helen demanded, much inclined to laugh.

"Keep them to sigh over winter evenings when the fire gets low and my cigar is smoked out," Tom answered. "One must have help to misery as well as to happiness."

"If that be so, here are the leaves," laying them in his hand. "May they contribute their small share toward making you wretched, since it is for that you desire them."

"A thousand thanks!" he exclaimed, putting the coveted possession into his pocket-book, where the dead rose already reposed.

"Where are your other collections?" asked Helen. "I presume you have made quite a number within the past ten years."

"To tell the truth," replied he, "I burned them after pilfering your glove. I did not wish to get the trifles mixed, and so misplace my regrets, you see."

Helen bit her lip at the straightforward avowal. "Are you always so frank, Mr. Ford?"

"Never," he answered, "except when craftiness cannot avail me anything. If diplomacy could make you adore me, as I adore you, I should be a full-fledged Machiavelli instantly; but it could not;" with a quick, furtive glance at her face.

"No," she said, slowly, and colouring a little.

"I knew it," said Tom, checking a sigh. "Well, I must content myself with the dead flowers and crumpled ribbons which you have worn. A man more deserving than I might receive even less." A philosophic remark by no means in keeping with the speaker's gloomy and perturbed countenance at that moment. A long silence, broken at last by Tom. "It is almost three months since we met, Miss Helen. Do you remember my coming up the walk and finding you hulling strawberries with one of Rachel's check aprons on? How sweet those strawberries were!"

"Almost three months," echoed Helen, "and—I am going home next week."

Tom started and then scowled, but said nothing.

"How glad I am that we are to be in the same city next winter," she went on presently. "We can meet often, and Clara, who is a literary person, will lionize you."

"We shall *never* meet," he replied, with most ungracious curtness.

"Why?" she asked, in a slightly hurt tone.

"Do you need to ask why?" he rejoined. "What sort of a companion for Miss Deno's friends should I be—a beggarly scribbler who barely keeps himself lodged and fed, and has not talent enough to enable him to hope for fame even when he is grizzled and fifty! No," he continued, more quickly, "I have had my day, here in this old farm-house, without a rival to dread—with no soul to come between me and the sweetness of your companionship—I have had my full meed of happiness, and I covet no halfway joy in the future. I was not made to play the part of a despairing lover. I could not haunt your footsteps for a smile, a look; or dance attendance at parties and operas for the pleasure of bringing you an ice or picking up your fan. I despise a man who can humble himself in such a way. Yes, and I was going to add, that I despise the woman who can take pleasure in seeing him do it!"

He tossed the cigar away, and strode up and down the porch, which creaked alarmingly beneath his heavy tread.

"A pretty fellow I am to get into such a rage about nothing," he said at last, pausing beside Helen, who still leaned against the lattice-work. "Forgive me, will you not? I will never behave so again."

"I have nothing to forgive," she replied, with a smile. "I like to see you behave badly—it amuses me, and I need to be amused."

"Is it not a pity that a man is so hampered by circumstances as to be unable to assume a heroic attitude when he wishes?" questioned Tom, seemingly quite tranquil once more. "I do not care to be taller nor less clumsy; I don't even wish to amend and revise my nose; but I would like to perform some wonderful feat which would for ever exalt me in your eyes, and earn for me your eternal gratitude. I can think of scores—snatching you from under the wheels of a locomotive; swimming with you to shore from a sinking ship, while the waves were running mountains high; or rescuing you from some desperado armed with numberless daggers and revolvers. How delightful it would be to hear you sob out

your thankfulness to your brave preserver, as Miss Alicia de Courcy does to Percy Fitzgerald in my last drama! At present I amuse you—am well-nigh as indispensable to your comfort as a lap-dog; compel you to be grateful, and—I think you could hardly avoid loving me."

"I should *abhor* you!" returned Helen. "I always dislike people to whom I am under obligations. When I am forced to be grateful to anybody, I feel as though the anybody had a string tied to my little finger and could jerk it warningly at intervals to remind me of my duty."

"On the whole, then," said Tom, looking down at her small figure, "you would prefer to rescue me, and listen to the sobbing assurances of my gratitude; I will improvise some horrible danger forthwith—plunge headforemost into it and allow you to take me out, if you will be any more likely to care for me in consequence. Let me see—we are going up the valley to-morrow—"

"Not we," interrupted Helen. "I must remain at home to entertain a visitor."

"Do you expect the coming of that domestic affliction, Miss Fletcher? Why not run away first thing in the morning?"

"It is not Miss Fletcher," said Helen, hesitating over the words. "It is—Mr. Hastings."

"Why did you not tell me a day sooner?" asked Tom, in a hard, constrained tone.

"I did not know it till this evening," she replied. "The telegram came only an hour ago—just after we had finished tea."

"And you are glad?" Tom questioned, looking at her with a keen glance.

"Yes, I suppose so; it is my duty to be glad."

"This is good-bye, then," said Tom, after some minutes of embarrassing silence.

"Shall I not see you to-morrow?" she asked, a little falter in her voice.

"No; I shall be off by sunrise for a last day in the valley. I can take the evening train at March's Bridge—it slacks there, and the conductor knows me, and will not object. If Mr. Hastings is what he should be, you will not want me; if he is not—shake hands, Helen. Don't look out the window when I go away. I should only think of you as looking a little later for Mr. Hastings' coming."

"Poor Tom," said Helen to herself, a few minutes afterward, as she heard his room door close with emphasis, "I wonder if Ralph ever bangs doors or gets into small rages! He never lumbers, at any rate, and how the porch floor *did* squeak when Tom walked across it!"

"I think I can get down there," soliloquized Tom Ford, the next forenoon, peering over the rocky wall. "At least it is worth my while to try—it will save a mile of walking if I succeed." Swinging himself over, he crept cautiously downward. Half the descent had been made safely, when his foot slipped and he fell, carrying with him the rock to which he was clinging.

When he recovered consciousness he found himself lying at the bottom of the precipice, pinioned to the ground by a mass of rock and earth which had fallen upon him.

"Unlucky that I have not the use of both arms," he thought, having finished the contemplation of his situation. "Well, I must see what I can accomplish with one. Phew! how it pains me; I must have bruised it badly coming down."

As he spoke he attempted to lift the free arm, but it dropped powerless by his side. "Broken, as sure as fate!" he exclaimed, with a grimace of mingled pain and amusement. "Was ever a fellow in a sorrier predicament?"

"It won't do," he said, after a score of fruitless efforts to release himself. "I am here, and here I must stay till some one comes to my assistance." And thereupon he shouted at the top of his lungs for help. The valley gave back the echoes of his voice, but there was no other response.

Still, again and again he called—each time more weakly than before, for his strength was fast leaving him; but no lucky chance sent a person by within reach of that despairing cry. The pain of the broken arm was intense, and his cramped position added to his misery; his throat was parched with thirst, while the glare of the sun, as it rose higher, well-nigh blinded him. In such agony as he had never dreamed of he lay as the weary hours dragged by, and the day journeyed toward its end.

Would help ever come? he wondered, straining his ears to catch the slightest sound.

The place was a lonely and deserted one—seldom visited, except by some wandering artist in search of the picturesque, and there was no one to miss him or grow anxious at his absence. Helen would take for granted

that he had returned to the city, and so he would be left to perish slowly of thirst and starvation.

And while he was thus dying she would be laughing away the joyous moments with Mr. Hastings by her side. His fancy pictured the pair together, and he ground his teeth in impotent fury and despair.

Then, as day declined, and darkness, stealing through the valley, wrapped itself about him, half-delusive fancies came to make him forgetful of pain. Helen was beside him—he could hear her soft tones, feel the clasp of her hand; she did not love Mr. Hastings, but himself, and she had sought him out to tell him so. As the vision vanished, he lost consciousness for the first time in his life.

"The view does not strike me as a particularly fine one, my dear," said Mr. Hastings, balancing himself on the railing of the bridge, and surveying the scenery with a glance of calm disapproval.

"It is not even pretty," Helen replied; "but—I wanted to come." She was looking very intently at the railroad track—a pleasant object for contemplation, as any lover of beauty will admit.

"Suppose, then, that we go home," mildly suggested Mr. Hastings, offering her his arm.

"Wait a moment—the train is coming," answered she, as the shriek of the locomotive was heard. The train came—slacked almost to an absolute stoppage—Helen's eyes watched it the while very eagerly—but no Tom took advantage of the delay to spring upon the platform. Had he changed his mind and returned to the farm-house? It was not likely; in his present state of feeling he would not court a meeting with Mr. Hastings. Helen felt—she knew not why—a vague consciousness of anxiety.

"Ralph," turning suddenly toward her lover, "I want to go up into the valley—it will not be dark for more than two hours yet; will you go?"

"Wait till to-morrow," he answered, mindful of his tight boots, and in no mood for rock-climbing. "You are pale, Helen—yes, and actually shivering, too. This air is fever-and-agueish," wrapping her shawl more closely about her as he spoke. "Come, let us get home as soon as possible."

"I will not!—I mean I cannot!" Helen replied, excitedly. "You must go with me, Ralph; I am afraid something has happened to T—Mr. Ford."

"Who is Mr. Ford?" asked he, with a look which was by no means lover-like.

"He is a gentleman who has been boarding at Mrs. Kidder's this summer," replied Helen, the colour rushing over her face in spite of her efforts to appear indifferent. "He was to return to the city this afternoon, taking the train here, and he has failed to do so, and—"

"Cannot a man change his mind if he sees fit?" Mr. Hastings interrupted, half-jestingly, half-angrily. "Don't be so foolish, my darling," he went on; "it is not very complimentary to *me* your fretting about this fellow the first evening of our meeting. We will go back now, and if he is not at the house, somebody shall be sent in search of him, I promise you."

"It may be too late then," said Helen. "You must come with me, Ralph," taking his hand.

"I will do nothing of the kind!" answered the irate lover; "and if you go it will be in disobedience to my express commands." Mr. Hastings looked imposing in his wrath.

"When was I ever known to obey you—or any one else?" retorted Helen, with flashing eyes. "I would go now if"—trying to say something tragic, but failing—"if I were certain that I should lose my way and be compelled to stay out all night in the cold." And shaking off his detaining grasp, she was gone in a moment.

"I suppose that every woman must be either a simpleton or a vixen," philosophically observed Mr. Hastings, as he wended his solitary way homeward; "but such an exhibition of temper and wilfulness on Helen's part was really very unpleasant."

The walk was a long one, and night was fast falling when Helen reached the entrance of the valley. She and Tom had explored it together frequently; but now, in the shadowy twilight, it looked so wild and forbidding that she shrank back involuntarily. Would it not be worse than folly to risk her life among its rocks and chasms, because of a mere nervous fancy? As she stood irresolute—feeling her courage fast ebbing, a faint cry seemed to fall upon her ear. She listened eagerly. Did some one call "Helen," or was it only her imagination? "It was like Tom's voice," she said to her-

self, with a shiver, "only so faint and unearthly." Her timidity had all vanished now, and she went resolutely on, falling over prostrate trees, climbing up the rugged sides of projecting rocks, urging her way through tangled masses of vines and underbrush, heedless of her cut and bleeding hands and feet, her fast-failing strength, and intent only upon reaching the spot whence that cry had come.

"Shall I ever find him?" she thought, despairingly, as her foot caught in a tree-root and she fell once more. Putting out her hand to aid herself in rising, she touched something which was neither stone nor wood. She grasped it eagerly—it was an arm in a rough coat sleeve—a masculine arm evidently, and the discovery sent a thrill of horror to her heart.

An instant more, and the injured man moved a little and murmured "Helen," in a feeble, almost inaudible tone.

Helen did not shriek, nor faint, nor call him "darling," as a heroine would have done. She only said quietly, "I am here, Tom; tell me, are you hurt badly?"

"Is it you, Helen, really you?" he answered, excitement lending him strength. "My arm is broken, and there is a mass of earth and rock upon me. I have been lying here ever since morning, and had given up all hope of being rescued. Did you come to look for me? I have thought of you continually."

"Yes," returned Helen, hastily, thinking that further questions might prove embarrassing, "and now I am going back for help. I will not be long; you shall be safe at home within two hours, I assure you. Keep up a good heart till I come back."

"How did she know that I failed to take the train?" queried Tom, mentally, as the sound of her footsteps died away. Bruised and aching as he was, he would not just then have changed places with Mr. Hastings.

"Don't make excuses for him, Tom," said Helen, in a vexed tone, and walking restlessly to and fro as Tom himself had done on the evening before Mr. Hastings' expected arrival.

"Why not?" asked Tom, watching her from the lounge on which he lay. "I admit that he behaved badly; but then he had reason to be aggrieved. Answer his letter, Helen, and say that you forgive him." He stopped, feeling that heroism and self-sacrifice could go no further.

"I will never see him again!" she answered, her slender dark eyebrows coming a little closer together. "I know now that I never had any real affection for him—thank fortune I found it out before it was too late."

"Poor Hastings! I am sorry for him," rejoined Tom, gravely, trying to arrange the sling in which his arm rested, "mildly sorry—that is, I pity myself a hundredfold more."

"Why?" asked Helen, with the air of a seeker after useful information.

"Because you do not care for *me*," he replied.

"But—I think I do care for you, Tom," she said, coming to his side to adjust the refractory handkerchief. "I did not want to; but you know it is so natural to like people whom you have compelled to feel grateful to you."

"I know," answered Tom, very well satisfied with the explanation. "And, after all, Helen, circumstances which would not permit me to be a hero, allowed you to be a heroine—it is really too bad."

"You should be very thankful to circumstances," laughed Helen, "for if you had saved my life I would have been your mortal enemy always; and until you tumbled over that precipice I thought you rather an awkward person, and felt very well content to marry Mr. Hastings."—*N. Y. Aldine.*

CREEDS AND CONFESSIONS.

"Our little systems have their day—
They have their day and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

THERE is a story told of a beautiful statue, which by some disaster had been broken up into fragments. The fragments were, however, separately found by a number of lovers of art, and being gradually brought together, the several parts, each of which had been thought beautiful in itself, acquired a new and unexpected beauty when once more restored to their natural relation. And when, at last, the head, the only part still wanting, was restored by some supernatural intervention, all the beholders fell into an ecstasy of admiration at the astonishing and divine beauty of the completed figure. Whether this legend is old enough to have suggested the metaphor in the following passage, or whether it is only one of the accidental resemblances we so often meet with, the present writer does not know. Both, at least, contain a moral worth considering.

"Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when He ascended, and His Apostles after Him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, went up and down gathering up limb and limb. We have not yet found them all, nor ever shall do till her Master's second coming. He shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not," the writer goes on to say, "these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking—that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint."

It has long been acknowledged, by the more thoughtful and candid at least, that no branch of the Christian Church, as at present divided, can lay claim to the possession of the Divine form of Truth in its entire and perfect beauty. And this fragmentary incompleteness is due to no disrespect for Truth as a whole—to no *malice prépense*, determined to take only some parts and reject others, but by the inherent limitations and imperfections of the human mind, which, in its present state, is like a distorted mirror, and cannot reflect, unbroken and perfect, the Truth of God. The attempt to make it accomplish a task to which it is unequal has been the cause of an infinity of mistakes, dissensions and oppressions, which would have been avoided had the Christian Church learned the wisdom of following more closely in the footsteps of its Divine Founder. He who was Truth left to His followers no dogmatic system of theology; nor was any such system, in our sense of the word, elaborated by His immediate followers, inspired, as we believe, to complete the Divine revelation to man. Christ taught, not systematically but fragmentarily, as the occasion called it forth—as His disciples were able to bear it—not abstractedly, as a matter of intellectual comprehension, but as placing some life-giving portion of Truth in vital relation to the hearts and lives of His hearers. And His teaching was notably always on the side of liberty and simplicity, against the rigidity of the traditions of His day. His immediate followers pursued the same course, simply stating the great facts of Christ's life, death and resurrection, and the relations of God to man in the threefold aspect of the Father of Spirits, the Redeemer of Mankind, and the Divine Spirit—the Teacher and Purifier. No Christian teacher surely had ever a clearer apprehension of the bearings of Divine Truth, so far as these could be presented to man in a systematic form, than St. Paul; yet that he imposed on the Christian Church no theological system is proved by the fact that *the founders of all theological symptoms appeal to his teaching in*

support of their widely differing views. As our Divine Master's command to those who would be His disciples had been simply, "Come, follow Me," and the only test He required from those whom He commissioned as His Apostles had been that of faith in His Divine origin and mission, so the only Confession of Faith known in the Apostolic Church was the "believing in the Lord Jesus Christ." Far from considering it necessary to sound the mysteries of God's Providence, past and future, St. Paul declared to the Corinthians that he was determined to know nothing among them save Christ and Him crucified. And nothing in all the teaching of the "chiefest Apostle" is so remarkable as the mutual toleration he commands in regard to minor differences of opinion concerning days, meats, and even the more important question of circumcision, which at that early period threatened to divide the Christian Church. Opinion in regard to anything but the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel was evidently a small thing to him, compared with the practical results of that Gospel, received as a vital principle into the heart and life. "A new creature"—not "doubtful disputations"—were what "profited" in his eyes. And the Christian ideal, not only of St. Paul but of the other Apostles, was not doctrinal orthodoxy, but "to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and to keep oneself unspotted from the world;" the corresponding "fruits" of purification of the heart and practical love to man flowing from love to God. Well would it have been for the succeeding ages of the Christian Church if Christians could have continued to *live* their faith instead of fighting about it, as they did when

> "All were ready for their faith to bleed,
> But few to write or wrangle for their creed."

But in proportion as the early love began to wax cold, and saints and martyrs no longer sealed their faith with their blood, Christianity began to grow more a thing of theory and dogma, and the zeal for definitions and "articles" of faith increased. At first, such short forms of confession as the Apostles' Creed came into use, probably as a convenient symbol of a faith little understood by the heathen communities among whom the Christians lived. But the tendency to theory became in many cases a tendency to error, and to counteract this were erected barriers of "orthodox" dogma. The earliest confessions were those of private individuals, gradually coming into general use, and certainly not at first authoritative. Then came the era of general councils, and then grew up the idea, resting wholly on an assumption that "the Church," an association clearly founded for mutual edification and for the preaching of the Gospel throughout the world—and in this true sense the "pillar and ground of the Truth"—was intended to be the only authoritative interpreter of Scripture and source of belief. How this idea gradually grew so as to represent her as also the holder of the "unwritten word," from which she could develop at will dogma after dogma, to be added to the received Creed of Christendom, every student of Church history knows. All know, too, how the principle of the "authority" of creeds and systems,—always the clay that has mingled with the pure gold of the Church of Christ,—was used to stereotype error and crush every faithful voice that was raised from time to time to appeal to the simplicity of Scripture against the traditions of men. The horrible cruelties of which this wolf in sheep's clothing was the parent are written in letters of blood, ensanguining all the records of the Christian centuries. Even when authority spoke on the side of what most Christians believe to be truth, it spoke with a voice whose cruel harshness proclaimed that it was not, at all events, a voice from heaven. The wars of the creeds have left so bloody a track throughout the ages as almost to justify the sceptical charge that Christianity has left a red line in history. The records of the struggles between Homo-ousian and Homoi-ousian, in which the barbarities were as great on the side of the orthodox as of the unorthodox fanatics; the cruelties perpetrated on the Anabaptists and other unhappy heretics; even, to take post-Reformation instances, the relations of Calvin to Servetus and of Puritan to Quaker, all show that whenever the spirit of human tyranny intrudes into the sacred domain of conscience and faith, even the fine gold of Truth becomes dim, and Love, the animating spirit of Christianity, takes flight; leaving the cold corpse of dogma to be the "letter that killeth, instead of the spirit that giveth life."

When, at last, in the providence of God,

the liberating spirit of the Reformation burst forth to shake off the accretions with which centuries of authority had overlaid and almost hidden the Gospel which Paul preached with such solemn warnings against these very accretions, the Word of God took for a time its true place as the only authoritative source of Christian truth, in conjunction, however, with that Divine teaching of the Holy Spirit which was the promised gift to all who should seek it. Luther found that he must leave the philosophy and theology that were "constantly raising difficulties in his mind," and "endeavour to enter into God's thoughts in His own Word." And, he adds, "though I read nothing but Scripture, its sense became clearer to me than if I had studied many commentators." Strange that the liberty in which the great Reformer rejoiced should be by the Churches of the Reformation in a great measure theoretically precluded to those who count themselves his followers.

It might have been expected that a Reformation which drew its very life from the principle of private judgment—the right of individual reason and conscience—should have preserved as its most precious heritage the principle to which it owed its life. But, unhappily, the Reformers carried with them still the impress of the stamp which had moulded the spirit of the Church so long; and it is hard for men long accustomed to darkness to open their eyes to the fulness of unwonted light. And so we find Calvin drawing up his rigid dogmatical system, and imposing *his* thoughts about Christian faith and practice upon the consciences of his followers even to the death; Knox—noble as he was—taking up the *role* of dictatorship and intolerance in his turn; King James, styled by the translators of the Bible the "Sun" of the Reformation, forcing, at the point of the sword, the Episcopal form of government upon the Scottish Presbyterians; the men of the Westminster Confession meeting to impose on all the Christians of the island *their* views of Christian Truth, drawn up in a long and complicated document, and including every point of theological speculation then thought of. In the same age we find Cromwell thus justly comparing the infallibility practically assumed by the Presbyterian divines whom he found so unmanageable in his time: "But if these gentlemen do assume to themselves to be the infallible expositors of the Covenant, as they do too much to their auditories to be the infallible expositors of the Scriptures also, counting a different sense and judgment from their breach of covenant and *heresy*, no marvel they judge of others so authoritatively and severely. *But we have not so learned Christ.* We look at ministers as helpers of, not lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences whether any 'person,' trying their doctrines and dissenting, shall not incur the censure of 'sectary?' And what is this but to deny Christians their liberty, and assume the Infallible Chair? *What doth He whom we would not be likened to more than this?*"

As we read these words the intervening centuries seem to disappear, and the nineteenth, with all its boasted progress, seems wonderfully akin to the seventeenth. But then, "the thing that hath been is the thing that shall be," and "there is nothing new under the sun!"

The same spirit which Cromwell here rebuked has been ever since the unhappy cause of endless dissensions and misery in the realm in which he vainly tried to sow the seeds of the true principles of religious liberty. The oppression of Presbyterians and Nonconformists by Episcopalians, involving cruelties as great as did the persecutions of Rome, and sending the Pilgrim Fathers to American exile, there to become intolerant in turn, even where they found—

"Freedom to worship God"

according to their consciences; the intolerance of Episcopalian to Episcopalian, and Presbyterian to Presbyterian—sending forth Wesley from the bosom of the Church of England to build up a new "Connexion" with the noble "living stones" that might have so richly adorned the national Church, and rending the Presbyterian or national Church of Scotland into as many sects as there were hair-splitting theological differences respecting its tenets. Finally, we have the intolerance of the latest protest against this system of division and subdivision—Plymouth Brethrenism itself—splitting up into minuter subdivisions still, because of differences apparently so infinitesimal that their brethren of other churches can hardly understand them. And the root of all this evil, sin and schism, has been simply the failure to

understand the true principles of liberty of conscience—the pressing of secondary matters into a primary importance—and the determined adherence to unscriptural tests of Church adherence, making this, as its founders never made it, to depend on absolute uniformity of opinion with regard to some complicated system of human theology.

It may be objected that Christian truth, like all other truth, must be orderly and systematic. This is so far true that we cannot conceive of Truth at all except as coherent and consistent in all its parts; but the inherent limitations of the human mind, not to speak of the further limitations caused by the constant tendency to moral evil or sin, which we believe clings to the best and purest Christians while still "in the flesh," make it *impossible*, in the nature of things, that absolute truth, especially on subjects so far beyond the human comprehension, can be attained, or could even be now understood, by any man or number of men, however desirous they may be to attain it. The whole history of the Christian Church shows this. Differences of mental constitution and a different standpoint make, with equal sincerity, one man an Arminius, another a Calvin. Systems which, *as systems*, fundamentally differ, are cherished by sister churches as the very *palladia* of their purity. "The Church on one side of an arm of the sea, or across a river even, teaches differently, and is known by different tests, from that on the other." Is not such a state of things the most striking commentary on the wisdom that gave us the Christian Gospel in the *undogmatic* form in which it stands in the pages of the New Testament?—a wisdom, however, which men have done their best to make "of none effect by their traditions." Notwithstanding some recent discussion in regard to the meaning of the word "dogma," it seems clear that there is a distinction to be drawn between "dogma" and "doctrine." The latter means *something taught*, and, in a Christian sense, seems to be more properly applied to those vital truths which Scripture teaches so clearly that, without perverting the meaning of language, or rejecting Revelation, they must be received as Divine. These, we believe, contain all that is needed for salvation and practical guidance, but they are taught, as it were, fragmentarily, without any attempt to systematize or define. Dogma, on the other hand, (the definition of the Greek word being an *opinion*, what we *think true* of anything), can properly mean only human attempts to formulate and define Truths which cannot be compressed into any human formulas or definitions, and it must therefore be always inevitably liable to error, either from mere incompleteness or from false additions to the truth. A writer who sees deeply and truly well says, "A complete theory is a vault of stone around the theorist, whose very being yet depends on room to grow. In God there must lie a lucent, harmonious, eternal, not merely consoling, but absolutely satisfying solution." And the more we keep clear of surrendering ourselves to human definitions and dogmas—the more that, like Luther, we leave human philosophy and theology, and "endeavour to enter into God's thoughts in His own Word," the closer shall we come to that "satisfying solution."

Assuredly each sincere reader of Scripture must draw from it a belief or beliefs to which, if the word "creed" had not been so abused by being associated only with formal dogmatic systems, we might give that name. But it is precisely because each must derive from the fountain head a belief of his own, and because this belief must necessarily have its own individuality, that we object to the imposition, by external authority, of long detailed confessions or creeds, embracing many subjects on which the Scriptures themselves do not dogmatize, and on which there must be as great a diversity of belief as there is diversity of mind. Just as no object in nature is perhaps seen exactly alike by any two individuals, so truth, however absolute and unchangeable in itself, may, and perhaps *must*, appear somewhat different to each receiving mind. The inspired rule for each Christian is that he should "search the Scriptures" for himself, under the guidance of the promised "Spirit of Truth." And what each shall receive must be determined to a great extent by the individual character of his own mind, as well as by the extent of the spiritual receptiveness which he brings to it.

Few individual Christians, probably, and the wisest and most reverent least of all, would venture to impose on the mind of another, as absolutely to be believed, their own individual opinions in regard to every point of theological speculation or Biblical

interpretation. The case is not made any better when it is a number of individuals who unite to impose a certain complicated and minutely-detailed tissue of doctrines upon any branch of the Church. It appears different, perhaps, but it is the very same specious and delusive appearance which has introduced so much of error and superstition into Christianity through the decrees of General Councils, such decrees being settled, also, much more often by a majority than by anything like an unanimous vote. There is, in fact, no middle ground between the assumed authority of an infallible Church and the fullest exercise of private judgment, the very keystone of our Protestant liberty —a right on the unrestricted exercise of which, in connection with the teaching of the Holy Spirit, must depend that growth and progress which we believe is as much intended, and as desirable, in theology as in other spheres of truth.

If it be said that there must be a certain formula of admission to the Christian Church, we may well ask, why should that formula be more complicated than was that of the first Christian Church?* How simple that was we all know. Faith in Christ, willingness to follow Him, were all that were demanded. Had the Christian Church, in its subsequent history, adhered more closely to a simplicity for which there were doubtless wise reasons, how much disunion might have been saved. Doubtless it was the gradual introduction of error that led to the multiplication of definitions; but has the multiplication of definitions tended to repress error and increase uniformity? Let us call one noble witness, whose name, across the changes of two centuries, is bright in the esteem of the Christian Church still—Richard Baxter, who stands forth to the present generation, as he did to his own, in brave vindication of Christian liberty. "O happy the world, happy the kingdoms, most happy the Churches of Christ, if we could possibly bring men to know their ignorance. In a word, almost all the contentions of divines, the sects, the factions, the unreconciled feuds, the differences in religion which have been the taunt of the devil and of his emissaries in the world, have come from pretended knowledge, and taking uncertain for certain truths." "When will the Lord persuade us not to be wise above that which is written, but to acknowledge that which is unrevealed to be beyond us, and that which is more darkly revealed to be more doubtful to us?" "When half is unknown, the other half is not half known." "Lay the unity of the Church upon nothing but what is essential to the Church. Seek after as much truth and purity and perfection as you can, but not as necessary to the essence of the Church, or of any member of it, nor to denominate and specify your faith and religion by. Tolerate no error or sin, so far as not to seek the healing of it; but tolerate all error and sin consisting with Christian faith and charity, so far as not to unchristian and unchurch men for them." "I will not be one that shall condemn or reject a lover of God and Christ and holiness for want of distinct, particular knowledge or words to utter it aright. The least contested points are commonly the most weighty." If the experience of the two centuries since Baxter is to teach us anything, it is that no basis of doctrine or Confession of Faith should be longer or more complicated than is necessary for maintaining the authority of Revelation, and the central and essential truths of Christianity. The maxim which Baxter disinterred from Rupert Meldenius has become almost a hackneyed one, and has at least tended to promote toleration *between* if not *within* the various branches of the Church—"In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity." But Baxter's own maxim, "Lay the unity of the Church on nothing but what is essential to the Church," is not less important; for apart from the fact that to demand too much uniformity of opinion tends to create disunion, we know that all human statements of truth are fallible—in other words, are liable to error; and the fuller, more complete and complicated any human

* "If a definition be requisite for what is called terms of communion for a Church, or outward bond of union, these cannot be too few, if they contain the true basis. Perhaps the summary given by our Lord to His Apostles, when he sent them forth to preach and baptize, might be the best. For when we go beyond this, we are apt to lay down distinctions which go farther to divide than to unite Christians. The baptismal formula, as it was enough in the beginning, ought to be so now, *i. e.*, as a formal basis; and although the teachers of the Gospel will go beyond its terms, and must do to teach, they will err if they go beyond the virtual meaning and the true spirit of that formula—to know the Father by the Son and in the Holy Ghost."—*Present Day Papers.*

system is, so much the more are its tendencies to error increased.

In regard to the rights of Churches to lay down such complicated systems, the following suggestive remarks from an able writer of the present day confirm the testimony already given from Baxter: "Particular Churches may enact by-laws, but they cannot with propriety legislate on matters common to the Church at large. Holy Scripture contains all they have any right to venture on; and no Church, we conceive, has any right to lay down authoritatively her interpretation of it. As the Church at large has never laid down any authoritative interpretation of it, it cannot be incumbent on any particular portion so to do. We cannot suppose such a power necessary, or it would have been given and defined from the beginning. The Holy Spirit is promised to us individually to lead us into all truth; beyond this there is no promise of infallible guidance. And additions to Holy Scripsure have ever failed to secure those very points which it might have been thought they would secure—the unity and uniformity of believers. The additions made to the Apostles' Creed by the Nicene Council went far to cause the division of the Eastern and Western Churches; the creed of Athanasius severs the Western from the Eastern Churches; the additions of Trent have circumscribed Latin Christianity; and the Confessions of Augsburg, Geneva, France, Scotland and America have done more to sever us from each other, and destroy the Church's unity as a whole, than they have effected for unity, even among their own adherents."

But not only must all human creeds necessarily be imperfect, and promotive of disunion in the proportion of their completeness and exhaustiveness, but they also tend to stop or impede progress to a fuller knowledge of Divine Truth. That Truth itself is perfect has already been admitted; and it may also be admitted that the Divine revelation given to man contains all that it is necessary for him, in his present state, to know. But will any one say that human comprehension of it has not been progressive, or that, even yet, it is perfect and complete? Even in the Apostolic times included within the New Testament history, there was progression in the understanding of Christian truth, which was taught as men were "able to bear it. Even inspired Apostles had to learn various truths at different periods of their ministry—as, for instance, the truth that all races were to be included in the ministry of reconciliation, and that the rite of circumcision was to be no longer obligatory. And every reader of Scripture knows how difficult it was for them to shake off the influence of old traditions, and accustom their mental vision to the new light even when it came from direct revelation.

The very ambiguity also which, in the nature of things, attaches to all human language, would make it inevitable as well as desirable that the meaning of Scripture language should expand as the thoughts of men expanded. To an abjectly superstitious age many things in Scripture must have been understood differently from the interpretation given to them in an age when, as able modern writers have pointed out, science has purified religious conceptions from much which was false and superstitious, as—to take a signal instance—in regard to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, the popular and even the theological notions of which used to be so crude and untenable. In our day we no longer consider some scriptural expressions to mean that the earth was created in six literal days, any more than we believe that others contradict the Copernican theory of the solar system. And there is, perhaps, scarcely a Christian doctrine to which the progress of Christian thought has not communicated a fuller, wider and more vital meaning. On what principle should we deprive ourselves of the light of the fuller teaching which God in His providence vouchsafes, in crystallising our supposed beliefs in ancient dogmatic systems, saying, in opposition to the Divine voice in our hearts, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?" And can any one say that this progress towards a better understanding of Divine truth has ever come to an end? Is it not, on the contrary, still going on? Even in regard to its outward form the human language in which it is clothed, and to which a certain amount of ambiguity naturally belongs, fuller enlightenment leads to fuller comprehension. As the thoughts of men grow wider, and their apprehension of truth generally becomes juster and more enlarged, their apprehension of Christian truth partakes of the same enlargement. If this were not so, an educated ministry would be

a mistake, and ordinary Christians, if pious and earnest, would be as well fitted for teachers as a Leighton, a Taylor, or a Chalmers. And what is true of individuals is also applicable to the general consensus of Christian opinion, which must necessarily grow more enlightened as each age adds its store of experience and knowledge to that which preceded it. It is assuredly true of Christianity, that "however unchangeable in its essence, yet its professors have been only slowly learning it; that they have been advancing onward by degrees through darkness, ignorance, difficulties, to a clearer, better knowledge, and a worthier appreciation of what their religion is—a knowledge and appreciation, it may be added, which probably could not be gained by such a being as man, except only through the slow disciplinary process provided for us by the Providence of our lives." And if the very genius of Christianity is *progress*, producing even yet commentary after commentary and exposition after exposition, in a wide and rapid stream, and giving us finally, as the culminating theological work of the present age, a revised translation of the Bible, where can be the justification of endeavours to arrest progress and crystallize Christian thought at a given period in the remote past, by rigidly binding down upon the Churches complicated systems framed by men in days when many truths, now all but universally acknowledged, were still hidden even from wise theologians? In any case, no human system can contain the whole truth of God; it carries within it the elements of a necessary decadence.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

If even the divinely appointed system of Judaism "had its day and ceased to be," how much more must this be true of every human system, despite the most determined efforts of its worshippers. When God's time for fuller light comes, they *must* give place to it:

"The old order faileth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

And they who would blindly oppose their favourite system to any access of fuller light, are doing their best to retard the fulfilment of their prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

In this connection the following forcible remarks are quoted from an able writer who has been styled one of the most single-minded defenders of Christianity:—"In relation to our own English Churchmen of the sixteenth century, the men of two or three hundred years later would be enabled to see and understand innumerable subjects better than they did. This was to be so in politics, in commerce, in trade, in science, in learning of various kinds; it was to be so, as without doubt it is, in the understanding of Scripture, in laws and in arts. But whatever progress of this kind may be made by the later generations, so far as religion is concerned, there is the ancient Creed to be kept in view. They must not deviate from that or go beyond it except at their own peril. In science, and many other subjects of human concern, they are at liberty to adopt new ideas, new inventions, new forms of expression. In religion it is not so; in the apprehension of Christianity it is not so. In these, the greatest and most absorbing of human interests, we must be contented, according to the established system, to remain where our forefathers have left us. If these believed with Calvin in an unmerciful God, who has fore-ordained untold myriads of His rational creatures to eternal perdition, we of the later ages must believe the same if the Creed tells us to do so. No matter that juster ideas of the Almighty Father may have risen upon the world, or that a better understanding of the words of Scripture may have gradually been gained, there is the Creed left to us by our ecclesiastical law-giver, and neither the Church nor the Law, as they are, will allow the later generations to neglect it, except, indeed, at the cost of such disadvantages as I have before referred to.

"Is it not plain, then, that the ancient Creed-system throws impediments in the way of religious truth; tends to make that difficult which ought to be easy; to interfere, so far as man can do so, with the providential teachings of past history, while yet these are so persistently reminding us that men shall go forward and not stand still even in their knowledge of God and of Christ, or of all that we comprehend under the name of religious and Christian truth?

"If, at a given point, you set up a Creed or a set of Creeds, and enforce these as though you fancied them to contain the whole and true substance of Christian faith; if you make all who would enter your Church tacitly signify their assent, or openly promise not to deviate from them, whatever they may privately think, it is clear that you not only assume the perfection of your own knowledge on every subject that falls within the limits of the Creed; you also place an artificial barrier of the most effectual and mischievous kind in the path of that further progress in the knowledge of Divine things which the whole past experience of the Christian world bids us confidently to anticipate, faithfully and hopefully to aspire and to strive after."

In days when ideas like these have been surely gaining ground with almost all thinking men, it is a striking instance of the power of prejudice and prescriptive right that the Churches generally should still adhere so rigidly to their own peculiar symbols, which are for the most part rather symbols of unity than actual confessions of faith; for every one knows that they conceal widely differing convictions within the very bodies which cling to them.

Probably the most tenacious devotee of any theological system would hesitate to assert that it contained an absolutely perfect and infallible exposition of Christianity. Yet what other assumption could justify its imposition upon at least all the office-bearers of any denomination; thus in effect doing all that can be done to close their minds and hearts against any additional light that might be drawn from the contemplation of other systems, and preventing all chance of the assimilation that *must* take place before divisions shall be no more? How this system of things has divided Protestant Christendom into a collection of semi-hostile camps, every one knows; camps, each self-complacent in the fancy of its own perfection, in the excellence of its own shibboleth, and recognising the members of the other camps rather as distant and somewhat despised relations than as "brethren in Christ Jesus."* True, our evangelical alliances have done much to abate sectional hostility (alas! that there should ever have been such a thing among Christians); and on the platforms of religious meetings speakers eloquently declare that the points of separation are of such minor consequence as to sink out of sight in comparison with the truths which unite them. Yet no sooner do the speakers descend from the platform into ordinary life, than on the strength of these minor and insignificant points, each proceeds to build up his particular denomination with as much zeal as if it were the only bulwark against error; while, if one of his own ministers should chance on any one of these non-essential points of difference to agree with a sister Church rather than his own, or even to doubt the absolute rightness of his own, he will be fortunate if the cry of "heresy" or "error" be not speedily raised against him.

It may be said that, so long as denominations exist, they must have symbols of coherence. Yes; but why "lay the unity of the Church" on anything "but what is essential to the Church?" As a Christian Church, nothing can be essential to it but what is essential to Christian Churches generally—the main doctrines of saving faith. As a denomination, the only thing essential to its unity is what is necessary to its harmonious practical working, as its form of Church polity, its administration of sacraments, &c. *These* are the only points which really give differing denominations any *raison d'être* among Protestant Christians—the only things which justify them in refraining from immediate coalescence. Even these might be got over through Christian grace, but at present they do present practical barriers to absolute union. But to place the unity of a

* "We make definitions instead of destroying them; we divide hearts whom the Lord hath not divided, and His kingdom is, in consequence, in ruins. It is not indeed easy to set up. Its First Founder and His Apostles laid down their lives in the task, and were its foundations. But what has been built thereon? One kingdom, one Lord, one baptism? Many Lords, many baptisms, many kingdoms. The knowledge of the true kingdom is all but lost, and instead of knowledge, we are going to use materialistic apparatus. That will not much help us. It has been tried long, and found wanting. It is not *much* knowledge which is wanted, *but knowleage of the true things*. Definitions, Articles, Confessions, have rather hindered than helped. We must rather diminish than increase definitions, while we admit all knowledge of the right sort. Such will increase, not diminish union, which definitions do. And the right sort of knowledge is all that tends to bring man to one spirit—to the spirit of a common home in the house of one common Father through Christ."—*Present Day Papers.*

denomination in adherence to a long and complicated system of doctrine, is to harden the lines of demarcation quite unnecessarily, and indeed quite unscripturally.* For to say that a man, in order to be either a member or a minister of a certain Church, *must* absolutely coincide in all his religious opinions, secondary as well as primary, with Calvin or Wesley, the men of Westminster or the compilers of the Thirty-nine Articles, or the unknown author of the Athanasian Creed, is most distinctly to put Paul or Apollos in the place of Christ. True, Christ is, of course, the *nominal* centre of union, but in reality it is rather human opinions about Him than the Saviour Himself that are made the essential *point d'appui*, and ministers thus go forth as the ministers of Calvin or Wesley, the Articles or the Confession, rather than of Christ Himself.

It is said sometimes that the systems of the differing denominations are representative of differing types of religious thought. Doubtless they are representatives of the type of mind and thought possessed by their *founders*; but it would be absurd to say that all the members of any one denomination—most of them belonging to it by the accident of birth—possess the same uniform type of mind and thought to which alone the peculiarities of the system are congenial. The result must be that many who are sincerely attached to the Church of their fathers, and the moulder and helper of their own Christian life, must yet find in its dogmas much that they cannot sympathize with or even receive—much that is quite inadequate to the expression of their deepest religious thought. The result must be to greatly impair, rather than increase, unity and harmony of feeling; whereas, were the basis of coherence less exhaustive and definite, and more elastic, differing minds and individualities could find room for the minor and speculative differences which are inevitable, within the particular Church which, from old affection and association, they prefer as their spiritual home.*

* The following wise and Christian words of the great Presbyterian divine, Dr. Chalmers, bear as forcibly as anything written in the present day, on the great duty of Christian liberality:—"We despair not that on the field of action or in the real or actual administration of the Church's affairs,—many of the stoutest and fiercest differences, both of the present and future ages, will at length fall into desuetude, so that Christians might be at length brought to be of one mind, or, if not, that it shall at least be patent to the eyes of the world that they are all of one mind. Surely, for the fulfilment of this sacred object, it were well that, in the confessions of different churches, articles of faith viewed as articles of destination or separation, should not be unnecessarily multiplied; and we would further submit whether it is not a most unwarrantable hazarding of this most high and precious interest to speak of the exclusively divine right of any form whatever of ecclesiastical government. It is thus that certain strenuous advocates, both of Presbytery on the one hand and Episcopacy on the other, have been heard to affirm that they will never consent to the loosening or letting down of a single pin in the tabernacle. This tenacity of theirs we should all the more readily understand if the specific information of all and every pin were really to be had in Scripture. But, in the absence of this, we do think that there might be a great deal more of mutual toleration. It has been well said that while it is our duty to be wise up to that which is written, it is surely not our part to be inflexible beyond it. We feel confident that, with the use and right application of this principle, there is immense room for the abridgment of the Church's controversies. Let us hope that the movement is upon the whole in this direction; that, even amid the fits and fermentations of this busy period, the Christian world is now heaving towards this better state of things—when the war of opinion shall cease, and both truth and charity shall walk hand in hand. Heaven grant that this perspective of brighter and happier days may be speedily realized! Even now, and notwithstanding the manifold yet chiefly incidental controversies of our day, men in theology are looking greatly more to the points of agreement and less to the points of difference—the promise and preparation, let us hope, for a long millenium of peace and prosperity to the Christian world."

* "The Churches have been false to the very principles on which they were based—the rights of individual reason and conscience. 'Where Jesus Christ is, there is the Catholic Church,' said Ignatius. 'Where the Spirit of God is, there is the Church and all grace,' said Irenæus. 'He that is good enough for Christ is good enough for me,' said Robert Hall. The Churches have not thought so. The founders of each gave it a Confession of Faith and a directory of worship, which, like every good constitution, and Christianity itself, had both an historical and philosophical basis. Did they mean to put that in place of the Word of God? No! But does our reverence for the Church of our fathers require us to stifle free thought and be satisfied with forms of sound words? That is asking us to be traitors to our fathers and unfaithful to the inspiration which God breathes into the souls of every generation of faithful men. Are we alone to have no freedom to criticize, to investigate in that domain in which our fathers walked so freely, because *they* had faith that there was wisdom in God's Word sufficient for all the wants of the age? Or are we to be insolently told that if on any point our opinions become modified, we may leave the Church? What does such ecclesiastical terrorism mean? The 'bribery and corruption' of the timid, the offer of a premium on dulness, a premium on in-

But to press the present rigidity of adherence to long and complicated creeds, exerts a most unfavourable influence on three very different classes of mind. That class which is most numerous—those, namely, who are too indifferent or indolent to attempt to realize for themselves the meaning of certain formulas to which *they* at least find no difficulty in assenting—it lulls into a most delusive self-satisfaction. Because they have no fault to find with a creed into the meaning of which they have never really entered,* they feel complacently that they are "doctrinally sound," and regard any deviations from the said formulas as a censurable "heterodoxy," sitting in judgment upon those whose Christianity has a depth and vitality of which they have never dreamed. Then there are those who practically believe their own system to be infallible, who have thrown themselves into their peculiar dogmas with all the keenness of partisanship, and whose minds can never be open to any further light, because, being convinced beforehand that they are absolutely right, they meet opposing views, not with any desire honestly to consider their claims, but only with the determination to find arguments wherewith to refute them. Such are strengthened in these tendencies by the present Creed-system—their peculiar symbol acting somewhat as does a party cry in another sphere—their pride of doctrine being summoned to its defence, and the true party-spirit being carried into a region where it is most fatal to man's highest interests and growth in the most important kind of truth.† On a third class the system operates more painfully, if less injuriously—those, namely, whose earnestness in the search of truth, and sensitiveness of conscience, are continually creating a painful struggle between their convictions and the mould of rigid uniformity which is forced upon them from without—a mould which can accurately fit only that which is dead or congealed, not that which is living and growing. When such minds find their way into the ministry of such Churches, the result is trying indeed. For the candidate for the ministry often signs the formula of admission before his judging powers are fully matured, while he still is what he has been made by the training through which he has passed. As thought matures, and as he encounters differing views, he begins to see that his own system is not so perfect and unquestionable as he had been led to believe—that in some points he can no longer absolutely adhere to it—and then must ensue a painful mental conflict. If he forsake his own Church for another, in which, too, he may find opinions which he cannot fully receive, he is looked upon as "unsettled," and taunted as a "renegade." If he does not see it necessary to forsake the Church of his first love and early and sacred associations, merely because on some abstract speculative point he may differ from her formulas, there will not be wanting those who will misconstrue his motives and talk sneeringly of men who cling to a Church in which they have ceased to believe, for "position" or "emolument." In either case his moral and spiritual nature suffers a wrench, and strength which might have been spent for the best advantage of the cause of Christ is wasted in fruitless worrying over matters which are "not to edification." It is well when, in such cases, the painful experience does not produce a loosening from the more fundamental principles of the Faith, never, perhaps, to be fully repaired. And besides such effects as these, many a fine and vigorous mind, which might have made proof of a rich and fruitful ministry, has been through the same cause turned aside into the freer walks of secular life.

Schism, or the rending of the Church of Christ into sects, which was obviously not

dolence, a premium on dishonesty. It says, 'Abandon thought, all ye who enter here.' The equivalent word in politics would be—'If any man thinks that the constitution or laws can be amended, let the ingrate renounce his citizenship!' That *would* be intolerable. It is equally intolerable when doctrinaires would rigorously apply it to the Church. Of old, the Pharisees cast out of the synagogue one whose eyes the Lord had opened, and Jesus met him, and said, 'For judgment I am come into the world.' Verily that Church is 'judged,' is unchurched, which is anxious to see true servants of the Lord go forth from it because they cannot pronounce perfectly all its shibboleths."—*Rev. G. M. Grant—Published Sermon.*

* "A man may be a heretick in the truth, and if he believes things only because his pastor says so, or the Assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresie."

† Who has not wished sometimes that he could read the Scriptures for the first time, free from all traditional bias? But the perpetuation of the rigidity of confessions tends to increase the tendency to traditional bias, and make a *thoroughly* candid reading of God's word a matter of no small difficulty.

intended by its founders, is usually and rightly considered not only an evil but a sin. But for this the Church herself is responsible, when, by her demand for uniformity of assent to non-essential and debatable propositions, she compels any of her Lord's faithful servants either to violate their consciences or to leave her ministry. The spirit which would bid a man leave a Church as lightly as he would an Orange Lodge or a political party is simply *not Christianity*.

There can be no reasonable objection to the statement, by any Church, of the particular views of truth which she deems important, and which she desires to have taught in her pulpits. The mistake is in, at any time, fixing and crystallizing her views, to be imposed on future generations, which may rejoice in fuller light, as well as in making such a definition too elaborate and exhaustive, and in *binding it down* in every particular on the consciences of her ministers. A reasonable latitude of opinion should be allowed, and surely it is not too much to say that this latitude of opinion should include all points generally acknowledged to be "non-essential." She has a right to say that any doctrine which she deems hurtful shall not be taught by her accredited teachers, but she has no right to demand that these shall hold exactly the opinion even of the majority in regard to such points. To do so accomplishes no good purpose, for no honest man will preach doctrines at variance with his convictions, though he may be willing to avoid touching on subjects in regard to which he is doubtful; and *no* test will be a guarantee where honesty is not. The more that Churches relax stringency of tests in regard to even such questions as the duration of future punishment, the more will they leave the minds of their ministers open to seek the guidance of the Spirit into all truth, and to walk in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free. The more that they insist upon their peculiar shibboleths, and frown on every deviation from that which their traditions have endorsed as "orthodox"—as did the Roman Catholic Church when she compelled Galileo to declare a solemn lie—the more will they minister to scepticism, discord and spiritual pride, and bar the way to all hope of progress and enlightenment in "the truth."*

Nor is the effect less injurious, in many cases, on young minds in training for the ministry. The inevitable standard is before them, barring the way to the fulfilment of their hopes unless they conform to its tests. Can this be anything else than a fetter, or a bias—however unconscious—to study their Bibles with preconceived opinions, or at least with timid glances and half-shut eyes, not daring to give free course to the workings of their minds, lest peradventure they should arrive at a different conclusion from the ancient standard. How this often puts them at a disadvantage afterwards, their more intelligent hearers, at least, can tell. And if a young man is too honest and independent for this, there comes the painful alternative of forcing himself to subscribe that in which he does not fully believe, or of giving up the goal of his hopes in the ministry—at least in that Church to which he is bound by a thousand ties of love and veneration. How many consciences have been sorely wounded by such a struggle—how many promising aspirants to the ministry sacrificed by the worship of this ecclesiastical Moloch, its worshippers neither know nor care, but the fact remains. And yet we are told in Scripture that "they of Berea were more noble than they of Thessalonica, because they searched the Scriptures diligently whether these things were so."

The events which have brought the question of Confessions into such prominence as

† "A certain meeting 'will unanimously protest against the appointment of a certain eminent man to a certain eminent office in the Church, not because he is covetous or proud, not because he is selfish or idle, but because, having studied and thought and prayed, he has, perhaps, come to the conclusion that even an enlightened sixteenth century may not have known the whole mind of God. Or because, having read his Bible in the original languages, he has there not found something, or has found something which every old woman in the kingdom knows to be there, or not to be there. This will be the ostensible reason for so much and so vigorous protesting against him; the real root of the opposition will probably be that this man has, with heart and soul, hated and fought against the Pharisees.' The following reference, by Dr. Norman Macleod, to the well-known case of Dr. Macleod Campbell, strikingly bears out the above remarks of a modern essayist: 'No man was more grossly misunderstood, either by men that could not, or by men that would not, to whom he was often a rebuke—by men who would prefer mere opinion to life, who would rather have a man in the Church with what were called safe opinions, without a particle of Christianity, than have a man holy before God, who differed from themselves in non-essentials.'"

it has recently attained among us are likely, it may be hoped, to leave permanent and beneficial results. As every one knows, they were connected with the Westminster Confession, perhaps the most exhaustive and formidable of the dogmatic structures handed down from an age in which men did not shrink from formulating, in the boldest and harshest propositions, dogmas regarding matters which the best theologians of the present day would consider it presumptuous to attempt to define.

Among other things, it boldly advances statements regarding the eternal and unrevealed purposes of God, the limitation of His love and mercy to certain favoured individuals—even to certain "elect infants"—leaving the rest, it is to be supposed, to eternal and inevitable sin and misery, which the general consensus of Christian belief is now far from endorsing—which, indeed, if now for the first time promulgated by any Œcumenical Council whatsoever, would be met with unqualified condemnation. We might add, its equally unqualified statements as to the eternal condemnation of the heathen *en masse*, to whom the offer of salvation never came; as to the powers of Christian ministers, which partake more of the Roman Catholic idea of a privileged priesthood than of the Christian one that all are "kings and priests to God;" and as to the resurrection of the body, taking the untenable position that the dead shall be raised up "with the self-same bodies and none other." All these positions are maintained solely on the authority of isolated and often evidently misunderstood passages of Scripture, ignoring its general scope, as well as the clearer passages which *directly contradict* the statements thus erroneously founded upon others. Such a confession, authoritatively enforced, would certainly *seem* to keep the ministry of the Church adhering to it at a level far behind the present one of enlightened Christian thought, were it not a known fact that a large proportion of its ministers as of its members by no means accept every statement in detail, but only the *general system* of doctrine which the Confession sets forth—*i.e.*, as we understand it, the general system of doctrine held by evangelical Christians generally. What the advantage is of thus tenaciously maintaining, as their peculiar symbol, a Confession which so imperfectly represents the belief of probably the majority of Presbyterian ministers and elders, it is not easy to see. To the uninitiated it appears to be, if not a fruitful cause of discord and disintegration, at least the maintaining of a conventional sham in a sphere where, of all others, conventional shams must be most fatal.

As its history has been already sketched in this Magazine, it is unnecessary to refer to it again in detail, further than to say that it was originally drawn up, in order, not to be an absolute rule for the Church of Scotland, but to bring the Church of England into "nearer agreement with the Church of Scotland and other Reformed Churches abroad;" that in its compilation some of the wisest and most liberal spirits of the age, notably Richard Baxter, were conspicuous by their absence; and that the Church of Scotland at first received it, not as being true in every expression, but only "as to the truth of the matter of it." By the course of events, however, it became the special property of the Church of Scotland, and, by a natural tendency, became her fixed standard in a measure so rigid that it has even been made the means of casting out from her ministry some whose eminent holiness, depth of theological insight, and power of influencing the thought of their age, would have been to her a crown of honour and an inestimable blessing. Now, however, there are signs that one of the most conservative of Church organizations is waking up to a sense of what the age demands of it. The writings of such men as Caird, Tulloch, Norman Macleod and others, have at once fostered liberality and toleration, and are a sufficient guarantee that, as has recently been distinctly stated by a Canadian Presbyterian clergyman, the form of subscription in the Church "is by no means understood to imply that all the ministers in that Church believe every doctrinal statement contained in the Confession," but only "that the subscriber accepts the general scheme of doctrine set forth in the documents to which he signifies his assent." And Mr. Moody's triumphal progress through Scotland has to some extent shaken it loose from the trammels of a rigid orthodoxy in evoking a warmer, more spontaneous Christian life. Many of the leading clergymen of the Scottish Churches are most anxious, as soon as it can be made practicable, to simplify their tests—always a diffi-

cult matter in an ancient Church and an old land. In Canada, the notable words used by the Moderator of the newly United Presbyterian Church in Canada, on the occasion of the consummation of Union, and other indications—especially the brave letter of Professor Young, expressing his earnest desire for a simplification of the Confession, and relaxation of its rigidity—all give hope that this influential and flourishing Church will in this respect set a generous example soon to be followed by others. And it will be well if it be so. An eminent Presbyterian writer, Professor Shairp, says: "It needs no diviner to tell us that this century will not pass without a great breaking up of the dogmatic structures that have held ever since the Reformation. From many sides at once, a simplification of the Code, a revision of the Standards, is being demanded. From such a removal of old landmarks two opposite results may arise—either it may make faith easier, by taking cumbrous forms out of the way; it may make the direct approach to Christ and God simpler and more rational—may, in fact, bring God nearer to the souls of men; or it may remove Him to a greater distance, and make life more completely secular." Which of these two results will be accomplished must depend upon whether the Churches take this matter in hand themselves, or leave it to the destructive hand of a growing scepticism, which will make no distinctions, but will sweep away the true with the doubtful, and the Divine gold with the human clay.

But do any fear that because of a relaxed dogmatism the Christian "Rule of Faith" must fall into hopeless confusion? Surely not. The eternal, ever-living Rule of Faith and Practice is the Lord Jesus Christ—God manifest in the flesh. The words that *He* speaks to us, "they are spirit and they are life." Christianity is no collection of rigid dogmas or abstract propositions, but the life and spirit of Christ translated into the life and spirit of every faithful believer. And with this Divine Rule of Faith ever present, ever accessible, with the gift of the Holy Spirit promised to "them that ask it," to lead them individually into all truth, does the true Church need the defence of a phalanx of propositions to keep her from falling into error? Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there are both light and liberty; where it is not, no restriction of liberty will save from destruction. But looking to her Divine chart, and following her Divine Rule of Faith in the teaching of the Spirit, the progress of the Church must surely be onward and upward, toward the fulness of knowledge, of light and love. For, as the human systems fall back into the shadow, He who is the true Light of the Church shall shine forth more clearly, paling by contrast the faint reflections which give back only a few scattered rays of the "Light that is inaccessible and full of glory."

And in proportion as each division of the Church remembers that at present it only possesses a broken ray of the perfect Light, seen through the glass that distorts even while it reveals, will it prepare the way for the dawn of the light which shall combine all the rays into the whiteness of Divine purity; and divisions shall be no more, for all shall see face to face. In proportion as each division keeps in view the fact that it has not the perfect statue of Truth, but only a fragment awaiting its place in the complete figure, shall it tend towards the perfection of the now broken statue, and the time when, crowned at last with its Divine Head, it shall shine forth in a perfect and now inconceivable beauty.

"Scattered now, in various guises, seldom each the other knows;
If perchance they met and mingled, 'twere as strangers or as foes;
For the light that shone within them, piercing through the outer veil,
Falls oblique, and lies distorted on our natures false and frail;
And the forms of things deceive us, and we quarrel o'er our creeds,
While each true heart receives the one truth his spirit needs.
And the iron laws of custom and of class still keep apart
Souls that, sailing o'er life's ocean, might commerce as mart with mart;
And the alien garb estrangeth, and the foreign tones repel,
And the wide land lies between us, and the pathless billows swell;
And the multitudes are lying on an unknown distant shore,
Waiting all the appointed time till the twilight years are o'er,
Till the dead clasp hands with living—good and evil cease their strife,
And the world's tired pulses quicken in a new and endless life."

FIDELIS.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSES.

IT can scarcely be said that the poetic art in Canada has had any appreciable past. What its future will be, it would be difficult to predict; though there are happily indications that it will assert its claim to some notice in the national literature at no very distant day. The publication of the recent volume by the Librarian of the Ontario Legislature, which we reviewed last month, furnishes, among other encouraging signs, additional ground of hope that the poetic faculty is, at least, present and at work among us. It is a growth, however, that seeks encouragement, though few in our practical country, or we should rather say, in the material present of it, look kindly upon those who woo the muses in our midst, and have no patience with him they term

"The idle singer of an empty day."

But Mr. Watson is no literary trifler, as the following extracts which we make from his work show. He has given us some vividly realized scenes, drawn from history and tradition, and though tricked out by the art of the idealist and poet, are not without their value as studies of character and as helpful lessons of life. But apart from the interest attaching to the human element in the work, intense as this is, the literary pleasure to be derived from its perusal is a feature not unworthy of consideration. To those who desire this, and are in sympathy with the effort to give to our native literature creations of vigorous health and of an artistic touch, we commend the subjoined mosaics from Mr. Watson's volume.

The hall with a hushed throng is filled,
  And glutton Expectation stands
With his fierce appetite unstilled,
  And gloating o'er his empty hands;
While hoping that he soon may feed
  On prey or prize brought in by chance,
  Or by Fate's jackal, Circumstance,
He cares not who shall weep or bleed,
But only cares they come with speed.

* * * *

And, as to miracles, they are not past;
For there is not a single thought we think,
A single word, which is unto that thought
As body unto soul, encasing it
In a corporeal substance, giving it shape
In palpable medium of the vibrant air,
But is a miracle.

ARION.

I hold it is the right of full-grown men,
Who owe, both unto Faith and unto Reason
An equable allegiance—I hold 'tis right
To reverence, for its own dear sake, the old,
As we would do the keepsakes of dead friends;
But, also, to give welcome to the new,
As to a child's flower offering.

BARZACH.

The old, such as it was, we know: 'tis ours;
The present is ours too: such as it is;
The future is a hollow phantasm,
* * * *
And Death ends all.

ARION.

In God's name I declare it is not so.
I stood beside a Hebrew's lonely tomb,
Not far from peaceful Bethany. I saw
Two Hebrew sisters, in their robes of woe,
Raining down tears upon the sepulchre's lid,
As they would melt the frozen door of Death
With the hot showers of sorrow. I saw, too,
The Mighty Prophet born in Bethlehem,

Whose right hand holdeth Love, whose left hand Power,
Whose words and deeds, like unto Noah's dove,
Float o'er the wreck and deluge of the time,
Bringing back hope and blessing.

HIGH PRIEST.

Remember where thou art, and what thou sayest.

ARION.

* * * *

* * Man's heart, conquering the God within,
Sent up a mist upon his countenance,
A mist of tearful tenderness; and so,
Almighty strength, yielding to human grief,
Stooped to Humanity, and thus stooping down
Stamped man and woman's sorrow, from that hour,
With the unchangeable and holy seal
Of most inviolate majesty.

* * * *

He spake this marvel—"Lazarus, come forth!"
These words, which, on the ears of those who heard,
Fell soft as summer dew upon a rose,
Thundered with life, and flashed like lightning
O'er the abysm 'twixt the quick and the dead,
And shook all Hades with a might ungiven
Unto ten thousand thunderbolts. A bird,
Pluming herself upon the tomb, ne'er fluttered;
Not one blade of the brown grass where we stood
Was moved aside at these soft words. But he
Who, for four suns and watches of the stars,
Lay locked in granite, heard them—

* * * *

QUINTUS.

In shallow souls, as in a shallow cup,
The ingredients of devotion will not mix;
And the least breath of passion touching them,
They overflow, dregs, ignorance and all,
In virulent floods.

* * * *

Is all we see,
In the bright heavens above, green earth beneath,
A blazoned mockery? a painted mask,
Behind which grim Oblivion watches us,
Till his time come to strike?

THALLON.

The hour and our vile task disquiet thee:
The thoughts of men take colour from the scenes
In which they play their part; and thus it comes,
That the chameleon of Imagination
Takes up the hue of that whereon it feeds,
Choosing the darkest first.

* * * *

I dreamt last night a strange, bewildering dream,
For Fancy banished Reason from my brain,
And filled his throne with phantoms.

QUINTUS.

Dreams are the ghosts of thoughts the daylight smothers,
And darkness brings them back again to haunt us.

THALLON.

Midnight hath lessons as the noonday hath,
And 'tis in sleep we learn them.

* * * *

QUINTUS.

There may, perhaps, be something in the dream;
Still minds o'erworked by day will play by night.
For then the madman that's in all of us,
Slips off his chains, works us unnumbered pranks,
And, while his keeper, Reason, is asleep,
Holds revel in his prison of the brain.

* * * *

In mystery there is a fascination
Which all men yield to; and fair Truth, herself,
Wears not such pleasing visage if she come
Wanting the robe of strangeness.

(From the Drama of Ravlan.)

This air nips chill, like great men's courtesies,
Or charities bestowed in open day.

* * * *

Danger that warns is seldom dangerous;

But danger, when it comes unheralded,
Is but another name for destiny.

* * * *

Weakness is always vengeful, prompt and cruel;
But Strength, like to a lion in a dream,
Will not, unless aroused through wantonness,
Strike for the sake of striking. Let us pause:
The State is strong to brook delay
When it is one man's life against a million.

* * * *

Fear makes thee eloquent, but not repentant.

* * * *

Yonder he comes—how pale he looks and worn!
The worm of state is gnawing at his heart;
The crown has burned the hair from that brave brow,
From those bright eyes stolen the imperial flash
Which once outshone its jewels.
I pity him: the old, imposing stride
Is changed into a languid, moping march;
As slow as sleep, approaching feverish men.

* * * *

RAVLAN.

Welcome, fair Aidnai, 'tis a golden day
That brings thy presence with it. Since the hour
When last we met beside the sounding shore,
The breath of Time has breathed on thee in bloom,
And kindly has he cherished all thy charms;
As if he wished no other but himself
Should be the first to doat on them.
Success transforms
Crime into crystal, and a diamond puts
Upon the dagger's point, that curious eyes,
Looking if there be any stains thereon,
May turn away bedazzled.

* * * *

KING.

When Ravlan walks in sleep, his eyes being open,
Are all his senses sealed save sight and speech?

DRUIDESS.

His senses are congealed, and then his eyes
Tell to his mind no more of what they see,
Than does the ice upon the winter brook
Disclose, unto the pulsing stream beneath,
The changeful aspects of the cloud that passes.
That walking fit of his is nothing more
Than a transparency of nervous sleep,
Through which the soul stands obvious to the view,
And the mosaics of the mental temple,
The motives of all actions—everything
Will shine as clear revealed to you and me,
As doth a sunny landscape at high noon,
Seen from a mistless mountain.

RAVLAN—(*asleep, but rising to his feet.*)

I hear some noise—can it be thundering?
There were no signs of any storm last night;
The winds, at sunset, made no sound more rude
Than does a mother's lips when they dissolve
A song of maiden days in lullabies,
As her babe's eyes are closing.

* * * *

Treason, good sir, is caution come too late;
Is caution turned to desperation, when
It sees the chance of gaining what it lost
By its own cowardice, gone by for ever.

* * * *

Here we have Kloof's first appearance at Court:—

KING.

When did this man first show himself at Court?

RAVLAN.

Two years have scarcely passed since he came here;
His manner won at once upon my uncle,
Who crowned him jester, kindly bore with him,
And made him pet of the prerogative.
Sometimes his manners seemed to speak of Courts,
For he could tell of State-craft, double-dealing,
And shameful plots that politicians lay
To trap each other. In odd, lucid hours,
When memory, like a half-extinguished torch,
Flickered against the background of his life,
He talked right clearly, but to me alone,
Of Kings and Peoples, and their common duties:
How Power and Dependence, everywhere,

Should, hand in hand, march on in brotherhood ;
Of courtiers fighting who should fawn the first ;
Of many things, concerning government,
But now they have escaped my memory.

* * * *

Thy speech, which, time gone by, was plain as day,
Is now as dark to me as if 'twere read
From Sibylline leaves at midnight.
Prithee explain ; there must be cause for this.

Kloof thus narrates how he lost his prison-friend :—

He was a hedge-hog, but, inside his coat,
Bristled and barbed, and homely as it was,
There dwelt a heart as tender as a robin's.
He used to waddle daily to my prison,
To lick the chilly hands that patted him.
There was an orchard half a mile away,
And thither, when the twilight-time came on,
My trusty little friend would often toil,
And, early in the dawn, come back again,
His coat stuck o'er with apples which the wind
Had shaken down to serve my tiny gleaner ;
And, having found his way beneath the walls,
Would toddle, loaded, to my lonely cell,
And there unroll the burden from his back,
And tumble o'er with glee, and then look up
Into my face, to claim, as his reward,
That I should pat his head and play with him.
One apple for his share was all he'd take ;
I with the others quenched my burning thirst,
And tried to soothe the gnawing hunger-pains.
One morn I missed him at his usual hour,
And, looking out, I saw him coming on,
A crowd behind him, pounding him with stones.
I called aloud—he heard my voice, made haste,
But when he neared the hole beneath the walls,
An apple suddenly did roll away ;
He turned to take it up, his little store
Being dearer to him than his life itself.
They killed him ; as he felt the last dull blow
That laid him lifeless, then my poor dumb thing
Turned two wet, pleading eyes toward my cell,
As if to look for answering tears in mine.
I think I see my little servant still,
Now toying with his apple 'fraid to eat it,
Now munching, ere he ventured forth at eve,
The withered bits we saved from morning-tide.

* * * *

On that morn I saw
A woman lying dead upon the beach ;
And, in the scanty light, the felon waves,
When looking on her, seeing what they'd done,
Seemed to shrink back, and in the moans they made,
Accused the winds, now whining themselves dead,
Of this most cruel havoc. There she lay,
So sweetly beautiful I did not marvel
That Death would never let such prize escape.
Upon her frozen breast her white arms clasp'd
A little famishing babe, that vainly sought
With lips all blue, benumbed and helpless hands,
To find the dried-up founts of infancy.
Thou wert that child, my Aidnai.

CURRENT EVENTS.

MR. MACKENZIE'S public utterances in North Renfrew—especially at Pembroke—deserve more than a passing reference. They amount, in fact, to a virtual admission that old party lines have been obliterated, and that the old rallying cries will be heard no more. It was not to be expected that the Premier's declarations on this subject should be clear and explicit :the has so deep an interest at stake that he cannot help fostering a popular delusion. Hence, when an apologetic strain is forced upon him, he is at pains to widen and deepen the imaginative gulf between our existing factions. The admission of a majority of *ci-devant* Conservatives into his Cabinet seems, however, to need some defence, which does not appear to be forthcoming. Hence, the objection offered to the *personnel* of his Government is met by a little clumsy *badinage*. All these old "Tories," as he prefers to style them, are Tories no longer; they have sinned against Reform light, it is true, but having seen the error of their ways, they are received as penitents, clad in sackcloth and ashes, into the sheep-fold. Mr. Mackenzie, the St. Peter who guards the gate of our political Paradise in fact, is relenting and indulgent to profligacy and corruption so soon as they can be enlisted "on the side of the angels." As a joke, this may be good or bad, according to taste; but, as a representation of fact, it is clearly refutable. If the members of the Opposition are so inveterately fossil as to render them unworthy of the name Conservative—for to Mr. Mackenzie Liberal Conservative is a contradiction in terms—if, in short, there be, as he contends, a clear line of demarcation between the factions, then the accession of any of them to the Government ranks proves an abandonment of principle somewhere. To talk of the conversion of M. Cauchon, who would profess any political creed, save the Orange symbol, in order to get office, is the height of absurdity. He has donned the fleece to obtain access to the fold; but he is a wolf still, and will sooner or later show his teeth. The Beauport Asylum job, urges the Premier, is his only offence. Only offence, quotha! Was it not one of sufficient magnitude, the *Globe* being a witness, to send him into political Coventry for ever? Is he a fitting exponent of any policy, much less that of "The Party of Purity?" The Pacific Scandal was bad enough, certainly; but the heads of the late Government had it in their power to boast that the fund was devoted to party and not to personal purposes. They, at any rate, did not endeavour to fill their own pockets at the public expense; perhaps M. Cauchon did not; but Mr. Mackenzie's friends vehemently protested that he did. It is no sufficient defence of M. Cauchon's appointment to point out that his old party friends attempted to cover his retreat; surely something better was to be expected now, when the new political broom has been two years at work. If not, in what respect are we better off than we were before? The people desired to express unmistakably their disapproval of the Pacific bargain; they were willing to pay the cost of introducing a new set of men, with sharpened teeth and empty maw, and they have paid it with lavish liberality. Yet all the return they are to get is the appointment of a practised jobber and *intriguant*, and for an apology, when that is done, a parrot-like repetition of the trite *tu quoque*. It is evident that Mr. Mackenzie could not venture to entrust the new President with a department in which an opportunity might be found for the exercise of his peculiar talents. No one knows better than the Premier that he has a slippery customer to deal with, who must be kept well in hand —*anguillam cauda tenet*. If the threatened hostility of the hierarchy had not forced M. Cauchon up-stairs, the new "convert" would have been left long enough shivering out in the cold; it is some consolation to think that he has been placed where he can do least mischief. Still, in its most favourable aspect, this decided dipping of the Reform colours, after their somewhat ostentatious "elevation," is the reverse of edifying. Surely some *protégé* of the Church might have been found less objectionable than one whose

prime maxim is best expressed in his own language—"*Celui gouverne mal le miel, qui n'en goûte et ses doigts n'en lèche.*" M. Cauchon will not fail, should chance offer, to take the lion's share of the honey, and is not above licking his fingers afterwards.

The Premier cannot be congratulated upon his acquaintance with English party nomenclature. It is to be feared that his readings in the political history of the old country had only extended to 1832, or to the advent of Mr. Disraeli, when they were interrupted by a summons to Rideau Hall. If he will take the trouble to overhaul the old files of the *Times*, he will find in the lists of a newly elected House the cabalistic letters "L. C." and "C." opposite the names of members—which being interpreted mean Liberal Conservative and Conservative. W. and T., for Whig and Tory, are hieroglyphics of the past. It is true that some Liberals use the word "Tory" when they wish to tax the opposing party with its historical antecedents, but only, *cum grano salis*, to individuals such as Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gathorne Hardy. There is no radical difference between Lord Hartington or Sir W. Harcourt and Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross; but there is a broad chasm between the former and Mr. Leatham, Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. P. A. Taylor. And now we come to the enquiry—What is a coalition? Etymologically, it means a growing or blending together. If an acid and an alkali be placed in solution together, there is considerable briskness at the moment of coalition, and a diverse compound known as a salt is the result. Substitute Mr. Mackenzie for the acid and M. Cauchon for the alkali, and the same process, metaphorically speaking, ensues. If, as the Premier urges, there is a gulf fixed between Reformer and Conservative, then his Government is a coalition; if not, then parties have ceased to be distinguishable, and there is no coalition. In the latter case, the so-called parties have no *raison d'être* whatever—which has been our contention all along. "A coalition," said Mr. Mackenzie, "is a combination of parties holding different political views for the purpose of forming an Administration, and holding those views in abeyance which should form part of the public policy." In this sense every Government is more or less a coalition; even Mr. Blake holds such views in abeyance, as he himself admitted, and therefore may be said to have coalesced with his leader. The only foundation upon which Mr. Mackenzie's disclaimer of the term can rest is the admission that there are no radically "different political views" between his party and that opposed to him. The coalition of 1864 was the result of an agreement of view, and the only questions left in abeyance, that we can think of, were some Reform planks, which have ever since been drifting about as flotsam and jetsam, owned by nobody. If, as the Premier contends, political concord deprives a Cabinet of the odious name of coalition, then the most notorious of all coalitions, the Fox-North combination of 1783, and the Canadian combination of 1854, were not coalitions. If they were, and it be still maintained that either party possesses distinctive principles, Mr. Mackenzie's Government is also a coalition. In the definition quoted above, there seems to be an implied distinction between "forming" and maintaining an Administration; but it is utterly untenable, and can only be made to allow of the novel "conversion" theory before noticed. Every new Minister brings his own individuality with him into the Cabinet, and impresses it upon public policy in spite of his colleagues, and even of himself. Mr. Blake's enlightened views will make themselves felt; and so, we fear, will M. Cauchon's self-seeking.

On the whole, we think Mr. Mackenzie is to be congratulated upon his new position. No one can take the "conversion" idea *au sérieux*, because it would be hard to tell what errors a neophyte is called upon to renounce, or what great principles or truths he is expected to embrace. There is, however, an esoteric sense in which Mr. Mackenzie has set his face in the right direction. We believe that the present Government is not a coalition, because there can be no coalition where there are no parties. The question between Nationalists and Factionists lies in a nutshell: it is simply one between the absence of party with a shifting, happy-go-lucky policy, and an entire change in system. There would be no objection whatever to the Premier's course if he could venture to affirm that he is influenced in his selections by State, and not by party, reasons. To a Nationalist it is not of the slightest importance whether a man calls himself by one name rather than another—the crucial question is briefly this: Is he the best man that can be picked out from our available poli-

DR. EVANS' RECENT CURES.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

A REMARKABLE CURE OF PARALYSIS.

Miss Hattie Sink, of Rome, N.Y., had for the past three years been as helpless as an infant from paralysis arising from a disease of the spine; could not even sit alone without braces, nor bear the least weight upon her feet; was restored to health by seven treatments, and enabled to walk before leaving the city, and is now perfectly well.

Reference is made to Mrs. George Coleman, No. 111 King Street West, who is intimately acquainted with all the particulars of her case; also to several of the most prominent physicians in this city who had treated her case.

A CARD.

I have witnessed many wonderful cures performed by Dr. Evans at Agricultural Hall. I have seen the lame throw away their crutches and walk, the deaf made to hear, and those who were almost blind restored to sight. One case I wish particularly to mention—that of a young man who, suffering from acute rheumatism, was unable to move his limbs or stand on his feet. He was carried by three men into the Hall, and placed on a chair on the platform, and examined by four physicians before being treated. In less than ten minutes Dr. Evans sent him home, walking almost as well as he ever did.

WM. MIDDLETON,
Agricultural Hall.

EPILEPSY (OR FITS).

Mr. James Dayment, 114 Victoria Street—Son—epilepsy since six months of age; had from four to eight spasms per day; has had no spasms since the first treatment, now five months. Scores of other cases can be referred to by calling at our Parlours.

RHEUMATISM.

Anton Meyer, res. No. 3 White's Block, Duke Street—Chronic rheumatism one and a half years; three months in hospital and discharged as incurable; cured by Dr. Evans by two treatments. May be referred to.

HIP DISEASE.

Mr. Thomas Black, res. 436 Queen Street East—Child—hip disease; could not walk or bear the least weight on the limb. Cured by Dr. Evans by a few treatments.

TOTAL BLINDNESS.

Mr. Robert Doble, res. Uxbridge, Ont., whose daughter was perfectly blind in one eye from Amaurosis; cured by Dr. Evans by one treatment and a single prescription. Will reply.

THE LAME THROW AWAY THEIR CRUTCHES AFTER ONE TREATMENT.

Mr. Edward Colgan, residence No. 53 Monk Street, near Denison Avenue, whose daughter had been for one year unable to walk without the aid of crutches, or even move her limbs or put her foot to the floor, was enabled to throw away her crutches after a single magnetic treatment, and by a second treatment she was perfectly and permanently cured.

Mr. John Drohan, res. Old Fort—Son—scrofulitic rheumatism; could not walk without assistance. Cured by two treatments. Reference is made to Sergeant Cunningham, Keeper of Stores for the Queen's Own, Old Fort.

EPILEPSY.

Mr. James Wadsworth, res. No. 60 Yonge Street, opposite Town Hall—Son—epilepsy from infancy; had from ten to twenty spasms per day; an extreme case; has not had a single spasm since the first treatment, now about eight months. May be referred to.

TAPE WORM.

We guarantee to remove Tape Worm in every instance in from two to four hours, with the head When the head is not removed the worm will grow again. No money required until the worm is removed.

Mr. Edward G. House, 53 Wood Street; Tape Worm removed in four hours, with the head. May be referred to. Specimens can be seen in the Doctor's office.

PARALYSIS AND LOSS OF SIGHT.

Mrs. Higginson, residence corner Bloor Street and Brunswick Avenue (new cottage), was suffering from general paralysis, which was daily growing worse, and had rendered her almost completely helpless; also affecting her sight and speech. Cured by four treatments. May be referred to.

Mrs. Flowers, No. 13 Hope Street, north of Queen Street; a complete invalid for six years; had been treated not only in this country but in Europe, without obtaining the slightest benefit. Cured by three magnetic treatments.

NEURALGIA.

Mr. David Bee, residence 330 Church Street, had been suffering for months from severe Neuralgia, which had baffled all treatment until he applied to us. We effected a cure by three treatments. May be referred to.

Public Clinics at AGRICULTURAL HALL, corner Yonge and Queen Streets, every Saturday morning, from ten until twelve o'clock, for the benefit o the afflicted poor.

Office hours at his private parlours,

No. 204 Church Street, Toronto,

FROM TEN A.M. UNTIL EIGHT P.M. EACH DAY.

THE OTTAWA
IRON AND STEEL
MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

(LIMITED.)

CAPITAL - - - - - - - - - $500,000.

In 20,000 Shares of $25 each.

HEAD OFFICE - - - - - - - - - OTTAWA.

Incorporated under the Special Act of the Province of Quebec, No. 46, 3rd Session, 2nd Parliament, 37 Vic., 1874.

DIRECTORS:

President—Hon. JAMES SKEAD, Vice-President Dominion Board of Trade.
Vice-President—R. S. CASSELS, Esq., President Union Forwarding Company.
J. H. WOODMAN, Esq., Manager Ontario Bank, Ottawa.
G. B. BURLAND, Esq., President Bank Note Company, Montreal.
EDWARD HAYCOCK, Esq.

The Guaranteed Dividend at the Rate of 10 per cent.

Per annum, on the paid up stock of the Company, from the date of allotment will be payable at the Company's Office, on and after the

9TH DAY OF FEBRUARY NEXT.

APPLICATIONS FOR ALLOTMENT

Of the new issue of stock, accompanied by a deposit of

$5 PER SHARE

Must be made prior to the 28th February next, after which date the stock list will be closed.

Payments on account of Stock will be received at any of the Branches of the Ontario Bank, or may be remitted by Post-office Order or Bank Draft, payable to the Ontario Bank, Ottawa.

Forms of application for shares may be procured from the Secretary of the Company at Ottawa.

The new issue of Stock will participate in the guaranteed dividend from date of allotment.

FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL REPORT.

OTTAWA, 31st December, 1875.

To the Shareholders:

Your Directors have much pleasure in submitting their first annual report of the operations of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1875.

Twelve months ago the prospectus of the Ottawa Iron and Steel Manufacturing Company, Limited, was issued to the public, and subscriptions invited. Owing to the unfavourable state of trade and the stringency of the money market at the time, the applications for stock were considerably less than your Directors had reason to expect. The stock allotted to the general public amounted to $45,875. and to the vendor $161,625, making in all $200,000, the amount required by the Company's charter to be subscribed to enable them to commence operations.

In view of the small amount of cash at their disposal it became a matter of serious consideration with your Directors whether they should at once commence operations or wait till a further amount of stock should be subscribed. Feeling convinced, however, that it would very much facilitate their future operations if the valuable character of the ore deposits should be proved to demonstration by the actual production of metal manufactured at their own works, they decided to commence the manufacture of Steel Billets on a small scale without further delay.

An agreement was entered into with the vendor by which any cash payment to him on account of the property acquired by the Company was deferred

till March, 1878, and contracts were made for the erection of four Catlin forges, for the supply of the necessary machinery, including a steam engine of 45 horse power, with boiler capacity and blowing cylinders sufficient for the running of eight forges, a steam hammer, ore stampers, steam pumps, &c., a full detail of which will be found annexed to this report.

Experienced colliers were procured from the United States, and the manufacture of charcoal commenced with as little delay as possible; the charcoal being made in pits in the open air, pending the construction of kilns, four of which are now completed.

Many unexpected delays took place owing to the necessity of procuring most of the machinery and skilled labour from the United States, and it was only by great exertions that your Directors succeeded in getting the forges running in time to enable a few billets to be made for the Provincial Exhibition in September last. These billets were sent to Montreal and rolled into bars of various sizes, and subsequently subjected to many severe tests for the purpose of showing the quality of the iron. Your Directors have much pleasure in reporting that, although made under great disadvantages, this metal fully bore out the high expectations that had been formed of it, and was unanimously pronounced quite equal to the finest iron imported for special purposes.

For boiler plate and for agricultural implements, where iron of unusual strength and toughness is required, it was stated by competent judges to be specially adapted, and there can be little doubt that as soon as it becomes generally known, and its quality fully appreciated, it will take precedence of most of the brands now in the market.

Your Directors have been informed that considerable interest has been excited in some of the great iron centres in Europe by a few specimens of this metal which have been sent to the Mother Country, and that it is considered to be admirably suited for the manufacture of armour plate and the steel cores of large ordnance; they have therefore taken steps to have a few billets sent to Sheffield for the purpose of being tested, and they trust that it may result in another and wider market being opened for the Company's manufactures.

Your Directors have also much pleasure in announcing that a Gold Medal was awarded to the Company by the Judges at the Provincial Exhibition, being with one exception the only case in which a similar honour has been conferred.

After the manufacture of the billets for the exhibition above referred to, it became necessary to shut down the forges for the purpose of making certain alterations and improvements in the machinery, and it was not until the last few weeks that the forges have been running steadily. As is almost invariably the case with new works of the kind, many changes suggested themselves during the process of manufacture, which although trifling in their nature, necessitated the stoppage of manufacturing pending their alteration; but your Directors have reason to believe that matters are now so adjusted that the full estimated product of one hundred tons per month may be confidently relied on as an average.

As might naturally be expected, your Directors have found that in the introduction of a new metal upon the market in an *unmanufactured* state many obstacles have to be overcome. The interests of importers of English, Norway, and Swedish iron are to a certain extent opposed to the introduction of a local production which will probably, in a grea degree, supersede those metals, and it is evident to your Directors that in order to realize a full return from the valuable material in their possession, it is necessary that a Rolling Mill should be erected on your property wherein the metal produced at the forges may be manufactured in such a manner as to meet directly the wants of the consumer.

They therefore propose to call for further stock subscriptions, to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars, for the purpose of erecting a Rolling Mill for the manufacture of boiler-plate and merchant bar iron of various sizes; for increasing the capacity of the works by four additional forges, including the necessary buildings in connection therewith, paying off certain incumbrances on the real estate, and providing working capital; thus making the subscribed capital, in all, three hundred thousand dollars.

The cost of production and the quality of the metal having now been ascertained, the margin for profit can be estimated with confidence. Full and complete statements of expenditure, including building and manufacturing accounts, will be laid before the shareholders at the annual meeting, on the second Wednesday in February next, when all the information desired will be furnished. But the Directors consider that it would be undesirable in this report to enter into these particulars. They are jnstified, however, in stating that the margin shown between the cost of production and the market value of the merchantable iron, even in the present depressed state of the iron trade, cannot fail to be most satisfactory to the shareholders.

The guaranteed dividend of ten per cent. per annum on the paid up Stock of the Company, from the date of allotment, will be payable at the Company's office in Ottawa, on and after the 9th day of February next.

The Stock List will be kept open until the 28th of February next.

DETAIL OF BUILDINGS AND MACHINERY AT THE COMPANY'S WORKS.

4 Catlin Forges—capacity 4 to 5 tons per diem.

2 Blowing Cylinders, 5 feet diameter—capacity of blast for eight fires.

1 Double-action Steam Hammer striking power, 80 blows of 5 tons each per minute.

1 Steam Engine, 45 horse power. (Fleck, maker.)

2 Steam Pumps, 5 horse-power.

Water supply by Tank and Reservoir.

Set of Six-ore Stampers, driven by 8 horse-power cylinder.

Improved Ore Separator, driven by same.

1 Cylindrical Boiler, 3 ft. 6 in. diameter, heated by gas from Forge fires.

1 Cylindrical Boiler, for additional four fires.

1 Tubular Boiler, 52-inch shell, 64 three-inch tubes, 14 feet long.

Chimney, built of brick in the most substantial manner, arranged for the additional fires.

4 Dome-shaped Charcoal Kilns—capacity 1,750 bushels each.

Steam Saw Mill—capacity 10,000 feet, B.M., per diem.

Boarding-houses, Stores, &c., &c.

About 120,000 bushels of Charcoal. A large quantity of plant for mining purposes. Teams, Waggons, &c., &c.

6¼ miles of Tramway, connecting Works with river navigation—31 cars thereon, &c.

CHINA HALL,

SIGN OF THE BIG JUG (REGISTERED).

GLOVER HARRISON,

IMPORTER OF

CHINA, GLASS AND EARTHENWARE,

PLATED AND FANCY GOODS,

TABLE CUTLERY, BUST AND MARBLE STATUARY,

BOHEMIAN VASES, &c.

71 King Street East, Toronto.

D'ARY'S
Curative Galvanic Belts,
Bands and Insoles.

ALL WHO SUFFER FROM

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Nervous Complaints, Sleeplessness, Kidney Complaints, Constipation, Paralysis, Sciatica, Scrofula, and Sluggish Circulation, will do well to try

D'ARY'S

GALVANIC BELTS,

BANDS AND INSOLES.

An improvement upon all other appliances of the kind, and acknowledged the best known remedy for the above diseases. Send for circular.

A. NORMAN,

118 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF."

NEPENTHE BITTERS

Are a thorough Blood cleanser, anti-Dyspeptic, Liver invigorator, etc. No medicine ever achieved public favour so quickly, being made of ten different herbs, compounded in the proportions that produce the happiest results. All who use them pronounce in their favour, acknowledging their superiority. See below one of the many tributes.

—o—

TESTIMONIAL.

PERM, Ont., Nov. 16, 1875.

Mr. A. Norman, 118 King Street West, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I wish you to send One Dozen bottles Nepenthe Bitters. As my wife has laboured under Erysipelas for nearly five years, and been under the most skilful Physicians of the day; all was in vain. After using four bottles of your valuable Bitters she is so restored to health as to be able to perform all her domestic duties.

I am, yours with respect,
PAUL GALLAGHER, *Postmaster.*

Sold by Druggists and others, and by the Proprietor

A. NORMAN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

118 King Street West, Toronto.

ticians to administer our finances, to manage our public works, or to do essential service in developing the resources of the Dominion? The ordinary practice under the party system directly conflicts with the interests of the State. The all-absorbing question with office-seeking politicians is not the welfare of the Dominion, but the best means of securing or maintaining power. The result is that personal character or fitness goes for little or nothing; if a man can only bring with him the support of any political coterie or ecclesiastical ring, he will not clamour for office in vain. M. Cauchon has just taken the Council Chamber by storm, and so may any other blatant self-seeker who boasts the necessary backing. The only justification of the party-system is the benefit accruing to the country by the collision of clearly defined opinions; but why should it be upheld when, in times of political stagnation like the present, as Mr. Mackenzie himself allows, there is absolutely nothing to divide him from his Conservative opponents? So long as this playing at political soldiery is kept up, there will always be *quasi* causes of quarrel ready to hand or easily invented. Many questions, purely administrative in character, which could be satisfactorily settled by calm and intelligent deliberation on a national basis, are now tossed like shuttlecocks from one side of the House to the other, until they assume an importance in the party eye they do not intrinsically possess. No one needs to be informed how many bitter logomachies have been waged by angry and prejudiced partisans over cork and feathers. The *Globe* is very anxious to maintain "creeds and confessions" in the theological sphere; but there its dogmatism ends. No Thirty-nine Articles or Westminster Confession is admissible in politics. A simpler symbol is best adapted to Statecraft—a formula which may be uttered in a breath—"Place, place; honestly, if convenient; but place at all events." Hence has arisen the singular condition of affairs in which we find ourselves at present. The vile practice of slandering public men has been carried on for so many years, under the sinister auspices of one newspaper manager, that it has imparted the virus everywhere around. It is all very well now to raise the cry against it; but the mischief has been done, and the men immediately responsible are those who, at this late date, exclaim vociferously against it. Did the *Globe* imagine that personal vituperation and reckless abuse were the peculiar appanage of its own party? If it did, it has been painfully undeceived; the "Tories," as the Premier prefers to call the party of M. Cauchon and his six political friends in the Cabinet, have learned the lesson, and are now applying, although it is impossible they can improve upon, it. For a sound training in the art of traduction, couched in the diction of a rudely veneered Billingsgate, the Conservative organs have only "to give their days and nights" to the study of old *Globes*.

It is in no spirit of hostility to the present Government that these remarks have been made. On the contrary, we rejoice that Mr. Mackenzie has made a bold and honestly intended step in the right direction. There can be no advantage in substituting the "outs" for the "ins," so long as the present party muddle continues. The war which Nationalists have waged, with gradual but well-assured success, is a war against a system, not against Governments as such. Signs are not wanting that the Premier and the Minister of Justice are substantially of the same opinion. They, at any rate, are convinced that the affairs of this country can no longer be effectively directed on party lines or with party appliances. In the Pembroke speech Mr. Mackenzie accounted for the loss of seats since the elections which placed him firmly in power, by the composite and heterogeneous majority that secured his triumph. There was, it appears, a coalition in the electorate—not so immoral as one in a Government, we suppose—strong enough to ensure success for a time to the dominant party. This, to our minds, was a sufficient apology for the introduction of Conservatives into the Cabinet; and it needs no other. The present Administration then is a coalition, placed in office by a coalition out of doors; but if Mr. Mackenzie had not committed himself by rash words in former years, he would not make this bogy out of a political necessity. All we complain of is that people will not call a spade a spade, but prefer terming it a hoe or a plough. A crucial instance of the complete demoralization of parties was afforded in the case of Sir Alexander Galt. Of his ability and sterling integrity no one affects to doubt. The late Government admitted both when they induced him to accept office, and their successors confessed the same

faith when they importuned him to contest Montreal in the interest of Reform. On his declining to do so, both factions set upon him. The *Globe* ransacked its old files, and re-discovered the wickedness it had imputed to him years ago, but was willing to condone, if he could have been managed now for party purposes. The *Mail* found out, all of a sudden, that Sir John Macdonald's loyalty was so overpowering that he could not sit at the same table with an advocate of independence—at least of a more pronounced type than Mr. Terrill. Now, if Canada were ruled by politicians who regarded the State as their chief care, and party as subordinate instead of supreme, does any one suppose that M. Cauchon would be preferred to Sir Alexander Galt? Party needs alone can explain how it comes that the services of our ablest financier are lost to the country. Party requires subservience, and he is independent; party demands a price for office in the shape of support within Parliament or without, and Sir Alexander can boast of no hierarchy at his back. Mr. Mackenzie has taken a first step towards a non-party *régime;* and it is to be hoped that he will manfully toil on in the same path, submitting with cheerfulness to whatever temporary obloquy may fall to his lot. No one who observes the signs of the times can fail to see how loosely the obligations of party sit upon the people at large. Those who have conversed with nominal partisans are aware how feeble is the hold of conventional shibboleths, and if the indubitable fact required further confirmation, it has been revealed by the ballot-box. Electors demand some better food, both for reason and imagination, than they can gather from party names, which are often made to be full of sound and fury, and yet after all signify nothing. They have heard tales of corruption until they pall upon the sense; steel rail transactions, silver claims, and all the other phantasmagoria at the service of an Opposition, are quite powerless to excite curiosity, to say nothing of indignation. If some reminiscences of his past career have aroused popular indignation at the appointment of M. Cauchon, it will, probably, resolve itself at last into an abiding distrust of all politicians. They are not surprised to hear that the gentleman is purchaseable, although they may be astonished that the sorry lot was knocked down to a purist like Mr. Mackenzie. Cynicism, perhaps, will have the last word to say—*Caveat emptor.*

Party journalism may not have observed the fact, or party prejudice may have ignored it; yet it is indisputable that the intelligence of the country is sick of party, with its intrigues, slanders and double-dealing. The conviction has already gained a firm vantage-ground, that the traditional party names have no meaning. It suits the organs, on both sides, to ridicule the National movement; they are welcome to their laugh, but *rira bien qui rira le dernier.* The ballot-box holds secrets in its keeping not to be unfolded; but it discloses one fact, now evident to all but the purblind—that the old parties have no grasp upon the public mind, and that even timorous electors will act conscientiously when secrecy assures them against the bullying reproaches of party dictatorship. Thus the edge of scandal is blunted, thanks to the *Globe;* for common folks have learned to believe every story of the kind, or to disbelieve all without distinction. Party discipline is relaxed, and will continue to be relaxed indefinitely, except where it is cemented together by the vile mortar of selfish interest. There is a splendid opportunity for daring statemanship of the most beneficent kind, of which Mr. Mackenzie may avail himself, if he will. Could he be induced to fling party frippery to the winds, and leave the past dead to bury their dead, he has a chance of coupling his name with the opening of a new era for the Dominion. When party names are forgotten, and party distinctions serve the future historian merely as an incentive to ill-requited investigation or a provocative to impatience of temper, the man who has the courage to lift the destinies of Canada out from the slough of party despond to the firm ground of National policy will hold an honourable place in his country's annals. For Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake the lines have fallen in pleasant places; there can be no well-founded doubt of their patriotism, and as little of their contempt for the "party allegiance" of which they find it useful to talk on occasion. Most party men look with equanimity upon divisions outside their charmed circle; it requires unusual sturdiness and courage to recognise it within one's own. Let it be once admitted that party names mean nothing; that the best men available should occupy the highest offices of State irrespective of

temporary estrangements of a factitious character; and that organization, where it is necessary, exists for the country, and not the country for the sake of organization, and a better time will have arrived. Mr. Mackenzie has already recognised the fact that parties are broken up; he has only to concede that they are useless cumberers of the ground, to be cut down and cast into the fire. Every party triumph is a danger, whether it be gained on one side or the other. The only guarantee against undue influence or unworthy tactics is to be found in the full recognition of the principle, that the paramount purpose of government is the good of the country, not the success of party or the aggrandizement of individuals. When some vital question arises of such supreme importance as to dwarf all others, the existence of parties becomes a necessity, in the days which have fallen to us by the turning of the wheel, when there are no "burning questions," parties cannot fail of proving pernicious to the lowest degree. Scandal now passes for argument, and finesse or intrigue for sagacity, until the intelligence of the country revolts against the mischief-working system. There is but one remedy, and that is the avowed declaration of a purely National policy, regardless of traditional names and *quasi* distinctions, and careful only to foster the best interests of the country, and to urge it forward in the path of progress, material, social and intellectual.

The Postmaster-General possesses one sterling quality which should extort respect from his bitterest opponents—he is thoroughly outspoken and ingenuous. Believing that independence will be the ultimate destiny of Canada, he has not hesitated to avow this opinion, in office as well as out of it. It is refreshing in these days when many secretly share in a similar conviction, although they dare not confess as much in public, to find a Cabinet Minister who scorns to conceal it as an *arrière pensée* under the guise of spurious and simulated loyalty. From Mr. Huntington's view of the subject we dissent, not caring to contemplate a future which we cannot affect to desire. At the same time, we commend his manly avowal of opinions, and can see how, even supposing his forecast to prove erroneous, this frank expression of them may prove of essential service. Mr. Brown himself urged some years ago—and most people agree with him now—that the relations of this Dominion to the Empire must undergo a radical change. He was even prepared to look forward to our independence—not as a consummation to be wished, or even anticipated—but as a contingency to be provided for among the possibilities. The Postmaster-General may be right or wrong in his vaticinations, yet the moral of the independence theory is a good one—the duty of preparing, in any event, for whatever change may await our country. What is merely speculative in it is harmless, and may be safely left to prove or disprove itself in the future; what is practical will prove of immense value, if it be employed in the self-education of the public mind. Whether our fate be independence, absorption into the American Union, or a closer union with the Empire, our responsibilities will be increased, and must be foreseen and provided for. Party leaders generally take no thought for the morrow which will dawn in the near or remoter future. They are too well satisfied with things as they are to trouble themselves about what is to come. To hint that the present *régime* may prove a passing phase in our national existence is high treason, not so much to the sovereign, as to the interests of peddling faction. Hence the bitter denunciations heaped upon Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the *Globe*, and Mr. Huntington in the *Mail*. The idea of a national policy is detestable to them, because it upsets their political arithmetic, and passes into depths of calculating foresight they cannot fathom. The only adequate preparation for whatever change may befall us, must be undergone in a time of transition like the present. It will be too late to have the lamps trimmed and the lights burning when the inevitable moment has arrived, and the only policy, which looks to the future or strives to make provision for it, is that which casts away dead party issues and obsolete and meaningless party names in the interests of the nation, fast passing as it is from adolescence to maturity.

The chief organ received a salutary rebuke from the Premier at Pembroke, which we might hope it has taken to heart, if we did not know the *Globe* to be past reformation or even repentance. Mr. Mackenzie was defending Mr. Huntington, but his remarks apply equally to those whom the organ is constantly assailing with vindictive perti-

nacity. We should italicise the words if it were not clear that familiarity with the devices of typography has robbed italics of their emphasis; they are given, therefore, as the *Globe* printed them:—"He (Mr. Mackenzie) would scorn to be called a Liberal, if he did not allow every man to hold whatever speculative opinions he pleased as to the future of this country." That is the text—and an admirable one it is—but we shall look in vain to the *Globe* for a commentary upon it. The Premier virtually reads the organ out of the party, or at least reproves it as an unworthy exponent of Liberalism, and yet the oracle is dumb under the rod, and has no word either of penitence or apology. The least it could have done would be to cry "*culpa, culpa, mea maxima culpa*," and utter promises of amendment to be kept—until they are broken.

Mr. Huntington's Argenteuil address, whether he intended it or not, has served to divert discussion from the Independence channel. His trenchant attack on Quebec Ultramontanism is courageous enough, but it is not quite free from the suspicion of party strategy. It is not so much a "new departure" as a return to the old tactics, when Protestant orthodoxy was claimed as the natural ally of *Rouge* republicanism, tinged as it was with a *soupçon* of old revolutionary scepticism. When the Reds discovered that they could overthrow Sir George Cartier and M. Langevin by simulating a regard for the hierarchy, they did not hesitate to take advantage of the opening. M. Jetté became Mgr. Bourget's right hand man, and succeeded for a time in blinding the eyes of the faithful. The compact never possessed much power of cohesion, and was finally dissolved during the Quebec local elections. Rome may occasionally be lulled into a lethargic doze; yet she always sleeps with one eye open and sometimes stoops to the stratagem of "foxing." The Bishop of Three Rivers was the first to sound the alarm, and, at a later date, Mgr. Bourget made the discovery that no ecclesiastical miracle had turned the penitent wolves into sheep. It is very doubtful whether even the water of Lourdes could make a sincere Ultramontane out of a Quebec *Rouge*. The Christian temper of the hierarchy has been sorely tried of late, and it is quite possible that even the patience of Job might have given way under such treatment as the Church received in the New Brunswick School and Red River matters, and worst of all, in the Guibord humiliation. From an Ultramontane standpoint, the dominant party failed to observe the terms of the agreement of 1872-3, and is thrown over accordingly. Messrs. Masson and Mousseau and their tribe are now the true champions of neo-Catholicism, and it would go hard with Mr. Mackenzie if he were obliged to appeal to the country to-morrow. M. Cauchon was enabled to force his way into the Cabinet as a sop to Cerberus; but the result of the elections in Chambly and Charlevoix shows either that the Bishops do not place entire confidence in the new President, or that the step has been taken too late. Sacerdotal influence goes over, bag and baggage, to the side of the Opposition, and the effect of this will be made more manifest at the first decisive opportunity. M. Langevin might, perhaps, be won over; and he wears the insignia of St. Gregory, bestowed upon him by the Grand Lama at Rome; yet we doubt how far he could serve the discredited *Rouges*. Bishops do not see very readily; but when once they are able to take a notion in, it is difficult to dislodge it. Of course, the new member for Charlevoix dirtied his fingers with the Pacific business; still, that was not quite so bad as the Beauport Asylum job, and the one may be as easily condoned as the other has been. At all events the experiment is worth trying; for it is the last card the Government can play in Quebec. Mr. Huntington seems to have forgotten a little of our recent political history. He mounts the Protestant horse under the hallucination that he has been riding him all along, and only put him in the stable last night. He appears to forget that the redoubtable steed has been out at grass, preying on vile Conservative herbage of the common, and ridden by Tom, Dick and Harry these three years past. It is even possible that his property in the beast may be contested, and in that case he has no redress, save an action of trover. When Mr. Huntington makes a point against Mr. Thos. White, by showing that Conservatism is now the creed of the Ultramontane party, the retort is obvious, and it may take the Irish form of a question: Who have been the trusted allies of the hierarchy since the promulgation of the Vatican decrees? Who would still continue to be on the best of

terms with the Bishops, if they could? Mr. Huntington's party unquestionably. The Catholic League of Ontario was a failure, because the Grits refused to keep the compact. In East Toronto, and in North Renfrew only the other day, even Government pressure could not induce the party to keep faith with their allies. In a not very dissimilar way, the unnatural connection of Rouge and Ultramontane has come to grief in Quebec. Any politician, with half an eye, could have foreseen that this would certainly happen sooner or later. The fallacy which has in turn possessed both parties is the notion that they have wit enough to make an instrument of the Roman Catholic Church. No more fatal mistake could be committed. The ecclesiastical power, which now wields a more powerful weapon than ever, has lost none of its ancient "cunning," and is not likely to lose it at a time when it has secured a new lease of life. It is perfectly indifferent about political parties except so far as they affect to support the Church. Its cardinal maxim has ever been to use—not to be used. Its favours are not eleemosynary gifts, for which it expects nothing again. On the contrary, the *quid pro quo* is inexorably demanded, and it always takes care, in case of default on pay-day, to carry its wares to a new market. Mr. White is a Conservative; yet he was rejected because he was a Freemason, and fell, in consequence, a victim to the Syllabus. Sir Geo. Cartier was a Conservative, and a faithful son of the Church into the bargain, and yet when he ventured to disregard the behests of the Church, sacerdotalism turned its back upon him, and threw itself into the arms of *l'Institut Canadien*.

We agree with Mr. Huntington that the influence of Ultramontanism "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Yet how ar the talons of this eagle to be clipped, so ng as parties persist in coquetting with him? If the Postmaster-General really means to show fight to the hierarchy, let him insist upon the passage of a Bill to punish clerical interference at elections either by pastoral or address from the altar. It is notorious that the clergy in Quebec work the electoral system in the interests of the Church, and pronounce ecclesiastical pains and penalties upon any one who dares to vote for a candidate whom the Church has excluded from her lists. The Chambly and Charlevoix elections are proofs, not of a Conservative reaction, but of the undue influence and intimidation employed by the clergy. Mr. Huntington speaks of "British principles"; he had better procure the application of at least one, which was laid down by the judges who tried the Galway election. As it is, the zeal of our new Protestant champion has a fox-and-the-grapes aspect, which goes far to deprive it of any value from a national point of view. After all, the novel pretensions of Ultramontanism may have their good side, and if one unforeseen result of them be a thorough *exposé* of the hollowness of party politics, no one need complain. The hierarchy may assert the subordination of State to Church, or any other anachronism, as long as it pleases; mankind will not be convinced, and thank Heaven, the State has the power to curb extravagant pretensions the moment they conflict with the common good. But that power will never be exerted effectually until parties cease to outbid each other for sacerdotal support. Ultramontane assumptions may end in the breaking up of parties, and then, but not till then, will the Roman Catholic Church occupy its proper place in a land of religious and political freedom. It is amusing to observe the squirming of party organs under this new element of perplexity introduced from Quebec. The *Globe* and the *Mail* are both harking-back to their old starting-points, ready to go out on a new scent. The one is terribly afraid that it has gone too far in patronizing Archbishop Lynch and the League, and tries to escape in a cloud of unmeaning verbiage about religious equality, prefatory to a new crusade against priests and nuns. The other evidently regrets that it was ever led to pat Orangeism on the back, and breaks up the fallow ground in an attack on those who have sufficient knowledge of ecclesiastical history to distinguish between Ultramontanism and the Roman Catholic religion. The strength of sacerdotalism lies in a maintenance of the party-system, with its puny policy of grasping at any support which promises to uphold it in power and to bargain for that support at any price. Then, as the instalments fall due, like an Irish tenant whose allotment has been knocked down to him at treble its value, the partisan, on a threat of ejectment, turns upon his patron, heaps the vilest abuse upon him, and shoots him, metaphorically, from behind the editorial hedge. So long as factions, se-

parated by no clear division-line of principle, and dignified by the name of parties, exist, so long will Roman Catholics, Orangemen and Prohibitionists, be angled for by each of them in turn, to be deceived and betrayed by both. The only plan of government which is worthy of the name, the only one which will stand wear and tear in the future, the only one which can fulfil its promises to all classes and denominations, is one founded upon the needs of the Dominion, irrespective of party, creed or nationality. Under its guidance no Church would need to fear that its rights, sanctioned by treaty, law or the spirit of Christian tolerance, might ever be put in jeopardy. No Ultramontanist is more zealous for the prescriptive privileges of his Church than a National statesman would be; and yet the former would meet no sturdier antagonist if he attempted to realize in practice pretensions which are harmless only whilst they remain theoretical.

The Dominion Parliament will meet in a few days, and, for several reasons, the Session will probably be the liveliest since November, 1873. There are no very exciting topics to engage attention; yet there is that feeling of political unrest abroad which usually serves as the prelude to a storm. Of all the subjects mooted in the press, there is, perhaps, only one which can be said to be of the first rank. We refer, of course, to the Pacific Railway, and the attitude of British Columbia towards the Dominion. When Mr. Macaulay's New Zealander has completed his little bit of sketching in London, and perhaps exhibited it at some Maori Royal Academy Exibition, if any Maoris survive at so distant a point in the future, he would do well, supposing him to be of a literary turn, to direct his attention to the history of the Canadian Pacific Railway. From what we already know, there will be abundance of material for romantic or farcical pens. The inception of the scheme, the profuse liberality and easy-going *étourderie* which marked its progress; the advent of Sir Hugh Allan as a *deus ex machinâ;* the humours of the Scandal; the appearance, disappearance, and reappearance of the redoutable Mr. McMullen, a capitalist without capital, who can be serviceable to any Minister, Conservative or Reform, to Allan or to Foster; the burning of the Survey papers; the haggling of our rulers with their brethren on the Pacific slope, who have a perverse incapacity for seeing themselves as others see them who live nearer the rising sun: all these and many other features in this "strange eventful history," not yet fully developed, will yield materials of the highest dramatic interest. As the matter stands at present, the situation is simply admirable. Last year the Senate, in a fit of independence, threw out the Esquimault and Nanaimo Railway Bill. That venerable body was impelled to this step by a desire to show Mr. Mills and his friends that it could do something if it liked. The Supreme Court Act was saved for M. Fournier, by a double vote of Mr. Speaker, and it was obviously necessary to make it manifest that the grannies of the Upper Chamber were a power in the State. If an elected Legislative Council could temporarily stop the supplies as they did, under the inspiration of Mr. Brown, with how much greater reason should a venerable body, on the eve of being blown up by the Bothwell Guy Fawkes, make a last expiring effort to stand on its dignity. Hence the Vancouver Railway was sacrificed to appease the wrath of the Olympians. The organs cried *n'importe*, and proved, to their own satisfaction, that the Premier was under no obligation to submit his plan to the Legislature at all. They informed Mr. Mackenzie that he might go on with his plan as soon as he pleased. The Minister, on reflection, was of a different opinion, however, for he proceeded to offer the recalcitrant British Columbians $750,000 as a soothing potion. They refused to take the soporific from our Ottawa Mrs. Winslow, or to go quietly to sleep without it, and have been afflicting everybody with their provoking *insomnia* ever since. The *Globe* very justly remarks that the sum of $750,000 would have been equivalent to a bonus of $10,000 a mile to the proposed railway; but the *Globe* never can tell the whole truth about anything. It forgets altogether the real bone of contention, in the shape of a condition attached to the grant:—"The compensation to be given by Canada for any delays which may take place in the construction of the Pacific Railway, shall be in the form of a cash bonus." That is where the British Columbian shoe pinches; for the Provincials are astute enough to understand that, by accepting the bribe, they are in danger of being

choused out of the trans-continental railway altogether. So they refuse the potion much as a sick man would do if the doctor approached him with laudanum or morphia, and then announced his intention of keeping him awake all night with pins and needles.

Mr. Mackenzie's Pacific Railway policy was, we believe, the best possible under the circumstances. No practical statesman in the Premier's position is called upon to undertake impossibilities. He was in the position of an executor who, finding himself hampered by obligations it is impossible to fulfil, feels compelled to seek relief in equity under perplexing circumstances. The Premier came into court with clean hands, and is entitled, therefore, to ask for a charitable construction of his motives and intentions. Still it is most unfortunate that the suspicion should have been infused into the British Columbian mind that only Punic faith is to be expected from Ottawa. There must have been something clumsy and bungling somewhere, either on the part of Lord Carnarvon or the Dominion Government, before misapprehensions like the present could have arisen. The Opposition theory, which taxes Mr. Mackenzie with disingenuousness, may be an easy clue to the labyrinth, but it is one which is too slightly supported by evidence to be accepted. The defeat of the Walkem Government, at Victoria, if we read the brief telegram aright, has been caused by a strong anti-Dominion sentiment, and if so the Ottawa Cabinet had better look to itself, and set its house in order while there is yet time. Perhaps Ministers will take heed of a warning, which may hereafter be pressed upon them by more unfriendly critics, that any Government which forces British Columbia out of the Confederation, or trifles with Pacific Railway construction, seals its own fate by so doing. The situation is more critical than most people seem to suppose, and can only be met by rulers who approach it in a spirit of wise conciliation. The people of British Columbia require to be satisfied that the Dominion is in earnest about the great enterprise on which they have set their hearts; and when confidence has once been firmly established at Victoria, inevitable delays in the accomplishment of the work will be accounted for in a patient and reasonable way.

The meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade is an event of increasing importance every year. One question alone, to which an entire sitting was devoted, requires more extended consideration than our limited space will permit. If the reform of our fiscal system is to be conducted on an intelligent basis, it can only be done by discarding all *doctrinaire* speculation, and looking at things as they are. It is a singular proof of the incapability of existing parties to initiate a national policy, that neither of them is able to draft a tariff which will satisfy even its own friends. The *Globe* seems to regard this as a proof of the efficiency of the existing system, instead of being, as it is, a confession of weakness. Traditionally, but rather from accident than otherwise, Liberals are supposed to favour free trade, and Conservatives are presumedly Protectionists. Visions of 1845 appear to have blinded our politicians to the actual problem before us. In point of fact there is no theoretical objection to the most ardent disciple of the prevailing school of political economy assuming a Protectionist mask, if he chooses. There is all the difference in the world between the war of the Anti-Corn Law League against a system which taxed the people's bread, and a policy which, if it be persisted in much longer, will strangle our nascent manufactures. Theories are seldom, if ever, of universal application, and whether a man be, in theory, a Free-trader or not, he is bound to take into account the exigencies of circumstance. Mr. Mackenzie and Sir Alexander Galt are both Cobdenites in principle, and yet they have nous enough to see that the Free-trade theory cannot be applied in Canada, for some time to come, without injury to national interests. It is, in fact, a national and not a party question which is now taking so prominent a position in Dominion politics. Mr. John Macdonald, Mr. Workman and Mr. Howland are Liberals, and Mr. Thomas White is a Conservative, and yet there is no dissidence between them on this question. The entire commercial community is agreed that the tariff ought to be and must be adjusted in the interest of the merchant and the manufacturer immediately, and of the whole country in the long run. A great deal of nonsense is talked and penned about the greed of the classes immediately concerned, and about the burden Protection, in a re-

stricted sense, would impose upon the consumer. It is not a question of class at all, or of party, but one upon the decision of which depends the national progress of Canada. Journalists with an economical craze in their heads will, of course, cast ridicule upon a movement which threatens to disturb any nicely squared theory instilled into them thirty or forty years ago. That is to be expected; but, on the other hand, we have a right to anticipate that those who call themselves statesmen will rise above the pettiness of theory into the clearer air of practical common sense.

The Ontario Legislature has, on the whole, done some creditable work during the session now drawing to a close. Mr. Mowat, whatever other faults may be imputed to him, can hardly be accused of idleness. He is certainly a painstaking Minister, and conscientious also, as party politicians go. The number of Bills he has introduced, and will probably force through, would make a respectable volume of statutes by themselves. Most of them are not of the kind to make a noise in the world; but they have, generally speaking, that useful quality good laws always possess, of making their presence less palpable than the want of them would have proved. Mr. Mowat's works are better than his defence of them, and we are not quite sure that his apology for introducing important measures late in the Session will hold water. It may, of course, be desirable to consult people outside before finally framing Government bills; still, considering the length of the vacation, and the facility of postal communication, there were surely time and opportunities sufficient to have accomplished this six months ago. It must be remembered that Ontario has only one Legislative Chamber, and that the chief reason assigned for dispensing with an Upper Chamber was the abundance of time for discussion afforded in the ordinary course of legislation. If the Assembly is to be forced to deliberate upon the most important measures in the last ten days of the session, with two sittings daily, the Province would be the better of a Legislative Council, even if it only served as a drag when legislators are going downhill to the terminus. Not a year passes without the enactment of laws passed to remedy previous blunders, and this must inevitably continue to be the chief defect of Ontario legislation until the Government alters its ways.

The Opposition has made an inglorious figure in the proceedings of the Session. Whether it is badly led or too much led, it is not for us to say; certainly the best was not made of its slender opportunities. The Crown Land bombshell went up like a rocket and came down an empty cartridge and a stick. Mr. Cameron is nothing as a politician, and Mr. Macdougall is too much a politician to be of practical service. It would be very difficult to see what gain would accrue to the Province by a change of men. Mr. Lauder is always with us, it is true; but we sadly miss the sprightliness of Mr. Rykert and the sonorous bathos of Mr. Boultbee. The heavy man and the light comedian have both left the company, and what can be expected but dulness?

Mr. Hodgins introduced a Bill before the Christmas recess, having for its object the fusion of law and equity. Coming from a Chancery lawyer, the measure was exceptionally worthy of attention; but, notwithstanding the pleading of its author, it has taken the appointed place in *limbo infantum*. The pains taken by Mr. Hodgins in this and other legislative essays deserve recognition, but we think that any step either in the way of law reform or consolidation should be based upon careful inquiry, and initiated by the Government. The English Judicature Acts have been in operation only a few months, and although they appear likely to work well, it is too soon to initiate a complete revolution in our own system. The experiment of conferring equity jurisdiction upon our County Courts was an admitted failure, and the House should at least have more information at its command than it possesses at present, before it commits itself to radical legislation on the subject. Mr. Bethune's Bill to render voting compulsory is sure to be enacted some day, but as it has little or no chance in the hurry of a last sessional week, we need not refer to it particularly for the present. The Attorney-General's Bill, declaratory of the powers possessed by the Assembly, seems a work of supererogation, unless some of its provisions are unconstitutional, in which case it will probably receive its quietus from the Supreme Court. One clause, if it should stand the test, will make an end of Mr. Mills'

mare's-nest in Mr. Macdougall's case. A more absurd contention than that advanced by the member for Bothwell it would be difficult to imagine. Mr. Macdougall holds no office of profit or emolument under the Crown, and therefore is not within the purview of the Imperial Act. The very fact that such a construction of the Statute would virtually disqualify an ex-Privy Councillor for life is a *reductio ad absurdum* of this fanciful notion. Another Government measure, which we may venture to call an Amnesty Bill, is decidedly objectionable for more reasons than one. To begin with, the Bill is to be retroactive; but even that feature of it might be passed over uncensured if the Government had stopped there. The "Party of Purity," by introducing it, makes the confession that the root-and-branch weapon which it vainly imagined would work entirely on the Reform side, has cut both ways. Ministers are therefore anxious to undo their work so far as they can venture upon it with any regard for decency; and the Opposition organs are quite as eager for the change as the Government, because under it they will save Messrs. Scott and Stock from the extreme penalty of disqualification. If this were all the Act proposes to effect, there might be no serious ground of complaint, since the results will please both parties. But it does not stop there; on the contrary, it proceeds to lay down principles and open up loopholes which will go far to render our "pure" Election Law nugatory. It is a fundamental maxim in our jurisprudence that while ignorance of fact may be alleged as an excuse, ignorance of law cannot be pleaded even in extenuation. The new Bill drives a coach and six through this principle, and talks, with Chancery vagueness, of "an ignorance which was involuntary and excusable." Henceforward, a candidate has only to tell the public that he "honestly desires" and "in good faith will endeavour, as far as he can," to have an election conducted according to law, and he is permitted to file a plea which would be scouted by a police magistrate if urged on behalf of a day-labourer. The very men who thrust themselves forward as proper persons to take part in framing laws are the only ones to be excused for knowing nothing about those already on the statute-book. Nor is this all; for the thirty-fifth section, which could only have emanated from the brain of an equity lawyer, virtually abrogates the existing law altogether. In future, agents may bribe as extensively as they choose without voiding an election, if they contrive to do it "without the knowledge or consent of the candidate;" the proof of which is necessarily difficult, and in most cases impossible. In future the maxim will be, "not to leave undone, but to keep unknown," so far as candidates are concerned. Moreover, provided the "result" is not affected by the cases of corruption actually proved in court, bribery may go on to any extent without so much as unseating the member. If he has been returned by a majority of sixty, and only fifty clear instances of bribery are brought home to him, he will retain his seat; whereas if he should only be forty in advance of his opponent, he is to be turned out. No candidate or agent ever resorts to illegal acts without intending to "affect the result;" and surely it is the *animus* which the law ought to take cognizance of, not the practical effect of any act or acts. It is the inclination to corrupt strategy which Parliament should desire to "stamp out," not the actual profit accruing from it. It appears to us a monstrous proposition that a man who has ecclesiastical or official influence, for example, in his favour, may supplement them with bribery, if he chooses, so long as he keeps his corruption within sufficiently narrow limits. This measure, in short, prepares a new sort of "elevation" for the standard, after trailing it in the mud till its motto is undecipherable.

The annual pother about Orange Incorporation was again raised during the Session. The question at issue lies in a nutshell, and further discussion of it is a wanton waste of time. The hallucination which seems to possess Mr. Fraser and his friends, if it infused itself into private legislation generally, would go far to render the difficulties in the way of incorporation almost insuperable. Let it be once understood that the Legislature is prepared to pass no private Bill, the religious, charitable or economical principles of which are open to controversy, and our statute-book will be much less bulky than it usually is. If, by incorporating the Orangemen of Ontario, the House were presumably "endorsing" Orangeism, any Bill to that end ought to receive the six months' hoist at the first opportunity. To give special sanction to the turbulent and pernicious organization

would be a blunder, if not a crime. But that is not the position of matters by any means. Even Messrs. Crooks and Fraser admitted the Orange demand, when they referred Mr. Merrick and his friends to the general Act passed last Session. The vexed question, therefore, can no longer arise, since the Government, with a laudable desire to remove a pestilent nuisance, has conceded the point. Theoretical issues must therefore be abandoned, and the practical inquiry alone remains :—" Does the general Act cover the Orange case?" Mr. Mowat replies in the affirmative, Mr. Merrick in the negative, and the latter is surely in the best position to know whether it does or not. Subordinate lodges doubtless may take advantage of the Act; but the complaint is that it makes no provision for the organization as a whole, and thus all unity and discipline would be fatally impaired. The Grand Lodge, in fact, bears some analogy to the General Assembly of the consolidated Presbyterian Church; and Mr. Bethune would certainly have objected to any substitute for the Bills he introduced, having in view, not incorporation of the united body, but of congregations as individual units. In a similar way, if Mr. Merrick's account of the matter be correct, the general Act is of no use except in the case of subordinate lodges. If this be the fact, then, as the Government is estopped, on its own showing, from disputing the claim of the Orangemen, it should in justice have passed Mr. Merrick's Bill, and got rid of the troublesome question for ever. If, on the other hand, the annual introduction of the measure is merely a periodical display of perverse obstinacy, having no other purpose than that of riding roughshod over the Legislature, it ought to be frowned upon by the Government and the House. In either case, the question was exceedingly narrow, and might have been decided on common sense grounds, without entailing a repetition of political "buncombe" in its most hateful form.

Mr. Crooks' Education Bill is a good one, in so far as it does away with the existing *imperium in imperio*, and transfers all responsibility to the shoulders of a Minister of the Crown. It may even appear, without much exaggeration, to be the final completion of Responsible Government, under which the old *régime* was a standing, and sometimes startling, anomaly. Its good points, however, ought not to exempt the Bill from searching criticism, and it is decidedly weak in many respects—of that forcible-feeble stamp, in fact, always impressed on their measures by legislators who have not made up their minds, or perhaps have no minds to make up. Contrary to "well-understood Reform principles," the independence of Parliament is seriously menaced, and Ministers boldly avow that they are taking a leap in the dark, and desire to run at it unweighted by any statutory burdens. The Treasurer has wisely abandoned his fiction of a Committee of Council—an absurd notion apparently borrowed from English practice. The idea of selecting a Committee from a Cabinet of five was puerile in the extreme, unless Mr. Crooks imagined that he could escape Parliamentary criticism by a false division of the responsibility. His Bill, even as it at present stands, is extremely vague and unsatisfactory. Mr. Crooks, in addition to the sufficiently onerous duties of the Treasury Department, is also to be Minister of Education, provided the Government cannot do better by a new shuffle of the cards. Provincial interests are to yield, as they always do, to the exigencies of party; and so laxly is the measure drawn that Ministers may perpetrate any number of "shuffles," double or single, they see fit. Moreover, if the proposed "experiment" be practically tried, both the Treasury and Education Departments will suffer by the amalgamation, with this result in all probability, that the latter will fall into old and practised hands, and the new system will be a second edition of the old one—"writ large." No seer is needed to predict that this hasty and ill-devised scheme will require revision next year from the first clause to the last.

So much has been said and written of late on Temperance legislation, that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon the subject now, especially as it is sure to be discussed during the approaching session at Ottawa. Of Mr. Crooks' Bill, as a whole, we decidedly approve, although it is characteristically slip-shod in its provisions. There is no doubt that whatever can be properly and effectually accomplished by law towards checking intemperance should be enacted without delay. On that point the vast ma-

jority of the people are fully agreed. The difficulty is, that a large section of that majority views any such legislation, not as a finality even provisionally, but as the stepping stone to something more radical and thorough-going. Prohibitionists and practical legislators are thus working at cross-purposes. The former regard any restraints upon the traffic as futile, and look forward to its entire destruction. Thus, while Ministers desire to make the law as stringent as public opinion will warrant, the total abstainers have a direct purpose in making the law as unpopular and unworkable as they can. Their attitude towards any Government measure is a constant source of embarrassment whenever legislation is attempted. Prohibition may have justice and propriety on its side, but the question is as to its practicability. Those who jump at conclusions in a spasm are always ready with theoretical short-cuts to perfectibility. Their motives may entitle them to respect, and that is all that can be said in their favour; practical results must be governed by practical common sense, not by philanthropic fervour, however earnest and unselfish it may be. We believe it to be certain that the temptation to excess keeps pace with increases in the number of licensed houses, and hence the obvious conclusion that they should not be multiplied *ad libitum*. If municipal officers abuse their powers—and we think they do—they ought to be deprived of them. For these reasons Mr. Crooks' Bill seems deserving of support in its general provisions. It does not seem an undue restriction upon either the vendor or purchaser of liquor to confine the issue of licenses to one for every two hundred and fifty inhabitants in a municipality. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that one comprehensive provision is not likely to be adapted to all sections of the country. The actual needs of municipalities can be gauged by no hard and uniform system of measurement. Cities and county towns, for example, should be placed on a different footing from rural constituencies, and in both cases still further distinctions will be obvious when we come to compare one city or town with another, or one township with a not very distant neighbour. The Village of Yorkville, for instance, will be entitled to eleven taverns under the new Bill, whilst four are found sufficient at present. It is true that the municipality is not bound to issue licenses up to the maximum, but in other municipalities the prescribed minimum may err as widely on the other side. Take a place like Clifton, for example, and will anybody pretend that a license system based on population will be satisfactory? Still, on the whole, the new Crooks' Act is a step in the right direction, and we should like to see it fairly tried—an impossibility, we take it, to be shown by next year's renewed tinkering at the subject. The most objectionable feature in the measure is the enormous increase of patronage it throws into the hands of a Government exceptionally greedy of it. Centralization, unnecessarily monopolizing, and a profuse multiplication of offices, are new "planks" in the Reform "platform," devised since the party secured office. Municipal jurisdiction in the matter of liquor licenses has been grossly abused, but that is no reason at all for the wholesale grasping at political influence attempted in this Bill. We may go further, and point to the obvious conclusion that neither this Bill nor the Hospital Trust Bill would have been introduced in their present shape if the Treasurer had been returned for East Toronto. The policy may seem shrewd which consolidates all power in the hands of a despotic Executive, and visits private pique at the same time upon a constituency which has given offence to a Minister; but such a system is rank Bonapartism, and it is scarcely likely that *les Idées Napoleonnes* will gain any permanent footing in Ontario.

The last Session of an American Congress before the quadrennial contest is not usually a fruitful one. Both parties are too anxious to put the right foot forward before the people, and too busy in preliminary thimble-rigging for honest and earnest work. In a few months the Conventions will meet to determine upon platforms and candidates, and names are beginning to be mentioned on one side or the other. If we may trust Senator Conkling and ex-Governor Morgan, General Grant has at last abandoned his hope of nomination for a third term. The President has certainly not avowed it in public, and may possibly take advantage of his reticence when the Republican Convention assembles in June. If, by official engineering, he can be manœuvred into the

front rank, there is no doubt he will take advantage of the opportunity. Should the prospect be hopeless, he will wrap himself up in his dignity and point to private letters he would have been quite ready to repudiate on occasion. The Democrats seem to be at sixes and sevens just now, owing to a very common want among parties—the want of a policy. Repudiation came to grief in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and there is great disorganization in the rank and file everywhere. The only prominent candidates on that side are Gov. Tilden and the new Speaker of the House of Representatives. The Republicans are enfeebled by other causes. The military despotism at the South, the fearful corruption and demoralization in official quarters, and the dogged persistence with which Grant has hung on to the hope of a third term, are all sources of weakness. Of the aspirants at present named, ex-Speaker Blaine, Senator Morton and Governors Hartrauft and Dix are the most prominent. It is impossible to forecast with any approach to certainty the result of the June Convention; but at present Senator Morton is, in betting parlance, the favourite.

Mr. Blaine made a powerful bid for party support, and at the same time sprang a mine upon the Democracy, when he proposed to exclude Jeff. Davis from the Amnesty Bill. There was no principle at stake in the move, for the Republican Congressmen do not care a pin whether the ex-Confederate's name remains there or is left out. All they cared for was, if possible, to place their opponents in an odious position before the people. Mr. Randall, the introducer of the Amnesty Bill, was compelled by the force of Southern pressure to do justice to his allies, especially in a Democratic House; and Mr. Blaine, who has an eye to the Presidency, was equally bound to take advantage of the opening. Whether, after all, the latter has made much by his bid against Senator Morton, may be doubted. As an intelligent American journalist remarks, the event may prove that he has done neither himself nor his party any good. It is hardly worth while to devote much attention to these party stratagems at present, for we shall have enough and to spare of them for some months to come.

The Centennial was to be a last and successful attempt "to bridge the bloody chasm," and therefore it has disappointed Pennsylvanians sorely to find that on the very eve of their promulgation of a great peace evangel, with the eyes of the world upon them, the old passions have been aroused by Mr. Randall's persistence and Mr. Blaine's personal and party strategy. It is not at all certain yet that the House will vote the expected contribution of a million and a half to the fund, and therefore Philadelphia is up in arms against the parsimony of Washington politicians. Meanwhile the Khedive is the first contributor on the Exhibition grounds. Probably he desires his agents to have some leisure for an examination of Kelly and Allen's inflation theories; for in spite of the Suez Canal purchase he is sadly at a loss for some "new way to pay old debts."

The month's budget of European news contains matter for apprehension rather than for intelligent comment. Prince Bismarck is ill again, and Germany is quiescent—two events which generally synchronize. The elections for the Spanish Cortes have, of course, resulted in favour of the King, and probably against the Vatican. Castelar has managed to secure a seat for Barcelona—the Marseilles of the Peninsula—and will take two or three Republican colleagues with him into the Assembly. If all the officials acted as one alcalde is reported to have done, when he threatened a candidate with death if he refused to retire, the majority secured by the powers that be is not astonishing. In England, people appear to be puzzled as to the real nature of the conjuring feat accomplished by Mr. Disraeli. Lord Derby's speech has taken the gloss off the Suez Canal bargain, and the consequence is—general disappointment. Everybody supposed that the Premier had performed one of his choicest Oriental surprises, especially when the trumpet sounded and word was brought that the Khedive had been instructed to draw "at sight" for the pa try four millions sterling. The oracle has yet to be heard, however, and he may succeed in convincing a delighted nation that a great *coup d'état* was intentionally made and has been crowned with success. Of course it will be easy to aver that Lord Derby did not know what he was talking about at Edinburgh. How was he to divine secrets

locked up in the stony breast of the Sphinx? Of extra-parliamentary utterances there has been abundance. Sir Wm. Harcourt has completed what has happily been termed his Oxford "trilogy" of melodramatic speeches. In the last, success was mainly achieved by rhetorical blue-fire. Comparing the Premier to Hannibal, and himself to Fabius Cunctator, "who saved his country by delaying," he warns the Liberal party against the example. Varro, who was driven to defeat at Cannæ—Varro cannot be identified with certainty, but it must be either Gladstone, Bright or Leatham. Sir William is a very brilliant man in his way, but, like Polonius, he uses too much art, and will never succeed in securing popular favour, charm he never so wisely. People admired the impetuosity of the late Lord Derby, the tedious Whiggery of Lord John Russell, and went into ecstasies over the *bonhommie* of Lord Palmerston. They can still admire the fervid earnestness of Gladstone, and the plain and manly straightforwardness of Bright. Even Mr. Disraeli's government by conundrums is not distasteful, because it sets the nation guessing and "giving it up," until people are amused and satisfied with themselves and their entertainer. Sir William arouses no feeling of pleasure or enthusiasm in any one, and may as well be counted out of the running. The appointment of Lord Lytton as Viceroy of India may be incidentally mentioned as the Premier's latest "change of programme" in that series of sleight-of-hand entertainments for which, in showman language, he is justly celebrated.

It is difficult to give any exact account of how matters stand in France; yet it may be safely affirmed that the Left have had the best of it in the last Senatorial elections, as they had in the former ones. The only thing certain is that the Republic will be firmly established, so far as the Second Chamber is concerned. What ulterior dissensions, intrigues and negotiations may do it is impossible to say, but this is a most important fact to begin with. Should the electorate follow suit and choose a Republican Assembly, thoroughly committed to an earnest support of the Constitution as it is, the existing state of things may last until 1880 at all events. The new Chamber, if in accord with the Senate majority, will not be speedily dissolved, because the President cannot turn the former out of doors without the consent of the latter. We shall see how the new machinery works in a month or so.

From Eastern Europe the news continues to be exciting and by no means reassuring. The Montenegrins have been threatened by the Porte, and are said to have been assured of support from Russia if they will bide their time. Servia threatens to send Prince Milan about his business because he does not directly espouse the insurgent cause, and it is said that Crete is again in commotion. The news from Herzegovina is so conflicting that one does not know what to believe. The Cretans are evidently not the only liars at present under the Sultan's rule; and one thing only seems clear, and that is that the insurrection is not only obstinate, but hydra-headed. Meanwhile Count Andrassy's circular has obtained a more or less emphatic approval from the Powers, and, if we may trust the telegrams, almost as emphatic rejection from the Grand Vizier. What service it can be of to the Slavs, even if accepted by the Porte, it is difficult to see. The Sultan could not carry out the proposed reforms if he would, and would not if he could. Perhaps, after all, the object is to amuse all parties until the opening of spring, and then the Count's master will probably make a more intelligible and decisive move.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Contemporary Review* opens with a short paper on "Public School Education," by Sir John Lubbock. Its object is to arouse parents and the public generally to the perfunctory manner in which science is taught in the public and endowed schools, notwithstanding the reports of successive Commissions on the subject. The writer contends that a sufficient groundwork in natural science would not necessarily exclude satisfactory training in classics or modern languages. "It will, no doubt," he observes, "be said by some that it is better to know few subjects well, than to have a smattering of many. This is no doubt true, but no one wishes that boys should have a smattering of anything." At present, "boys may obtain University certificates, while they know nothing of history, nothing of geography, nothing of any modern language, or of any branch of science." Mr. Llewelyn Davies continues his essay on "Wesleyan Methodism, in Wesley's lifetime and after." It is written from a Broad Church stand-point, and of course is intended to prove to Wesleyans that they ought to have remained in the Established Church, and that, if they were wise, they would return to it as soon as possible. In the first instalment of the paper, Mr. Davies traced the life and character of John Wesley, and laid particular stress upon his high sacerdotal and sacramental views, and it is plain throughout that the writer is not at all loth to indicate the weak and superstitious traits in the great founder's character. He assails—and we think successfully, the traditional notion that Wesley was "driven from the Church," and gives prominence to what was admittedly one secret of his success—his autocratic and overbearing temper. At the same time, we fail to see how the great and eminently good work he accomplished could have been rendered effective otherwise than by indomitable power of will, reinforced as Wesley believed—and this must not be lost sight of—by the direct influence of the Divine Spirit. Mr. Davies enumerates the distinctive features of Methodism as: (1.) Field-preaching; (2.) Itinerancy; (3.) Perfectionism—a doctrine made familiar by the preaching of Mr. Varley and Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall Smith—which is defined to be not merely aiming at perfection, but the new dogma "that perfection is attainable in this life," and was actually given instantaneously to many members of his societies; (4.) Hostility to Calvinism; (5.) Bodily asceticism, including early rising and fasting; (6.) Attendance on ordinances, including preaching at 5 a. m.; (7.) Simplicity in dress and expenditure; (8.) Society meetings; (9.) Absolute government in the societies; (10.) Adhesion to the Church of England. Of course, it is not difficult to show that Methodism is not now what John Wesley intended it to be, and further, that although the Church has no iron creed or confession, its ministers are pledged to preach the doctrine contained in the founder's "Notes on the New Testament," and his four volumes of sermons, which they do, in a certain qualified sense. After all, Methodism remains a wonderful power in the religious world, and is hardly to be snuffed out under the courteous method of extinction proposed by Mr. Davies. It is courteous and charitable, as becomes a Broad Churchman, but by no means sympathetic. Still the information, chiefly derived from Tyerman, regarding the development of modern Methodism, and the sketch of its present organization, are both interesting and instructive.

Mr. Andrew Hamilton's paper on "Goethe and Minna Herzlieb," touches upon a controverted point in literary history. According to some Goethe and Minna represent, under somewhat reversed conditions, the semi-mythical Swift and Stella, or Cadenus and Vanessa, now in course of explosion under Mr. Forster's manipulation. The young lady was an adopted daughter of Herr Frommann, the publisher of Jena, whose wife by the way seems to have been the very flower of matronhood, Goethe appears to have cherished a very strong passion for the girl; not so strong, however, as to overpower his self-restraint. Whether she was the Ottilie of "The Elective Affinities" or not, seems still unsettled; even if she was, Mr. Hamilton clearly demonstrates that it could only be as a lay-figure, in which Goethe laid his mind-spectre, and had done with it forever. The Rev. H. N. Oxenham — not of course to be confounded with the author of the "Letter" to Mr. Gladstone—discusses "Eternal Perdition and Universalism, from a Roman Catholic point of view." It is a defence of the Latin Church view, with a dash of Lord Bacon in it. Some of the arguments adduced would suit Orthodox Protestants well enough, but the divergence is soon evident. The first assault

affects only some shades of opinion, Calvinism notably. "Calvin speaks," we are told, "in perfect consistency with his horrible theology, of babes a span long crawling about the floor of hell." But no such monstrosity is in the Catholic doctrine. We fail to see the force of the latter assertion, for what Calvinists predicate of non-elect infants, Roman Catholicism certainly asserts of those dying without baptism. The latter "are indeed 'damned' in the sense that they cannot attain to the Beatific Vision," &c. In other words, they suffer the *pœna damni*, but then he somewhat paradoxically asserts that the loss though "most momentous," is really nothing, because "it is not a conscious loss to them." Protestants have themselves, according to Mr. Oxenham, been the cause of all the heresies about future punishment, by travestying the Catholic doctrine of justification by faith, and rejecting Purgatory, for which we have a brief *resumé* of Scriptural and traditional arguments. The paper is well worth perusal, and suggests some general reflections which would be out of place here.

Dr. Bastian's question, "Why have Animals a Nervous System?" is hardly answered by him, unless the answer be that they have it because they need it. The scientific information contained in the article, especially that portion which relates to the dúbious boundary-line between the animal and vegetable kingdoms is valuable; but what are we to say of a theory which traces the beginnings of intellectual action to the Drosera, or Sun-dew, and the Venus Fly-trap? We can only stand aghast and sigh for the days of Lord Monboddo. This "fundamental mode of intellectual action" is lost again, it appears, in the lowest animals, and we are expressly cautioned against attributing their mechanical actions to "a rudimentary, yet conscious discrimination and power of willing." Mr. Harvey's "Pauper Abroad," is a noticeable contribution to comparative Sociology. Like all recent literature on the subject, it levies war upon the English system. The writer's ideal appears to be the Elberfield system, as expounded to English readers by Miss Octavia Hill—the chief merit of which lies in its efforts to save the poor from falling into the pauper condition, and to raise them as soon as possible out of it—to teach them by degrees, in Miss Hill's words, to be "above the degrading need of charitable or poor-law relief, to be energetic, provident and industrious."

Dr. Carpenter appears in a new *rôle* in his paper "On the Fallacies of Testimony in Relation to the Supernatural." The title sufficiently indicates the drift of its writer. He had been induced some years ago to investigate the matter in connection with the phenomena of mesmerism, spiritualism and allied forms of delusion, when imposture was certainly absent. His conclusion is that the miracles of the New Testament must be submitted to similar tests, and he scarcely conceals his opinion that they will not emerge unscathed from the fire. One sentence will show the tendency in this direction:—"Science has been progressively, and in various ways, undermining the old 'bases of belief;' and men in almost every religious denomination, animated by no spirit but that of reverent loyalty to truth, are now seriously asking themselves whether the whole fabric of what is commonly regarded as authoritative Revelation must not be carefully re-examined under the searching light of modern criticism, in order that what is sound may be preserved and strengthened, and that the insecurity of some parts may not destroy the stability of the whole." Dr. Littlefield's paper on "Ultramontane Popular Literature" is a fitting pendent to Dr. Carpenter's. Its purpose is to show, from such works as the Pilgrims' Almanac (*Almanach du Pélerin*) and the Abbé Curicque's "Prophetic Voices, or Modern Signs, Apparitions and Predictions," the materializing and degrading tendency of Ultramontanism. The whole story of Lourdes and other shrines is told at length, and the apotheosis of the reigning Pontiff exposed under the suggestive title of "Grand Lamaism." Dr. Littlefield is of opinion that, as the *cultus* of the Virgin superseded the worship of the Trinity, so the Thibetan system now in vogue is fast substituting Pius IX. for the Madonna.

The *Fortnightly Review*, as a whole, is rather dull this month. Still, there are one or two valuable contributions in it. Mr. Zincke, the author of a recent work on Switzerland, aids the cause of the land reformers by a paper on "The Channel Islands and Land Tenure." The writer is strongly impressed in favour of peasant proprietary; at the same time he repudiates anything like the revolutionary proposal to break up large English estates. He advocates simply the abolition of the law of settlement, and if we understand him aright, the prohibition of any of the prevailing methods of tying up the land. "I have not," he remarks, "said anything with the view of promoting a compulsory *morcellement* of the land, or for limiting, or in any way interfering with our existing liberty of devising our land to our immediate successors; indeed I should be glad to see this liberty so complete as to allow to every holder of land in the United Kingdom, power of leaving it absolutely to whom, and in what proportions he pleased." It is clear, however, that the owners of large estates, especially those of the aristocracy, would take care to provide against any disruption of their property, if the liberty of bequest were left them. Mr. Zincke's description of the Channel Islands is of the roseate kind, and he compares their inhabitants and condition of land culture with those of the Isle of Wight, much to the disadvantage of the latter.

Mr. Swinburne, having sent to press his noble

dramatic poem, *Erechtheus*, proceeds with his "Three Stages of Shakespeare." Our modern poet's division of the plays is founded upon what he regards as the marks of progress in Shakespeare's genius, from his first essay in polishing other men's work, until its maturity in the loftiest tragedy ever written, at any rate in modern times. The first stage has its "highest point in the domain of comedy and romance, and belongs as much to lyric as to dramatic poetry; its sovereign quality being that of sweetness and spring-tide of fairy fancy, crossed with light laughter and light trouble that ends in perfect music." The second stage, upon which Mr. Swinburne enters in this portion of his essay, is the period of perfection in comic and historic style. The final heights and depths of tragedy, with all its reach of thought and pulse of passion, are yet to be scaled and sounded. The writer does full justice to Marlowe, "the father of English tragedy," whom it has been the the fashion lately to underrate, and Fletcher receives cordial recognition. The style of the essay is of Mr. Swinburne's best; its fervid eloquence, glowing enthusiasm and clearness of diction carry the reader away in spite of himself.

Sir Rutherford Alcock's paper on "The Relations of Western Poems to the East," is one of considerable value, both ethnologically and politically. He regards the "Eastern question," or rather questions, for there are three, in the writer's opinion, as all closely connected in the supreme problem of the time. English apprehension of Russian encroachments, he thinks groundless in the main; but he insists that in the main Russian desires must be resisted—her attempt to advance to the Himalayan slopes is one point, and her attempt to monopolize the trade of Central Asia, the other. Sir Rutherford's views on China come with the authority of one who knows whereof he speaks. Mr. Macdonell's "German Railways, a Comparison," is a plea for a more intimate connection between the State and the Railways. He is not in favour of State ownership or of private companies pure and simple, but prefers the mixed system of Prussia. Mr. Pater commences a paper on "The Myth of Demeter and Persephone"—Ceres and Proserpina they used to be called in the times of innocency. Its most valuable feature is a condensed translation of the beautiful Homeric poem on the subject. Mr. Bridge's account of the Korea will fall upon dull ears at present, but it is worth perusing. When we noticed "Courage and Death," by Mr. Tollemache in the table of contents, we expected something like a rejection of the *brochure*. "Why should an Atheist fear to die?" The writer does not greatly indulge in polemics, and he has collected a number of very interesting anecdotes of dying scenes and speeches. Comparing ancient and modern instances, he thinks that the physical terrors of death are constant, the moral terrors variable. He is very severe upon the Orthodox belief in hell and its torments. Mr. Edward Dicey's views on the "Copyright Question" are interesting. He utterly rejects Mr. Charles Reade's view of the abstract right of authors, contending, on the contrary, that no such right exists. He believes that the right is merely a creation of law, and that it would not be of advantage to the community that authors should have "the same unlimited ownership of their books as shoemakers have of their shoes." He repudiates the words "pirate" and "swindler," as applied to foreign publishers, and illustrates his meaning by the case of pheasants, protected while they remain in the preserve, but not outside of it. "A State," he says, "is under no legal obligation whatever to a foreign author." Mr. Dicey's views are generally liberal and enlightened, although he tells what we fear must be called a disagreeable truth, when he says, "No doubt it would be an immense advantage to Australian and Canadian authors, to have the absolute command of the English market, *if there were any such authors to profit by the boon.*" But the Colonies are not—and for many years to come are not likely to be—the birthplace of indigenal literature." We believe that the London prophet will, at no distant time, be corrected by the event.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

WHEN we went to press last month the lovers of the drama at the Grand Opera House were enjoying a Dickens' revival in the representation of Halliday's version of "Nicholas Nickleby," and in the announcement of "Dombey and Son" as in active preparation. A dramatic representation of *Dotheboys Hall*, with its attendant incidents, pathetic and ludicrous, was a happy idea, as well as proving a fortunate financial hit for holiday attraction. The cheery, soul-enlarging creations of Dickens could not be more fittingly represented than at a season when the heart of humanity is being actively stirred by the claims of charity, kindness, love, peace and good-will. Besides the appropriateness of "Nicholas Nickleby" as a holiday play, the piece served also to recall to students of literature the annual "Christmas Story," or carol, which used to be one of the regular and welcome visitants of the holiday season, and seemed always to be struck off at the white-heat point of Dickens' genius.

To the juniors of the large audiences which the play attracted nothing could be more satisfying than the realistic effect produced by the management in getting up the piece. The first introduction to the rascally Yorkshire schoolmaster, Mr. Wackford Squeers—him "who had but one eye, though the popular prejudice runs in favour of two"—was one that excited the house to the greatest hilarity and enthusiasm. The famous Saracen's Head scene, the leave-taking of Nicholas Nickleby, the marshalling of the new pupils by the pedagogue, their tantalizing meal and hurried departure from the inn in a veritable coach-and-four, with all the flourish and circumstance that pertained to stage travel at the period, were vividly depicted and minutely portrayed. The subsequent introduction to the Hall—to Mrs. Squeers and its other inmates—the glimpse of the domestic economy and rare educational advantages of the institution, offered further scenes of lively entertainment and interest. The induction of the young usher to his duties, the examination of "the first class in English spelling and philosophy," the administration of the "brimstone and treacle," the social reunion of Miss Squeers, Tilda Price, and John Browdie with Nicholas, and the latter's interest in the forlorn Smike, formed additional scenes for amusing and exciting representation. Then followed the successive events of Smike's escape and capture, the attempted chastisement and its terrible *dénouement*, the subsequent and successful flight of Smike and Nickleby, the encounter with Browdie on the highway, the final arrival in London and *rencontre* with the latter and his bride, with the introduction to Newman Noggs and Ralph Nickleby at the latter's office—each a scene enjoyed equally by anticipation as by reality. The home found for Smike, and the sad and final end of his career, then brought the representation to a close—a close witnessed amid hushed silence that spoke more eloquently than the most tumultuous applause. We have seen few plays at the Grand Opera House that have been more satisfactorily presented than this, and none that have seemed more to fit the dramatic aptitude of the company, and that called forth their best mimetic powers.

The leading parts taken by the *corps* were these:—*Mr. Squeers*—Mr. Spackman; *Nicholas Nickleby*—Mr. Roberts; *John Browdie*—Mr. Sambrook; *Ralph Nickleby*—Mr. Farwell; *Brooker*—Mr. Davis; *Snawley*—Mr. Humphreys; *Newman Noggs*—Mr. Curtis; *Smike*—Miss Davenport; *Mrs. Squeers*—Miss Carr; *Miss Squeers*—Mrs. Marlowe; *Tilda Price*—Miss Delmar; *Mrs. Nickleby*—Mrs. Vernon; and *Kate Nickleby*—Miss Davis. The acting of Miss Davenport as *Smike* was a revelation of new powers in this painstaking actress, and a vivid manifestation of the character Dickens has delineated. With a voice subdued by timidity and a broken spirit, and an appearance made wretched by want and ill-treatment, Miss Davenport's *Smike* was a visible and audible embodiment that touched the heart-strings of every beholder, and won for it the highest praise. The death scene was exceedingly creditable to dramatic art in our midst, and an artistic pleasure which enhanced the literary art already given us by the author. The personation of *Mr. Squeers* by Mr. Spackman was a capital one, and successfully individualized the compound of cruelty, villany and humbug which the Master Humourist of his age intended to depict in the character. The scene which gives the opportunity to Nickleby and the school to avenge the accumulated wrongs of many days, and to repay with interest the flagellations he had meted out to his victims, was one of the keenest delight to the audience, and provocative of much

laughter. Miss Carr's efficient aid as the helpmeet of *Squeers*, and the twin-corrector with him of the morals and undue appetites of the pupils at the Hall, was characteristic of that lady's thoroughness and correct apprehension of the part assigned to her. The *Nickleby* of Mr. Roberts was, considering his youth and limited professional experience, an exceedingly creditable performance. The *John Browdie* of Mr. Sambrook was an admirable personation of the burly corn-factor. The *Newman Noggs* and *Ralph Nickleby* of Mr. Curtis and Mr. Farwell, respectively, gave the highest satisfaction; and the *Miss Squeers* of Mrs. Marlowe capitally realized the gushing coquetry and amusing prudery of the pedagogue's daughter. The play, as we have said, was throughout excellent, the characters were admirably personated, and the piece was mounted with a regard for the author's ideal which won golden opinions for the management.

In the engagement of Miss Agnes Booth, which ensued, the patrons of the Grand Opera House had the delight of witnessing the artistic performances of one of the most able delineators of the American stage. Possessed of many graces of person, a cultivated mind, and histrionic gifts of a high order, her successive appearances were hailed with lively satisfaction. In the attractiveness of stage presence, in the method of her acting, and in the pleasure-giving effect of voice and delivery, she more nearly resembles Miss Neilson than any other actress we have seen.

This may seem extravagant praise to those who do not rate so highly as we do the prerequisites of flexibility, expressiveness and purity of voice in an actress. It is true we do not look for these gifts, as we rarely find them on this side the Atlantic, but nevertheless they are the most attractive features in an actor's or an actress's presence on the stage. It is this, in great measure, that constitutes the charm of the lyric drama, for the vocal attainments can never be great if the speaking voice is not pleasing. And no merely physical endowments, however attractive, can compensate for their absence; and nothing more quickly disillusions an audience than to find an artist lacking in this first essential of feminine grace—a pleasing and cultivated voice. It is true that some of the greatest tragedians were men of wooden visage, uncompacted limbs, and rugged voice, but these defects rapidly disappeared in the solvent of genius. But lacking this, the public will demand, and continue to demand, from those who would seek its favour, those other qualities, less rare in their manifestation, but equally important to the possessor—quickness of perception, sensibility of ear, mobility of feature, and the other and general requisites of an acceptable actor—the bearing, manner and voice of a gentleman.

It may be that we seem to harp upon the requisites referred to of those whose proclivities, or other circumstances, have led them stageward. There would be little excuse for our doing so did we not find that they are little regarded as the indispensable qualifications to success in the dramatic profession. In a crowded and cultured field, such as there is in England, the importance of the possession or non-possession of these qualifications is more readily seen and admitted. Here in Canada it is otherwise, as there is either not the educated critical taste to exact the higher standard of excellence, or the means of readily supplying the want, where it is called for, is lacking. There is much hope that the "star" system, however otherwise objectionable, may bring about a change in this respect, in the educating effect both upon our players and play-goers, of their presence and representations; and the visit of such an artiste as Miss Booth cannot but be helpful in furnishing the models—dramatic and histrionic—by which we may gauge and direct the progress of the mimic art in our midst, as well as in providing an artistic entertainment of an order to which we may be incited, in some degree, to approach. In the plays of Shakespeare the artiste has a specially fine field for histrionic display; and indeed no one can successfully attempt Shakespearian delineation without being the possessor of rare elocutionary gifts. In the wondrous range of character met with in Shakespearian literature—in history, comedy and tragedy—every gift of utterance and every artifice of rhetoric are called into play. The rarest declamation is often inadequate to do it justice. The fire of action, the glow of passion, the working of emotion, the play of humour—all may be under contribution; and yet the grandeur, the beauty, the force and the subtlety of the dramatist's text may neither be scaled nor plumbed. It is only a measure of success that can be attained: for one feature caught a thousand escape—for one page illumined a hundred are left in gloom.

The Shakespearian expositions Miss Booth favoured us with during her visit were such as must have satisfied the most critical taste. Each impersonation—the *Juliet*, the *Rosalind*, the *Beatrice* and the *Constance*—were rare examples of studied and artistic acting. Every character had its own distinctive charm, and was personated with a degree of finish very pleasing in its effect. The benefit night, and the closing evening of her engagement, were given up to the representation of "King John," which, having been put on the boards for the first time in Canada, and having been the subject of considerable effort on the part of the management and the company to produce, we shall more particularly refer to. Though the play is one of the less frequently acted historical studies of Shakespeare, its general plot and leading incidents are well known to the student. The

characters, though mainly drawn from history, may be said to be among the best individualized of the poetic creations of the dramatist. The *Lady Constance* is a marvellous bit of portraiture, and exhibits the feminine character in one of the most touching and impressive features capable of presentation—that of maternal solicitude and affection. With quiet dignity and the *finesse* of true art, Miss Booth unfolded the character of *Constance* in a series of representations which did full justice to the beauty of the creation. The rapid mental transitions that follow upon the development of the play were admirably brought out, and the passages that gave expression to the ever-increasing anxiety and interest in the boy *Arthur*, which advances to anguish and the frenzy of despair, were powerfully and feelingly rendered. The effect of the representation was much enhanced by the interest attaching to the child *Arthur*, who was personated by the youthful Miss Virginia Marlowe with an intelligence and artlessness that won the sympathy of the audience. Mr. Grismer took the part of *Faulconbridge*, and very finely realized the fidelity, the intrepidity and the *brusquerie* of the character; though, perhaps, dignity was too much sacrificed to force and restlessness in his personation of the part. The *Hubert* of Mr. Farwell was a highly satisfactory personation, as the part gave scope for the exercise of such powers as Mr. Farwell possesses in marked degree. The scene in which the usurper of the English throne breaks to *Hubert* his foul designs upon *Arthur*, and the subsequent one in which *Hubert* tries to put them in execution were finely acted. So realistic was the latter scene, that the audience hailed with a keen sense of relief the victory of the *Chamberlain's* better nature in abandoning his fiendish purposes upon *Arthur*—an incident that conveyed its own compliment to the illusion of the scene.

The part of the title *rôle* was taken by Mr. J. B. Booth, a brother of the celebrated actor, Edwin, who strengthened the *caste* for the occasion, in company with the artiste who played the *Lady Constance. Philip* of France was personated by Mr. Davis; the *Cardinal Randulph* by Mr. Spackman; the *Earls of Pembroke and Salisbury* by Messrs. Sambrook and Stokes; and the *Queen Elinor* by Mrs. Vernon—making up an effective dramatic *ensemble* rarely witnessed in Canada. The management may fairly plume itself upon the success of the piece, which was mounted with fidelity to historic reality and splendour, and an attention to scenery, appointments and accessories, that would have done credit to the London or New York stage.

We must speak briefly of the engagement of Miss A. L. Dargon, which followed upon that of Miss Booth, as we have about exhausted the space devoted to the dramatic department. The re-appearance of this lady at the Grand Opera House was due, we take it, to the interest the literary public took in Mr. Tennyson's recent drama of *Queen Mary*, a stage version of which had been adapted for Miss Dargon, and which Mrs. Morrison desired to give her patrons the opportunity of witnessing. However laudable and enterprising the design of the management, the result proved *Queen Mary* to be a failure, and the piece was withdrawn after a few nights' run. In our August number of last year we reviewed Mr. Tennyson's work, and gave expression to doubts of the suitableness of *Queen Mary* for dramatic representation. The adaptation of the work to the stage, in the version made use of by Miss Dargon, has not increased its effectiveness in this respect; indeed, for acting purposes, the text has been shorn of much, in incident and description, that would have been better retained. Certainly, in the stir and effect of street pageant, in the dialogues of the local gossips, and the out-of-door colloquies upon national affairs, the piece would have gained in interest and excitement had these been incorporated in the acted version. The Cranmer scene was entirely omitted, a surrender to religious amity which, perhaps, should not be taken exception to. The drama itself, however, is lacking in the element of interest, or rather the interest there is in the play is misplaced—*Queen Mary* being made the prominent figure for sympathy and interest, which she fails to attract, while the *Princess Elizabeth*, around whom, at the period, hang the garlands of romance, is made the subordinate personage in the drama. For these faults of construction Miss Dargon, of course, is not responsible. She has had to contend against them; and, bearing this in mind, the measure of success attained in the representation of the play was attained in spite of these defects.

But deficient as the drama is in the power of attracting interest for its central character, we doubt if Miss Dargon is quite the artiste to atone for the shortcomings of the play. Though apparently a zealous student of her profession, and a careful and painstaking actress, she lacks the attractiveness of presence and manner that wins, nay commands, success on the stage. She has no grace of deportment, and her elocution is precise and formal, with an occasional *soupçon* of brogue that falls harshly upon the emphasized words and destroys the effect of delivery. With these drawbacks, her representation was otherwise satisfactory, and her acting was characterised by intelligence and naturalness. The *Princess Elizabeth* of Miss Davenport was a relieving feature in the play, and was personated with a degree of grace and subdued coquetry quite charming. Mr. Farwell's *Renard*, and Mr. Grismer's *Philip* were effective and meritorious performances, as were Mr. Sambrook's *Courtenay*,

and Mr. Spackman's *Bishop Gardiner*. Mr. Curtis assumed the character of *Sir Thomas White*, Mr. Davis that of *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, and Mr. Humphreys that of *Sir Ralph Bagenhall*. Mrs. Vernon's *Lady Clarence*, and Mrs. Marlowe's *Alice* completed the historical picture. Miss Dargon concluded her engagement by playing *Camille*, and *East Lynne*, in which she received the support of the company.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Dawson Bros., of Montreal, have issued, by arrangement, a Canadian edition of a new work by Mr. Jenkins, M.P., and author of "Ginx's Baby," bearing the title of "The Devil's Chain." The purpose of the work is to illustrate in a series of pictures, which seem to be lacking both in taste and in probability, the evils of intemperance. It is doubtful if this out-Talmaging Talmage, in intemperance of language and description, will serve any good end.

We undertand that the above-named publishers are to introduce George Eliot's new novel, "Daniel Deronda," to Canadian readers. It will be issued in similar form to that of the English edition—in eight successive instalments.

The Congregational Publishing Society of Boston have published in collected form, under the title of "The Prayer Gauge Debate," the series of Essays on the Prayer question issued recently by the scientists and theologians of England. Both sides are represented—the advanced thinkers and the orthodox writers.

The third volume of the re-issue of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is now to hand. The fourth volume, we understand, will contain two articles from the pen of Professor Daniel Wilson, of University College—one on "Canada," and the other on "Chatterton."

Messrs. Scribner, of New York, announce a reprint of Mr. George Smith's supplemental volume to his recently-issued work on "Assyrian Discoveries," on the subject of "The Chaldean Account of Genesis." The work will contain many illustrations of Cuneiform Inscriptions. The same firm are about to reissue the fourth volume of Prof. Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop."

Messrs. Osgood & Co. reprint Mr. Matthew Arnold's work reviewing the objections advanced by his critics to "Literature and Dogma." The book is entitled "God and the Bible."

A reprint of the Annual Summaries which have appeared in the *Times* during the last twenty-five years has just been published by the proprietors of that journal. It forms a small but handy volume of about 600 pages, and is sold in England for a shilling.

Mr. Whittaker, Editor of the London *Bookseller*, has just started a "Weekly Journal of Amusing and Instructive Literature" as an antidote to the "penny dreadfuls" that issue from the English press. Mr. Whittaker's large experience and close observation of the literary wants of the community should win for the new enterprise a complete success.

"The Nature of Light, with a General Account of Physical Optics," is the subject of the new volume of the International Scientific Series. The work has just been issued by Messrs. Appleton, who have also just reprinted the important work of Prof. Ernest Haeckel, on the "History of the Creation," treating of the development of the earth and its inhabitants according to the theories of Kant, Laplace, Lamarck and Darwin.

Messrs. Harper have just published an interesting description of Travel in Oceanica, Australasia and India, by Frank Vincent, jun., under the title of "Through and Through the Tropics."

Justin McCarthy's new novel, "Dear Lady Disdain," is about to appear from the firm of Messrs. Sheldon & Co. A novel of some merit, entitled "Owen Gwynne's Great Work," has just been received from Messrs. Harper. Mrs. Oliphant's "An Odd Couple," and Mr. Payn's "Married Beneath Him," will shortly appear. An unfinished novel by the late Lord Lytton, entitled "Pausanias, the Spartan," is announced for early publication.

"The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," edited by his nephew, G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., will be among the most notable of forthcoming publications.

The new issues of Messrs. Holt's *Leisure Hour* series are Mrs. Alexander's novel, "Her Dearest Foe," and a collection of *Vers de Société*, culled from the lighter contributions of Praed, Landor, Thackeray, Calverley and others.

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L. LETELLIER,
Minister of Agriculture.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
Ottawa.

DESIGNED & LITH., BY

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NOTES OF THE QU'APPELLE TREATY.

BY F. L. HUNT, WINNIPEG.

IN the clever and faithful work of Mr. Grant, "Ocean to Ocean" (which, from many years' acquaintance with a large part of the route and country described, I can strongly recommend), the author devotes space to comment upon the Treaty of the Lake of the Woods, and sees (as all cultured men of the world do) much to enkindle his sympathy and regard towards the Indians with whom he came in contact, and, from them at large, to all these children of the woods and plains, dwelling now in the long shadows cast by their declining sun, telling of the brief night, so soon at hand, that will hold scant dawn for them.

I propose to give in this paper an off-hand account of the Treaty of Lac Qu'Appelle, holden in September, 1874, by the Hon. Alexander Morris, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba; the Hon. Mr. Laird, Minister of the Interior; and Mr. William Joseph Christie, late Chief Officer of the Hudson Bay Company in the district of the Saskatchewan, but now retired from the service.

I write freely from my notes, nor yet complain. Impressions of the hour gain in freshness what they lack in precision. If they smack of the dishabille of the Plains, the undress is not necessarily irksome to the reader.

Crossing the Plains with a train of loaded carts may be strongly commended by the faculty as a sedative—scarcely as an exhilarant;—nor is it suggestive of anything I am aware of, saving patience, for which quality there is ample room.

The feeling of repose in camp is marred unpleasantly by fear lest the animals should stray off and leave you and your cart in the lurch. There is a constant slow hurry on the road, and if you are behind anything on a windy day, the dust is simply unendurable. This petty attrition of travel mars almost all thoughts of your surroundings—absorbs you completely in its routine.

Not so much, however, did it absorb me, but that as we were about to descend into the valley of the Qu'Appelle, I was keenly conscious of the thrill of delight which moves one when the thousand perfections that make the fair scene meet the eye—the sweeping, graceful lines; the shading hand of Nature which blends and melts her col-

ours; the canopy which seems arrayed and kindred only with the smiling, sleeping earth; in a word, the harmony which greets our finer sense, even as strains of music or the perfume of grateful flowers.

The descent into the valley was made through a wooded ravine, whose great length seems hardly at all to cut off the sharp incline. Getting down at last, we camped in a glen at the foot—a nook so furnished forth with all that makes a camp, that it would almost seem to say "Stop here." Climbing the immense bluff to the right, I there saw, in all its novel beauty, the fair valley of the Qu'Appelle.

I am somewhat at a loss to utter all the thoughts that moved me as I, to all seeming, the only creature there, stood mute amid the grand repose, the hush of this vast temple of the Plains. It has a character so entirely its own, so stained with the ages, so shut in, so weird and still, so filled with the great calm of untroubled nature, so instinct with the past, that thought of the future seems all alien—an invasion. It might be an Indian's dream of the "Happy hunting grounds." It was his happy "Hunting ground;" soon it would be so no more. The broad arch seemed to brood in strange sympathy above the sleeping hills; there was a voice in their repose; the heart ached fronting the buried time; and in the scope that met the eye—the wider scope filling the mind moved in unrest—one felt but as a child.

Only glimpses can be had of the river, a coy and modest little stream, which seems, with its green fringe, to shrink away to the other side, misliking strange approach.

One finds a rare pleasure watching the serrated bluffs which bound in the valley, and the wonderfully beautiful colours, bred from the changing season, which made their bare or half-clothed sides hold as vivid a charm as ever lit a rainbow or found birth in a prism. There are no edges or sharp lines; the attrition of the seasons has rounded each knob, knoll, or spur, so that although there is every conceivable variety of shape, there is but one form. The ground colour is mainly a soft buff or brown. I could liken its peculiar sheen or hue only to the horns of the deer or caribou in the velvet. The grass seems a furze or gorse. The short vegetation—touched by the frost, lit with the sunshine, foiled and relieved by the prevailing dun or brown—melts into a cloth or carpet before which the lover of nature may stand or lie, and gaze uncloyed for hours. This valley and these bluffs may be strongly commended as a study to him seeking (most often in galleries made by men) the mysteries of colour—a branch of art attained to by so few.

The road leading at the foot of the bluffs, and taking us past many a natural lawn whose grade and perfect slope would drive a landscape gardener wild, brought us at last to the foot of the lake; and the next morning, a bright and glorious one, was fit to drape the sleeping waters held in so closely by the massive hills. It was a rare delight; nor, as I watched the snowy gulls and buoyant wild fowl riding the unruffled tide, did I chide the tardy pace that held us in such an atmosphere and in such a scene. The road, however, is but a scant one, clasping the foot of the hill, and overhanging in many places the lake, into which the carts continually manifested a frightful propensity to hurl themselves. One, indeed, made this frantic plunge, carrying its ox along with it; the wretched animal performing such a series of double summersaults, and ground and lofty tumbling, as not a little astonished his compeers, and it is to be supposed himself also.

The land at times makes out into the lake in wooded points, and anything large enough for a garden finds a house and rude fence upon it; but the soil is poor and sandy, as well as continually stressed by drought. This did not so much matter when the old buffalo roads, which lead over the rugged hill-sides and down the ravine in every quarter, were filled with their forms; when their shaggy fronts glassed themselves in the clear water, or frowned down from the rim of the overlooking hills, as they defiled in countless numbers strong-limned against the sky. But the sky line is unbroken now, and ever will be by their forms again. The elk no more tosses his branching antlers, capping the rounded heights; and the cabri or antelope shuns this habitat of man, who, the whilome hunter, now remains alone with his strong arms, and his fish—*dernier ressort* to the true hunter, ambitious only of his accustomed lordly spoil. The finest white-fish are found here in abundance, both summer and winter. An old *habitan* tells me the first and last lakes supply the largest fish. Singularly

enough, in the intermediate waters the size of this fish is considerably smaller. In the two extreme lakes they sometimes reach the extraordinary weight of fifteen pounds—this is amazing, and caps Lake Superior—and so fat as to yield each over a pint of oil. Beneficent, compensating Nature! for is not the true white-fish, when bred in the right waters, the king of all fish—a piscatory delight which enslaveth the palate alike of the rich and the poor.

Upon a reaching point, which absorbed the lake until it became a narrow channel, upon the opposite side of which the wooded, beautiful heights swept directly down into the water, one mass of superb colour, we came at last to the mission—a small Catholic chapel where alike the *voyageur* and the *habitan* meet to kneel in worship and minister to their spiritual wants. They are bidden to this from the high Prairie, where a large wooden cross, overlooking the country, signals men to a duty they are prone to forget. The story of the cross, told by this rude emblem, has a significance which it does not possess in lands where men and churches most abound. Fraught as ever with the Divine tenderness of surpassing love, it also tells mutely of the fervour and devotion of the earlier sons of the Church, who bore it amid suffering and death in kindred wilds. In these quiet days, rid of danger, the good Fathers have, in their peaceful natural surroundings, accessories to meditation and elevation of thought eminently helpful to that theory of life which makes abstraction from the fever of mankind part of the routine of their sacred office.

Whatever feelings of kindliness I might have entertained towards the solitary pastor of this remote flock, they were evidently not shared by that high strung and wayward animal, my ox. To save us from being choked by the dust of "the train," I had blandly entreated him to fall a bit to the rear, and not press the flying vanguard too closely. He replied by running away—not from me, but with me. I braced myself at all impossible angles: he dragged me along like a fly; we dashed down a bad hill and up a worse one; fled off in the direction of a tent—a close thing—the ox overweighted, but having an advantage in the number of legs. One of the women here rushed to the point with a stick, and after a gallant affair of a few minutes he succumbed, to the extent of following a pioneer armed with a club, which she brandished in his face when he rallied for another rush.

While I, perforce, from the revival of a certain *mal de raquette* which had hardly entreated me of old—while I sat riding, perched up over that fatal ox, and pondering gloomily why I could not stick a knife into him without his kicking wildly and impaling the pioneer in front—we suddenly debouched from the road and came upon the treaty ground of Qu' Appelle.

A few camps of half-breeds; some rude houses, from one of which was flying a flag indicative of the immense bargains to be had within; a great camp of Indians on the plain across the river; the Company's fort beyond; the whole shut in by the brown bluff—here, at last, was Qu'Appelle.

The little Treaty world was as agog as such a sleepy little world could be, awaiting the arrival of the Commissioners, and news was eagerly sought—as if a man driving an ox could ever by any possibility have any news.

In accordance with the etiquette of the Plains, which shuns, when in sight, further uninvited approach, I stopped at the river, took out the graceful beast with whom I had been so lately at feud, and awaited the summons from our friends in camp to cross and be at rest. It soon came, and, preceded by two young gentlemen with feathers in their hair and ribbons in their horses' tails, my sagacious old runaway, with much precision and dignity, took us across the ford, and briefly halting, his and our travel was over, for a space at least.

The wife's brother came forward to greet and conduct us into his spacious, handsome skin lodge, where we were received with a quiet warmth and cordiality. After the friendly, welcoming calumet had duly made its rounds, we brake of the bread of the Plains—pemmican—and drank what never cloys—tea—dear, delightful tea! brief prelude to the welcome sleep under the accustomed cart.

We awoke next morning in a wealth of sunshine and wigwams. There was no lazy ox to gird at; nothing to do but see and be seen; which apparent idleness is an honest pleasure when it brings you, as it often did me, face to face again with fellow-*voyageurs* of other days—friends whom one scarce could expect to ever meet again.

The assemblage of Indians was not as large as might naturally have been expected, —a few Sioux as lookers-on, the bulk Otchipwes, and not a great many Crees, who were absent at the buffalo hunt securing their winter's provisions. Still it was in some senses a full camp, fraught with such variety of life as may be found in so large an assembly of so peculiar a people. The Indians were encamped—the Crees and Otchipwes apart—in the centre of the Plain; the half-breeds and others at the foot of the bluffs, from whose summit stretched the range for grass demanded by their animals.

All were awaiting Treaty—the Indians, so far as outward expression went, less interested than any. This indifference is not assumed; children of abundant leisure, the restless fever and hurry of an European may excite their wonder—never their emulation.

The half-breeds, however, were naturally *tristes* and *desolés* at the delay. Who can tell, amid the Talleyrands and Mazarins of the hour, what *coups* were made in imagination, that were destined to oblivion by the prosaic messengers of the Queen, who "came to treat with Indians and not half-breeds!"

The prosaic genii adverted to, however, sent in, about this time, a votive offering each day of a bullock and sundry amounts of flour, tea, &c., to beguile the tedium of the camp, which were received and disposed of without any appearance of feasting or jubilation. Indians can scarcely be expected, however pressed at times in the long winters, to be elated at present plenty, when their life amid the buffalo is a continual feast. They are as patient under want as outwardly indifferent to abundance. Now there was a continual interchange of quiet hospitality. The recipient of many invitations, I can safely say that nothing can exceed their delightful quietude and friendly *empressement*. They "sit at meat" like the thorough gentlemen they are, with a just union of dignity, simplicity, and repose.

I may mention here something anent that other part of the day—the night—from an odd pleasure I enjoyed, which would, I think, drive many half wild. The Crees have an immensely fine breed of dogs, very large, strongly made, and—if a certain savage look is not unpleasing—fine looking. They are quite essential as hauling dogs, mainly in winter, when three of them will make a trip with the meat of a buffalo bull. So closely bred in with the wolf are they, that it may be fairly said that they are domesticated wolves. These creatures abound in the Cree camp, spending most of their spare time in battles with each other, which, however, are more ferocious in seeming than reality, they going to war, like the Chinese, with a great noise, and ending it there. They race in packs at any poor devil who comes in their way, and then the *mêlée* becomes general, until the Indians make a diversion by an impartial distribution of blows all round. They are full of a queer, wild character, all their own, and were to me an unending source of study and amusement.

Chiefly in the night, when the whole camp is buried in repose, is the satisfaction adverted to derived, for then commences the most wild, weird, unearthly concert that ever assailed man's ears. First you have a short yelp, then two or three yelps in succession, a brief howl, which is answered in every quarter, and then, as if seized with a contagious inclination which it is impossible to resist, every dog in the camp, in every variety of tone, and with a dolorous wailing and melancholy prolongation, broken, agonized, and complaining, gives tongue unto the night, which fairly rocks and trembles with the multitudinous and sorrowful acclaim. In this frantic discord, strange to say, I found an accord, and used to lie and listen, chained and attent to the strange blending of wild cries. The weird sounds were as entirely in keeping with the surroundings—both had a savage grace—were as natural the one to the other, as is the plaint of the nightingale amid the soft scenes of cultured life.

In the early night the Indian drum fills the air with its monotonous beat, the vocal accompaniment being chiefly remarkable from the persistent efforts of the boys to swell their voices above those of the men. One night, however, I was awakened by an extensive drum affair in the adjoining lodge (it might as well have been in my own), and can vouch for its efficacy in awakening emotions of rage and attack; speaking of which reminds me of what I heard from an old friend to-day, just in from the buffalo.

A short time ago, during an encounter, a party of Blackfeet found shelter from a force of Sioux in a thick covert. Being armed

with breech-loaders, they made such havoc with their foes that, finally, the Sioux chief exhorting his men, they threw away their own guns, rushed into the wood, and slew the Blackfeet to a man with their knives alone.

I am tempted to narrate here something told me by my wife. I give it in her words: "Boskesikegun (or 'the Gun'), my father's brother, was a man of wonderful skill and success in stealing horses; he was never caught and never wounded. The most horses he ever stole at one time was one hundred and twenty, the least five. There was no one in the nation like him. He knew when others slept or were off their guard, and has often gone into the camp of his enemies when they were asleep, and cut the lines of the horses tied near the lodge and carried them off. The time he took the most, the horses were all penned in an enclosure in the midst of the camp; he went in and drove them out. Whenever it was known he was going out, the young men were glad to go under him. He stole from all nations—the Blackfeet, Crows, Bigbellies, Flatheads, and Sioux. Sometimes his young men would want to kill horses that gave out in the quick travel. This he would not permit; he thought it would bring ill fortune to them—that it was a sin.

"This spring he led a party to steal from the Blackfeet. There were fifteen and a boy—one was his wife's brother. This man had married a widow with one child, a boy. The step-father had been very fond of him, and was in great grief, for the boy had died but a little ago. On their way out they found three horses and sent them back by a young man. My uncle knew that there would be many of them killed, and tried to persuade his brother-in-law to return with the horses, but he would not.

"When they got into the enemy's country he told them one morning it would be a dark day, and before long they saw many of their enemies about them. They sought the best place they could find—a small place shaped like a bowl—it was the best at hand. Soon the Blackfeet were about them. The man who had lost his child said: 'This is what I came here for. I am tired of my life; here I will die,' and he sat with his gun between his knees until a ball in his throat ended him. Our people fought bravely, but the enemy were very many and very close. Boskesikegun said to his men, 'I shall be killed and many others, but not all of you; tell my wives not to cry for me, we have killed plenty of the enemy. You that get away take care of my brother's son.' When he received a fatal wound in the head, the boy gave a cry, but was told by a man who had married his sister.' 'Don't cry; pick up his gun and fight.' The boy did—laughing at every shot he made. He got a ball through the arm, and was knocked senseless with a blow on the head with a stone, but escaped with his life. Some of the enemy understood Cree, and while the fight was going on Boskesikegun said to them, 'I am the man who always took your horses; now that I am about to die you will be able to keep them better.' The fight lasted half a day. At night five Crees—three of them and the boy being badly wounded—escaped, leaving ten dead on the ground.

"Some half-breeds fell in with the Blackfeet a few days after, and they said they had lost thirty men in the battle. The gun belonging to the man who was 'tired of his life,' fell into the hands of a man who escaped. It was a Henry rifle, and slew twenty of these thirty.

"When the men reached the Cree camp, they told the wives of Boskesikegun what he had said. His right wife, or council wife, seemed not much moved, going about singing to herself, but inquired particularly about the place where her husband was killed, and disappeared in the night time. After a search, her friends set out for the place where they had fought, and two days out overtook the faithful creature, on her way to the body of her husband and certain death."

This is what my wife said—adding: "The boy who is in here so often is the same one;" and, indeed, a fine young chap he was in every way, neither he nor his family thinking at all about the little matter I have been relating.

It is a custom among the Indians at certain times to recount their deeds of valour and endurance in battle and the chase. This has been much sneered at by white men as alien to true courage, their own noble reticence being quite inflexible—saving perhaps in books, magazines, newspapers, and general conversation. This, doubtless, is a source of gratulation to the men of destiny, being in its character akin to the gentle heroism that never, never,

never degenerates into ferocity. Now, than the custom of the Indians nothing can be more simple, more truly heroic. The man marked with scars and thrilling with the memories of danger and individual daring is a noble living poem—a breathing epic. He has arraigned himself before a tribunal whose murmured consent to what he says is fame; whose silence is twice defeat. He tells with generous ardour of the prowess of his single arm, well told by single speech. The thought occurs as I picture forth the fray amid the hills; of the "dark day," foreknown to all; of the fatal many against the undaunted few; of the despondent, tranquil form of him vowed and glad to death; the brief comment of his friend—"you will not be far before me;" the stubborn fierceness of the strife; the laughing boy in that grim scene; the night at last whose parted curtains let forth the bleeding handful left. I see, too, that faithful wife wending her way from all of life to all of death, overtaken and reclaimed; and I think of the thoughts she never speaks, of the tears that rain in only on her heart.

Without any particular inclination here to enlarge upon the characteristics of a race seen by many, known by few, I may say, after some twenty years' contact with Indians, that the ideal Indian is a most natural creation—an undoubted fact. Cooper and Longfellow, so far from exceeding nature, have only, with the instinct of genius, and stirred by a fine humanity, sketched slightly but faithfully in a field which to a thoughtful man is not only full of unique and graphic portraitures, but is coloured as well with a mythology which, mystic as are all religions, is yet so fresh and subtle that its simple lines blend insensibly with the tender reaching filaments with which nature seeks to surround and permeate every existence, imparting to these her children, in their primal condition, a certain knowledge which is health, certain faiths which we call superstition, but which to them are religion—nay, further, an occult faculty, which, in its display, is the wonder of the sage and the derision of the fool.

Word at last came of the envoys "camped at the mission," and early the next morning, while the mists summoned by that autocrat, the sun, were lazily lifting in wreaths from their couch, the lake, and curtaining the hills ere melting into space, came the unwonted sounds of their approach. Soon the buff jackets of the bluffs were flecked with a ruddier tinge, sprinkled with the red bodices whose prototypes have in so many a well-won field been deepened with a darker and more fatal hue, and soon—softened by the distance—the music of the band came stealing, swelling upon the glittering air, laden, for the first time in uncounted ages, with so sweet a burden, pregnant with such novel charms. Oh, mystery of thought and memory! Oh, prose that bourgeons into poetry! What glamour is there in the air that makes my heart to beat, my lip to tremble, and my eyes to dim?

"What do I see? What do I not see? I see these children of the Plain among whom I stand, fade, even as fades yon lingering band of vapour hidden by absorbing power, and melt into the past, as a people that once were, but who are no more. The free, the natural life, the unbounded liberty, the plenty and the spoils of chase; the air, the water, ripe with fowl and fish; the swelling plains where dwelt the buffalo, the elk, the bear, and deer; the troops of riders, the bands of wild or waiting horses; the hunters, men whose silent, trusty bow slew just enough and no more; the vast camps—the pointed, moving cities of the Plain—with all their hopes and fears, their loves and sadness, gone even as a dream, nor trace nor stone to mark where once the nations stood!

Nigh to this fading remnant—their horns and bugles heralding their approach—come the *avant couriers* of destiny—the strong, the conquering, the all-dominant race; the children of the northern seas; mixed Teuton and Celt, ruthless to sway, yet swaying justly; fierce, yet tender; rough, but still sincere. They come to set their seal upon the land and make it ruddy with new life. Their hands are full of the memories of home; and at the thoughts of homes of yore of this my kindred race, the music, as with a golden key, unlocked the long-closed doors of years, and showed me faces, eyes, through which souls looked full on mine, an instant, yet for ever.

Quite unmoved either by men or music, the Indians beheld the cortege cross the ford, and, recruited by a number of half-breeds on foot and horseback, approach the Company's Fort, the head-quarters of the Commission, while the troops bearing on, halted on the borders of the lake.

The great marquee or council tent was

pitched hard by the camp of the Dominion troops, but after a brief interview with the commissioners, the Indians, one and all, so strongly objected to reassemble anywhere upon ground claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company, that it was removed to a rising ground indicated by themselves, between their own camp and the Company's fort, and it was there they met the commissioners in Council.

As to the manner. Shortly before the hour appointed, a bugler from the troop, accompanied by an interpreter or guide, made the rounds of the Indian camp, blowing a call at the Council Lodge of the Indians and other prominent points; after which, did the Indians incline to meet that day—not otherwise, and there were many lapses—they, with every deliberation and in detached parties, moved across the plain, singing or not, as might be, and advanced in a body to the marquee, seating themselves inside, on the ground—the Otchipwes on the one side and the Crees on the other. It may be said here that the negotiations were on the part of both conducted almost entirely by the Otchipwes, most of the Crees being at the hunt. Singularly enough, and at as early a day as the Selkirk Treaty, the Otchipwes asserted a prominence; commenting upon which the late Alexander Ross, a veteran trader, and author of several works upon the country,* says: "The country has always, within the memory of man, been known to belong to the Crees and the Assiniboines. The Otchipwes were always looked upon as intruders, and so much were the Crees offended by their participating in the Treaty, that they menaced the settlers that they would reclaim their lands unless the Otchipwes were struck off." He adds, "that during the trouble between the rival Companies, these people were brought in by the 'North-West' as trappers and hunters, and made their first appearance about 1780, from the lake country, and that some of the signers of the Selkirk Treaty were pushed forward by the traders, being held in no consideration by their own people."

At this day they are found in all the Plain country east of the mountains, from Edmonton to the Cypress Hills, from the Saskatchewan to the line—a people whose push and vitality asserts itself wherever they are found. There was, I think, the same resentment of feeling at this as at the Selkirk Treaty. The Crees, however, met them in their prior conferences, though counselling apart; and it is due to the fact of the Crees being willing to treat that the delays attending the Treaty were brought so suddenly to an end. As a matter of fact, it was quite immaterial to the Commission who claimed the land; the extinguishment of all Indian title being their aim, and an equality of terms to all present the result.

To return to the council tent. There were a few soldiers placed near the commissioners, the bulk being nigh at hand, outside, among the motley group of Indian men, women, and children, half-breeds, traders, &c., &c.

I suppose most know that the Indians determine in their own councils upon not only their chiefs and chief men—or soldiers, as they are sometimes called—but also their mouthpiece or speaking man, who is instructed merely to convey their thoughts, but not to determine or initiate. They confirm him, as he speaks, by marks of assent; or if he is going in a way they do not like, some elderly man will quietly rise, take him by the arm, and lead him to his place—a parliamentary usage, by the way, which could be frequently introduced with great effect among some of the Legislative Assemblies of the present day. They exercise much care in the selection of their leaders, who are presented by one of their number giving their names and functions. It is not essential, I may add, that their orator should be a chief, or man of rank; he is chosen for his aptitude, and is sometimes replaced by another, as was the case at this Council. Points arising are reserved and considered by themselves in consultation in the soldiers' lodge.

Waiving details, I proceed to the impediment which at once arose, *i. e.* the feeling of hostility to the Hudson's Bay Company. In brief (although it occupied much time, and called for tact and patience), the Indians said: "A year ago these people [the Company] drew lines, and measured and marked the lands as their own. Why was this? We own the land; the Manitou [or Great Spirit] gave it to us. There was no bargain; they stole from us, and now they steal from you [this was not said in reference to the one

* "Fur Hunter," "Columbia," and "Red River Settlement."

mile in twenty granted to the Company]. When they were small, the Indians treated them with love and kindness; now there is no withstanding them, they are first in everything." In the course of this protracted discussion, which was finally ended by Mr. Laird, the Minister of the Interior, assuring the Indians that the Company were right in doing as they had done (which, by the way, they were not, and the Indians were right in what they assumed), Governor Morris asked: "Who made all men? The Manitou. It is not stealing to make use of His gifts." The Indian replied: "True; even I, a child, know that God gives us land in different places, and when we meet together as friends, we ask from each other, and do not quarrel as we do so." I quote the words of the man—his unquestioned assent to the greatest truth, save one, that awaits recognition from mankind. "Even I, a child, know that." This assent on behalf of his people should never be forgotten; it was the natural concession to the equity of existence, which finds expression in idle, impractical theories on the part of civilized white men, but was here practically and nobly illustrated by his uncivilized red brother. In its reality and instant application, it was the first time I ever saw a grand act simply and perfectly well done.

The whole discussion of course hinged upon the Treaty being made subsequent to the Company's entering upon the fee made their's by transfer, and was the only serious delay to the acceptance of the same terms as had been made at the Lake of the Woods. Being often in the Indian Council Lodge, I heard there much finer speaking than at the grand tent, particularly from one man, an orator indeed, able and apt. The repose, ease, and dignity with which they conducted their deliberations, the absence of fever, assumption, and trick (sometimes called finesse), made it a quiet pleasure to be remembered.

At the close of the proceedings the Indians wished to have the Treaty read to them—a formidable request, which was at once wisely assented to by the Governor handing the bulky-looking document to the interpreter, whose look of dismay and consternation, as he held it out at arm's length in front of him, was immensely amusing. The Governor, with as much good sense as good nature, went to the side of his bewildered ally, and made the task possible for him. In fact, through all the Treaty negotiations, Governor Morris has shown the tact, patience, and friendly inclination so essential to negotiations of this character, without which either no result is arrived at, or else one so marred in its course as to leave a disagreeable impression upon the Indians.

Indian treaties are most often thought of as routine affairs—a form gone through with; and upon such surmise the pathos and verity of the situation is entirely lost. The simplicity, confidence, and weakness of the Indian, and the irresistible power of those who call him in council, render it not so much a treaty as a demand; and in so far it seems a matter of very plain sailing. In reality it is not, either in negotiation or sequence; for underlying all shrewd bargaining and present advantage lieth equity, which is as apparent to his untutored mind as to that of his civilized successors, a disregard of which would lead to grave evils—the lesser, pauperism and vagabondage; the greater, reprisal and assault—which, though having but one end, would yet entail great loss, nor rid the nation of reproach.

In the future lies the essence and gist of the benefit to the Indian for all he surrenders. His annuity is nothing; but the clause which restrains him from selling his land, the absence of any rule of inheritance or descent, makes him so entirely the ward of the power which assumes this paternal shape, that in the coming days, when he and his people are making a life struggle in their new conditions, it is to be believed that he can safely appeal for such judicious aid as, while it leaves the healthy stimulus of necessity intact, will yet assure him from the assail of want, attaining surely security and content.

The *per capita* of land reserved for the Indians is 128 acres—average payments not more than ten dollars each. To those, and they are many, who view with dissatisfaction anything at all being given to the Indians, it may be a consolation to know that he would be much better off as Mennonite or Dane than as a Cree or Otchipwe.

Practically, however, the immense domain is now valueless to the Indians; forsaken by the animals that once afforded profusion to its owners, it stands now waiting the firm hand of the husbandman to garner its riches. State policy, *not* Philanthropy, and that

briefly, will effect Philanthropy's noblest work. The teeming and hardly-used peoples of the Old World will here find a home, their moiety and fee—even as their life—so plain that in the beautiful words of Pah-tah-kay-we-nin: "Even I, who am a little child, know that."

It was done! A little crowding—the low-toned voices and laughter of the Indians—a touch of the pen—and an Empire changed hands! It may be a sentiment, but I confess, even in the presence of that battered platitude, "the spirit of the age," that at this final moment my sympathies went strongly out to these people, unknowing what they did—a prayerful thought that these children of our Father, so savage and yet so gentle, so ignorant and yet so wise, might not in the hereafter perish utterly away, but on a portion of their ancient lands share a common comfort with those other children of men whose manhood only attains its true stature when girt around with that word so pregnant with stout life—a freehold.

Payment and its attendant cares fell into the hands of Commissioner Christie—able hands they were. Well would it be for the Government and the Indians could they secure Mr. Christie as permanent commissioner for the Plain tribes. With a high personal prestige, and fraught with a life-long experience, no better man could be found—few as good. Upon superior men of this class should devolve all such work. Experience such as he possesses is as vitally necessary as it is incapable of transfer.

The frightful loss and disorder to the United States flowing from political appointments in the Bureau, the criminal dishonesty of the agents employed, and their fatal ignorance of the character of the people they have in charge, are fraught with instruction to the Dominion, whose people will learn (however they may felicitate themselves upon Indian matters in the Lower Provinces) that they have here another—a widely different task. Singularly fortunate they are even here, for the presence during such a length of time of respectable traders and the very large population of the mixed race have had a most tranquillizing and beneficial effect. Still, the loss of their game, the pressure of the new population—some of whom will, no doubt, be brutally aggressive, many profoundly indifferent,—the extent and capacity of the area for shelter and retreat should trouble arise, will render necessary an intelligent care in the management of so peculiar and distinct a Department that cannot be overrated.

The presence of the Minister of the Interior at this Treaty augurs well, as he was thus enabled to arrive at practical conclusions in no other way attained. This, with the special care given to the subject by the Hon. Alexander Morris, will, we may fairly suppose, lead to most favourable results when the organization of the Indian Bureau is complete, and it takes its place, as it should, as one of the most important branches of the public service.

I am greatly moved when I seek to gather in the scope of the splendid future of this country—its capacity for an enduring greatness, its strength to feed and to care. On the threshold of this future, standing in the light of this ripening dawn, it is fitting that we should look back to the dark days of the infant colony; that we should see and know that it is not merely to the tolerance of the Indians it owes its present safety, but also to their sheltering aid and care. When the imprudence and rapacity of rival white men had wrought out a bloody lesson, it was the Indians who protected and preserved the wretched men, women, and children from pursuit; fed, clothed, and sent them safely on, going far to them in the hard winter to minister to their wants. In the after days, when they were sore beset with hunger and sought the Plains, it was the Indian again who fed and sustained them. The Red man mingled his blood with theirs. The two races were as one. The Indian is linked to the State by every tie of gratitude; his is a record without a stain; faithfulest of friends and truest of allies! The escutcheon of Manitoba to-day should be an Indian succouring a suppliant white man, and, in keeping with their voiceless benefits, upon every faithful heart let it be written: "*We do not forget.*"

THE DEATH OF BROCK.

A CANADIAN LEGEND.

Addressed to the School-boys of Canada.

BY COL. WILLIAM F. COFFIN, OTTAWA.

SCENE—*Queenston Heights.*

Outlook—from the Village of Queenston to the south—with Lewiston Heights on the left. The river Niagara rolling down on the left front, and the Queenston Heights, surmounted by Brock's Monument, on the right front and right.

Carminis personæ—Gaffer Sicord (1) an ancient Militia-man of 1812, and his great grandson, Isaac Brock.

GAFFER SICORD *loq.:*

COME hither, little son of mine, come hither, Isaac Brock,
You ask me to repeat the tale of that fierce battle shock,
Wherein your noble namesake fell, on yonder mountain side,
Who gave his life for Canada, and, having saved it, died.
Ah, well do I remember, through the mist of sixty years,
That morning in October, so full of hopes and fears,
When manfully, yet nervously, the invading foe we met,
And those who lived our prisoners were before the sun had set.
We knew that they were coming, as they never ceased to boast,
And we saw their swarming thousands crowd along the opposite coast.
We were but as a handful (2)—and we knew not where or when
The blow might fall; but, when it came, why, we were there and then.
We were on outpost duty—headquarters in our rear,
At Fort St. George, six miles below, but we knew that Brock was there;
Of course we lay upon our arms—that morn ere dawn had broke,
The hum and tramp of mustering men the coming blow bespoke:
We heard them through the misty screen which shrouded shore from shore,
And the rolling in the rullock of the fast approaching oar.
Each man was up in no time—at his post with silent tread—
"Fix bayonets," "handle cartridges," was all the Captain said,
When, from the point below us here (3), our eighteen-pounder spoke,
And the silence of the misty screen, with startling nearness, broke—
A wild shriek—louder curses—the word of hoarse command—
Up rose the mist—and a fleet of boats lay headed for the strand!

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1. Gaffer—a word not familiar to the Canadian vocabulary, but good old Anglo-Saxon, being "a term of respect, applied to an aged man," at present obsolete—*See* Worcester.

2. The whole force at General Brock's disposal, to cover a frontier of 36 miles, did not amount to more than 1,200 men, including militia. The American General, Van Renselaer, to guard about the same distance on the other side, had 6,000. Thus the British force, scattered along the line, was exposed to be cut off in detail. The defect of the position at Queenston was its distance from support; but this was unavoidable, and only to be met by sagacity, foresight, and activity, which Isaac Brock eminently possessed.

3. Vromont's Point. The gun, at this point, the service of which had great effect on the events of the day, was commanded and directed by a Quebec lad—John Sewell—a son of the well-known Chief Justice Sewell, U. E. L. He was then in the 49th Infantry. He died two years since, at Quebec, at an advanced age, having been Commandant of Quebec up to a short time before his death.

Then blazed Brown Bess, with right good will, both round and grape we plied,
Yet on they came through shot and flame—they would not be denied,
Those gallant Yankee regulars, right well their duty sped,
And their leaders did their duty, too, for gallantly they led.
And, as they landed, as they formed, we fell back from the shore
To occupy the houses, as it was fixt (4) afore.
They got it hot, from shell and shot, but their leaders cheered them on,
"For the honour of America," and the landing-place was won.

The man who minds his order, with a loophole to defend,
Has but to bite his cartridges, and blaze on without end,
Amid the smoke he nothing sees, and knows but little more;
But this I heard, that, while we fought, fresh hundreds hastened o'er.
While theirs increased, our numbers waned, for death had marked our track,
And then our ammunition failed, yet not a man gave back.
Brave Dennis (5) with his "forty-ninth" and our unflinching few,
Soon found that, just to hold our own, was as much as we could do,
While a throng of Yankee riflemen, with many a taunt and jeer,
Swarmed round our flank, scaled yonder heights, and got into our rear.

We had bare time to look around, or to know the risk we ran,
When a shout arose, a joyous cheer, which rushed from man to man:
"Yes, there he comes, our general," just when we want him most,
At the full speed of his charger: That one man was a host.
His ringing voice, his flashing eye, his fearless look and free—
'Twas like God's Providence to men so sore beset as we.
Few words sufficed, and little time, to marshal our array,
Our hearts were in our finger-ends, we sprang up to obey.
"We must carry yonder battery, lads, and clear those fellows out."
(You may see from hence the earthenwork which covered the redoubt,)
It swarmed with ready riflemen, all desperate to kill;
He drew his sword and led us, first, right up that rocky hill.
How it befell I cannot tell, but we took it at a run,
We stormed in o'er the breastwork, and we captured back the gun;
And we drove them up, and on, beyond yon crest, which you well know,
With the precipice behind them, and Niagara below.
Just then, midst the Americans, up rose a flag of white, (6)
But brave Wool sternly tore it down, and still maintained the fight;
While we had paused, all breathless, and somewhat disarrayed,
When Wool rang out his rallying shout, and a desperate onslaught made.

The tide had turned—a wave of men came pouring on her crest,
And forced us down by weight of fire—although we did our best.
We had to leave our captured gun—we spiked itas we past—
And then I saw our noble chief—one short look and the last—
He had rallied some few scores of men, and, with his sword on high,
Was leading bravely up the slope, shouting his battle-cry,
"On, on, my gallant Forty-ninth, on, brave York Volunteers,"
When the fatal bullet struck him—his grand form disappears—(7)

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4. Gaffer Sicord, in telling his unsophisticated tale, must be excused if now and then he lapses into the vernacular.

5. Captains Dennis and Williams commanded the detachment of the 49th Infantry at Queenston, and did their work right well. Both were wounded. In after years Dennis became Sir James Dennis, K.C.B., Lieutenant-Colonel 3rd Foot.

6. At this moment some of the officers put a white handkerchief on a bayonet, to hoist as a flag, with intention to surrender. Capt. Wool inquired the object. It was answered that the party were nearly without ammunition, and that it was useless to sacrifice the lives of brave men. Capt. Wool tore off the flag, and ordered the officers to rally the men and bring them to the charge. The order was executed in some confusion.—Niles (Albany) Register, 1812. No. 9, vol. 3.

7. Brock was of powerful frame and imposing stature, 6 ft. 2 inches, says Tupper's "Life of Brock.'

And the last words he spoke to those who were by him when he fell
Were "Hide my death from comrades who have ever loved me well."
I was there among the foremost, and there I saw him lie,
With his hand upon his sword hilt, and his brave face to the sky;
Just there, in the hollow of the hill, you can see, hence, where it stands,
In after days yon sacred stone was placed by a Prince's hands. (8)
As he said, we did. Around his corse, his soldier's coat we wound,
Then tenderly, and reverently, we bore him from the ground;
Yet little thought the sorrowing men, who mourned his doleful plight,
That the soldier's prayer had been heard in death, that in death he had won the fight.

For, mark, when in the morning the hope forlorn came o'er,
And dared the worst and faced the worst, like brave men to the fore,
They left behind them thousands who aped the lion's tones,
Yet hid beneath a calf-skin their recreant skins and bones. (9)
They were crazy to be at us, when they saw their fellows land,
And gain at length the mountain-top, so bravely from the strand;
But, when they saw our leader lead, and the way in which we fought,
They looked askant, and "kinder guessed, that they hadn't oughter ought." (10)
And there they stood appalled, aghast—such shame was never known—
As if the spirit of the dead had turned them into stone—
While their abandoned comrades—who were comrades but in name—
Were left to meet the fate of war, which very swiftly came. (11)

That fate befell them swiftly—for Sheaffe had gained the height,
From Newark, by St. David's road—while we prolonged the fight—
As rapidly manœuvred to take the foe in flank,
And hem them in, between our fire and the margin of the bank,
Where bristling crags and a sheer descent, two hundred feet and more,
Impend above the toiling waves and the mad river's roar.

We heard the advancing skirmishers, and the wild Indians' cry,
And the crash of heavy volleys, and we knew the end was nigh.
Our orders were to hold our own, our own post to defend,
In the lowground here we could only hear—but we knew how it must end—
Fresh men and well-filled pouches must ever bear the sway,
Over fasting men and unsupplied—who had fought it out all day!
And so it ended; soon there came a lull, and then the word
Passed down, that General Wadsworth had given up his sword.
Gibson and Totten, Scott and Wool, and full nine hundred more,
Had homage paid to the silent shade of our Great Chief in his gore. (12)

8. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales planted this stone, marking the spot where Brock fell—13th October, 1860

9. Do what we will, our works bespeak us,
Imitatorum servum pecus.
Gaffer Sicord may have read Shakespeare, but, whether or not, he has followed him closely.

10. Our esteemed friend, Gaffer Sicord, has travelled somewhat out of the vernacular here; but he, possibly, may have been paying a visit lately to some of his old antagonists in the State of New York.

11. Despatch from General Van Renselaer to the Hon. William Eustis, Secretary of War, Washington, 14th October, 1812:

"By this time I perceived my troops were embarking slowly. I passed immediately over to accelerate their movements, but to my utter astonishment, I found that at the very moment when complete victory was in our hands, the ardour of the unengaged troops had entirely subsided. I rode in all directions, urged the men by every consideration to pass over, but in vain.

12. Sheaffe won the battle of Queenston Heights, truly and practically. Brock had been dead some hours. He had manœuvred excellently well to place the enemy in a hopeless position, as given in the text; but, in the judgment of posterity, the victory was due, morally, to Brock, for had not the circumstances attendant on his act of self-immolation (for it was nothing else) daunted and scared the New York Militia, they could have crossed the Niagara in thousands, have overwhelmed the handful of men in the village, already commanded in the rear, and, uniting with the Regulars on the Heights and their excellent officers, have encountered Sheaffe with all the advantages of ground and numbers on the ascent to St. Davids, when the issue might have been very different.—*See* Mansfield's Life of Scott, New York, 1846, p. 33. There is a diagram which shows that Sheaffe understood his work.

Three days had passed—when, in long array, with silent step and slow,
With arms reversed, with muffled drum, and music wailing low,
With all the honours men could give, who, with temper stern and high,
Just glanced around, and dared not look each other in the eye;
Who cast their smothered feelings upon the soldier's bier,
As they bore him to his resting-place in the Western Cavalier,
And when the guns of Fort St. George their last sad tribute sped,
And the three last parting volleys had echoed o'er the dead,
Our foes at Fort Niagara—most nobly was it done—
Lowered their flag to half-mast, and gave us gun for gun.
And when the war was over, a grateful people gave
In yonder glorious monument, a tribute and a grave. (13)
But the proudest tribute to his fame is the flag which waves to-day,
Over men, at work, in Canada, and little boys, at play.

Now, 'Zack, my son, be off to school, and when time comes to play,
Tell all the other school-boy lads what you have heard to-day,
And add that, while I think upon't, I'll put in black and white
A tale which, if I judge them well, they'll dwell on day and night; (14)
And when I go to "Little York," (15) as I do, now and then,
I'll see if I can't light upon some of those printing men,
And if I can, for your good sakes, I'll get it put in print;
And if I can't, in either case, why, then, the devil's in't.

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13. The remains of General Sir Isaac Brock, and of his Provincial Aide-de-camp, Colonel John Macdonald, were removed from the Cavalier in Fort St. George, and deposited in the base of the monument on Queenston Heights—13th Oct., 1824. A tabular monument, by Westmacott, was erected to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock, by the nation, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

14. Vos examplaria, *nostra*
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ. Hor.

15. Old Gaffer Sicord can't mind any of your new-fangled names. "Little York" was Little York in Brock's time, and so must remain to the end of his chapter."

CARRIE'S COURTSHIP:

A TALE OF A SUBURBAN MARKET GARDEN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

I. PREDILECTION. II. INFECTION. III. REJECTION. IV. ELECTION.

BY F. R., BARRIE.

CHAPTER I.

PREDILECTION.

WHAT was he doing there? Every Sunday afternoon, as Carrie looked out of her window, she felt aggrieved at the aggravating individual who was always lounging about, so that she couldn't look out and enjoy the evening breeze off the river without seeing him. Had any one been at hand to retaliate—"What are *you* doing at this particular window, when you know you like the other room better, and prefer the view at the back?"—and had such an one been gifted with the power (like Mr. Gilbert) of changing bricks and mortar into a Palace of Truth, she would have answered, "I am here because I can see him from this spot and not from the other!" For she was very much in love with this do-nothing stranger. Moreover, such being *her* motive for looking out that way three weeks running, and her glass (to say nothing of cousin Joe) telling her that she was a pretty little witch, she very soon found a reason for the apparently objectless promenading of the handsome young fellow in the felt hat.

It was clear enough—he must be in love with her. Now, what was he like? But stop—who are you asking? Carrie, or the veracious historian? Well, as you know what the first thinks of his lovely eyes (without having ever seen them except under the brim of a hat, and two hundred yards off), his perfect shape (masked in rough, ugly overcoat, and cheap trousers), and his splendid and manly "get-up" in general, you turn to me for the truth and to learn all about him.

"Vincent" was his name—a great point in his favour. Carrie was some time before she knew that, and then wasn't sure if it was his Christian or surname.

So, with fear and trembling, she christened him "Mr. Vincent," and shuddered when she caught herself saying "Vin!" in an enticing tone to her reflection, that blushed a great deal more than it needed.

We too will call him Vincent; and to begin with, Vincent was low, and you or I would have cut him, unless we had been reading one of Kingsley's novels lately, or Thackeray's Snob Papers, and had had our sense of true "gentility" rubbed up a little in the process.

His father was a tobacconist; he himself had had a fair education at a training college, so that his inner man, although sufficiently priggish, was not quite so common as his exterior. To be particular, his soul was not above smoking a clay pipe, but he wouldn't have put on mosaic jewellery.

His sweetheart had gone away just then for six months—gone to an aunt in the country, somewhere up the river—and Vincent, left to amuse himself alone, had gone the first Sunday after she went, at the earnest request of some old companions, to one of the haunts, lovely in themselves, but very unlovely in their associations, where the young men of his class are wont to disport themselves. But the girls that were with them expected him to flirt, now he was "from under her thumb," as they elegantly put it, and his honest heart revolted at the idea; so they voted him dull, and played tricks on him, palming off on him a horrid mixture of stale beer and salad dressing, which he began to drink, in utter absence of mind, out of a ginger-beer bottle.

There! now I've done for myself and my hero.

Never more be hero of mine or another's tale, oh wretch, who could drink, though dying of thirst, from an uplifted stoneware ginger-beer bottle! But having said it, I will stick to it—hero he is, and, as far as his nature will permit, hero he shall be—and you, friend, who never drink ginger-beer and shudder at the bottle, have *you* never flirted over an ice while your love was out of sight and earshot? Never, of course—I beg your pardon for supposing it.

Next week Vincent sought out the river bank, and looking up its broad tide towards the west, felt as though it were a link between him and Jane. And, joy of joys, he soon found out the F—— Market Gardens, all buds and blossoms, and regular rows of early lettuces setting themselves lessons in perspective, and trying hard to find out the vanishing point at the other end of the long fields.

Here were broad water-meadows, and a comfortable old willow tree with a polled top, like an arm chair, and he could climb up and be very quiet and watch the boats on the river, and listen to the Sunday chimes. Now I'm not going to spoil the truth and make him out perfect, so I will tell you at once that he never went to the church close by, or hummed hymn tunes, or read good books up in his nest; but being of a rather musical turn of mind, whistled certain secular, not to say music hall, ditties. And in the gardens, amid beds of "old-man," looking quite juvenile in the spring weather, and all netted over with sweet peas and a huge honeysuckle with a sturdy trunk, was a neat little house, with Dutch-like oyster-shell walks in front, and a thicket of wallflowers and tulips under the hedge. This abode of bliss was lit by a low little window, as pretty a bit of colour as you could see. Flowers in pots, and a *Canariensis* struggling up the diamond-shaped panes, and a pretty—yes, a *very* pretty face looking out of it! Spoilt, of course, in the getting up, but looking very happy and bright nevertheless.

How would you look—you who dress always in perfect taste—if that taste had deserted you, and with little or no means you were driven to burlesque a duchess *en grande tenue?* I'm afraid you would fail.

But, after all, that is just the task these poor folk set themselves when they essay to imitate *your* elegance!

It is very true, her imitation necklet is an abominable design, as well as the most transparent pinchbeck, but its clumsiness would be called massive solidity if it were gold; and may not one be rich in aluminium-bronze as well as in the precious metals? A good deal of make-believe is better than a little—besides, it *wasn't* make-believe to Carrie.

So, with her hair in the last fashion (don't ask me to describe it), and with all her face twitching in delight at being left to take care of the house and herself—once her most hated task—little Carrie was a pleasing object, and she knew it. He had seen her once or twice before he found it out, and then it was some time before he knew that he knew it, if you can understand me.

He caught himself walking round that path to get to the plank which formed the connecting link across the broad ditch which ran between the periodically flooded meadows and the rest of the market gardens. This, on reflection, he remembered was quite unnecessary, as the first few Sundays he had jumped the ditch. Revolving the subject, he determined to walk that way slowly, and find out the attraction. Somehow he didn't begin to look out for it till close to the house, and then, suddenly lifting his eyes, found it. "What the dickens is she blushing at?" was his muttered exclamation, feeling rather savage.

A turn of half an hour among the cabbages tamed him down, and a sudden thunder clap completed the cure. Back he hurried, and the rain only just began to come down as he passed the honeysuckle porch.

No one had heard him—he would stand up.

But some one *had* heard him, and opened the door.

He made a sort of constrained bow, and then she asked him to step in out of the rain and he apologised for standing up, all in a breath, and then they stood staring at each other, each expecting not to have to make the next remark. Getting fearfully red, and as if only to break the silence, she repeated, "Won't you come in out of the rain?"

Terrible, wasn't it? If they'd only had the safeguard of some mutual acquaintance who had seen them both once, to have told them each other's names (perhaps wrongly) in a confidential whisper, that would have made all right—but they hadn't. And after

a searching investigation, I find it is hardly customary in their class, and that its absence doesn't much affect anybody.

"Thank you," was his half-declining answer, "I'm well sheltered here." Then seeing a little trace of—what? disappointment, hardly that—well, seeing an indescribable something in her face, he relented. "This is a pleasant little porch; do you often sit out here?"

Now Carrie never sat there by any chance, but putting two and two together with that usual feminine alacrity which is always at its quickest when one or both of the numbers is wanting, she argued thus: "That's why he wanted to stay here; he thinks it is my nook, poor fellow!" and aloud, with an arch look, "I used to." Of course Vincent ought to have gone on, "Why don't you now?" or "Won't you go on sitting there?"—but instead of making the most of an opening, he meditatively chewed a barberry leaf and made a motion to follow her into the house.

Now, the house was primitive, and an invitation "to walk into the parlour" meant what it said, and did not leave the guest to understand that he was to enter by way of the passage, lobby, or hall. For these conveniences were not.

Right opposite the door was a wretched little piano, adorned with a few disreputable peacock's feathers perked up against the wall, and on a neatly carved wooden bracket stood a clock with an ex-gilt face and a fractional part of a group of the Graces, the whole of the works having run down hopelessly, as though it had been pawned and repawned till it had lost all hope of respectable days and regular winding up, and stood with its hands grimly pointing at 11; as who should say, "Where is the bold broker who will take me in again and make up the dozen?"

Vincent entered the room slowly, put his hat on the table, and then briskly walked across to a little daub of a picture near the clock. It was a low church spire, with a few willow trees, an osier bed (like a hair-brush recumbent), and a blue man in a red boat.

Half speaking to himself, he said, "That's Sunworth."

Carrie could have clapped her hands with delight.

Here at last was an opening to make her silent guest interested; so taking the remark as addressed to herself, she entered into a full tide of reminiscences of their native village and its surroundings. Vincent was enchanted. He had taken Jane down there himself, and recognised the drawing, but of the place and people he was utterly ignorant, and Jane was a poor correspondent, like many other people far readier with their pens than she was. So Carrie prattled on; and half-questions and remarks that Vincent edged in from time to time proved he wasn't merely listening from politeness.

"And Barnbridge—do you know that?" said he, when she had finished all her tales and evinced a readiness to go on again. "Do you know the new industrial school they've built out there?"

"Do I?" was Carrie's reply, too astonished to scream, but wanting to. "Do I?—rather" (the word long drawn out; then with a return of speed), "I'm sick of the name of it; we hear of nothing else morning, noon, and night—pa, ma, and Joe. . ." Then she stopped; now she'd done for herself. What had she mentioned Cousin Joseph for?

"I'm sorry you're sick of it," he was saying when she listened again; "I don't know much of it, but I've heard there's a berth there I should like to get. Good day, the rain's over now. Thanks for the shelter." And he coolly bowed himself out.

Now Barnbridge industrial school was the dream of his life. Jane in a cottage just out of Sunworth, a dig in his garden (the Londoner's El Dorado, Mecca, and Holy Land all in one) before breakfast, a walk up to the big building on the common, and a return walk at evening! What a dream! Too good to be true! No wonder he looked rather dull as he strolled back to an un-Jane-like landlady and a most Londonified tea.

But poor Carrie couldn't know that, and seeing him walk off wearily, with all the jauntiness gone out of him, and his hat not inclining in the least to either side of his head, she fell to bemoaning her hard fate with tears, and finally in a fit of temper shook herself, applied several hard names, and asked the piano, "Why—why, when you've been longing to have him here, you minx! why (sob) did you ma-make him jealous about Cousin Joe., and tell him you hated Barnbridge, when perhaps he wants to live there with you?"

The piano being unable to reply to these

accumulated charges, she went off to gravely inform the water-butt.

"I shall drown you some time, sooner or later," which threat so elated a thirsty frog that it pursued her into the house, till she bolted the door with fright, and might be heard sobbing herself up stairs to her room, with a spasmodic gulp and a twitch marking the twist in the stairs where strangers always ran their heads against a big oak beam.

CHAPTER II.

INFECTION.

TEARS and smiles! sun and rain! What a dear pair of months April and May make! Still April comes first, and May is unclouded. So thought Carrie on the third of that glad month.

"I won't cry; April has gone, and the rain; and he will stop away no longer. Surely he'll come to-day!"

But presently April sent a few flying showers back to prove that it was not so far off. Between two of these bursts of warm wind and diamond drops, Carrie, who found the house unbearable (Mr. and Mrs. Carten were holding an "At Home"), made a rush out, holding up her dress daintily above the wet grass, and skimming along the raised gravel path by the river at a good pace.

Sun and shine! the last of a rainbow in the sky, and the last of the buds on the trees! How pretty she looked, all rosy with the heat, bonnetless and excited—a few fresh drops of another shower falling around—stooping her neat little head under the apple boughs on the slope, and ever and anon bringing down a bunch of their half-set blossoms scattered on the grass, and a miniature shower-bath over her hair!

She knew she was happy, and young, and pretty; and ran on without lifting up her eyes till "Thank you, Miss," spoken in a merry voice within a yard or two of her, made her look up. Vincent! standing by a hawthorn hedge, into which she would have run in two seconds more, and holding out both his hands to stop her hurting herself. Of course she tried to stop, but that was difficult; still her pace slackened, when —oh! that horrid stone, she tripped over it, and, righting herself with a skip, came gracefully, with a half run, half jump, into Mr. Vincent's arms. How he laughed! It did her good to hear him. And then, as she blushed awfully and felt nervous, he positively held her for a few moments round the waist while she was getting a secure footing under the hedge, for the bank was steep and slippery, and the rain now came down briskly.

Finding he did nothing but look amused, she fell back (conversationally), and remarked, "Thank you for what?"

"For accepting my hospitality under the hedge, in return for yours in the house."

She said nothing.

"You're very much afraid of rain, are not you?" he went on.

She looked up.

"You were running very fast to get out of the way of a few drops; or is that your pace when you meet an acquaintance?"

"I didn't see you," was her demure reply.

"Leaving me to suppose you'd have only walked, or perhaps run the other way, if you *had* seen me?" was his mischievous response.

No reply deigned; and an awkward pause threatened the conversation, when a fortunate slip of Carrie's foot brought Vincent's arm into requisition again; and as, whenever he offered to remove it, she (accidentally) happened to be shifting her foothold, and began to slide down again, he sensibly let it stop where it was.

"How *do* you stand? I *can't* manage it," petulantly, as though she hated such support.

"On my feet," gravely, as though he meant it for a joke.

"Feet!" with a very small foot protruded for criticism, and a chin pouted out to point at it, as though he might have missed seeing it; "Feet! mine are not of any use at all."

"They are very pretty little feet," was his gallant reply, the terrible effect of which staggering announcement was an awful slip, a badly wrenched ankle, and a disposition on Carrie's part to dive at a pitch, head forward, into the grass. But before she had fallen, the strong arm had righted her, and, in the impetus of pulling her up, brought her right back to his side, so that they were almost cheek to cheek.

Now, as any one will tell you, being out of doors without a bonnet is very tiring to

the bones of the spine, and so, with a dreamy look in her eyes, as though she didn't know what she was doing, this most forward young lady laid her head on his shoulder without being asked.

You see, for her excuse, that there was only the hedge behind, and that would have scratched and caught her hair, and she couldn't hang her head down in front without resting her chin on her hand, and one of her hands was clinging on to his coat pocket, for fear they might both fall, and the other was mounting guard on his coat cuff, to see that his arm did not press her waist too closely.

"And now tell me all about Barnbridge!" She had longed to ask him, poor little thing, and now she felt near and dear enough to do so.

Vincent was thunderstruck; he muttered "Barnbridge" to himself; disengaged one hand and rubbed his lips, and felt suddenly starched all over.

With a woman's quick instinct, Carrie divined that she had struck the wrong key, but, having touched it, she would try again, at the risk of an awful failure.

"I think I can guess why you want to go there," she began, stammering more and more; "and, besides, I can help you more ways than one (with an air of patronage). Uncle Jonathan has influence; he is a vestryman of St. Simon's, and *he* can get you in without any to-do!"

"What a fool I've been," was Vincent's prevailing idea, and his first one. "I thought she was spoons on me, like a conceited beast; but its pretty clear they know every one down there—Aunt Sue and Jane among the rest—and feel interested and like to help!" Then came the second thought, "What a dear little thing she is!" and he looked down at the innocent, eager face that peered up like a child waiting to be told that it is good. The prize came to the good child in a gentle squeeze of the waist, a removal of the starchy sensation, and then, as it seemed but a poor return for so much good-will, he stooped and kissed her lips.

To this day Vincent can't determine whether he did it to please himself or herself. I believe he did it twice, once for each. But if so, they were quite Platonic, and Vincent would have defended the second as being given by him as Jane's agent.

Really, without being over-romantic, they made a very pretty picture, perched up there on the top of a stiff clay bank, in the most sentimental of attitudes, with a lovely backing of young green leaves and half-opened May-buds.

So apparently thought an old gentleman who paused to admire the lover-like group, and perhaps think of the days when his coat and trousers had not assumed their present snuff-coloured hue, and he would have been glad to have made one of a similar couple.

Carrie saw him, with a girl's instinct, and then with an "Oh, my goodness! Uncle John! If he should see us! Let me go, Vincent dear!" she tore away from her astounded companion, and, quite forgetting her (presumably) sprained ankle, took a short cut across the cabbages in the hopes that her short-sighted uncle wouldn't know her, and she should get home first.

Now Vincent had been dragged down the bank, half-way, by her hurry, and not having quite got over his first pleasurable surprise, and seeing no ostensible reason for her flight, was in a broad smile at her vehemence, when he gained the path and came plump on the old man.

Uncle Johnson (John or Jonathan being merely nicknames) was a peculiar character, and quite up to a joke; and now, seeing his hopeful niece out of fear of pursuit, he turned on the other party with the intention of chaffing him. So Vincent, still following Carrie's rapidly retreating figure with his eyes, was received by a mock bow, a flourish of a broad-brimmed hat, and a sardonic hope that he hadn't got his feet wet on the grass. The responsive chaff failed on Vincent's usually ready lips; indeed he had no reason to connect the old fellow with Carrie; so he simply stared, said nothing, and passed on, leaving an impression on Uncle John of a broad, merry, open face, with a surprised look on it.

Half a dozen paces further Vincent paused. It had never struck him before. "Why had she called him 'Vincent dear?' Why had she let him kiss her?" He wasn't sure he hadn't felt her lips touch his cheek as he drew back. "Would Jane have liked it?" Then, with an absurd revulsion of feeling, as though he wished to turn his self-contempt on some one else, he thought, "Whoever is that idiotic old zany who took off his hat and spoke to me? What right has the impertinent old ass to look at

—(us, he was going to say) at me?" And he turned round rather savagely to stare at this spy on his passing infidelities.

As the intruder was still facing towards him, he couldn't look that way for more than a minute, and his gaze soon turned off to the house in the distance, where Carrie had just arrived, panting, and was slipping in the back way. As he couldn't frown very much at her, he tried to smooth his brow, and turned short on his heel as he walked off sorrowful and self-condemned.

Uncle John was expected up at the house, and the usual periwinkles procured; but this was a State secret, and his arrival was always considered a most wonderful and supernatural circumstance, and the additional fact of their happening ("quite by chance, my dear; only heard the man a-cryin' 'em down the lane this very minute") to have his favourite delicacy in shell-fish—*that* was a coincidence that long staggered the children, and made the marvels of Jack and the Bean Stalk hide their diminished heads. Once little Joe (Carrie's cousin), who was a great friend and crony of the old man's, hearing the cry of the itinerant fish-fag, ran after Mrs. Carten, and with many lugs at her dress, entreated her to buy some and make Uncle come! Nor would he be consoled until he was told that the last crop of pins sown in the garden couldn't be expected to be up and ripened before Sunday week.

Mr. Johnson was *the* rich relation. "Never mind that, Sam!" he would say to his market-gardening brother-in-law, "you stick to the missus, and I'll see after the chicks."

Moreover, he was a vestryman (neither better nor worse than most of his class), and an active man in public matters, or rather those matters which are *called* public, and ought really to be so, but are in fact often managed *very* privately and snugly for the vestrymen concerned. Out of this semi-official position arose Sam Carten's only joke, always repeated, since it was sure to tell and couldn't offend. He would pretend to forget his kinsman's exact rank, and would call him "Alderman Johnson."

A greeting of "Turn again, Johnson, Lord Mayor of London," was generally raised in feeble chorus by the children, as the old man, pretending to be very pompous and purse-proud, would make-believe he was going to walk past the house. These simple strains, and an imitation (very far away) of Bow chimes on an old frying-pan, never failed to melt his stubborn heart, and bring him in, a prey to gentle feelings and the babe's muddy fingers.

Slight variations on these themes were every now and then communicated by genius to Mr. Carten, as he dug among his strawberry beds and celery. On such an occasion he would stick his spade deep in the ground, hang his hat on it, smooth down his hair, and say, "Sam, you'd do for Lord Mayor's toast giver, to pay 'em all complerments all round; or if you couldn't do that, you mighter been a poet."

To-day, sitting among his oyster-shelled walks, with his long pipe, the sweet smile that ran over his face and the way he laughed in his glass showed that he had some such effort of the imagination to disburden himself of.

"John's late," said Mrs. Carten; "no, there he is, Sam!"

"I sees," was the dignified reply, as the little wicket was pushed open. "Lor!" said Sam, with an air of regret, and waving his churchwarden sadly: "No, don't say that; he was a worthy man, a wery good feller! Don't say he's dead and berryed, Mrs. C.!"

"Why, John, it's you, sure enough; and here's Sam said the Lord Mayor was dead, and the Queen had sent for you, and you were a-going to cut us dead; why, you give me quite a turn—you did!"

"No, no, Sam—T'May'r's all right; besides, I'm not Alderman yet, only got my foot on the first rung of the ladder, Sam. Some way up to go yet. Where's Carrie?"

"Indoors," said her mother, "been in all day; can't tell what ails the girl; all her fine eddication you gave her (very kind, *I'm* sure, tho' Sam grummles some) don't do her no good."

But Alderman J., bent on his fun, and chuckling at Carrie's supposed stop-at-home propensities, had opened the door and gone in chase. He found her behind the end of the little piano, crouching down with her head in her hands and saying "Don't!" at ten seconds intervals.

"You're a pretty girl, I don't think, to stop at home and vex your mother like this!" Thus he began his chaff.

"Please don't."

"Well, ain't you ashamed to go kissing Cousin Joe under the hedge there, instead of indoors like a civilized being?"

"Don't! don't!" as though the idea of kissing Cousin Joe was awful, after that.

"Do you think I'm blind, my dear girl?" (wickedly.)

"No-o" (slowly and sobbingly, as though she wished he was).

"What did you say to make him so sad?"

No reply for a minute, and then a little face, very red and frightened, comes up, and asks him under breath, "Did he really, though?"

"Yes, he was looking after you, and felt savage enough to kill me for interrupting!"

"Don't hate him." Then feeling the necessity of making play, she continued, coaxingly, "His name's Vincent; he wants to be master at Barnbridge school—help him!"

"Whew!" whistled the old man, "that's too bad; that's Joe's post; mustn't rob him of lover and berth too—eh? Would you?"

Well, Carrie intimated, Joe couldn't be robbed of what he didn't possess, and finally the wheedly little creature got a sort of qualified promise that the vast influence of the grocer should not be wielded against the "dear young man."

"Which way did you come, Uncle?" said Cousin Joe at tea.

"By the lane," said that old hypocrite, guiltily.

"I waited there an hour for you—that's strange," cried Joe. Nudging his niece, Alderman J. muttered, "The strange thing would have been if you *had* seen me!"

CHAPTER III.

REJECTION.

COUSIN JOE, luckless youth! was an orphan, and he too had had a fair education from the open-handed Johnson. Being of a quiet, studious mind, he had kept on reading, and, in spite of his intelligence, put up with Mr. and Mrs. Carten's vulgarity for the sake of his pretty cousin. And now Barnbridge school seemed to open its arms for him and woo his capabilities. While there was any doubt about it, he suspended his wooing of Carrie, and stopped away from home trying to hunt up votes and patronage, or, failing that, to get interested vestrymen to put up the situation for a competitive examination. Uncle J. was a tower of strength, but Joe didn't like to be quite dependent; and now he had just run over, the day before the decision was to be arrived at, to announce the sorrowful news that there was a third candidate started, and the joyful intelligence that he had secured one plump apothecary, whose account books he had kept for a month, to vote for him!

He wouldn't tell Carrie how he loved her; no, to-morrow *after* the event he would come and ask her to . . to—well, to be the master's master, and reign over the scholars of Barnbridge.

"Three of us, Carrie!" was his opening remark as he caught her among the cabbages at the back of the house. "Three of us! only think!"

Carrie turned away and said "Three of you? One's enough!"

Now, Joe wasn't quite a fool, but he was in love, and not knowing any reason why his cousin should hate him, took this as meaning her delicate wish that only one candidate (*i. e.* himself) had started.

So as he had begun so well, he ventured to take her hand and gently turn her by the shoulder, and say "Wish me well, Carrie dear!" But instead of a pale face, a quick blush, and a soft answer, the girl's countenance was set and hardened, and she peevishly pushed him off. Then, as he was standing very astonished and not a little sad, she looked up and said, "Never mind, Joe; only don't worry; you put me out a little. Three Joes! What an awful idea to begin with! Go on, please" (you see she wanted information); "Who are the other two?"

Crimple's son—the man at the "White Stag" up town, a poor fool; he's been down to the Eastham schools and they wouldn't have him, so his father swears he shall have this."

"And the other?" said eager Carrie.

"Oh! I'm the other," said forgetful Joe.

"Stupid!" You should have seen her little stamp of scorn, and how animated and pretty she looked! "The other, sir?"

"Why, Carrie, I told you twice—Mr. Vincent Shaw—there's a mouthful of a name,—son of Shaw the Life-guardsman, *I* believe; smokes, keeps a tobacconist's shop, and isn't a good lot at all!"

Nothing but rage *could* have kept Carrie so quiet! She moved not a muscle, and wishing to pump her victim well before withering him with a word and a look, she said

chokingly, "And how many votes have *you* got?"

Animated Joe was ready to skip—*here* was interest at any rate!

"I got *one* this morning, and came straight to tell you, darling, and to say how I love . . ."

Oh! Joe, *what* a fib! By all your arrangements that was to have come off to-morrow, so for that story you deserve all you'll get; so stand back and let Carrie have room.

"Don't darling me, sir!" (pout and a writhe of indignation all over her little face, that was working with such intensity that it seemed to *throw* the words at him with the force of a catapult)—"how dare you—— only *one* vote!"

"Besides uncle's," mildly interjected the affrighted Joe.

"Many you'll get of *them!* Why, with only *one* vote" (witheringly), "you've as much chance against a low-common-bad-lot of a tobacconist-Life-guardsman's son in the election as you would have in love. Get away, sir—he isn't!"

With which rather confused sentence poor little Carrie, having hitherto been very haughty, collapsed and watered the cabbages with her tears, till, finding Joe didn't move, she bolted indoors and locked herself into her room, leaving him the consolatory assurance "that she never, *never* would be Mrs. Joe—she couldn't demean herself so."

Presently voices below subsided, and then Joe banged the gate and went out. He did it to let her know he was gone, which was good of him; but Carrie saw everything with wrong eyes, and plainly perceived that the traducer of *her* Vincent had gone off in a fit of the sulks, "as if *I* had done anything!"

After one or two abortive attempts, this martyr (having done up her hair and bathed her eyes, and thrown the bits of cabbage leaves she found crumpled up in her hands out of window) crept down stairs into the sitting-room. After reading, or pretending to read, a few minutes, she asked indifferently of her mother, "Who's Crimple jr., ma?" and having let ma gabble out his history to the third generation upwards, she stopped to pick up her book while she added: "And the other man, Daw, or Claw—what's his name?"

"Shaw, my dear, Shaw—a good name—has relations at Sunworth who told Joe all about him. You know *my* grandfather's old cottage with the clematis over it?"

"Yes," said eager Carrie, taking the cottage and clematis bodily into her dreams at once.

"Well," continued Mrs. Carten very slowly, "his aunt, a very decent old body, lives there with his —— Where is my other bit of patchwork? Find it, deary."

Carrie rebelled internally half a minute, and then went and got it.

"Go on, ma, please."

"That's all, my child; that's why he wants to get the place."

That's all? Was it his aunt that had flitted before his mind under the hedge when she told him he should have it? No! tell that to an old woman, but not to a girl of eighteen."

"With his aunt, mamma, you said, and his —— sister, didn't you?

"Sister! Lor, no, Carrie. How you *do* go on! You're a perfect innocent,—his sweetheart! Come, don't stand dawdling; give me hold of them pieces."

Poor Carrie! A moment of wonder, and then the cottage, and the clematis, and Vincent; the recollection of the hawthorn hedge and his kiss—all slid out of her dreams, and half the patch-work pieces out of her apron on to the floor! Poor Carrie!

One must pity her; it was too hard for a young girl to hear so suddenly; so hard that all the room and her mother seemed dancing round and going to slide away as well. The two pictures were *so* different. Barnbridge school seemed to be her fate either way, but the master was uncertain. With one, the pauper boys were exalted cherubs, and their voices like the hymns of angels and the songs of birds. Under the rule of the other, they became hateful, insubordinate bullies, or dull, mechanical dolts, and she saw, or fancied she saw, Joe reading her a lecture which he had prepared for the boys, and had been prevented by some accident from delivering, rather than it should be wasted. She hated him. Strangely, that gave her a glimpse of relief, towards which she did not fail to creep.

All this had passed through her mind in a moment, and now, with heated face and angry voice, she threw the rest of her parti-coloured fragments on the boarded floor and burst out "How dared he?" Then snatching her hat from its peg she fled.

Out in the cool air she approved what she had done. She couldn't have explained to mamma what she meant, but she knew well enough. "Come sneaking there, trying to propose in a cabbage garden—faugh! And then tell lies about her Vincent because she had refused him. For they were lies; he wasn't low, or a tobacconist, or a Life-guardsman (that seemed to sting her most); and as for his having a sweetheart, would he have kissed *her* if he had?"

Carrie swung her hat and looked up; she slung it over her back and looked round. River and birds, and clouds and sky, and merry voices in boats—all said No! Crawling beetles, and gaily-coloured snail shells, and bending grasses—all scouted the idea. A man chopping wood made his hatchet blunt by its repeated asseverations of "No! *No!* NO!"

There was only one more to ask, and then the spell would be complete, and the answer could be accepted. Where was he? Keep back, Carrie; you've been unlucky to-day; everything has crossed you; don't go to him, don't ask him. Carrie! Carrie!

* * * *

Why was he there? He didn't know. He should like to thank her—to thank the sweet little fairy who had made him so happy by promising to give him his heart's desire last week, but he'd better not see her after that kiss. He'd write and thank her for her good wishes. *Answer:* Didn't know her address; besides, bad thing to open a correspondence.

Well, he wouldn't go. What should he do with himself? Go round and rub up his supporters? Only worry them. Well then he *would* go. Just because it was on the road to Jane's, and near the river—that was his only reason, of course.

Vincent, my boy, don't go. Stop away. It is wrong. It 'll bring bad luck. Marshes are very unwholesome, and you may get caught in the tide. Take my advice and don't go, Vincent. Let be—let them both go. Perhaps it is best they should know what they each mean. Never mind breaking a heart—your own or another's—it only proves it is of good stuff, and not over-hardened.

There he was, on the water meadows. The thick grass and rushes and rank vegetation had lately been cut and taken away, partly on waggons working on plank tramways, and partly on boats. So the fields were bare and muddy. He stood on the verge of the field next the river, and looked vacantly at the stream. She was on *terra firma*, with a broad wet ditch between her and him, and no connection but a plank bridge, a quarter of a mile off, and which she shuddered to cross.

She couldn't wait.

"Vincent!" A chicken might have made such a noise, but if it had, no old grandmother of a hen would have prophesied that he was likely to turn out a lively crower.

"Vincent!" louder and shriller; but trying to impart a lover-like cadence, she didn't give it power enough, and it failed.

She could have cried, when luckily (woe is me! was it good luck or bad luck?) he turned and saw her.

Half-way across the meadow he came to meet her, then paused. Jane was very much in his mind then, and he thought, "I won't go to her—better thus!" and with a waved hat and a loud "Good-bye—in a hurry—many thanks," he struck off to the right.

"In a hurry!" That was cruel, after dawdling there under her nose for an hour. How could she get at him and tell him so, and what she had borne that day for his sake?

She ran a dozen yards towards the plank bridge—which, of course, was in the wrong direction—reflected it would be going half a mile to cover a score of yards, and took a desperate resolution. She ran back, and without giving herself time for thought, slipped down the bank among the stinging nettles, and splashed into the ditch. How cold and deep it was, and she had on her best dress, and drew herself out at the other side with difficulty, with one light shoe off, and all her clothes and stockings muddy! That was wretched, but her mind was so miserable that she felt one little bit of comfort—one of his kisses (if they were sweet in pleasure, what would they be in pain?) would be more than a hundred best gowns to her. Clambering up the opposite dyke bank, she looked and looked for him. Gone! Uttering a cry, she turned to the left and sprang on.

At the next side ditch she could see him two fields off, jumping the water easily. She was like a savage thing, and followed, too much out of breath to cry. Only the water

was very cold, and the mud so sticky that she was a long time getting through the dykes that were no obstacles to him.

"Never mind." She ran across the level, and nearly came up with him, but the other shoe came off in the last ditch, and she lost him. The moon was rising, broad and red, behind a clump of factory chimneys on the other side of the river, and she could see him in its dim light clamber lightly on to a baulk of timber. Piles had been driven across a deep canal (the last water between him and dry land), and he walked steadily across the risky bridge.

She shivered and dared not follow. At the last pile he gave a little foolhardy jump on the other side of the bank and disappeared. Carrie gave a piteous cry. There was a wonderful splashing and gurgling below, but she couldn't tell if she had heard it before. So there she crouched and watched, and then poor Carrie felt awfully frightened and prayed. Just then—oh, joy of joys !—she saw a great black bunch against the light of the moon, like a monkey or a sailor, that swayed itself up by a chain and stood up. Vincent !

She couldn't speak or call. If she did, and he heard her, he would come back by that dreadful way, and she should die.

Vincent stood up and shook himself. Then he felt very grateful to that chain and his gymnastic lessons. Then he felt that perhaps he ought to be grateful to some One else, and he bent his head for a moment or two, for it was a narrow escape. In another minute he was scanning the other bank, and Carrie felt very grateful for the shadow. Poor child ! He was safe ! and now (don't laugh) she had a little pity for her gown and scratched feet and generally improper appearance.

"Strange," said Vin., "how nervous one gets when one is in danger. There is no one over there, but I could have sworn I heard a woman's voice wail as I slipped."

Just as he spoke, a steady wind blew up and swayed the chains, that gave an unearthly sort of shriek.

"Ah ! ha !" he laughed, "that's it. Well, I'll never be afraid of a chain squeaking again, although it may hang on a gallows tree, and all for the good turn *you* did me, old chap."

Looking once more to a twinkle, a peaceful twinkle of light between the trees, where Carrie's house nestled down in the river mists, his voice grew softer, and he added, "Better so ! better so." And with the lightness of heart proper to youth he walked off and forgot Carrie, her troubles, and his recent danger.

"Better so !" Would he have said that if he had seen her—if he *could* have seen her lying over there, weeping, and cut to the heart, and torn with thorns and hard words ?

"I'll go home like a good girl, and not catch cold," was her first virtuous resolve. But the ground was hard and slippery, and the air almost frosty, and it came over her—not that she had heard his words, but it came like a pleasant spell,—"Better thus."

"A broad sheet of water this canal ; it evidently lacked one of us ; he has escaped, let it be I."

"Rest ! How sweet that would be. No vulgar fun, no jokes from uncle. Life was weary and had long been so." (Oh, Carrie, only a few hours.) "No election—no Joes there."

That settled it, and she was going over the side, when she thought it looked dark. She would wait half an hour and say her prayers while the moon rose. That branch of the tree should mark it ; when the broad, white disc touched it, that would be the signal. So resting on the further side of the bank, away from the canal—for she couldn't bear the sight of her grave—she waited, shivering.

While Vincent was hanging on the chain between life and death, she forgot herself' and could only pray for him. Now he was saved, her own woes came back with redoubled force. What could she pray for ? She couldn't pray.

No, she would die. But the wind, how it numbed her ; and worse than that, it bent the big trees and whirled their branches round into the sky, and wouldn't let the moon reach its goal. As soon as it was about touching that leaf—whisk ! a gust of wind sent the tree into a flutter, and Carrie in despair.

Perhaps (who knows ?) God had prayed for her and sent the answer in the wind. For surely enough, if the wind had been still the time would have come ten minutes ago, and then, full of rash hopes and fears, she would have dared to die.

But now she is losing courage rapidly with

her failing strength, and for very numbness cannot rise. Half sobbing, she is struggling to her feet; time or not time, she is prepared to leave Time for ever.

Stop though! Another messenger to complete the work of the wind! You have waited, poor child, for the moon, and well has she worked for you in that short half hour! Something cold and wet at her feet! A strange message and strangely received!

Well indeed has the old moon worked, and shall have praise, as all have praise that do their appointed tasks.

Duty, I suppose, "which doth preserve the stars from wrong," is enough for the moon; but had she wanted other encouragement that night, I should have said, "Be not weary in hauling up the tides of the sea—in sending its waves to smoothe the hard sand and wear at the chalky rocks—it is very tedious to you, but do it. Lift up these floating docks and piers, and heave these mighty ships at anchor by the quays—fill all the river and dance the buoys—there is work to be done up higher!"

And now the tide is flowing, and its first ripple is over the low-lying meadows, and lapping in the grass at Carrie's feet. She started up in a moment, all indecision gone. To be caught in the flooded meadows was the bugbear of her youth, and awful visions of a whipping and no supper attended it yet. "Why you'll get drowned some day, you bad naughty girl you!" She heard her mother's indignant voice, and fled before it.

Truly she meant to drown herself at one quick plunge, but that was *very* different from the water taking you at your word, and coming round you slowly and stealthily. So home she hurried, painfully retracing her steps through the deepening water, till, half delirious, she fancied Vincent's voice lured her away from the lights and out towards the river, and at last his face flashed on her with a lantern, and he pulled her up the steep bank with a bitter cry—but when she fell in his arms it was her father.

CHAPTER IV.

ELECTION.

A NARROW street in a stuffy, confined village, surburban enough to rejoice in brown geese and antiquated yellow ducks, but still savouring sufficiently of London to banish all real country life, any true chawbacons or other native products. And here in the dingiest back street—for it is part of the parochial system that if the poor *are* to be always with us, they shall have the worst of it, and wish themselves well quit of us—stood a big blank wall hiding a workhouse, whose only grace was that it was ashamed of itself. Still, the leaven of improvement had touched up St. Simon's, and in honour of the new school, whose master was to be elected that day, a queer little barred window over the door was ornamented with two pots of musk.

The place was really lively with gossips, and Vincent created quite a sensation by strolling in with a flower in his mouth, till, suddenly recollecting himself, he threw it away and tried to look particularly scholastic and chock-full of discipline.

Three small boys hailed him, "'Ere 'e is!"—though doubtful whether the reign of a new and more active beadle were about to be inaugurated, or generally who the "he" was to be.

Uncle Johnson caught him by the elbow as he was entering, and when Vincent turned and saw the stranger of last week, he felt inclined to throw patronage and mastership to the winds, and ask what the . . . he meant.

But there was something in the old man's face that he couldn't resist—a grief had filled up those sharp money-caring lines, and a love all must respect had drawn down his not unsensitive mouth out of that self-sufficient and gratified grin with which Vincent had first connected him.

"My poor girl," he began, "she's very bad to-day" (somehow Vincent guessed whom he spoke about); "very bad—got caught out on the marsh, my boy,—and she's laid up ——"

Luckily his earnest endeavours to hide his own agitation from three other approaching vestrymen prevented his noticing Vincent's demeanour, which, although he was unfeignedly sorry and generally ill at ease, was not lover-like and anxious.

"I knew you didn't know," went on the old fellow, holding him back as his friends went in before them. "I tried to catch you before, but you're young and walk faster than I do. I said 'he don't know, as he walks along so jaunty, with his rose in his

hand—he'd be looking t'other way if he knew.' Where's your rose, my boy? I thought you'd be for giving it her when you'd won the day, but perhaps you've throw'd it away. Ah! you've throw'd it away. Never mind; I'll get a better one for you to give her!"

Luckily again for Vincent, the Chairman of the Board, entering with great pomposity, dragged off the unwilling Uncle J. to a secret conclave, and Vincent was rid of his embarrassment. Only for the time, and if troubles went away from without, they cropped up within. Thrown away his rose? Well he had—stop, had he? Pretty nearly, yet not past picking up, if he chose. Should he choose? He would wait and see.

A little room just outside the board-room was open to the candidates and minor officials, and here Vincent waited in a sort of ferment of doubt. An able-bodied pauper was making several journeys to supply the Board with pens, ink, and paper, as though his strength would have succumbed to the bare idea of fetching all at once. Perhaps, though, as Vincent argued to himself mechanically, it was owing to the administrative capacity of the master, who very likely classified and arranged those articles under perfectly different heads, and rendered necessary a separate trip to a distinct part of the workhouse for each.

A door slammed, and Joe entered the little room.

Joe, in a white rage at his recent rejection, having left the Cartens, avoided his uncle, and not having been near his lodgings but having walked about all night, didn't look very respectable. But he was bent on going through with it; he would beat that—that puppy! Still, it was annoying to find him here, spruce, well dressed, and self-possessed, and quite the master of his passions—which poor Joe wasn't;—and moreover with a delicate look of intellectual struggle about his face, and a half-conquered anxiety and doubt which elevated his features.

For Vincent had taken his resolution. He didn't love Carrie, and he wouldn't pretend to do so, even if half an hour's falsehood would win him the day. At first he thought of temporizing. "Let me alone," he said to himself; "I like the girl, and when she has put me under an obligation perhaps I shall love her. We shall see. I am not *obliged* to, because her uncle votes for me!"

He conquered that before Joe came in. He would do the true thing, and tell Uncle Johnson. It would have been easier to have done it sooner, but better now than have to try to sneak out when it was too late, and the girl's votes had got him the post.

So he felt right again with himself, and walked straight up to Joe, and said, "Tell me, please, how is Miss Carrie?" He meant it in a friendly, cool way, just to show an interest, and stifle all fancy of a love; and he really thought, by Joe's late entrance and perturbed looks, that his rival had waited at Carrie's bedside after her uncle had left her.

But Joe, for the reasons I have given, had heard no word of Carrie's danger, and being just at boiling point, looked upon this as a gratuitous insult, and could barely answer civilly, "Quite well, I believe."

Vincent recoiled into himself at the cold tone of Joe's speech, and then he too began to get a little savage. "It was a plot then! The old crocodile! going weeping over me and telling me she was dying! Just to make me say for pity what I wouldn't for love! Why it's neither more nor less than a conspiracy!"

So that injured, innocent Vincent stalked into the Board-room, when they were summoned, with no good feeling for Uncle J. That worthy old man was on his legs and just finishing a speech in Vincent's favour, while all the rest were in confusion—some talking aside, others interrupting the speaker, and the easy-going chairman calling for "Order!" as though he didn't expect it.

Joe couldn't make it out at all. He was being cross-questioned as to his capabilities by three pig-headed men, whose knowledge of schoolmasters must have been very slight and remote; but through the buzz of talk he listened to Alderman J.'s steady growl in the distance as he button-holed Vincent. I'm much afraid Joe didn't shine in the eyes of the tallow chandler who was interrogating him, for all he saw was Carrie standing erect and defiant among the cabbages; and all he heard, her angry words, "Uncle's votes! you'll not get many of them!"

Suddenly, as Joe got a moment to turn round, he saw Vincent very red, his uncle throwing up his arms in wrath and dismay,

and bursting away from his rival. Just then he heard one voice say loudly, "Mr. Crimple retires his son, Mr. H. Crimple;" and another, maliciously and under breath, "Look at old Johnson—first he backs his nevy, now to-day he goes a-tilt for Mr. Vincent Shaw, and blessed if he ain't now a-comin' round to his own flesh and blood again!"

For the old man was furious. "Joe, my lad, listen, *he* don't love her—*you* do, I know, and she lying ill, the poor child. I'll ruin him. Make it up with me, Joe. I'd have done something else for you, only that seemed so nice for they two"—and here, but for his fellow-vestrymen, he would have broken down. "Confound that scoundrel, he's spoilt it all, and she loves him still and lies there, pretty dear, half ravin' and a-crying 'Vincent! Vincent!' Her mother says it's awful."

It was hard for Joe to bear. So she *did* love this man, and no doubt he loved her. Could he help it? Judging by Joe's own experience, Joe guessed not. Uncle was impetuous, and had put him out. Hadn't Vincent just asked how she was? A lover's anxiety accounted for that! And with a vision of little Carrie in a fever, moaning for him, Joe took a brave resolve: *he* would help them.

Uncle was still maundering on: "Never mind, Joe; there's five 'll vote with me through thick and thin, and we'll trounce that villain yet."

Cousin Joe put in a quiet word, "Help him still, uncle; he'll love her."

Uncle Johnson looked at his hopeful nephew with something more than surprise. "Are you a man or a stick, sir?" said the irate old man, with a stamp of his foot.

"Will you vote for him or not?" replied the equally obstinate Joe.

"Family arrangements," tittered a little man in green spectacles, who wrote the leading articles for the local paper.

'No, I won't," responded uncle.

"Then—then I'll never speak to you again," stuttered Joe, "and I'll resign on the spot! Mr. Chairman, I tender my resignation from the competitorship!"

"Too late, too late, my dear sir," said the bland president. "The election's begun. Beadle, clear the room for the division, and keep better order there, can't you?"

So Joe and Vincent and the general public were excluded—not without the former's obtaining a few words with his own firm voter, and raising another protest of resignation.

The last they saw and heard of the Board was Uncle Johnson dashing his hand into his hat with anger at them both, and exclaiming, "If that old dolt of a Crimple hadn't retired his son, I'd have voted for him thirty times over rather than see either of 'em in, and never have minded a moment how he's cut me dead, and never dealt at my place since I took to selling the Gladstone sherry!"

Then the door was shut to, and although all the unruly mob were shut out, the Board certainly didn't find that order was shut *in* with them.

* * * *

Carrie had had a bad night. The excitement and wetting had been too much for her, and at one time she was delirious. Then it was that her mother heard her call "Vincent!" and shrink back as if from a rebuff, then suddenly give a sob of relief and say "Saved!" and turn off in her fancy to babble about the moon. I won't say that Mrs. Carten didn't make a guess what it was all drifting to, but she certainly ran over all the eligibles of her acquaintance without remembering a Vincent.

Uncle Johnson might have enlightened her, but he preferred to be enigmatic and hint that *he* knew, and it was all right, for he, too, was unaware of all except Carrie's unbounded confidence of the previous week, and couldn't tell that it had all been swept away by that evening's tide.

So he went off to the election cheerily, "to set it all right." We have seen with what success.

Meanwhile youth and strength were on Carrie's side and she soon got clear-headed, and not being petted and worried with three doctors, but left pretty much to herself, she rapidly improved.

First she cried a few natural tears of self-pity, for she was weak and very lonely. Then her disconsolate face grew longer at the sight of her best dress mudded all over, hanging piecemeal from a knob on the cupboard door. Then, lastly, she cried a little more at her own wilfulness, and finally left off and went to sleep.

When her mother came in with a cup of tea, Carrie felt well enough to be curious.

"I wonder who's got the election, ma?" was her first remark.

"Don't in the least know," was the only reply. Presently the nurse added, "Wonder Joe don't let us know; tain't only t'other day it seems you and he were sitting down below arranging that he was to send a boy express off here, to tell you in case he couldn't get away, through being kept to be congrattylated-like."

Only the other day! Why, it was a year ago, two years ago—before Vincent came and the spring! Young and old people do sometimes measure time so differently. That set her thinking. He would not come now unless uncle made him. She knew Joe too well for that. But was he stopping because they were wishing him happy and "congrattylating" him? She hoped not. Well, not because of Vincent only—she mustn't think of him now. But poor Joe! he would be so miserable while they, his friends, were clustered round and shaking hands and expecting him to look radiant, and perhaps give his supporters a dinner at the "George" Inn. Poor Joe! well, perhaps she had better not think of him either.

Joe was walking off at a grand pace, though he didn't quite know where to go. When that door opened and the excited vestry had fermented down a little, and he knew he was elected, he couldn't tell whether uncle was glad or not; so he took the first opportunity of breaking away, shaking hands impulsively with the surprised and half-indignant Vincent, and then racing down the street determined on one thing. And that was, to make up his mind before he came to the cross-roads what to do. To the left led to Carrie's; to the right led—well, anywhere! But it wasn't to be.

Uncle J. pulled up his dog-cart suddenly, and hailed him in a husky voice: "Well, lad, you're in a hurry, but you'd better get in and you won't lose much time!"

So they rolled on silently, Joe accepting this ready-made decision of the fates with resignation, to say the least.

At last Joe began in a stumbling way to thank his uncle for his support, and then the old man broke down. He had to give Joe the reins, a thing he never did before, and began blowing his nose and apologising to Joe for his intended apostasy. "You see, my boy, she came over me in her wheedly way, and I'd have done it to please her, and I'd do it now, only I can't."

Then poor Joe, feeling very warm and far from scholastic, but very much in the same frame of mind as his uncle, tried to make him understand that *he* too found no armour stiff enough to resist Carrie's wishes, not even his teacher's certificate and skill at accounts, and finally broke over all reserve, and had to surrender the ribands in turn, as he confessed that, although he was rejected, he would gladly give up his success to make the poor girl happy.

"It's no use, Joe; stick to it; he's a bad lot, and *don't* love her."

The little back lane had received them, and the boy from the beer-shop ran behind, the last three hundred yards, to hold the horse, and they were out of the trap and into the house in a minute.

Sam Carten, who had been unwontedly loafing about the house all day, came forward with his joke forgotten, and while Joe crept up stairs to listen at Carrie's door, the old man began narrating his woes to a willing listener.

"Sir, it is monstrous!" he began, puffing and blowing, and trying hard to get up a little dignity after his weakness in the dog-cart. "Sir, you'll see me in the paper! *I* am to be the victim. I shall be scarified. That wretch of a Spalding!" (the little man in green spectacles)—"*I* heard him with his cronies! You'll hardly believe me, sir" ('sir' didn't understand a word about it), "but I could tell you what his leader will be on Saturday. Eh! sir? It'll be this. He'll praise my speech—confound him, he always does! and *then* he'll begin: 'We wish that our parliamentary representatives would imitate Mr. Johnson, not only in perspikious oratory, but by showin' themselves open to argyment. After a convincing speech in favour of A., he showed a doo appreciation of his own merits as a debater by a-votin', deliberate, for B. Here's openness of character and love of the commonwealth. Strange enough, too, B. is his nevy!' That'll be the leader, sir!"

* * * * *

Joe had leant at the door and listened a long time.

No noise at all.

Carrie had lain on her couch and listened till she was sick of it. There was noise enough and fun enough below, mingled with great thumpings of Alderman J.'s stick, but nothing for her to take part in. Besides, she thought she heard Joe's voice once, and then

it was silent. No wonder, when he was listening breathlessly at the door, fearing she was dead, or hoping she was asleep.

She gave a peevish little cry. It *was* so dull, and even over-excitement, with a *soupçon* of attempted suicide, appeared (in retrospect) more pleasing to this wicked little nineteenth century, sensation-novel-reading, brainless, pleasant little creature, than lying down, shut off from all happy companionship and liveliness.

Joe heard the cry, rapped and came in. He was afraid, but perhaps she would like to explain, and that would quiet her, and he would say "good-bye" to that pale, tired face, and kiss those dear little hands, and go out into the world alone. As for that hateful being, the master of Barnbridge, who brought but evil wherever he came, he would dissolve partnership with him at once, and let Vincent or whoever liked pick up that empty husk and have joy of it!

How should he tell her? As he walked across the room she saw in his eyes that he had won the day. Still there was something else glistening there. You see it wasn't only the mastership he was going to leave, but something much better and dearer.

"I am so sorry, Carrie dear," was all he said.

She looked up quite brightly and said, "Ah! but I'm so glad!" Joe shook his head mentally. "She don't like *him* just now, and spites him."

Joe, Joe — for a schoolmaster, you're blind.

"Good-bye, Carrie; there's only one thing more I can do for you." Resign, he was going to say—but didn't.

"Good-bye?" (with wide open eyes)—"Not going really, Joe?"

Joe, my lad, one could almost hate you for not seeing how sorry she is, and you're a dolt if you fancy she doubts your self-denying courage. But Joe *was* stupid, and thought she didn't believe him; so, in self-defence, he knelt down at her side and said, "I did all I could for—him, Carrie! They wouldn't let me resign, and I only had one vote to give him—Files, the apothecary's — and I did that."

It was too much for Carrie, that bit of true love.

Joe! with her arms round your neck, and your face hid in your hands—can you see it now—can you see it now?

LINES

ON SENDING SOME GLOVES TO A LADY.

OH, pretty kid! erst in green pastures straying,
Alive and kicking, frolicking and playing,
Ere yet the cruel butcher's ruthless knife
Deprived thee of thy skin as well as life—
I wonder if thy dying pangs were lightened,
And the last moments of existence brightened,
By the blest thought that beauty's hand within
These pretty gloves, made of thy tender skin,
Would be enshrined; and that each taper finger
Would round thy epidermis fondly linger?
If some such thoughts as these I now indite
Did not inspire thee—skinning served thee right!
Why, I myself, for such a happy lot,
Should fancy skinning rather nice than not,
And deem my cuticle supremely blest
If 'neath its shelter such fair hands might rest.
But, ah! dire thought! I feel with anguish smitten,
I give her *gloves*, but she'll give me the *mitten*.

W. H. F.

Ottawa.

WHERE DID SHAKESPEARE GET HIS ARIEL?

BY LIEUT.-COL. HUNTER DUVAR, ALBERTON, P. E. ISLAND.

SHAKESPEARE could scarcely have been unacquainted with Froissart's Chronicles. An English translation by Lord Berners was published towards the end of Henry VIII.'s reign. It was a book that would naturally fall under Shakespeare's notice, even if it were not directly sought for as consonant to his tastes. These are, of course, mere suppositions. But how else account for the striking similarity in tone and diction between many passages of the master's historical plays and the records of the courtly Canon of Chimay?

If Shakespeare were acquainted with the Chronicles of Froissart, we need look no farther for a source whence he might have derived some of his inspirations. If he were not, another striking chapter is added to the curiosities of literature.

Raymond, Lord of Corasse (said "an old and intelligent squire" to Froissart), checkmated a priest of Catalonia and deprived him of his rights. The clerk was fearful of the knight, for he knew him to be a cruel man; so dared not persevere, but returned to Avignon. Before he set out he said to the Lord of Corasse: "I am not so powerful in this country as you are, but I will send Some One that you will be more afraid of than you have been of me."

Raymond, not at all alarmed, replied: "Go! in God's name, go; I fear thee neither dead nor alive."

One night there came loud raps at the door of the knight's sleeping chamber, accompanied by a terrible tumult of noises throughout the castle.

Sebastian.
"Whilst we stood here, securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions. Did it not wake you?"
TEMPEST, ACT II., SCENE 1.

Boatswain.
"We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapped under hatches,
Where, even but now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awakened."
ACT V., SCENE 1.

Next night the noises were renewed. The knight could no longer desist from leaping out of bed and calling out: "Who is it that at this hour thus knocks at my chamber door?"

He was instantly answered: "It is I."

"And who sends thee hither?" asked the knight.

"The clerk of Catalonia."

"What art thou called?" said the knight, "who art so good a messenger?"

"My name is Orthon." [Max Müller might find a resemblance between the names Ariel and Orthon.]

"Orthon," said the knight, "serving a clerk will be no advantage to thee; I beg thou wilt therefore leave him and serve me, and I shall think myself obliged to thee."

Orthon was ready with his answer, for he had taken a liking to the knight, and said: "Do you wish it?"

"Yes," said the knight, "but no harm must be done to any one within these walls."

"Oh, no!" answered Orthon, "I have no power to do ill to any one; only to awaken thee and disturb thy rest, or that of other persons."

"Do what I tell thee then," added this knight; "we shall agree well; leave the priest, for he is a worthless fellow, and serve me."

"Well," replied Orthon, "since thou wilt have it so, I consent."

Here we have the very type of Ariel, a tricksy spirit that can do no harm:

Ariel.
"All hail, great master—grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding ta k
Ariel and all his quality."
ACT I., SCENE 2.

Orthon took such an affection for the Lord de Corasse that he often came to see

him in the night time; and when he found him asleep would pull the pillow from under his head, or make great noises at the door or windows; so that the knight, when awakened, would say: "Orthon, let me sleep."

"I will not," he would reply, "until I have told thee some news."

The knight's lady was so much alarmed that the hair of her head stood on end, and she hid herself under the bed-clothes.

"Well," the knight would say, "and what news hast thou brought me?"

To which Orthon: "I am come from England, Hungary, or some other place, which I left yesterday, and such and such things have happened."

As for instance—

Ariel.

"Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship, * * * and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote
Bound sadly home for Naples."

ACT I., SCENE 2.

Thus did the Lord of Corasse know by means of Orthon all things that were passing in different parts of the world.

For five years Orthon served Lord Raymond, and might have said with Ariel:

"I pray thee
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies; made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings."

ACT I., SCENE 2.

Now Count Raymond was in the habit of supplying the great Gaston de Foix with intelligence in advance of all his contemporaries, and could not keep to himself that he derived it from a telegraphic spirit that was much attached to him. "Lord de Corasse," said De Foix, "have you never yet seen your messenger?"

"No, by my fay, never, nor have I ever pressed him on the subject."

"I wonder at that," replied the great man, "for had he been so much attached to me I should have begged him to have shown himself in his own proper form; and I entreat you will do so, that you may tell me how he is made and what he is like. You have said that he speaks Gascon as well as you or I do?"

"Certes," said Corasse, "he converses just as well and as properly; and, since you desire it, I will do all I can to see him."

It fell out, when the Lord of Corasse was as usual in bed with his lady (who was now accustomed to hear Orthon without being frightened), Orthon arrived and shook the pillow of the sleeping knight. On awaking he asked who was there.

Orthon replied, "It is I."

"And where dost thou come from?"

"From Prague, in Bohemia."

"How far is it hence?"

"Sixty days' journey," replied Orthon.

"And hast thou returned hence in so short a time?"

"Yea, so may God help me, I travel as fast as the wind, or faster.

Ariel.

"I drink the air before me and return
Or e'er your pulse beat twice."

ACT V., SCENE 1.

"What! hast thou got wings?"

"Oh, no."

"No?" said the knight. "I should like exceedingly to see what form thou hast, and how thou art made; I should love thee better if I had seen thee."

"Well," replied Orthon, "since you have such a desire, the first thing you shall see to-morrow morning, in quitting your bed, shall be myself."

"I am well satisfied," said the knight; "you may now depart; I give thee liberty for this night."

Prospero.

"Fine spirit, go!
Go, make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape
And thither come in't. Hence with diligence."

ACT I., SCENE 2.

The Lady of Corasse was too much agitated to get up next morning, but the Count sprang out of bed and sat, half-dressed, for a considerable time on the edge, seeing nothing remarkable. When the ensuing night arrived Orthon's voice was heard in the chamber as usual. "Go to!" cried the knight in wrath, "thou ought'st to have shown thyself to me this morning, and hast not done so."

"Yes," replied Orthon, "but I have!"

"Thou liest, malignant thing; I say no!"

"And did you see nothing at all when you leaped out of bed?"

The lord was silent, but having considered awhile, said, "Yes, when sitting on my

bedside, thinking of thee, I saw two straws that were turning and playing together on the floor."

"That was myself," said Orthon, "for I had taken that form."

"Sometimes I divide
And be in many places."

ACT I., SCENE 2.

The Lord de Corasse responded:

"That will not satisfy me; I beg of thee to assume some other shape, that I may see thee and know thee."

Orthon answered: "You ask so much that you will ruin me and force me away from you; for your requests are too great."

"How now!" cried my lord; "you shall not quit me; if I had once seen thee I should not again wish it."

"Well," replied Orthon, sadly, "you shall see me to-morrow if you will pay attention to the first thing you observe when you leave your chamber."

"I am content," said the knight; "now go thy ways, for I want to sleep."

Next morning the Sieur Corasse, leaning from a balcony, chanced to notice a great lean sow that had strayed into the court-yard. Angry at the intrusion, he exclaimed: "Let the dogs loose, quickly! for I will have that sow killed and devoured." The hounds were slipped and cheered on.

Prospero.

"Hey! mountain, hey!
Silver!—there it goes,—Silver!
Fury! Fury! there. Tyrant! there."

ACT V., SCENE 1.

The poor hunted beast uttered one dolorous cry, looked up at the Lord of Corasse, and vanished into thin air. Orthon, like Ariel, had resolved himself into the elements.

The sequel of the story is, that the same Orthon, or another spirit of his kind, attached himself to Count Gaston de Foix, and did his bidding as Ariel obeyed Prospero.

Now, it is not suggested that Shakespeare took a copy of the Chronicles of John de Froissart and sat down to copy therefrom his impersonation of Prospero's familiar. But is it not much within the limits of plausibility that the quaint story of Orthon attracted the attention of the Great Magician, and, passing through the alembic of his mind, was sublimed into the "fine apparition" Ariel, the most admirable of his airy ministers?

TO A FRIEND IN EUROPE.

"*Cœlum, non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*"

I here, amid Canadian pines,
Whose floating fragrance fills the air,
Where rocks are green with tangled vines,
And ferns are waving everywhere.

Where, 'neath the long dark hemlock boughs,
Bright waves leap, sparkling, to the sun,
Or rest, 'neath gold and crimson clouds,
In purple state, when day is done.

You where, amid bright southern flowers,
You watch the blue of southern seas,
And—framed in vine and olive bowers—
The summits of the Pyrenees.

Where, o'er the chateau's vine-clad wall,
You watch the sunset's glorious dream,
While, softly kissed by golden mist,
The Titans all transfigured seem.

Or, passing from the quaint old town,
You wander up their rocky base,
While laden peasants clamber down
Along the walnut-shaded ways;

Or, seaward turned, your eyes explore
The Riviera's curves and bays—
The sleeping sea and winding shore
And crags that swim in purple haze.

What matter 'neath which skies we dream
Away the summer holiday;
Where snowy myrtle blossoms gleam,
Or feathery hemlocks fringe the bay?

So, only, to the waiting soul—
'Mid rustling leaves and woodland scent—
The Spirit that informs the whole
More closely with the heart is blent.

So, in the presence felt of Him
Who seems so near in woodland ways,
We learn, in forest alleys dim,
Sweet lessons for the wintry days,

When death lies chill on lake and hill,
And even a southern sea is gray,
When brightest skies the storm-clouds fill,
And summer seems so far away!

So, from the Heart Divine, there rise
A fuller spring of love in ours;
Bright hopes, for dark November skies,
Warm faith for bleak and wintry hours;

That faith—to those who seek it given—
Grow still in ours, as seasons roll,
And, drawing sunshine straight from heaven,
Keep living "summer in the soul!"

July, 1875. FIDELIS.

THE LETTERS OF LEGION.*

BY REV. HENRY SCADDING, D.D., TORONTO.

IN 1843 Sir Charles Metcalfe succeeded Sir Charles Bagot in the Governor-Generalship of Canada. Responsible Government had not long been conceded; and the Governors themselves had not yet quite cordially come in to the system. Their view of their own responsibility to the Crown and people of England conflicted in some degree with the theory of Responsible Government as understood by Canadians. Sir Charles Metcalfe, though nominally accepting Responsible Government, found himself in antagonism with its warmest supporters. Possessed of a strong will, he wished to rule as well as reign; and, probably, could he have had, consistently with the new theory, his own way in the management of public affairs, the common weal would not have suffered; for he was a highly-gifted, excellent, and most benevolent-minded man. But the *amour propre* of Canadian statesmen, just beginning to rejoice in the newly-acquired right of self-government, was quickly offended by Sir Charles's too frequent interposition of his own individual judgment.

Legion's letters were a sharp attack upon Sir Charles Metcalfe's mode of administering the Canadian government, and a vindication of the view taken of the reformed Canadian constitution by the Liberal party. Nominally they were a reply to a series of letters by Dr. Egerton Ryerson, in defence of Sir Charles Metcalfe's ideas; and it was during the course of this discussion that Legion fastened on his opponent the curious soubriquet of Leonidas; not, as I have seen it alleged, because his antagonist had adopted that name as a *nom-de-plume*, but simply because when rushing to the protection of the Governor-General he chanced to liken himself to the Spartan hero. I need not go further into the particulars of this renowned encounter. I will simply give a specimen or two of Legion's flowing, oratorical style. I first quote a short passage, which disposes of the *nom-de-plume* theory of the origin of "Leonidas" as a soubriquet, and also explains why Legion himself adopted the obviously objectionable signature which appears at the close of his letters: "Had he [his opponent] signed himself the Doctor, or Leonidas, or Three Hundred Spartans, or Wesley, or Fletcher, or Robert Hall, or Chalmers, I should have been spared the necessity for this letter," Legion says; "but he [his opponent] has placed his name and his former conduct before the public as bearing upon the matter at issue, and as adding weight to his arguments. I could not, therefore, as he says, pass it over; nor would it have been courteous to treat his name and his inducements as nothing. I think it a piece of misjudged egotism to mix the name of a public writer up with his arguments; it always is calculated to mislead, and at the best is loss of time and of printing materials, which now bid fair to be too much in request to be wasted. The above are my sentiments, Sir," the writer says to the editor of the *Examiner*, the journal in which the letters first appeared, "but as they are also the opinion of hundreds of thousands as good loyal Canadians, I have no right to the monopoly. I therefore, Sir, with all deference to your readers, subscribe myself your and their humble servant, LEGION—for We are Many." I now quote an elaborate discrimination between despotism and constitutional government, with an ironical statement of the merits of the former under certain circumstances, and a repudiation of the doctrine that rulers in free countries can proceed safely and satisfactorily without having regard to public opinion and considerations of party. "A party may be defined for our present purpose," Legion observes, "as a number of persons professing an opinion or opinions in which they agree. Opposite parties, as two parties each respec-

* From "Some Canadian *Noms-de-plume* Identified, with samples of the writings to which they are appended." A paper read before the Canadian Institute, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1876.

tively agreeing amongst its own members, and opposing the opinion or opinions of the other party. As the whole of a community is rarely of one opinion, the opinion of the majority, or of those forming the largest party, is, for the purpose of government, said to be public opinion; at least it is the opinion which for all practical purposes must be taken to be public opinion. What is just, and right, and good," Legion goes on to say, "may be the object of a despotic as well as of a free government. No one dreams of alleging that absolute power in the ruler is inconsistent with good government. All I need maintain is, that absolute power in the ruler is inconsistent with all our notions of free institutions. An absolute ruler may, with the best intentions, look within his own breast for the rules of right and wrong—to his own reason for his policy; and if his mind be better constituted, and his means of information greater than that of all others, his government may be better and wiser than any government influenced by popular opinion. To such a potentate, it is true praise to say of him that he possessed an inflexible determination to administer his government without regard to party, because the opinions which make parties are beneath his consideration. He judges, he thinks, he rules for himself; he puts down public opinion, for it is but an impediment in his way; and he rules irrespective of party, because to him public opinion is as nothing. But just in proportion as the form of a government is removed from a despotism, disregard of public opinion becomes a crime in a ruler, and ceases to be a subject for eulogy. And he who administers a Government free and popular in its form, without regard to public opinion or to party opinions, call it which we please, is a violator of the constitution he is bound to uphold, and insincere in his professions of attachment to that constitution. Swift, in ridiculing party divisions, describes the kingdom of Lilliput as divided into two parties, one of whom wore low heels to their shoes, the other high heels; and if Sir Charles Metcalfe had been made Governor of Lilliput, he might have governed its diminutive inhabitants without regard to their heels, and have chosen his councillors from both parties indifferently, caring nothing for their disputes, and despising their party differences; but who would allege that he was influenced by public opinion, or that he was administering Responsible Government? It is, however, just as a pigmy people that Sir Charles has always regarded Canadians, and it is with this view that he takes to himself the praise of inflexible determination; but the inflexible determination of a ruler under the British Constitution is national determination; and personal determination which opposes this, is despotism. The threat to employ whatever force may be necessary to enforce it, is tyranny; and the pretence that it is consistent with Responsible Government is hypocrisy." On Sir Charles's alleged resolve to act officially without the concurrence of his Executive Council, Legion thus remarks: "Charity may once have ascribed his invasion of the Constitution of this country to ignorance of British constitutional usage; but time has removed the veil, and he must now be considered either as the originator, or the instrument of a design to defeat and put down Responsible Government in Canada. If Canadians value Responsible Government, they cannot give way. They must use every constitutional means of asserting their rights, till they obtain them fully. If they do not value British freedom, or if Dr. Ryerson has been able to frighten them with his bugbear of "Royal Proclamations and Military Provisions," let them kneel down and ask pardon for the presumption of their Parliament, and let the reign of favouritism and intrigue continue. If Canadians have not the spirit of British subjects, let them be the servants of servants they deserve to be; but if they have any wish for peace and quietness as the fruit of ignominious vassalage, let them petition for the abolition of the Provincial Parliament, which cannot exist without constantly reminding them of their degradation. There may be something noble in political slavery; but political slavery with the forms of freedom is, to all intents and purposes, wretched and utterly despicable."

The letters of Legion were from the pen of Robert Baldwin Sullivan, afterwards one of the judges of the Queen's Bench, and previously a member of successive Governments before and after the union of the Canadas. The author of the letters of Legion was wont in his younger days to contribute papers of a humorous and playful character to the literary periodicals of the day. In Sibbald's *Canadian Magazine*, pub-

lished at York (Toronto) in 1833, are to be seen communications of his under the *nom-de-plume* of "Cinna." I select a passage from an amusing "Essay on Roads," by Cinna. "This being an introductory essay," the writer says, "it is fit that I explain that my remarks will not be confined to mere terrestrial roads; they will, indeed, be principally directed to those mental highways along which the glorious march of intellect is conducted, or rather driven with such steam-engine impetuosity. The schoolmaster is abroad, they say; and indeed, for any use he is of, may so remain; learning is acquired now-a-days without his assistance. The road to the temple of Fame has been levelled and macadamized; and there are rumours of a railway and a canal. This last, to be sure, is opposed by some old sober-sided fools, who think that the ancient institutions at the top of the hill, and which have been erected with so much labour, will slide into the deep cut which would be necessary to bring the canal down to ditch-water level; but suppose they do, who cares? Is it not better to go on a *tew*-path over their ruins, than be threatened with a *hempen* one, into the other world, for trying to undermine them? When I was a little boy, my grandmother thought me a youth of talents rare when I learned my letters; and to say the truth, my talons were often made to look as rare as an Abyssinian beefsteak before I acquired so much learning. I then stuck so long in orthography, that one would think I was spell-bound. Oh! if I had only waited till now, when grown up gentlemen and ladies are taught writing in six short lessons. I might in a week have been a literate person, and so branded by Act of Parliament. I might then, indeed, have *served* my friends, who now say I am a burden to them, with writs of *ca-re* and fiery faces, like Mr. Underhill; or perhaps I might have been an attorney, and then my clients would give me instructions, and pay besides; and no one could say my education would not be finished some time or other, unless, indeed, it is possible that my aforesaid instructions might happen to be never dun! which is, it must be acknowledged, very unlikely." In the same *Canadian Magazine* are some poetical pieces from the hand of Cinna, humorous and serious, which I shall presently notice. He explains in the following manner, in one of his papers, how he first came to send to the editor a communication in prose:—"I was sitting," he says, "one evening with my friend, 'Sae Bald' (so the editor Sibbald resolved his name on the covers of the Magazine), who everybody knows to be the proprietor of the Magazine, and I was reciting to him, as I thought most beautifully, some cantos of my great epic poem, in which I flatter myself I have excelled most poets in making the sound agree with the sense. The canto contained a sublime and musical description of the baying of a kennel full of hounds by moonlight; and of course the verse seemed to echo the voices of the interesting animals who thus sang in concert with the music of the spheres. The passage I was reading, notwithstanding the splendour of the lunar orb, was a dark one; and I was indulging myself in the hope that I had excelled even my companion 'Sae Bald' in the obscurity of his style, when I was awakened from my pleasing dream by his suddenly interrupting me. Laying down his glass, 'Cinna, mon,' says he, 'will ye just hand me the nutmeg?' This spicy gale quite shipwrecked the bark of my dogs, and oh! how that cinnamon and nutmeg grated on my feelings! But think not, reader, that my friend does not understand and feel poetry, particularly such as mine. The truth was, I had chosen my time badly. The printer's imp stood behind his chair. 'Cinna,' said Sae Bald, 'what for do ye no gie us some prose for the Mogazeen? Yon deevil of a printer is in an unco hurry for matter, an' he says, nae matter how I get it, it maun be furnishet directly.' 'And I suppose,' said I, snappishly, 'you cannot furnish it directly if your materials are inverse.'" I close Cinna's prose with two anecdotes which he contrives to bring in. (The "Red Lion" is still in being in Yorkville; it used to be known, from the name of the well-known proprietor and manager, as Tiers' Tavern. It should have been mentioned above that the Underhill there named was a well-known local bailiff.) "An old acquaintance of mine," Cinna writes, "the landlord of the Red Lion, who was a jolly fellow, although his name was Tiers (what his wife's was before marriage is now forgotten, for Tiers dropped upon the word and—blotted it out for ever!), puzzled a gentleman sorely in my presence, by telling him that he, Tiers, was tired of *public life*, and must re-

tire from the *bar*. And I myself," Cinna adds, "was once canvassing for a seat in Parliament, and applied to an Irish friend to let me have some wild land, *that* being considered the only qualification necessary in a member. I began by telling my friend, in the elevated and patriotic style which the election time produces, that I was desirous of having a *stake* in the country. 'Then,' says he, 'you had better go to old Ireland for that same, for the never a *steak* you'll get in this country fit to ait, for love or money.'"

Outrageous puns, it will be observed, form the staple of these papers.

Some playful verses from the same hand, in the manner of Hood, and similarly characterised, are to be seen also in Sibbald's Magazine. As a specimen, I give a few lines from a ballad of thirty-two stanzas. Tom Scalpel, a medical student, abstracts from a dissecting-room the head and arms of a dead body. The deed is thus described :—

"Says Tom, although the sky don't fall
I think I'll have a lark :
This kind of lark, they fly by night ;
So Tom got out of bed,
And took his steel and stole two arms,
And bagged the subject's head ;
Like other folks that take *to* arms,
He took to legs and run,
Although he heard no shot, ere half
His heavy task was done."

The grotesque consequences of the action are then detailed at length, in language ingeniously tortured. I observe also some graceful songs by Cinna, in the Haynes Bayly style. I select one verse :—

"The worm the rose's petals fold,
Gnaws at its inmost core ;
And love that never must be told
Consumes the heart the more."

To these extracts I subjoin one passage, in which the writer of the Letters of Legion, and of the productions subscribed "Cinna," speaks in his own proper person. It is from an "Address on Immigration and Colonization," delivered in the Mechanics' Institute Hall, Toronto, in 1847. It will be seen that in 1847 he had a very clear view of the capabilities of the then almost wholly undeveloped North-West. "I dare say by this time," Mr. Sullivan said, in the course of his address, "I have established my character for being visionary and over-ardent, and impatient ; but I have to lead you yet farther. Just take the map of Canada—but no ! that will not do ; take the map of North America, and look to the westward of that glorious inland sea, Lake Superior. I say nothing of the mineral treasures of its northern shores, or those of our own Lake Huron, but I ask you to go with me to the head of Lake Superior, to the boundary line. You will say it is a cold journey ; but I tell you the climate still improves as you go westward. At the head of Lake Superior we surmount a height of land, and then descend into the real garden of the British possessions, of which so few know anything. Books tell you little of the country, and what they do say will deceive and mislead you. I tell you what I have heard directly from your townsman, Mr. Angus Bethune, and indirectly from Mr. Ermatinger, very lately from that country :—A little to the westward of Lake Superior is Lake Winnipeg, and into Lake Winnipeg runs the Saskatchewan River. It takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, and the Lake Winnipeg discharges its waters towards and into Hudson's Bay. This river runs from west to east fifteen hundred miles without an obstruction ; it is navigable for boats carrying ten or twelve tons. It runs through a country diversified with prairie, rich grass, clumps of forest, and on one of the branches of the river are coal-beds, out of which coal can be obtained by any one with a spade in his hand or, without ; and the plains are covered with the wild buffalo of America. I am told that you may drive a waggon from one end to the other of the country of the Saskatchewan ; and I am told, moreover, that it is superior in soil and equal in climate to any part of Canada, and that it produces wheat, barley, oats, potatoes—in short, all the crops of temperate climates—in abundance." Now that Manitoba has been organized, and a beneficent civilization is beginning to spread itself thence far out over the broad Saskatchewan valleys, destined soon to meet influences of a similar kind emanating from British Columbia, the forecasts of a thoughtful, ardent mind in regard to these regions some thirty years ago are interesting to read ; and they may help us to realize and measure the progress, material, social, and moral, which has been made in that interval of time.

KANATA.

BY CHARLES MAIR, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

THE eastern and the western gates
  Are open, and we see her face;
Throned midst a sea of pines she waits
  The coming of each weary race.
Fair genius of a virgin land,
  Kanata! Queen of northern skies,
Maid of the tender lip and hand,
  And dark yet hospitable eyes.

Thou art our Spirit of Romance,
  Our Fairy Queen, our Damsel lorn,
Who, by some wild mysterious chance,
  In still, untroubled woods wast born.
In the long light and life gone by
  All pleasant things came to thy side,
Sweet singers sought thy company,
  And supple forms from forests wide.

They played along the golden shore
  And wild, dim headlands of the past;
Thoughtless of life their spirits bore
  No stain by fears and passion cast.
No philosophic doubts were theirs,
  No tideless, stern pursuit of gain,
No weariness of life, no cares,
  No yearnings underlaid with pain.

But, wild and true and innocent,
  They plucked the blossom of the year,
Where savours of the woods were blent
  With music of the waters clear.
Death had no terrors—it was then
  A world of spirits free from pain;
The spirit-bear crouched in his den,
  The spirit-bison roamed the plain.

And still the chase they would pursue,
  And o'er the vacant rivers glide
With ghostly paddle and canoe,
  And ghostly forests on each side,
For ever, for no snow should fall
  To waste the sweetness of the light,

Nor old age and its funeral,
Nor bitter storm nor ancient night.

'Tis past, Kanata! Weightier days
Strain tight the girdle of the year;
Pale feet are in thy forest ways,
Pale faces on thy plains appear;
And eyes adventurous behold
The gathering shadows on thy brow,
Where sacred graves of grassy mould
Turn black beneath th' encroaching plough.

Thy plains are whispered of afar—
The gleaming prairies' rich increase;
And, leaning on their tools of war,
Men dream of plenitude and peace.
For Europe's middle age is o'er,
With all her ways still undefined,
And darker seem the paths before
Than the dark paths which lie behind.

Mayhap; but still I see them come—
A weary people seeking rest—
Sighing for liberty, a home
And shelter in the peaceful West;
Where ancient foes in race and creed
May never more the tyrants see
Who eat the bread of craft and greed,
And steal the wine of liberty.

Fair fleeting promises and scenes,
False hopes of simple minds the snare!
Here but the fields and rich demesnes
Of demagogue and doctrinaire.
Alas for gentle laws and life,
And gentle freedom slowly won—
The modest maid, the faithful wife,
The simple love 'twixt sire and son.

Must these things perish from the earth?
Perchance—since many a grace hath fled;
But time will give a second birth,
And wring old fragrance from the dead.
And other ages will restore
The wonted beacons to the night,
Give back the simple faith of yore—
Give back the Christ, the Life, the Light.

PRAYER AND NATURAL LAW.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, OTTAWA.

THOSE readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY whose minds were disquieted by the publication, in the number for last August, of an article in which were set forth some of the most obvious objections to the common belief in the physical efficacy of prayer, must have been reassured by the vast preponderance of force that immediately made its appearance on the orthodox side of the discussion. In undertaking to reply to the three able writers arrayed against me, I am reminded of a "request for prayer" that was published in a well-known evangelical journal, *The Christian*, in the following terms: "The Christian parents of a son about to undergo a hard examination early in December next, ask the prayers of the Lord's people that it may please the Lord to permit their son's success." As the time for the examination drew nigh, a mere "permission" that the lad might succeed did not seem sufficient; so a further request was sent to the same paper for prayer that the Lord might "help him to go through his task successfully." The task which now devolves upon me is a sufficiently formidable one—to deal in one article with criticisms distributed through three, or rather four; but the issue will depend, as surely it ought to depend, on the degree in which the doctrines advocated on either side approximate to the truth, and the degree in which they have been intellectually mastered by their respective defenders. That a weak advocate may momentarily compromise a good cause, I am deeply conscious; but his duty is performed when he has sincerely uttered his own thought, and duly profited by the corrections of others. Truth, in the long run, will take care of itself; and her most blundering servant has done something useful if he has only awakened discussion.

In regard to the matter now in question, nothing certainly could be more out of place than any spirit of *parti pris*. Because I have uttered such and such opinions, shall I therefore cling to them for ever after, and only the more tenaciously and uncompromisingly the more they are controverted by others? Surely not. What renders so much discussion so exceedingly dreary is the manifest determination on both sides not to be convinced. But before any one can with any grace seek to convince others, he must himself be open to conviction—must accept and realize it as a fact that, however overwhelming the proof may appear to him of the views he has espoused, however deeply inwoven those views may be with his very nature, *there is no absolute screen from error for any human being*. Since my last article appeared, I have had six months to think over the subject, have discussed it in private to some extent, and have given a careful attention to the counter-arguments of FIDELIS, Mr. S. E. Dawson and Mr. Romanes; and if I had any change of view to record, it should here be recorded. But no; my further thinkings on the subject have only tended to strengthen the conviction that inspired my former article, and to give me a keener sense of the importance of doing all in one's power to hasten a general revolution of opinion in regard to the function and efficacy of prayer.

Let me here briefly re-state the position which I took up on this subject. It is claimed by ordinary believers that prayer is not only an act of communion between men and their Maker, and, as such, a means whereby the moral and spiritual life may be strengthened, but that it is, further, a means whereby various purely temporal blessings may be secured—sometimes bread, sometimes money, sometimes health, sometimes deliverance from danger; and that, though these blessings come apparently in the ordinary course of things, they yet would *not* have come but for prayer. In my article of August last, I recognised the validity of prayer as an act of communion. We know too well what are the benefits of human

communion: how influences seem to flow forth from some beloved friend—strengthening those things in us that need strengthening, infusing fresh energy and hope, and gladdening and purifying life—to doubt for one moment that the sincere believer in God, as a Being infinite in goodness and wisdom, may derive from communion with Him abundant comfort and strength. Even the memory of an earthly friend is a potent source of influence. When John Stuart Mill said in his Autobiography that after his wife's death her memory became "a religion" to him, the cynics sneered; but thousands of unperverted hearts knew that the words embodied a deep and consolatory truth. We *can* hold converse with the departed, and can feel that, in a true sense, they live in us. On no theory, therefore, of the universe can there be any necessity for calling in question the efficacy or value of prayer in the spiritual region. When, however, we are asked to believe that prayer is not only thus beneficial to the devout believer, but that it affects the course of events in the physical region, that it causes (directly or indirectly) rain or sunshine, breaks the power of disease, gives success where otherwise there would have been failure, or accomplishes any one of the thousand results of a physical kind that are constantly attributed to it, we naturally ask for evidence. As regards spiritual benefits, we accept the testimony of sincere believers, no matter to what religion they belong; but when a man, however sincere, tells us that certain prayers offered up by himself or others determined this or that natural event, we say, "This is not a matter in which your consciousness has aught to say; it is one purely of inference. Now tell us what reason you have for believing that this thing would not have happened but for your prayers." My position, therefore, is simply that of one demanding evidence for that which, if true, must admit of evidence. If, in addition to the ordinary natural agencies for bringing about certain results, prayer, though by what chain of intermediate causes we cannot determine—is also an agency, we ought to see its effect in the multiplication of those results in certain cases. In casting dice, every number turns up, in the long run, as often as every other. But if prayer could affect the result of a cast, and if prayer were offered, say, for the number seven, even though the prayer might not always be answered—say not more than once in ten times—seven would still be the winning number. I bring this forward as the simplest possible illustration of my position. If, now, a person who, as the result of a thousand throws, had simply had his own average of success, were to insist that such as he had was the result of his prayers, could anybody be blamed for not attaching much importance to the pretension? Does not every one feel that, before such a claim could be put forward with any show of reasonableness or modesty, there must be *something more than an average* of success to point to, or, in other words, that some *evidence* ought to be forthcoming of the efficacy of the alleged special agency? One of my critics has spoken of me as pursuing the "high *priori* road;" but I hardly think this is correct. To criticize, in the light of our ordinary knowledge of the constitution of things and sequence of events, theories that are brought forward to explain how prayer may have, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, a physical efficacy, is not to discuss metaphysics; and I doubt if anything more than is here indicated can be found in my essay.

A word or two now with regard to the general character of each of the three replies that my article has called forth. That of FIDELIS is the most detailed, and, so far, the most satisfactory. It purports to prove that "it is the will of God to establish a connection between prayer and the bestowal of blessings." By blessings is here meant, of course, temporal blessings, or else the thesis is of no value at all in the present discussion. The proof offered falls under three heads: "the instinctive belief of humanity, the evidence of revelation, and the testimony of the consciousness of those who truly pray." I almost think that FIDELIS must have momentarily forgotten what it was that had to be proved, or else we should not have had an appeal to "instinct" and "consciousness" in a matter which is wholly one of experience. The question is: Has God, as a matter of fact, constituted prayer as a recognisable antecedent to physical effects? What answer can instinct or consciousness give to such a question? FIDELIS says that if temporal blessings are not annexed to prayer, then the instinct which expresses itself in "the cry which unconsciously breaks from men's lips in ex-

treme peril or intense agony" must be "founded upon a lie." It would be just as correct to say that the instinct which makes a drowning man, as the proverb says, grasp at straws, is founded upon a lie. The question for FIDELIS to consider, in the light of our common knowledge of facts, is whether these cries of frantic fear or cruel agony *bring relief*. Is it not strictly true, taking an average result, that the more bitter and piercing the cry, the less is help sent? In moderate danger people put up their petitions with moderate earnestness; but when death stares them in the face, then does the "instinct" to which FIDELIS refers break forth in all its force, and, too often, all in vain. Here is a ship, teeming with life, sinking, far from all help, beneath a stormy sea. Who would care to realize the terror and despair of such a scene? Here, again, is a famine-stricken or a fever-stricken multitude, raising their piteous cries to heaven. But the heavens are as brass, and the wail of agony is borne away by careless winds. It is no pleasure to any one to dwell upon such painful themes, and I spare all elaboration; but when we are pointed to the instinct that makes men invoke Heaven on occasions of imminent danger as a proof that prayer possesses a physical efficacy, it is right to look at cases where such invocations are at once most general and most intense, and to ask ourselves, in the light, not of theories, but of facts, of what avail they are. Of course deliverance *sometimes* comes to those who have cried out in their distress; and men in all ages and nations have loved to credit such deliverances to the intervention of their gods; but are we always to accept the supernatural explanations that men give of natural events? If not, where are we to draw the line? If deliverance *never* came to those who thus appeal to Heaven, we should have to suppose that by some occult law a connection was established between such appeals and certain destruction; that deliverance *sometimes* comes and sometimes does not is simply and perfectly in harmony with the theory that prayer possesses *no* physical efficacy. As regards the instances adduced by FIDELIS, of apparent supernatural intervention in human affairs, I trust they have been carefully weighed by all who are following this discussion. I feel assured that any criticisms which I could make upon them have already suggested themselves to the thoughtful reader.

Mr. Dawson has pursued a somewhat different line of argument. The scope of his paper may best be indicated by the following quotation: "The precise point in which I differ from Mr. Le Sueur is this—that taking into consideration the recent discoveries in science, and especially those in chemistry and physics, I find it much more easy to conceive the possibility and the probability of Divine answers to prayer, than under those theories of matter which were previously held." The question, however, which I tried to discuss was not as to the *conceivability* of answers to prayer; for, *a priori*, I am quite prepared to grant that it is perfectly conceivable that an Omnipotent Being should attach physical or temporal rewards to petitions addressed to Himself. What I tried to arrive at was the effect which would be produced on the visible order of events in this world, if such a connection had been established; and I endeavoured to show that the evidence for any such connection is lacking. Mr. Dawson does not, therefore, really attack my position at all, so far at least as the elaboration of his main thesis is concerned. He takes up a position, however, somewhat similar to that of FIDELIS when he says: "If the unchanging will of God be that His creatures calling upon Him in His appointed way shall always receive aid, such aid could easily reach us in a way indistinguishable from the ordinary course of nature." To this hypothetical proposition I fully agree; but as it is not disputed that there are other (natural) means, quite apart from prayer, by which temporal blessings may be secured, I humbly submit that those persons in the community who have control, not of the natural means only, but of the special agency of prayer as well, ought to have results to show, *of a temporal nature*, commensurate with the great advantages of their position. If they have, then of course there is an end of controversy; if they have not, by what warrant do they attribute what they have to prayer? Are they prepared to assert that they actually did neglect the natural means, or that they would have neglected them but for prayer? The first case would imply simple disrespect for the physical laws of the universe and an unseemly confidence in Divine favour; the second would reveal de-

cided inferiority in natural energy of character to those who, without recourse to or reliance on prayer, have obtained an equal share of advantages.

Mr. Dawson not only appeals, as does FIDELIS, to intuition, but he takes up the position that the intuition which leads men to pray is on a par with the axioms of mathematics. Upon this I would remark, in the first place, that while the axioms of mathematics are the foundation of the most coherent system of human knowledge ever constructed, the "intuition" of which Mr. Dawson speaks is at the foundation of all the conflicting systems of theology that the world has ever seen, from Fetichism to Christianity, and has descended to us from generations whose religion was simply the dense shadow of their ignorance. If the confidence that the African savage has in his "rain-maker" is any proof that the rain-maker controls the laws of nature, something may be said for the validity of the "intuition" generally, as an indication of the Divine constitution of the universe; but, if not, I fail to see what inference can be drawn from its survival to the present day. I cannot, however, admit that the word "intuition" is rightly applied to this inherited instinct or tendency. The proper sense of the word is *immediate knowledge*—knowledge of which the mind finds itself possessed the moment it attempts any exercise of its powers; but the phenomenon of which Mr. Dawson speaks has not the character of knowledge at all; it is a simple impulse to a particular form of action. The impulse springs from a belief in a God or in Gods, as the case may be; but the very fact that it springs from anything, shows that it is not an intuition. The axioms of mathematics do not impel us in any direction. If I might venture an opinion upon a subject that has engaged some of the profoundest minds, I should say that the whole necessity of axioms arises from the analytical character of human language; and that they thus represent a synthesis which the mind is compelled to make, in order that identical notions may not be kept separate by mere differences of expression. In all stages and states of the human mind, the authority of an axiom is the same; but the power of the instinct to which Mr. Dawson refers varies from age to age, from individual to individual, and in the same individual from day to day. A man may be rationally convinced that prayer is not possessed of physical efficacy; but sudden fear may overmaster all his knowledge and throw him back upon the convictions, or rather mental habits, of his childhood or of his ancestors. The recent fearful epidemic among the Fiji Islanders, when they were smitten (as FIDELIS would maintain for some "remedial purpose") with an aggravated type of measles, had the effect of causing many who had been converted to Christianity to revert to their native superstitions. The tendency on all such occasions is for new ideas and habits to yield to old; but if the old were founded on *intuition*, they never would have been displaced or shaken. A sick or a drowning man is not more intuitively convinced that things equal to the same thing are equal to one another, than a man in full health and perfect safety.

It may be well, before passing to another division of my subject, to notice an illustration made use of by Mr. Dawson. The geologist, he says, "sees in the large eyes of the trilobite conclusive evidence of the existence of light. * * * By a like process of induction, we argue that as the need, the practice, and the faculty of prayer have existed in the human mind at all times and under all conditions, either the creation of this faculty by God, or its development by the operation of law, equally bears witness to a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering Deity." Let us analyze this argument and see what we find. The eye, as we know it now, is the organ through which we are made conscious of light; the trilobite had an eye; therefore we may fairly infer that light was contemporary with the trilobite. In other words, we have a pair of equal ratios, thus:—

Human eye: light:: trilobite eye: light.

Now let us see whether we can get a pair of equal ratios as regards prayer. Men have always had the habit of prayer—what is the *known* correlative to that? Why, the very point in dispute at this moment is whether there is any correlative to it at all in the objective world. If it were a matter of common knowledge *now* that prayers directed to physical objects were efficacious, we might argue, as in the case of the trilobite's eye, that similar prayers in past ages were also efficacious; but such knowledge is lacking, otherwise the present controversy would

never have had an existence. But, leaving the trilobite to slumber in his silurian bed, it may be said: may we not argue that, as the eye is made for light, so these instincts were made to correspond with a personal Providence ordering the course of events with a view to the answering of prayer? I answer, no; an instinct is not a sense; if it were, there could be no possible question as to its external object. Besides, men have no instinct that tells them, or suggests to them, that God *always* answers prayer; and it would be ridiculous to talk of an instinct affirming that God *sometimes* answers prayer: no such qualification could be introduced except as the result of experience. Then when we think of the millions of cases in which the instinct, such as it is, has been, and is still being, utterly baffled; when we reflect that the very bitterest cries are precisely those—judging by the event—that go most unheeded, the resemblance which the preceding argument would establish between this habit of the mind and a sense uniformly responding to its appropriate stimulus, and building up atom by atom, cell by cell, the mysterious structure of human consciousness, vanishes utterly out of sight.

Turning now to Mr. Romanes, I find that he begins his article with a complaint that I had attempted to criticize the Burney Prize Essay of 1873 without having read it. To this charge I cannot plead guilty. The Burney Prize Essay had not at the time I wrote my last article come into my hands, but I did not think that a reason why I should not examine, from my point of view, the arguments that FIDELIS had brought forward on this question in a previous number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY. It was quite unnecessary for me to have mentioned whence the arguments of FIDELIS were drawn; but since I did do so, I wish I had been a little more guarded in my reference to Mr. Romanes's essay. Instead of saying, as I did: "The present writer has not had the advantage of reading the work to which FIDELIS refers; but assuming its arguments to have been correctly and adequately reproduced, it is his purpose to show wherein they appear to be defective," I should have said: "The present writer has not had the advantage of reading the work to which FIDELIS refers, and he will therefore confine himself entirely to the arguments FIDELIS has presented." This would have been more in consonance with the course I really adopted than the words Mr. Romanes has quoted; for I am sure that no careful reader of my article could have thought that it was Mr. Romanes whom I criticized. Be that as it may, however, Mr. Romanes has criticized me, and finds me lacking in "accuracy of thought." Let us see on what grounds.

It is alleged that I "confuse the antecedent improbability of the theory concerning the physical efficacy of prayer with the antecedent improbability of the theory concerning the government of the world by a Personal Providence." Here I demur entirely. Until Mr. Romanes explains what he means by a "Personal Providence," it is impossible for any one to say whether he could consent to discuss the question of the physical efficacy of prayer on that theory. Most persons would understand by those words, a Providence that answers prayers, and otherwise adapts the order of natural events to moral purposes. Nobody will consent to discuss any question under restrictions that prevent him dealing with the question freely on its merits. When two persons agree upon a certain basis of argument, the man who brings forward an argument fatal to his own accepted basis simply confutes himself. Everyone understands that. But Mr. Romanes and I had agreed upon no basis; and so far as my arguments against the physical efficacy of prayer are concerned, I am prepared to accept any consequences that can legitimately be deduced from them. My own opinion is that Mr. Romanes helps forward his own argument very unduly by his vague assumption of a Personal Providence. It is possible that if he had clearly defined to himself the sense in which he was using these words, he might have perceived that he was simply preparing to argue in a circle.

Of the foreordination theory, as expounded by FIDELIS, I said that it was "nothing more or less than fatalism enlarged so as to include all the operations of the human spirit as well as the phenomena of nature." Mr. Romanes says there is no argument in that. *Cela dépend.* To a person who shrinks from the scientific view of the universe as fatalistic, it may be an argument against a proffered scheme to show that it is simply fatalism in an exaggerated form. I tried, moreover, by an illustration, to bring before

the imagination of the reader what this theory of foreordination really meant, and expressed the opinion that, if its true significance were only realized on critical occasions, the human heart would take more comfort out of the so-called "fatalism" of science. I may have been right in this conjecture, or I may have been wrong; but I hold that this mode of treating the subject was entirely valid against those who appeal to human feelings against the view "that physical occurrences are governed," to quote the words of my article, "exclusively by physical antecedents."

Mr. Romanes will not allow that there is any important difference between the belief of an ancient Jew in a God who "repented him," and the doctrine that God arranged all things in the beginning so as to have no subsequent need to repent. Possibly; but appearances, it will be allowed, point very strongly in the other direction. The chief value of metaphysics, a recent writer has said, is to abolish the difference between "is" and "is not," and make every theory compatible with every other. What a pity that metaphysics are so utterly out of the range of mankind at large! "If all things were pre-arranged," says Mr. Romanes, "it matters not whether we regard one of their number as a mediate or an immediate act of the Deity." But the ancient Jew did not regard them as pre-arranged, in the sense here used, but as altogether subject to be *re*-arranged; and simple-minded people are still of this way of thinking, even when they nominally accept the doctrine of foreordination. To realize the latter doctrine vividly need not, we are told, check any man's devotions. Well, that is a matter less for theory than for experience; and I should like very much to have the experience of some one who had prayed, or tried to pray, very earnestly, for some important temporal blessing—say the life of a parent or child—with a clear consciousness that his prayer might or might not be—according to God's eternal counsel and foreknowledge—the link in the chain of causation necessary for securing that blessing. When we are trying to overcome some natural evil by natural means, we know that everything depends on the strenuousness of our efforts; and any effort that we make is at least *in the direction* of the end we have in view, and may secure a partial measure of success. But when it is prayer to which we resort for the accomplishment of physical ends, the case is entirely different; it is then a matter of complete uncertainty whether any "physical efficacy" whatever has been attached to our prayer; and if not, all our supplications are a mere beating of the air, so far as the attainment of our immediate object is concerned. We are like the passengers and crew of a sinking vessel, working desperately at pumps from which the valves have been withdrawn.

This brings me to the consideration of a singular fallacy made use of both by FIDELIS and by Mr. Romanes. In my last article I wrote: "The only region which FIDELIS and the Prize Essayist seem to think wholly appropriate to prayer is the 'region of uncertainty,' where we cannot foresee the event, and, when it happens, cannot tell whether our prayers had anything to do with shaping it or not." Upon this Mr. Romanes remarks: "I have nothing to add to the able manner in which FIDELIS has met these statements. Until the author of the article I am replying to can tell us why it is that the 'region of uncertainty' is, as FIDELIS says, likewise and alone the 'region of effort,' I must refuse to allow that his considerations have any other bearing upon the question of the physical efficacy of prayer than they have upon the fact of the physical efficacy of human action." Is it possible that this is the mature conclusion of my critic? Then let us see how the matter stands. First of all, human effort is *not* confined to the region of the uncertain. When we take food to sustain life, when we use the halter or the bullet to destroy it, we are not moving in any uncertain region; we are availing ourselves of the whole past experience of the race as to the direct and approximate means of accomplishing our objects. So with regard to numberless acts that we are daily performing; we trust ourselves with the most absolute confidence to the recognised laws of nature. It is because we know the natural tendencies of certain actions, that we resort to them even when we cannot be sure that they will accomplish the *full* effects that we desire. And in every case where a physical result is attributed to a physical antecedent, cause must be shown for the connection sought to be established. No one can turn round upon a physician or any man of science and say: "Oh, you only try these feats of yours in cases where the result you aim at *may* be

accomplished, independently altogether of your measures." Very often a physician can pronounce, with a reasonable confidence, that everything depends upon a particular course being followed; and the engineer, the chemist, and the physicist have, in many of their calculations and theories, the very highest attainable degree of certainty. What FIDELIS meant probably was that men do not aim at what experience has shown to be impossible; but the fact of a thing belonging to the category of the possible does not in any way invalidate an alleged connection between it and certain physical antecedents. On the contrary, a thing is only known to be possible through its ascertained dependence on physical antecedents within our control. But the weak point as regards prayer is that, according to my critics, it should only be resorted to in cases *the physical conditions of which are such as to make it quite possible the thing desired should happen without prayer*. If my critics could show that "effort" (as the word is used above) was only employed in cases the *spiritual conditions of which made success possible independently of effort*, then I would admit that the tables were fairly turned, and that the region of "effort" was one of as great uncertainty as that of prayer. As it is, I can only wonder at the hollowness of the fallacy by which they have allowed themselves to be beguiled.

In my article of last August I ventured to say that "Thy will be done!" was not, in a strict sense, prayer at all, but merely an expression of resignation to God's will. Both FIDELIS and Mr. Romanes contradict me on this point. But take the following illustrative passage from an article by the late Dr. Norman McLeod on the Rev. J. McLeod Campbell: *—"The prayer, 'Not my will but Thine be done,' was by him the response to a father of a child who appreciated and rejoiced in the righteousness of that Father's will." Was the Rev. Mr. Campbell peculiar in this respect? I trow not. I cannot think that any human being, in uttering sincerely and fervently the words "Thy will be done!" can ever have felt that they implied petition. Mr. Romanes, however, has paraphrased the utterance, so as to bring out what he holds to be its full sense. I commend his effort to those who wish to see how complicated a very simple thing can be made.

The two writers last named are also at one in repudiating my view that a *request* to God to do what is best is irrational, and, if made with reflection on its import, implies a very low view of the Divine Being. Mr. Romanes here does some injustice to FIDELIS by quoting, as bearing on this particular difficulty, a passage from the article of the latter which does not refer to it at all; and this passage, he says, uproots my fallacy "very neatly." If this judgment holds good, FIDELIS may be congratulated, if not upon killing two birds with one stone, at least upon killing a bird without aiming at it. As I do not, however, feel myself brought down by this accidental shot, I shall proceed to examine the reply given by Mr. Romanes himself on the point in question. "The objector," he says, "assumes that the best is a fixed entity, and hence that the presence of petition can in no case make any difference in rendering one course preferable to another. . . . If the universe is presided over by a Moral Being at all . . a trustful prayer of a sorrowing creature, in virtue of the new moral element it introduces, may cause a profound modification in the previous conditions determining the action of that Moral Being (to speak in human terms); and so . . . render a corresponding modification of that action preferable to the course which would have been 'best' for Him to take, but for the new moral element introduced by the trustful prayer." It should not require the subtlety of the Burney Essayist to see that this is wholly aside from the point at issue, which is simply whether a deliberate *request* to God "to do what is best" is rational. The rationality and propriety of submitting to the will of God, and trying to acquiesce devoutly and lovingly in what is best on the whole, though it may be in direct contradiction to our natural wishes, no one calls in question; but is it a fitting thing to beg God to take the best course? That was the question I raised, and which Mr. Romanes, after first quoting FIDELIS in a very malapropos manner, seems to lose sight of entirely. The drift of the long sentence I have quoted is that prayer *for a specific object of human desire* may make that best in the sight of God which would not otherwise have been best; but we were not discussing the effect of such

* *Good Words*, May, 1872, page 354.

prayers, but the propriety and rationality of a totally different kind of prayer. Of course, if a prayer that God will do what is best is, *sotto voce* as it were, a prayer that He will substitute one best for another best, one can understand its being offered with considerable energy; but that, probably, is not a kind of prayer that any of my critics would recommend. Space fails me to follow Mr. Romanes, as I should wish to do, through the whole of his objections, and I must now deal very briefly with those remaining ones on which it seems desirable to touch.

Mr. Romanes says it is "merely a quibble," and of "questionable validity" even in that poor character, to say that spiritual blessings cannot properly be claimed as constituting an answer to prayers for specific temporal good. I have always understood the word "quibble" as implying something worse than a mere logical fault, and I should have preferred if Mr. Romanes had been able to dispense with it in this discussion; but of course it is not for me to say whether or not the reproach is deserved. I cannot see myself that there was any quibble in the position I took, and this is my reason:—The point in dispute is whether or not prayer has a physical efficacy; it is *not* disputed that it has a spiritual efficacy; on the contrary, those who deny it the former kind of efficacy think they understand the *rationale* of its possessing the latter. Well, then, the matter standing so, can those who maintain the physical efficacy of prayer bring forward, against those who deny it, the fact that prayers for temporal good, when not answered in their terms, are still productive of spiritual good? Is not that simply plying us with what we admitted at the outset, in order to force us to believe what at the outset we denied? Against opponents who denied *all* efficacy to prayer it would be a very valid argument to show that any results had followed it; but not against those who are prepared to say—"Well, that is just what we expected." What would Mr. Romanes, as a man of science, think, if conceding fully that a certain substance was capable of producing an effect A, but doubting whether it could produce the effect B, he were summoned to believe that its power of producing B was proved by the fact that whenever tried for B it produced A? He would begin to talk about an "abuse of language" too, I think, if he did not express himself even more emphatically.

My critic agrees with me in holding that some law of periodicity will be discovered before long, which will greatly extend the power at present possessed by meteorological observers; but says he has not so much faith as I appear to have in "the extreme accuracy which the science of meteorology is destined to arrive at in the future." I did not claim that meteorology would ever arrive at "extreme accuracy," but simply that it would in the future possess "vastly increased powers of prediction." Should this hope be realized, there will be an end of prayers for rain or sunshine; for prayers are never set on foot for passing showers, or any very slight modification of the weather, but for the abridgment of long seasons of drought or rain, as the case may be; and the probable or certain duration of such periods would be precisely what our observatories would enable us to know. FIDELIS, who is manifestly anxious that this long recognised "region" for the exercise of prayer should not be invaded by science, speaks of the action of man as a disturbing element which will prevent certainty ever attaching to meteorological predictions. It is sufficient to say, in reply to this, that the action of man can make no appreciable difference from year to year; and people, as I said before, do not, in general, pray for minor modifications of weather, unless it be children looking forward to an excursion. But, is it not—speaking plainly—a ridiculous *rôle* to attribute to prayer, to represent it as taking refuge in all the "unexplored remainders," so to speak, of science? And what are we to think of the bias of those advocates who positively look with an evil eye on the advance of science into certain fields of purely natural knowledge, dreading a restriction of the field for prayer? That an almost incalculable economic gain would result to the human race—that thousands of lives now annually sacrificed would be saved—if it were possible to predict the weather for considerable periods in advance, is a matter of perfect certainty; and yet the very thought of this most important improvement in the conditions of human life is resented by some as almost impious.

In my article of last August I thus wrote: "When people pray for the sick, what else do they want than this—that the case may

not be left to the ordinary laws of nature?" Mr. Romanes says in reply that if I "had read the work which I thus criticize" (meaning the Burney Prize Essay) I could not, in his opinion, have candidly made this remark. The work I criticized was the paper of FIDELIS, not the Burney Prize Essay at all; but if I may so far risk my reputation for candour, I may say that, having since read that work, I still find the preceding "remark" entirely valid. The question is not what solution Mr. Romanes, carrying the whole subject into the region of metaphysics, can suggest of the connection between Prayer and Law, but what it is that the great body of those who pray aim at in their prayers. FIDELIS, on this point, makes prompt reply that, when we pray for the sick, we certainly do *not* wish the case left to the "*undirected, spontaneous* action" of natural laws. FIDELIS had just before repudiated a certain theory as involving theological dualism; in other words, as implying two Gods—"one of nature and one of grace, the one having no control over the arrangements of the other;" and here that very theory meets us again full in the face, but introduced and recommended by its former denouncer. There is an "undirected, spontaneous action" of natural laws, and there is an action adapted to giving efficacy to prayer. And prayer offered up in the case supposed means, being interpreted: "Do not leave me, or my parent, wife, or child, as the case may be, to that *enchaînement* of cause and effect which prevails in the world generally." This, of course, assumes that law works more beneficently, or less rigorously, in the case of lives and interests protected by prayer than in those not so protected. Here, again, the practical question confronts us: Is it so? I strongly incline to the opinion not only that it is *not* so, but that those families who recognise only what FIDELIS calls the "spontaneous, undirected action" of law enjoy a larger measure of those very blessings of health and long life which constitute the object of so many prayers. They have no faith in the power of anything to avert the evil consequences of imprudence; they assign to the physical laws of nature the full authority of Divinely appointed courses of action; they hear a voice in nature saying, "Do this and ye shall live," and again, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" and hearing they heed, and Nature's word to them is not broken. To those who trust it fully, and who show their trust by obedience, the "spontaneous, undirected action" of Nature's laws proves to be an order of infinite beneficence. It may here be objected that the class of persons to whom I refer can enjoy no religious life, and that no amount of physical health or worldly prosperity can make amends for such a lack. I do not discuss this point; the question under consideration being which of two contrasted orders is the more beneficent in its working as regards the bestowal of the temporal blessings of life and health.

Nothing is more common than to hear people speak of praying "for the success of the means" used for the restoration of the sick to health or for other objects. FIDELIS uses similar phrases, twice at least. Now, one can understand the mother of Felix Holt postulating prayer as the accompaniment of her preparations; because she administered them in the blindest ignorance of their natural effects, except in so far as she was enlightened by her son as to their injurious properties. But when any means or agency is employed to accomplish its own appropriate effect, why pray for its efficacy? And if we are not certain what its appropriate effect is, do we expect that any error we commit in applying it will be neutralized by our prayers? Mr. Romanes would no doubt step in here and tell me that I am all wrong—that the appropriate effect of a physical agent is not "a fixed entity" any more than the "best" we were talking of a while ago—that in fact any agency may have an indefinite number of appropriate effects, according to circumstances—that is to say, according to foreseen exigencies. Those who wish to understand how such things can be, and yet an appearance of uniformity be maintained in nature, must consult the Burney Essay for themselves. I guarantee them abundant food for thought.

Of all the objections made by Mr. Romanes, that for which I was least prepared was his objection to being mentioned as a "believer in the physical efficacy of prayer." He does not know what justification he ever gave for that supposition. I must plead guilty, then, of having jumped to the conclusion which my words expressed from knowing that Mr. Romanes was the author of the work above referred to, and that the arguments he had used in an appendix to the

Essay had been found most serviceable by FIDELIS, a writer of unquestionable faith in the whole Christian theory of prayer. It now appears that the Essay was written as an intellectual exercise, in competition for a University prize; that the author neither believes nor disbelieves in the physical efficacy of prayer, though he allows that "an inductive argument of very great weight" has been brought against that theory by Mr. Galton; that he sees nothing in the universe that could serve as a foundation for a system of natural religion, nothing that requires the theory of a Divine mind for its explanation; and that, therefore, unless Christianity, as a special revelation, be true —a point upon which he has not succeeded in satisfying himself after ten years' study— the human mind must ever find itself alone— destitute of kith or kin in all this universe of being." Mr. Romanes further states that one motive he had for writing the Essay was the knowledge that many, who *were* satisfied of the truth of the Christian system, found themselves embarrassed by some of the arguments brought against prayer from the standpoint of law; and he describes his position as that of "a critic upon erroneous arguments on either side." What he has done in the way of criticizing the erroneous arguments adduced *in support of* the theory of the physical efficacy of prayer, I am not aware. I do not remember noting in his Essay any criticism of the arguments on that side. It is evident, however, that as Mr. Romanes does not believe in the physical efficacy of prayer any more than I do, there is no controversy between us further than this, that he thinks the reasons I give for my disbelief are not sound; what his own reasons are for not believing what he is so disinterestedly willing to help other people to believe, he has not unfolded.

Let us now inquire for a moment, in conclusion, whether it is so overwhelmingly certain as the writer last mentioned supposes, that, apart from Christianity, there is no possibility of a religion for mankind; no possibility of Theism maintaining its hold upon the minds of men. What is Theism? It is a doctrine in which men find rest and satisfaction for certain desires and sensibilities which they recognise as constituting a separate region, and that the very highest, of their inner life. The mere thought of God, not as the giver of gifts, not as the worker of miracles, not as manifesting Himself in any special form, or accomplishing any special work, but simply as the One, the Highest, the Best, the Eternal, has filled thousands of hearts with overflowing emotions. At such moments all definitions of dogma fall away, all sense of self even vanishes; when it returns it comes as a desire for self-consecration, for the purifying of every thought and purpose, for the ordering of the life in harmony with the great eternal realities of Reason and Love. Such is Theism; and to entertain a Theistic view of the universe is simply *not* to quench the highest promptings of our nature, *not* to suppress by an act of will the gratitude that so naturally flows forth to the unseen Power, *not* to confine ourselves arbitrarily to the yes and no of those branches of science of which man has obtained some little mastery; but to believe in that law of evolution which teaches that the higher must rule the lower, and to believe further, what evolution most surely suggests, that far beyond man is the force that is drawing him on and on, and raising him to higher and higher planes of being. Upon such a theme it is small wonder if language becomes incoherent; for language can only treat with precision those regions of thought and knowledge which the mind has perfectly subdued and organized; but shall we therefore abandon the attempt to give any expression to those higher affinities of our nature which, never having fully realized or grasped what they seek for, have but a broken tale to tell? I see no reason why we should. Organized knowledge is well; but organized knowledge was not always organized; darkness was once on the face of every deep; and, out of the darkness that still broods over the profoundest problems of our being, there come to us gleams of a day more calmly bright than any that ever gladdened our mortal eyes, and glimpses of a beauty that never was on land or sea. I cannot think that science, speaking in the name of our past acquisitions of knowledge, can ever give a law to the forward-reaching capacities of the mind, or ever decide for men in what *final* beliefs or conceptions they shall rest. In the realm of science imagination is the faculty which prepares the way for observation and induction; and the true pilot of the human soul is not knowledge, but faith.

Let us then have faith enough to believe that what is *best* (in no ambiguous sense) will be the outcome of the present struggles. FIDELIS has uttered a timely warning that, in our inquiries, we should be "willing to receive, not predetermined to reject"—a maxim that only requires to be supplemented by the correlative words, "and also willing to reject, not predetermined to receive," in order to be a complete guide to honest investigation. It may be that some are embarrassed in their search for the truth by a sense of their already great intellectual possessions, as FIDELIS suggests may have been the case with the poet Clough (one of the very gentlest and meekest of spirits); or it may be that he who will not accept what you offer as truth is seemingly obdurate for no other reason than because he has already sold all that he had—that very system of yours included—in order to purchase that pearl of great price—an honest heart. There is, let us ever remember, a more excellent way than any path of intellectual disputation—the way of charity. Walking in that way we need not distress ourselves much about the truth or error of mere opinions; for has not the word descended to us through the ages, and is it not eternally true, that it is the *just* who shall live by faith, and the *pure in heart* who shall see God?

THE SECRET OF LIFE.

BY MARY BARRY SMITH, ST. JOHN, N. B.

BENEATH the green of every veinèd leaf,
Dropp'd in through long, bright days of bloom and balm,
A secret bides, the which no giant's arm
May wrest from out such keeping Not the chief
Of the magicians, nor the wily thief,
Old Time, which steals most treasure, hath the charm
Can lure it from its hiding; summers brief,
And winters, keep the secret safe from harm.

What *is* this flame—this force pervading all?
This spirit through creation manifest?
In man the ruler, and in things that crawl,
And in the daisy with its silken vest?
We call it Life, unknowing what we call;
Its laws and its conditions we have guessed,
But of itself we know not, for it shuns
All probe and scalpel; at a touch it flies;
It goes, perchance, through higher forms to rise,
To flourish in the light of other suns.
But of itself we know not, for the sod
Where the leaf dies doth give no answer back,
And the dead whale, cast up from ocean's track,
Saith but "'Tis gone." And we die too, O God!
We die and give no sign. Thou hast the secret, God!

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

WILL the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover anything harmful in them?

" Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare;
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

CHORUS.

Punch, brothers! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare."

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain; and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before—a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen, but all I could get it to say was "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare," and so on, and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined—I could see that plainly enough. I gave up and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the new step, and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed, and rolled, tossed, and jingled right along, the same as ever; got up at midnight frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible on the whirling page except, "Punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare." By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marvelled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings—"Punch! oh, punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

Two days later, on Sunday morning, I rose, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfil an engagement with a valued friend. the Rev. Mr. ——, to walk to the Talcolt Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. —— talked, talked, talked—as is his wont. I said nothing: I heard nothing. At the end of a mile Mr. —— said:

"Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say something; do!"

Drearily, without enthusiasm, I said: "Punch, brother, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

My friend eyed me blandly, looked perplexed, then said—

"I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly nothing sad: and yet—maybe it was the way you said the words—I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is—"

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking "blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenjare." I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden Mr. —— laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted—

"Oh, wake up! wake up! wake up! Don't sleep all day! Here we are at the Tower, man! I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! Look at it! look at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have travelled; you have seen boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say to this?"

I sighed wearily, and murmured—

"A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenjare."

Rev. Mr. —— stood there, very grave,

full of concern, apparently, and looked long at me; then he said:

"Mark, there is something about this that I cannot understand. Those are about the same words you said before; there does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in me—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning, and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said:

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It is almost music. It flows along so nicely. I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them sure."

I said them over. Then Mr. —— said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time and the next he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended upon me. I was light-hearted enough to sing; and I did sing for half an hour straight along as we went jogging homewards. Then my freed tongue found blessed speech again, and the pent talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow. It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said:

"Haven't we had a royal good time? But now I remember you haven't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something."

The Rev. Mr. —— turned a lacklustre eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness:

"Punch, brothers! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself, "Poor fellow! poor fellow! *he* has got it now."

* * * *

How did I finally save him from the asylum? I took him to a neighbouring university and made him discharge the burden of his persecuting rhymes into the ears of the poor unthinking students. How is it with *them* now? The result is too sad to tell. Why did I write this article? It was for a worthy, even a noble purpose. It was to warn you, reader, if you should come across those merciless rhymes, to avoid them—avoid them as you would a pestilence!—"*Mark Twain*," *in the Atlantic Monthly for February.*

MODERN MATERIALISM: ITS ATTITUDE TOWARDS THEOLOGY.

BY REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

AT the beginning of October, 1874, it was my duty, as Principal of a Theological College, to open a new session with an address, which was afterwards published under the title "Religion as affected by Modern Materialism." It raises the question whether the free and scientific methods of study insisted on in the college involved results at variance with its theological design. It states accordingly three assumptions hitherto implied in that design: "That the universe which includes us and folds us round is the life-dwelling of an Eternal Mind; that the world of our abode is the scene of a Moral Government incipient but not yet complete; and that the upper zones of human affection, above the clouds of self and passion, take us into the sphere of a Divine Communion." With regard to these assumptions, the thesis is maintained that they are beyond the contradiction, because not within the logical range, of the natural

sciences. In support of this thesis the mischiefs are shown, both to science and to theology, of confusing their boundaries, and treating the discovery of law as the negation of God; and the separating line is drawn, that in their intellectual dealings with phenomena, science investigates the "how" and theology the "whence." Tempted on by two of its indispensable conceptions, *matter* and *force*, science, overstepping this boundary, has of late affected to know not only the order but the origin of things; in the one case starting them from *atoms* as their source, in the other from mechanical *energy*. I try to show that neither datum will work out its result except by the aid of logical illusions. You will get out of your atoms by "evolution," exactly so much and no more as you have put into them by hypothesis. And, with regard to force, it is contended that observation and induction do not carry us to it at all, but stop with *movements;* that the so-called kinds of force are only classes of phenomena, with the constant belief of causality behind; that of causality we have no cognition but as Will, from which the idea of "physical force" is simply cut down by artificial abstraction to the needs of phenomenal investigation and grouping; and that, in conceiving of the single power hid in every group, we must revert to the intuitive type because the only authorized, and to the highest, because alone covering the highest phenomena. The attempt, under shelter of the unity of energy behind all its masks, to make the lowest phase, besides playing its own part, stand for the whole, is described as a logical sleight of hand by which a heedless reasoner may impose upon himself and others.

After this defensive argument to show that the religious positions are not displaced by natural science, they are traced to their real seat in human nature, and treated as postulates involved in the very existence and life of the reason and conscience. In support of their natural claim to our entire trust, it is contended that, for their ethical power, they are absolutely dependent on their objective truth; and further, that our nature in respect of its higher affections, compassion, self-forgetfulness, moral obligation, is constructed in harmony with a world Divinely ruled, and in utter conflict with the Pessimist's picture of nature.

The address thus epitomized has brought upon me the honour and the danger of a critique by Professor Tyndall,* marked by all his literary skill, and rendered persuasive by happy sarcasm and brilliant description. One fault at least he brings home to me with irresistible conviction. He blames my mode of writing as deficient in precision and lucidity. And I cannot deny the justice of the censure, when I observe that my main line of argument has left no trace upon his memory, that its estimate of scientific doctrines is misconstrued, that my feeling towards the order of nature is exhibited in reverse, that I am cross-questioned about an hypothesis of which I never dreamt, and am answered by a charming "alternative" exposition of ascending natural processes which I follow with assent till it changes its voice from physics to metaphysics, and from its premisses of positive phenomena proclaims a negative ontological conclusion. That at every turn I should have put so acute a reader upon a totally false scent rebukes me more severely than any of his direct and pertinent criticisms; for, smartly as these may hit me, they fall chiefly on incidental and parenthetical remarks which might have been absent, or on mere literary form which might have been different, without affecting the purport of my address. Whether the force of these minor thrusts is really disabling, or is only a by-play telling mainly on the fancy of the observer, a brief scrutiny will determine.

(1.) In saying that the college which I represent leaves open to all new lights of knowledge "the special studies which deal with our sources of religious faith," I expanded this phrase by the words, "whether in the scrutiny of nature or in the interpretation of sacred books." This innocent parenthesis, which simply summarizes the growing-grounds of all actual theology, produces in my critic an effect out of all proportion to its significance. Twice he challenges me to show how any "religious faith" can be drawn from "nature," which I regard, he says, as "base and cruel." It suffices to say that "scrutiny of nature" does not exclude "*human* nature," wherein the springs of religion are afterwards traced to their intuitive seats; and that, in what are called

* Fragments of Science: "Materialism" and its Opponents; and, previously, *Fortnightly Review*, November 1, 1875.

my "tirades against nature," as "base and cruel," I am describing, not my own view of the order of the world, but one which I repudiate as utterly sickly and perverse. Then, again, I am asked how, after giving up the Old Testament cosmogony, I can any longer speak of "sacred books" without informing my readers where to find them. I have occasionally met with scientific men whose ideas about the Bible, if going further than the Creation, came to an end at the Flood, and who thought it only loyal to Laplace and Lyell thenceforth to shelve "Moses and the prophets;" but a judgment so *borné* I should not expect from Professor Tyndall. Can a literature then have nothing "sacred," unless it be infallible? Has the religion of the present no roots in the soil of the past, so that nothing is gained for our spiritual culture by exploring its history and reproducing its poetry, and ascending to the tributary waters of its life? The real modern discovery, far from saying there is no sacred literature, because none oracular, assures us that there are several; and, notwithstanding a deepened because purified attachment to our own "Origines" in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, persuades us to look with an open reverence into all writings that have embodied and sustained the greater pieties of the world. But to my censor it appears a thing incredible that I should find a sanctity in anything human; or deem it possible to approach religion in its truth by intercepting its errors as it percolates through history, and letting it flow clearer and clearer, till it brings a purifying baptism to the conscience of our time.

(2.) In order to give distinctness to that "religion" in relation to which I proposed to treat of "Modern Materialism," I specified "three assumptions" involved in it, of which the first and chief is the existence of the "Living God." I am reproached with making no attempt to verify them, but permitting them to "remain assumptions" "to the end." Be it so, though the statement is not quite exact: still, in every reasoned discourse assumptions have their proper place, as well as proofs; and the right selection of propositions to stand in the one position or the other depends on the speaker's thesis and the hearer's needs. My *thesis* was, that natural science did not displace these assumptions, because they lie beyond its range; and the *proof* is complete if it is shown that the logical limit of inductive knowledge stops short of their realm, and is illegitimately overstepped by every physical maxim which contradicts them. To turn aside from this line of argument in order to "verify" the primary matter of the whole discussion would have been to set out for Exeter and arrive at York. My *hearers* consisted of the teachers, supporters, and alumni of a *Theological* College; and to treat them as a body of atheists, and offer proofs of the being of a God, would have been as impertinent as for Professor Tyndall to open the session of a *Geological* society with a demonstration of the existence of the earth.

(3.) A few reluctant words must suffice in answer to the charge of "scorning the emotions." I say "*reluctant* words:" for to this side of our nature it is given to speak without being much spoken of; to live and be, rather than be seen and known; and when dragged from its retreat it is so hurt as to change its face and become something else. Here, however, little more is needed than to repeat the words which are pronounced to be so "rash" and even "petulant"—"I trust that when '*emotion*' *proves empty*, we shall stamp it out and get rid of it." Do I then "scorn" the "emotion" of any mind stirred by natural vicissitudes or moving realities—the cry of Andromache, Ἕκτορ, ἐγὼ δύστηνος, at the first sight of her hero's dishonoured corpse; the covered face and silent sobs of Phædon, when Socrates had drained the cup; the tears of Peter at the cock-crowing; or any of the fervent forms of mental life—the mysticism of Eckhart, the intellectual enthusiasm of Bruno, the patriotic passion of Vane? Not so; for none of these are "empty," but carry a meaning adequate to their intensity. It is for "emotion" with a vacuum within, and floating *in vacuo* without, charged with no thought and directed to no object, that I avow distrust; and if there be an "overshadowing awe" from the mere sense of a blank consciousness and an enveloping darkness, I can see in it no more than the negative condition of a religion yet to come. In human psychology, feeling, when it transcends sensation, is not without idea, but is a type of idea; and to suppose "an inward hue and temperature," apart from any "object of thought," is to feign the impossible. Colour must lie upon form; and heat must spring from a focus, and declare itself upon a surface. If by "referring religion to the

region of emotion" is meant withdrawing it from the region of truth, and letting it pass into an undulation in no medium and with no direction, I must decline the surrender.

In thus refusing support from "empty emotion," I am said to "kick away the only *philosophic foundation* on which it is possible to build religion." Professor Tyndall is certainly not exacting from his builders about the solidity of his "foundation;" and it can be only a very light and airy architecture, not to say an imaginary one, that can spring from such base; and perhaps it does not matter that it should be unable to face the winds. Nor is the inconsistency involved in this statement less surprising than its levity. Religion, it appears, has a "philosophical foundation." But "philosophy" investigates the ultimate ground of cognition and the organic unity of what the several sciences assume. And a "philosophical foundation" is a legitimated first principle for some one of these; it is a cognitive beginning—a *datum* of ulterior *quæsita*—and nothing but a science can have it. Religion then must be an organism of thought. Yet it is precisely in denial of this that my censor invents his new "foundation." Here, he tells us, we know nothing, we can think nothing; the intellectual life is dumb and blank; we do but blindly feel. How can a structure without truth repose on philosophy in its foundation?

But do I not myself carry religious questions, in the last appeal, to the inward consciousness of man, whether intellectual for the interpretation of causality, or moral for the interpretation of duty? Undoubtedly; and Professor Tyndall thinks it "highly instructive" that I "should have lived so long, thought so much, and failed to recognise the entirely subjective character of this creed." If I may omit the word "entirely" (which implies a gratuitous exclusion of "objective truth"), I not only recognise it, but everywhere insist upon it. The fundamental religious conceptions have no deeper validity than belongs to the very frame of our faculties and the postulates of our thinking. But as this equally holds of the fundamental scientific conceptions, as matter and force have also to retire to consciousness for their witnesses, nay, as objectivity itself is but an interpretation by the subject of its own experience, is it not "highly instructive" that a critic so compassionate of my "subjective" position should be unaware of the ideality of his own? Or, has he, perhaps, found some "objective knowledge" which has not to fall back upon a "subjective" guarantee?

If, as I suspect, Professor Tyndall uses the word "subjective" not in its strict sense, for what belongs to the *human subject at large*, but to denote what is special to the feeling of *this or that individual*, the question will then be whether I mistake an exceptional personal experience for a universal form of thought. This question is not settled by saying that many able men find in themselves no such inner experience. The eye for correct psychological reading is not secured by great intellect or noble character, but, like the organ of any other art, must be trained to quickness and delicacy of insight; and while false or over-culture exposes it to the danger of seeing what is not there, a failure of culture may prevent its seeing what there is. Right interrogation and careful comparison alone can sift out the essential from the accidental. Doubtless many a principle once advanced as self-evident and universal survives only in the grotesque museum of philosophers' fancies. But, on the other hand, whatever laws of thought are now admitted as universal were at first propounded, and often long resisted, as the expressions of individual reflection.

(4.) On one point more a personal *éclaircissement* is needed as a condition of any profitable argument. I am said to be "imperfectly informed regarding the position I assail." If I am sensitive to this remark, it is not that I cannot bear to be reminded of my ignorance, the sense of which is a shadow that never quits my life, but that, as no man has a right to attack doctrines which he has not taken the pains to understand, the statement carries in it a moral imputation, and calls on me either to clear it away or to confess a wrong. What then is the "position" which, under the name of "materialism," I intended to assail, and ought, perhaps, to have fixed by exact definition? Professor Tyndall supposes it to be *his* position, regarding which undoubtedly I am very imperfectly informed; for the indications of it, though clear enough for assent or criticism when taken one by one, appear to me so shifting and indeterminate in their combination, as to afford no means of testing it. Except in the two or three passages where it is quoted,

the Belfast Address was no more in my view than the writings to which it referred and others belonging to the literature of the subject; and did not supply the form of doctrine to which my argument was addressed. The only question therefore is whether that form of doctrine really exists. If it can be shown that I have misconceived the materialists' position, and fastened upon them any thesis which is without eminent representative in their school, I must accept my rebuke. But if no part of my sketch is unsupported by adequate authority, it will remain true, though it should conflict with sentences in the "Fragments of Science."

Probably the chief instance of "imperfect information" is this—that I suppose the materialist doctrine to be offered as an *explanation* of the order of things; for my censor contrasts with this "travesty" of the scheme his own statement that the materialists' "molecular groupings and movements in reality explain nothing," and that "the utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance." But surely, if this is all that he can affirm, he gives his materialism nothing to do, and is as well off without it as with it: in order simply to see that two series of phenomena run parallel, and correspond term for term, he needs no more than methodized observation, possible and identical on every theory or no theory about the substratum of the phenomena. If the human mind could be content with this spectacle of unexplained concomitance, the very impulse would be wanting from which materialism has sprung. Its fundamental proposition, common, as Lange remarks, to all its forms, ancient and modern,—"that the universe consists of atoms and empty space"*—is an *hypothesis* devised for the express purpose of establishing a "bond of union" between lines of succession previously detached—*i. e.*, of giving the mind a bridge of passage other than that of "association" from one to the other—*i. e.*, of *explaining* the second by the first. An hypothesis commends itself to us when (*inter alia*) it offers a higher conception from which, as an assumption, we can deduce *both* sets of previously separate facts; and so far as it fails to do this, it is self-condemned. There may be other defects in hypotheses; but if their *data* do not logically lead to the *quæsita*, they break their primary promise; and to see whether they are water-tight throughout, or are leaky at the joints, is an efficient test of their pretensions. A materialist who knows what he is about would not disown the words which I put into his mouth —"Matter is all I want; give me its atoms alone, and I will explain the universe"—but would assuredly be offended were he told, and that by a "candid friend," that his doctrine "explains nothing."

As it is impossible to come to close quarters with a see-saw doctrine, which now touches solid ground and now escapes it, I naturally addressed myself to thorough-going materialists, without presuming to commit Professor Tyndall to their consistency. That there have been and are such persons—persons who have undertaken, by defining the essence of matter and fixing it in atoms, to explain the enigmatical by the clear, the intricate by the simple, the unknown by the known"†—he cannot deny, after having himself introduced us to the thesis of Democritus,‡ the reasonings of Lucretius, and the

* Geschichte des Materialismus, 2tes Buch, p. 181.

† Lange, Geschichte des Materialismus, 1tes Buch, pp. 8, 9.

‡ In connection with this name there is an historical error in the Belfast Address which I should hardly notice were it not likely to be perpetuated by the just reputation of the author, and did it not apparently fall back for support upon Lange. This writer, noticing that Democritus makes no attempt to explain the appearances of adaptation out of the blind power of natural necessity, adds, "Whether this gap lay in his system itself, or only in the tradition of it, we do not know; but we do know that the source of even this last principle of all materialism—rudely shaped, it is true, yet with perfect precision of idea—is to be found in the philosophic thought of the Hellenic race. What Darwin, with the support of vast stores of positive knowledge, has effected for the present time, Empedocles offered to the thinkers of antiquity—the simple and penetrating thought that if adaptations preponderate in the world, it is because it lies in their very nature to maintain themselves; while that which fails of adaptation has perished long ago." (I. pp. 22, 23.) Misled by the order of this passage, which gives the missing thought *after* naming the "*gap*" which it might have filled, Dr. Tyndall has described Empedocles as intentionally making good a defect in Democritus—"*Noticing this gap* in the doctrine of Democritus, he (Empedocles) struck in with the penetrative thought," &c. This is an inversion of the chronology. Empedocles preceded Democritus by at least a generation, being born about B.C. 490, and dying B.C. 430; whilst Democritus, whom we find at Thurii shortly after the foundation of the

method of Gassendi.* The "atomists," says Lange, "attributed to matter only the simplest of the various properties of things —those, namely, which are indispensable for the presentation of a something in space and time; and their aim was to evolve from these alone the whole assemblage of phenomena." "They it was," he adds, "who gave the first perfectly clear notion of what we are to understand by matter as the basis of all phenomena. With the positing of this notion materialism stood complete, as the first perfectly clear and consequent theory of all phenomena."† If there is any difference between this statement of the problem and my "travesty" of it, I cannot discern it.

The indistinctness of which I ventured to complain in Dr. Tyndall's account of his "primordial" datum I do not find removed by my pleasant journey with him to the Caribbean Sea and the Alpine snows, or his graceful pictures of Cingalese ferns, and of nascent infant life. The whole exposition appears to be dominated by the tacit maxim, "No matter without force, no force without matter"‡—a maxim which may be true in fact, but does not dispense with the necessity of investigating the relation between two fundamental ideas which are not identical or interchangeable. In the natural sciences no harm is done by running them both together, or resorting in varying proportions to the one and to the other. Experimental research and mathematical deduction may go on undisturbed, by mere use of them as provisional conceptions, and without even suspecting that they carry in them any ulterior problem. But it is not by thus picking them up *in mediis rebus*, and taking them as they happen to come, that we can reach any philosophical view of the world, or estimate the theories which strive to interpret its unity and meaning. In spite of the cheap wit expended in derision of metaphysics, and the brave preference avowed for *terra firma*, you can escape them only by not knowing where you are. In their embrace you live and move and have your being; and however fast your foot may cling to the earth, none the less do you swim with it through the infinite space which, in its emptiness, is yet the condition of all solidity.

At a first glance, nothing looks more hopeful to the enthusiast for simplification than the reduction of "matter" to "force." Two or three easy equations will carry him through the problem. Matter is known to us only by its "properties," and, relatively to us, is tantamount to them. Its properties, again, are only its ways of affecting ourselves, either directly or through operations on other portions of matter. That is, it is represented to us wholly by the *effects* which it has *power* to produce, and resolves itself into an aggregate of *forces*. Make its essence what you will—extension with Descartes; or palpableness with Fechner—it is still as acting on the eye or the touch or the muscles that this essence reaches our apprehension; it is the cause of sensations to us, and anything that should cause such sensations would be identical with it. Is it not plain therefore that matter is simply power locally lodged? and that when pursued to its smallest conceivable elements, it merges into dynamic points, unextended centres of attraction and repulsion? Such a course of thought has again and again led to theories of dynamic idealism, like Boscovich's, Ampère's, and Cauchy's, in which the dimensions of the atoms whence molecular action proceeds not simply are small relatively to the distances which separate them, but absolutely vanish. Such theories, by isolating the elements needed for calculation, offer advantages for mathematical physics. But there will always be found an irresolvable residue which declines to melt away into force. When you have construed the atom's solidity into repulsion, and reduced its extension to nothing, there remains its *position*, and this "whereabouts" of a power is other than the power itself; and secures to it a *Da*-seyn or objective existence in space. Nor is the conception of motion adequately provided for in these schemes of abstraction. As geometrical points themselves cannot be moved, the phenomenon becomes a translation of a cluster of attractions and repulsions to new centres. But attraction with nothing to be attracted, re-

colony in B.C. 443, died at a very advanced age, B. 357.—*Diog. Laert.* viii. 52, 56, ix. 41. Comp. Arist. Met. A. 4, p. 985, b. 4.

* Starting from the fundamental assumption, "Principio ergo Universum ex corpore et inani constat, neque enim tertia natura concipi mente præterea potest."—*Phil. Epicur. Syntagma*, Op. T. iii. 11.

† Geschichte des Materialismus, i. pp. 8, 9.

‡ Büchner: Kraft und Stoff, p. 2 (Aufl. 4).

pulsion with nothing to be repelled, motion with nothing to be moved, are presentable in language only, not in thought. The running of one eddy round another or into another is intelligible so long as there is a *medium*, be it of ether, however rare; but *in vacuo*, not so. A material *nidus* is indispensable as the seat of every motory change. The reason of this lies in the very structure of the human understanding, which supplies us with the category of Attribute or Property only in combination with that of Substance or Thing as its abiding base. The relation between the attribute which speaks to you phenomenally, and the substance which is given intellectually, is indissoluble: and analyze the phenomena as you may, so as to turn them from one type of predicate to another, you cannot cut them off from their persistent and unyielding seat, so as to have left on your hands a set of predicates without any subject. Thus the idea of "matter" vindicates itself against every attempt to get rid of it by transformation.

The simplification has also been attempted by the inverse method of dispensing with "force," and making "matter" do all the work. In physics, it is said, we know what we perceive or generalize from perception: "we observe what our senses, armed with the aids furnished by science, enable us to observe—nothing more."* *Movements*, however, are all that we perceive, and if at first this fact escapes us when we hear and see, it is because our organs are not fine enough to read the undulations which deliver to them tones and tints. Submit their sensibility to adequate magnifying power, and all that is observable would resolve itself into local changes—molecular or molar. It is the same in the celestial mechanics as in the scene of daily experience. We say that the moon goes through its lunations, and upheaves the tidal wave on the earth spinning beneath it, by the constant force of gravitation. But the real facts noticed are simply the presence, now here, now there, of two visible and solid globes, and of some piled-up water upon one of them, and a certain rule according to which these changes recur. Were these the only phenomena within our ken, this rule would be all that we mean by the "force" of which we speak. But as there are countless others which we have found to follow the same rule, we cannot speak of it without tacit reference to these, so that the word covers indefinitely more than the facts immediately in view. Still, it takes in nothing in any part of its field but movements and their law. And nothing moves but matter. The natural sciences would thus resolve themselves into a register of co-existent and sequent positions of bodies, expressed in formulas as comprehensive as the state of analysis allowed; and in this form, as Comte and Mill justly insist, they would fulfil all the conditions of phenomenal knowledge, and secure that power of *prevision* which is the crown and reward of scientific labour.

This reduction of everything to matter, motion, and law would be unimpeachable, were our intelligence somewhat differently constructed. Matter—as these expositors set out by observing—speaks to our perceptive senses alone; and we should still know it, had we no more than these, and the ability to retain their vestiges and set them in order. Let us only see how things like and unlike lie and move in place and time, and the history of matter is all before us. For this purpose we need not go beyond the relations of objectivity, succession, and resemblance among the forms or data of the understanding. But over and above these we are subject to another determinate condition of thought—the principle of causality—in virtue of which there can be no cognition of *phenomenon*, except as relative to *power* that issues it, any more than there can be a cognition of a *here* without a *there*, or a *before* without an *after*. This intellectual law leaves us unsatisfied with merely reading the *order* of occurrence among the changes we perceive; it obliges us to refer movement to a motor, to look beyond the matter stirred to a force that stirs it, be the force *without*, as in the expansive energy which propels a loaded shell, or *within*, as in that which ultimately bursts it. In any case, you have here a clear dynamic addition to that scheme of regimented and marshalled phenomena which results from the lonely conception of matter. Will you rid yourself of the dualism by insisting, while you concede the power, that it is only a *property* of the matter?

"See," says Lange, "whether here you are not in danger of a logical circle. A 'thing' is known

* "Materialism and its Opponents," *Fortnightly Review*, p. 595.

to us through its properties, a subject is determined by its predicates. But the 'thing' is in fact only the resting point demanded by our thought. We know nothing but the properties and their concurrence in an unknown object, the assumption of which is a figment of our mind (*Gemüth*), *a necessary one it seems, rendered imperative by our organisation.*"*

Another answer may be given thus:—"You may make anything a predicate of matter which you can *observe* in it, *i.e.*, all its *movements;* but not what you *cannot observe*, therefore not the *power* which issues the movements; for this is not seen in the phenomenon; it is supplied by a necessity of thought, not as an element in it, but as a condition of it."

Inasmuch then as both "matter" and "force" are intellectual data (*noümena*) involved respectively in the principle of Objectivity and in that of Causality, neither can be substituted for the other. For ages each has been trying to end the divided sway; but the rival, though often driven from the front, has always found at last an impregnable retreat, whence its rights return to recognition when the usurping rage is past. The present tendency in natural science is so strongly in favour of force as the better known term that, according to Lange, "the untrue element in materialism, viz., the erecting of matter into the principle of all that exists, is completely, and it would seem definitely, set aside."†

From these two roots have arisen two forms of naturalism, capable no doubt of a balanced co-existence in the same mind, but often unharmonized, and expressing themselves in doctrines doubtfully related to each other. The *material* theory works out the conception of *Atoms*. The *dynamic* relies on that of the *Conservation of energy*. As a means of intellectually organizing ascertained facts, and holding them together in a tissue of conceivable relations, these conceptions possess a high value, and are indispensable to the reaching of any generalizations yet higher. In the one, the multiple proportions of chemistry and the laws of elastic diffusion find an adequate vehicle of expression and computation. In the other, a common measure is set up for variations of heat and mechanical work and chemical decomposition and electrical intensity, bringing several special provinces into a federal affinity. Dr. Tyndall misconstrues me when he imputes to me any disparagement of these conceptions in their *scientific* use, for formulating, linking, and anticipating phenomena. It is not till they break these bounds, and, mistaking their own logical character, set up *philosophical* pretensions as adequate data for the deductive construction of a universe without mind, that I venture to resist their absolutism, and set them back within their constitutional rights. It is no wonder, perhaps, that many an enthusiast in the study of nature, excited by the race of rapid discovery, should lose count of his direction as he sweeps along, and, mounted upon these hobbies, should fancy that he can ride off into the region of ontology, and finding nothing, because never really there, should mistake his own failure for its blank. But the calmer critics of human thought know how to distinguish between the physical and the metaphysical use of these conceptions.

"There is scarcely a more *naïve* expression of the materialism of the day," says Lange, "than escapes from Buchner, when he calls the atoms of modern times 'discoveries of natural science,' while those of the ancients are said to have been 'arbitrary speculative representations.' In point of fact, the atomic doctrine to-day is still what it was in the time of Democritus. It has still not lost its metaphysical character; and already in ancient times it served also as a scientific hypothesis for the explanation of natural processes."*

And respecting the law of Conservation of energy, Lange observes that, taken in its "strictest and most consequent meaning, it is anything but proved: it is only an '*Ideal of the Reason*,' perhaps, however, indispensable as a goal for all empirical research."† It is from no want of deference for science proper that I pass again under review the competency of these two doctrines to work out, *ab initio*, a blind cosmogony.

The *material* hypothesis, as I read it, and as alone I propose to comment on it, maintains that, with ultimate inorganic atoms to begin with, the present universe could be constructed. Before it can be tested, its *datum* (inorganic atoms) must be pressed into more determinate form by an explanation of the word "atoms." "Things which cannot be cut" might be all alike, or they

* Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. p. 214.
† Ibid. p. 215.

* Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. 181.
† Ibid. p. 213.

might be variously different *inter se:* and before we start, we must know on which of these two assumptions we are to proceed. The former is the only admissible one, so long as you credit the materialist with any logical exactness. When he asks for *no more than matter* for his purpose, he must surely be understood to require nothing but the *essentials of matter*, the characters which enter into its definition; and to pledge himself to deduce out of these all the accessory characters which appear here and not there, and which discriminate the several provinces of nature. The idea of *atoms* is indeed simply the idea of "matter" *in minimis*, arising only from an arrest, by a supposed physical limit, of a geometrical divisibility possible without end; and the attributes which suffice to earn the one name give the meaning of the other. When in mathematical optics the investigator undertakes, from the conditions afforded by an undulatory elastic medium, to deduce the phenomena of refraction and polarization, he is not permitted to enlarge the data as he proceeds, and surreptitiously import into his ether chemical or other characters unnamed at first. Just as little can one who proposes to show the way from simple atoms to the finished world be allowed to swell the definition of those atoms at his convenience, and take on fresh attributes which change them from matter ἁπλῶς, and make them now *this* sort of matter, now *that*. Whatever he thus adds to his assumption is filched from his *quæsita*, to the relief of his problem and the vitiation of its proof: and if the whole fulness of the *quæsita* is so withdrawn, and turned back to be condensed into *datum*, all deduction is given up, and the thesis is simply taken for granted.

In precisely this plight—unless there is some reasoning between the lines which I am too dull to see—Professor Tyndall leaves his case. He ridicules me for defining the assumed atoms as "homogeneous extended solids," on the ground that a phrase thus restricted to the "requisites of body" gives only a "metaphysical body."* Everything which you define is, in the same sense, a "metaphysical" (more properly a "logical") subject. The object of the definition is to specify the attributes which alone are to be considered in giving the name, and in reasoning from it. The atomist who is not content with my account of his premisses should oblige me with a better, instead of stopping short with the discovery that a definition of a class is not a full description of its individuals. When, however, I look about for my critic's correcter version of "matter" or its atoms, it is long before I learn more than that "we must radically change our notions" of it—an injunction upon which, without further help, it is difficult to act. At length, however, on the concluding page of the critique, the missing definition turns up. "Matter I define as *that mysterious thing by which all this has been accomplished*," *i. e.*, the whole series of phenomena, from the evaporation of water to self-conscious life of man. Need I say that such a proposition is no definition, and dispenses with all proof; being simply *an oracle*, tautologically declaring the very position in dispute, that matter carries in it "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life?" The whole of the picturesque group of descriptive illustrations which lead up to this innocent dictum are only an expansion of the same *petitio principii:* they simply say, over and over again, the force immanent in matter *is* matter—they are identical; or if not so as hitherto understood, we will have a new definition to make them so. This is not a process of reasoning, but an act of will—a decretal enveloped in a scientific nimbus. Nothing can be less relevant than to show (and nothing else is attempted) that the forces of heat, of attraction, of life, of consciousness, are attached to material media and organisms, which they move and weave and animate: this is questioned by no one. In the sense of being *immanent* in matter, and manifesting themselves by its movements, they are *material* forces; but *not* in the sense of being derivable from the essential properties of matter, *quâ* matter. And this is the only sense on which philosophies divide, and reasoning is possible.

If the essence of the materialist hypothesis be to start with matter on its lowest

* It becomes still more metaphysical in the hands of an eminent teacher of physical science. "L'impénétrabilité," says Pouillet, "c'est la matière. On n'a pas raison de dire que la matière a deux propriétés essentielles, *l'étendue* et *l'impénétrabilité;* ce ne sont pas des propriétés, c'est une définition." And again, "L'impénétrabilité inséparable est ce qu'on appelle un *atome*."—*Eléments de Physique Expérimentale*, tom. i. p. 4.

terms, and work it thence up into its highest, I did it no wrong in taking "homogeneous extended solids" as its *specified datum*, and its *only* one; so that it constituted a system of "monism." Dr. Tyndall asks me "where and by whom" any such datum is "specified." In the *Contemporary Review*, June, 1872, Mr. Herbert Spencer contends that "the properties of the different elements" (*i. e.*, chemical elements, hydrogen, carbon, &c.) "result from differences of arrangement, arising by the compounding and recompounding of *ultimate homogeneous units*." Here, *totidem verbis*, is the monism which I am charged with "putting into the scheme." As my critic is evidently anxious to disclaim the monistic datum, I conclude that he owns the necessity of *heterogeneous elements* to begin with, and feels with me the insecurity of Mr. Spencer's deduction of chemical phenomena from mechanical. Though I have the misfortune, in the use of this same argument—that you cannot pass from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous—to incur the disproval of two great authorities, it somewat relieves the blow to find Mr. Spencer at one with the premiss, and Dr. Tyndall ratifying the conclusion.

Before I quit this point I ought perhaps to explain, in deference to Mr. Spencer, why I venture to repeat an argument which he has answered with care and skill. In common with all logical atomists, he appeals to the case of *isomeric* bodies, and especially to the *allotropic* varieties of carbon and phosphorus, to prove that, without any change of elements in kind or proportion, and even without any composition at all, substances present themselves with marked differences of physical and chemical property. There are several distinct compounds formed out of the same relative weights of carbon and hydrogen. And the simple carbon itself appears as charcoal, as black-lead, and as diamond; and phosphorus again, in the yellow, semi-transparent, inflammable form, and as an opaque, dark-red substance, combustible only at a much higher temperature. In the absence of any variation in the material, these differences in the product are attributed to a different grouping of the atoms; and, whatever their form, it is easy, within certain limits, to vary in imagination the adjustments of their homologous sides, so as to build molecules of several types, and ultimately aggregates of contrasted qualities.

I admit that, on the assumption of homogeneity, we may provide a series of unlike arrangements to count off against a corresponding number of qualitative peculiarities, though it is doubtful whether the conceivable permutations can be pushed up through the throng of cases presented by organic chemistry. But the morphological differences, if adequately obtained, contribute no explanation of the observed variations of attribute. What is there in the arrangement *a b c* to occasion "activity" in phosphorus, while the arrangement *b a c* produces "inertness?" Where the products differ only in geometrical properties, and consequently in optical, the explanation may be admissible, the form and the laying of the bricks determining the outline and the density of the structure. But the deduction cannot be extended from the physical to the chemical properties, so as to displace the rule that to these heterogeneity is essential. To treat the cases of allotropy as destructive of a rule so broadly based, and fly off to a conjectural substitute, is surely a rash logic. In these cases we certainly know of no difference of composition. But neither do we know of any difference of arrangement. The first, if we could suppose it latently there, would be a *vera causa* of the unexplained phenomena; the second, though its presence were ascertained, would still rank only as a *possible* cause of them. If, therefore, an inquirer chose to say, "From this difference of property I suspect a difference of composition," what answer could we give him from Mr. Spencer's point of view? Could we say, "We finally know carbon to be simple?" On the contrary, we are warned that "there are no recognized elementary substances, if the expression means substances known to be elementary. What chemists for convenience call elementary substances are merely substances which they have thus far failed to decompose." If we are to stand ready to see sixty-two out of the sixty-three "elements" fall analytically to pieces before our eyes, how can we feel so confident of the simplicity of phosphorus or carbon as to make it answerable for a hypothetical reconstruction of chemical laws?

Even in the last resort, if we succeed in getting all our atoms alike, we do not rid ourselves of an unexplained heterogeneity; it is simply transferred from their nature as units to their rules of combination. Whe-

ther the qualitative difference between hydrogen and each of the other elements is conditional upon a distinction of kind in the atoms, or on definite varieties in their mode of numerical or geometrical union, these conditions are not provided for by the mere existence of homogeneous atoms; and nothing that you can do with these atoms, within the limits of their definition, will get the required heterogeneity out of them. Make them up into molecules by what grouping or architecture you will; still the difference between hydrogen and iron is not that between one and three, or any other number; or between shaped solids built off in one direction and similar ones built off in another, which may turn out like a right and a left glove. If hydrogen were the sole "primordial," and were transmutable, by select shuffling of its atoms, into every one of its present sixty-two associates, both the tendency to these special combinations, and the effects of them, would be as little deducible from the homogeneous datum as, on the received view, are the chemical phenomena from mechanical conditions. I still think, therefore, that if you assume atoms at all, you may as well take the whole sixty-three sorts in a lot. And this startling multiplication of the original monistic assumption I understand Professor Tyndall to admit as indispensable.

Next, in the striking words of Du Bois-Reymond, I had pleaded the impossibility of bridging the chasm between chemistry and Consciousness. The sensations of warmth, of sound, of colour, are facts *sui generis*, quite other than the undulations of any medium, the molecular movements of any structure; known on different evidence, compared by different marks, needing a different language, affections of a different subject; and defying prediction and interpretation, on the part of a stranger to them, out of any formulas of physical equilibrium and motion, or of chemical affinity and composition. They, with all the higher mental conditions, belong to a world beyond the bounds of the natural sciences—a world into which they can *never* find their way, its phenomena being intrinsically inappreciable by their instruments of research. Here, then, in this establishment of two spheres of cognition, separated by an impassable gulf, we surely have a breach in the continuity of our knowledge: on the one side, all the phenomena of matter and motion; on the other, those of living consciousness and thought. Step by step the "Naturforscher" may press his advance, through even the contiguous organic provinces; but at this line his movement is arrested; he stands in presence of that which his methods cannot touch—an intellectual necessity stops him, and that for ever, at the boundary which he has reached. With this doctrine I invited my readers to compare the statement of Professor Tyndall, that, relying on "the continuity of nature," he "cannot stop abruptly where microscopes cease to be of use," but "by an intellectual necessity crosses the boundary," and "discerns in matter the promise and potency of *all* terrestrial life," including, therefore, *conscious* life. *This* statement appeared to me inconsistent with Du Bois-Reymond's "limit to natural science," and still appears so. What is my critic's reply? He cites *another* statement of his, which is quite consistent with the doctrine of the eminent Berlin Professor, and anticipates it; a procedure by which he answers himself, not me—and, instead of removing the contradiction, takes it home. If, as the earlier passage says, "the chasm between the two classes of phenomena" (physical processes and facts of consciousness) "remains intellectually impassable," the "intellectual necessity of crossing the boundary" is not easy to understand. In order to "discern in matter the *promise*" of conscious life, you must be able, by scrutiny of its mere physical movements, to forecast, in a world as yet insentient, the future phenomena of feeling and thought. Yet this is precisely the transition which is pronounced "unthinkable;" "we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other." If between these statements "nothing but harmony reigns," then, indeed, I am justly charged with being "inaccurate."

How then does the case stand with the atomic hypothesis, as a starting point of scientific deduction? In Dr. Tyndall's latest exposition we have it admitted—(1) that the monistic doctrine of homogeneous units will not work, and that the assumption must be enlarged to include heterogeneous chemical atoms; (2) that nothing which we can do with this magnified datum will prevent our being finally stopped at the boun-

dary of consciousness. As these two positions are precisely those which I had taken up against the speculative materialists, it is an infinite relief to discover, when the mask of controversy is removed, the features of a powerful ally. The whole argument sums itself up in Sir William Thomson's remark, "The assumption of atoms can explain no property of body which has not previously been attributed to the atoms themselves."

That the totality of sensible and deducible phenomena is produced by a constant amount of forces in a given quantity of matter is a legitimate principle of modern science, and an adequate key for the interpretation of every proved or probable evolution. And in order to see what is comprised in changes that are intricately woven or fall broadly on the eye, it is often needful to take them to pieces and microscopically scrutinize them. We thus discover more exactly what they are, and how at the moment they are made up; and by doing likewise with the prior and posterior conditions of the same group, we learn to read truly the metamorphoses of the materials before us. But this is all. To suppose that by pulverizing the world into its least particles, and contemplating its components where they are next to nothing, we shall hit upon something ultimate beyond which there is no problem, is the strangest of illusions. There is no magic in the superlatively little to draw from the universe its last secret. Size is but relative, magnified or dwindled by a glass, variable with the organ of perception: to one being the speck which only the microscope can show us may be a universe; to another, the solar system but a molecule; and in passing from the latter to the former you reach no end of search or beginning of things. If in imagination you simply recede from the molar to the molecular form of body, you carry with you, by hypothesis, all the properties of the whole into the parts where your regress ceases, and merely substitute a miniature of nature for its life-size, without at all showing whence the features come. If, on the other hand, you drop attributes from the mass in your retreat to the elements, on your return you can never pick them up again: starve your atom down to a hard, geometrically perfect minimum, and you have parted with the possibility of feeding it up to the qualitative plenitude of our actual material forms; for in mere resistance —which is all that is left—you have no source of new properties, only the power of excluding other competitors for its place.

Accordingly, the "atom" of the modern mathematical physics has given up its pretension to stand as an absolute beginning, and serves only as a necessary rest for exhausted analysis, before setting forth on the return journey of deduction. "A simple elementary atom," says Professor Balfour Stewart, "is probably in a state of ceaseless activity and change of form, but it is, nevertheless, always the same."* "The molecule" (here identical with "atom," as the author is speaking of a simple substance, as hydrogen), "though indestructible, is not a hard rigid body," says Professor Clerk Maxwell, "but is capable of internal movements, and when these are excited it emits rays, the wave-length of which is a measure of time of vibration of the molecule."† "Change of form" and "internal movements" are impossible without shifting parts and altered relations; and where, then, is the final simplicity of the atom? It is no longer a pure unit, but a numerical whole. And as part can separate from part, not only in thought but in the phenomenon, how is it an "atom" at all? What is there, beyond an arbitrary dictum, to prevent a part which changes its relation to its fellows from changing its relation to the whole—removing to the outside? Such a body, though serving as an element in chemistry, is mechanically compound, and has a constitution of its own, which raises as many questions as it answers, and wholly unfits it for offering to the human mind a point of ultimate rest. It has accordingly been strictly kept to a penultimate position in the conception of philosophical physicists like Gassendi, Herschel, and Clerk Maxwell, and of masters in the logic of science, like Lotze and Stanley Jevons.

It is a serious question whether, in our time, atomism can any longer fulfil the condition which all the ancient materialism was invented to satisfy. The Ionian cosmogonies sprang from a genuine intellectual impulse—the desire to conquer the bewildering multiplicity of nature, and find some pervading identity which should make a woven texture of the whole; and whether it was moisture, or air, the ether-fire, which was

* The Conservation of Energy, p. 7.
† A Discourse on Molecules, p. 12.

taken as the universal substratum, it was regarded as a *single datum*, on the simplicity of which the mind might disburden itself of an oppressive infinitude. The intention of these schemes was to *unify* all bodies in their material, and in some cases all minds as well, so as not even to allow two originals at the fountain-head, but to evolve the All out of the One. This aim was but an overstraining of the permanent effort of all scientific interpretation of the world. It strives to make things conceivable by simplification, to put what was separate into relation, what was confused into order; to read back the many and the different into the one and the same, and so lessen, as far as possible, the list of unattached and underived *principia*. The charm of science to the imagination and its gain to life may be almost measured by the number of scattered facts which its analysis can bring into a common formula. The very sand-grains and rain-drops seem to lose in multitude, when the morphological agencies are understood which crystallize and mould them. The greatness of Newton's law lies in the countless host of movements which it swept from all visible space into one sentence and one thought. No sooner does Darwin supply a verified conception which construes the endless differences of organic kinds into a continuous process, than the very relief which he gives to the mind serves, with others if not with himself, as an equivalent to so much evidence. The acoustic reduction of sounds, in their immense variety, to the length, the breadth, and the form of a wave, is welcomed as a happy discovery from a similar love of relational unity. To simplify is the essence of all scientific explanation. If it does not gain this end, it fails to explain. Its speculative ideal is still, as of old, to reach some monistic principle whence all may flow; and in this interest it is, especially to get rid of dualism by dissolving any partnership with mind, that materialism continues to recommend its claims. Does it really bring in our day the simplification at which it aims?

Under the eye of modern science Matter, pursued into its last haunts, no longer presents itself as one undivided *stuff*, which can be treated as a continuous substratum absorbent of all number and distinction; but as an infinitude of discrete atoms, each of which might be though all the rest were gone. The conception of them, when pushed to its hypothetical extreme, brings them no nearer to unity than *homogeneity*—an attribute which itself implies that they are separate and comparable members of a *genus*. And what is the result of comparing them? They "are conformed," we are assured, "to a constant type with a precision which is not to be found in the sensible properties of the bodies which they constitute. In the first place, the mass of each individual," "and all its other properties, are absolutely unalterable. In the second place, the properties of all" "of the same kind are absolutely identical."* Here, therefore, we have an infinite assemblage of phenomena of Resemblance. But further, these atoms, besides the internal vibration of each, are agitated by movements carrying them in all directions, now along free paths and now into collisions.† Here, therefore, we have phenomena of Difference in endless variety. And so it comes to this, that our unitary datum breaks up into a genus of innumerable contents, and its individuals are affected both with ideally perfect correspondences and with numerous contrasts of movement. What intellect can pause and compose itself to rest in this vast and restless crowd of assumptions? Who can restrain the ulterior question—whence then these myriad types of the same letter, imprinted on the earth, the sun, the stars, as if the very mould used here had been lent to Sirius and passed on through the constellations? Everywhere else the likenesses of individual things, especially within the same "species"—of daisy to daisy, of bee to bee—have awakened wonder and stimulated thought to plant them in some uniting relation to a cause beyond themselves; and not till the common parentage refers them to the same matrix of nature does the questioning about them subside. They quietly settle as derivative where they could never be accepted as original. Some chemists think, as Mr. Herbert Spencer reminds us,‡ that in the hydrogen atom we have the ultimate simple unit. By means of the spectroscope, samples of it, and of its internal vibrations, may be brought from Sirius and Aldebaran—distances so great that light itself needs twenty-two years to cross the lesser of them

* Discourse on Molecules, by J. Clerk Maxwell, M.A., F.R.S., p. 11.

† Theory of Heat, by J. Clerk Maxwell, M.A., LL.D., F.R.SS. London and Edin. pp. 310, 311.

‡ *Contemporary Review*, June, 1872, p. 142.

—into exact comparison with our terrestrial specimens; and were their places changed, there would be nothing to betray the secret. So long as no *à priori* necessity is shown for their quantity of matter being just what it is, and always the same at incommunicable distances, or for their elasticity and time of pulsation having the same measure through myriads of instances, they remain unlinked and separate starting-points; and if they explain a finite number of resemblances and differences, it is only by assuming an infinite.

But even the approach to simplicity which homogeneity would afford fails us. Notwithstanding the possibility, in the case of certain carbonates, of substituting isomorphous constituents for one another, it cannot be pretended that any evidence as yet breaks down the list of chemical elements; and should some of them give way before further attempts at analysis, they are more likely—if we may judge of the future from the past—to grow to a hundred than to dwindle to one; to say nothing of the probability, already suggested by the star-spectroscope, that in other regions of space there exist elements unknown to us. At present, in place of a single type of atom, we have to set out with more than sixty, all independent, and each repeating the phenomenon of exact resemblance among its members wherever found. Perhaps you see nothing inconceivable in the self-existence of ever so many perfect facsimiles ready everywhere for the making of the worlds, and may treat it as a thing to be expected that, being there at all, they should be all alike. So much the more certain, then, must be your surprise on finding them *not* all alike, but ranging themselves under sixty heads of difference. If the similars are entitled to the position of ἀρχαί, the dissimilars are not; and if neither can prefer the claim, the atomic doctrine, when pushed into an ultimate theory of origination, extravagantly violates the first condition of a philosophical hypothesis.

Nor is its series of assumed data even yet complete. For these sixty kinds of atoms are not at liberty to be neutral to one another, or to run an intermediate round of experiments in association, within the limits of possible permutation. Each is already provided with its select list of admissible companions; and the terms of its partnership with every one of these are strictly prescribed; so that not one can modify, by the most trivial fraction, the capital it has to bring. Vainly, for instance, does the hydrogen atom, with its low figure and light weight, make overtures to the more considerable oxygen element: the only reply will be, either none of you or two of you. And so on throughout the list. Among the vast group of facts represented by this sample I am not aware of more than one set—the union of the same combining elements in *multiple* doses for the production of a scale of compounds—of which the atomist hypothesis can be said to render an account. Everything else—the existence of "affinity" at all, its limitation to particular cases so far short of the whole, the original cost of its definite ratios, its preference for unlike elements—stands unexplained by it, or must be carried into it as a new burden of primordial assumptions. This chasm between the facts of chemistry and its speculations is clearly seen by its best teachers. Kekulé treats the symbolic notation of chemical formulas as a means of simply expressing the *fact* of numerical proportion in the combining weights.

"If to the symbols in these formulas" (he adds) "a different meaning is assigned—if they are regarded as denoting the atoms of the elements with their weights, as is now most common, the question arises, 'What is the relative size or weight of the atoms?' Since the atoms can be neither measured nor weighed, it is plain that to the hypothetical assumption of determinate atomic weights we have nothing to guide us but speculative reflection."*

The more closely we follow the atomist doctrine to its starting-point, and spread before us the necessary outfit for its journey of deduction, the larger do its demands appear: and when, included in them, we find an unlimited supply of absolutely like objects, all repeating the same internal movements; an arbitrary number of unlike types, in each of which this demand is reproduced; and a definite selection of rules for restricting the play of combination among these elements, we can no longer, in the face of this stock of self-existent originals, allow the pretence of simplicity to be anything but an illusion.

Large as the atomist's assumptions are, they do not go one jot beyond the requirements of his case. He has to deduce an orderly and determinate universe, such

* Lehrbuch der organischen Chemie, ap. Lange, Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. p. 191.

as we find around us, and to exclude chaotic systems where no equilibrium is established. In order to do this he must pick out the special conditions for producing this particular kosmos and no other, and must provide against the turning up of any out of a host of equally possible worlds. In other words, he must, in spite of his contempt for final causes, himself proceed upon a preconceived world-plan, and guide his own intellect as, step by step, he fits it to the universe, by the very process which he declares to be absent from the universe itself. If all atoms were round and smooth, he thinks no such stable order of things as we observe could ever arise; so he rejects these forms in favour of others. By a series of such rejections he gathers around him at last the select assortment of conditions which will work out right. The selection is made, however, not on grounds of *à priori* necessity, but with an eye to the required result. Intrinsically the possibilities are all equal (for instance) of round and smooth atoms, and of other forms; and a problem therefore yet remains behind, short of which human reason will never be content to rest, viz.: How come they to be so limited as to fence off competing possibilities, and secure the actual result? Is it an *eternal* limitation, having its "*ratio sufficiens*" in the uncaused essence of things; or *superinduced* by some power which can import conditions into the unconditioned, and mark out a determinate channel for the "stream of tendency" through the open wilds over which else it spreads and hesitates? It was doubtless in view of this problem, and in the absence of any theoretic means of excluding other atoms than those which we have, that Herschel declares them to have the characteristics of "manufactured articles." This verdict amuses Dr. Tyndall; nothing more. He twice* dismisses it with a supercilious laugh; for which perhaps, as for the atoms it concerns, there may be some suppressed "*ratio sufficiens*." But the problem thus pleasantly touched is not one of those which *solventur risu;* and, till some better-grounded answer can be given to it, that on which the large and balanced thought of Herschel and the masterly penetration of Clerk Maxwell have alike settled with content, may claim at least a provisional respect.

Having confined myself in this paper to the Atomic Materialism, I reserve for another the consideration of the Dynamic Materialism, and the bearings of both on the primary religious beliefs. To those—doubtless the majority in our time—who have made up their minds that behind the jurisdiction of the natural sciences no rational questions can arise, and from their court no appeal can be made, who will never listen to metaphysics except in disproof of their own possibility, I cannot hope to say any useful word: for the very matters on which I speak lie either on the borders of their sphere, or in quite another. I am profoundly conscious how strong is the set of the *Zeit-geist* against me, and should utterly fail before it, did it not sweep by me as a mere pulsation of the *Ewigkeits-geist* that never sweeps by. Nor is it always, even now, that physics shut up the mind of their most ardent and successful votary within their own province, rich and vast as that province is. "It has been asserted," says Professor Clerk Maxwell, "that metaphysical speculation is a thing of the past, and that physical science has extirpated it. The discussion of the categories of existence, however, does not appear to be in danger of coming to an end in our time; and the exercise of speculation continues as fascinating to every fresh mind as it was in the days of Thales."*

* Belfast Address, p. 26, *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1875, p. 598.

* Experimental Physics, Introductory Lecture, *ad finem.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Dominion Parliament was opened in due form and with more than ordinary scenic effect on the 10th ultimo. The reporters of our daily papers seem to have been dazzled with the brilliance of the Senate Chamber on that occasion. The arrangements, in journalistic phrase, reflected great credit upon all concerned. How many they may have been does not appear; the only thing absolutely clear is the evidence of an organizing genius—in all probability hereditary—presiding over and directing all. It is scarcely reasonable to suppose that humanity could, at one bound and in a single generation, acquire so exquisite a degree of finished delicacy and taste as was happily displayed in the arrangements of the day. To Black Rod only, the second in lineal succession, must be ascribed the glory of the occasion. Kimber *fils* worthily follows in the footsteps of Kimber *père*. The journals inform us that the grace and beauty of the capital, arrayed in more than Solomon's glory, adorned the Chamber; and it is added—not, we hope, in irony—that the intellect of the Dominion gave an air of sober solidity to the whole. The Judges of the Supreme Court appeared for the first time in public officially arrayed. Their brilliant robes not only gave unwonted colour to the general effect, but also fired the imagination of at least one honourable gentleman. In seconding the Address in the House, M. Taschereau, after the lapse of twenty-four hours, could not resist the temptation of making this glowing reference to the learned bench: —"Thanks to this understanding, we were enabled yesterday to see ranged round His Excellency—draped in their robes of office, combining richness with severity, and which, had it not been for the ermine and scarlet, I might almost describe as monastical"—which means apparently that they would have seemed to be what they were not, if they had been dressed otherwise than they were. M. Taschereau must not allow his imagination to carry him too far in his "monastic" theory, or he may some day suffer a rude awakening—*cucullus non facit monachum*. The brilliant appearance of the learned judges was of better augury, it is to be hoped; for with their undoubted ability and unquestioned integrity, the Dominion expects to see combined the sterling common sense which pertains only to men of the world.

The Speech from the Throne, delivered with His Excellency's wonted grace, is a very ordinary document even of its kind. The grammar and diction generally are not much below the average; but they are decidedly weak. It seems difficult to understand how it is that men who can speak and write, not correctly alone, but with elegance and force, should seem to lose all power of expression when their words are to be uttered by the Sovereign or her representative. There are exceptions, no doubt—the speech delivered by Governor Archibald upon the same day, for example—but they are few and far between. Nearly all would furnish addenda to William Cobbett's celebrated appendix. As to the matter of the Speech, there is little to be said. There are only five or six measures promised, and they are not of the first importance. As a matter of course, the Opposition complained of the poverty of the programme; Oppositions always do. The *Globe* informed its readers that only a portion of the Government Bills would find mention in the Speech. So it appears: for the Minister of Justice has since introduced two election law measures of very considerable value. It is not easy to explain the *raison d'être* of a Speech from the Throne, if the most important changes in the law are purposely excluded from it. At the same time, there is one obvious advantage in the new system which probably commended it to the Premier. Experience has shown that a lengthly list of contemplated measures is usually delusive. Ministers soon find that they cannot work all their Bills through, even if they ever intended to do so; and for the rest, their anxiety to make as fine

a show as possible on the day of prorogation induces them to be careless and slipshod in their legislation. Mr. Mackenzie has it in his power this Session to do as much as he can do properly, without raising expectations he is at last obliged to disappoint. It is therefore wise, perhaps, in him not to "put the best on the outside." Of the Bills actually announced there is one on the law of common carriers—a subject of considerable interest, which is likely to engage public attention in England. There is another concerning Life Assurance Companies—not introduced before it is wanted; one for the enfranchisement of Indians; and one for the administration of insolvent banks. The want of complete and trustworthy criminal statistics is to be supplied, but we hope the statute-book will not seek to make them "reliable"—an atrocious word. The commencement of the work of consolidation makes up the list of Government proposals. The rest of the Speech may be passed over in silence, since it is merely a chronicle of past events or past achievements. The only neat paragraph is that which refers to Lord Dufferin's visit to England, and that is probably the work of His Excellency himself. It contrasts strongly with the clumsy jeremiad which follows—most likely from the pen of Mr. Cartwright when in doleful dumps.

Leaving the Senate undisturbed in its wonted somnolence—and that seems even deeper than usual—let us turn to the debate in the House, where matters unexpectedly took a very lively turn. The usual introductory speeches were made by Mr. Casey and M. Taschereau, but they call for no particular comment. Sir John Macdonald seemed to be labouring under mental depression. The lively jocoseness of his vacation addresses had passed under a cloud of melancholy. The Commons' Chamber, when an ex-Minister leads a forlorn hope, is pervaded by an atmosphere the reverse of exhilarating. Once only the ancient fire seemed to start from the ashes of mourning, and that was for the benefit of Mr. Edward Jenkins. It was unlike Sir John's usual generosity to assail an absent man, who is no longer in the employ of the Dominion; but perhaps the ex-Premier felt it to be the only chance left him for banter, and therefore to be seized for an occasion which offered nothing else. At the same time, it would be unjust to refuse Sir John Macdonald the greatest credit for his management of the Opposition. He might have been factious and obstructive; but he has not been so. On the contrary, he has drawn upon his knowledge and experience, great as they are, solely for the general good. Destructive criticism is a more attractive feature in ordinary Opposition tactics; it may be made more brilliant, and it certainly absorbs a larger share of general admiration and applause. But there is another function of our non-official servants which is more valuable to the community—that of rounding and perfecting legislation by calm and sober suggestion of amendments—by tendering advice in the interest of country and not of party. It is no small praise to the Opposition leader that he has performed this task cordially, unostentatiously, and without grudging.

Mr. Mackenzie replied to Sir John, and Mr. Speaker was on the point of putting the question, when a storm arose, from an unexpected quarter, to clear the dull atmosphere of debate. No sooner had the Premier replied, when, *igni corusco nubila dividens*, the member for Chateauguay drove his thundering steeds across that halcyon sky. Reference was made last month in these pages to a speech delivered by the Hon. Mr. Huntington, at Lachute, in the County of Argenteuil. Perhaps that speech might have been more judiciously phrased, and the reference to "the party" which, by implication, bound the hon. gentleman's colleagues to his utterances, was certainly unwise. It was unwise, since, although no one could doubt their desire to secure the support of the English-speaking people of Quebec, the tone of the speech seemed to pledge them to opinions of a distinctly aggressive character. We say seemed, because it is hardly possible that any one can really suppose the Postmaster-General to have been so indiscreet, not to say fatuous, as to proclaim a crusade against Roman Catholicism as such. He was advocating the return of Dr. Christie as against Mr. Thomas White, who was expected to be a candidate, and his sole object evidently was to impress the majority of the electors with the idea that the Liberals, and not the Conservatives, were their natural allies. Argenteuil is preponderatingly Protestant, whereas Chateauguay is about equally divided. Mr. Holton, therefore, consulting mainly the

safety of his own seat, thought it necessary to make a noisy protest against the Lachute speech, especially as it came from one of his own leaders. He demanded of the Premier whether Mr. Huntington had informed him of the nature of the address he was about to deliver; and secondly, whether, now that it had been delivered, he approved or disapproved of the opinions expressed? The first query was easily disposed of. Mr. Mackenzie did not even know that his colleague was going to Argenteuil. The second was answered clearly enough, to our mind, although Mr. Holton and his temporary allies did not choose to see it. After expressing disapproval of "anything that has a tendency to bring religion into public discussion in the politics of this country," he adds: "I can only, therefore, express my regret at the remarks of my hon. friend, and the tone and interpretation given to them by many. So far as that interpretation and tone are concerned I have no sympathy with it, nor have I taken any part in public affairs which would at all involve my entering into a discussion on these subjects." That explanation was surely explicit enough—quite as explicit as the Premier could be expected to make, unless he had gone out of his way to pass a formal censure upon a colleague he esteemed. Mr. Holton, however, had not yet done quite enough for his purpose, and he therefore made two more onslaughts upon Mr. Huntington, so strong and pointed as almost to suggest a spice of personal antipathy in his remarks.

An angry and rambling discussion followed, which was most discreditable to all parties concerned. Scarcely a speaker addressed the House who did not descend to the most paltry arts. False professions of liberality, crafty concealment of cherished opinions, *arrière pensée* in every form, were the chief features of the debate. M. Cauchon's shuffling was to be expected. Still even his ingenuity was sorely taxed to find a method of combining his old *rôle* of church *claqueur* with the new one of Rouge Minister. *Il ne sait sur quel pied danser*—but he is quite equal to the task; for if he cannot choose the foot on which to dance, he resorts to the clumsy method of the Jumpers, and raises both from the ground together. M. Langevin told an obvious truth when he said of the President:—"He intends to act as he has acted in the past; he finds himself on the Ministerial benches, and there he intends to remain, for this position has cost him dear enough, and he is determined to retain it."

Putting M. Cauchon, then, who is *sui generis*, in a class by himself, let us look at the three divisions into which those who spoke may be conveniently divided—the Catholic Conservatives, the Orange Conservatives, and the Catholic Liberals. It might be supposed that if any man would wear his heart upon his sleeve, it would be M. Masson, the redoubtable "leader of the Ultramontanes," as he has no objection to be styled—the man who, with M. Mousseau, was marked out by Mgr. Bourget as emphatically the champion of the Church. Now, there is a certain rough outspokenness about his speech which almost makes it read like a fragment from some pastoral. He asserts the subservience of the State to the Church, and of the laity to the clergy, in terms which savour of episcopal unction. In very plain terms he tells the Postmaster-General that "whether we are priest-ridden or not is none of his business, and that it is not the business of any man who does not profess our creed, no more than it is our business to interfere with your opinions," &c. Yet underneath all lies a vein of disingenuousness which did not deceive Mr. Bowell, although he feigned blindness. Take the question of clerical interference by ecclesiastical terrors, for example, and mark how mildly he puts the basest portion of his political creed:—"Regarding questions relating to the material progress of the country, *and the political affairs of the country*, we are ready, and shall always be ready, to give to the opinions of these gentlemen that respect to which they are entitled, owing to their high intelligence, their great virtue, and their disinterestedness." This is really the "programme" over again, merely put into sugar-coated pills. For "the political affairs of the country," read "party politics," and then interpret in the light of the pastorals of the Bishop of Three Rivers, quoted in the "programme," and of Bishop Bourget *passim*. "Give respect," indeed! The hierarchy does not solicit respect; it commands submission and obedience, under the direst penalties which can be imagined. And still there are people who tell us that it is no business of ours that, so far as Catholic Quebec is concerned, no man can call his vote his

own. From pulpit, altar, and confessional he is browbeaten and intimidated out of his convictions, and forced to vote against them on pain of eternal damnation. Have we no interest in the freedom of election all over the Dominion? Is it nothing to us that, in the name of religion, the franchise is perverted from its legitimate purpose? If it be "none of our business," with what face can we assume the right to put down intimidation of any sort? If we forbid undue influence in the landlord and employer who can deprive a poor man of home or livelihood, and "after that have no more that they can do;" *à fortiori* is it not the duty of the State to forbid the terrorism of those who boast that "they can cast both body and soul into hell"? And yet there are Protestant Conservatives in Ontario—and Orangemen to boot—who contend with M. Masson that it is no affair of the State when the primary right of citizenship is thus poisoned at the fountain. One member, a French Canadian too, was the only one to make a manly utterance when the Bowells and Whites were applauding M. Masson. Said Mr. Bechard:—"I must infer from the remarks of my hon. friend from Charlevoix (M. Langevin) that he thinks the priest has the right to speak in favour of such and such a candidate from the pulpit. I do not think so,—else it will be necessary to believe that the priests have alone the right to control the politics of this country, and at the elections to impose their will upon the electors. * * I hope I shall never be placed in the alternative of becoming a Conservative, or else of ceasing to be a Catholic."

M. Langevin's speech is also full of these subtleties of deceit. It is unnecessary to indicate them in detail. The successor of Sir George Cartier seems to have been so delighted with the chance of raising his head once more in the political arena that he is rather reckless about statements of fact. His speech was certainly an able one; but it is a credit rather to his head than his heart. When he speaks of the Postmaster-General as "him who has insulted my countrymen and my co-religionists," it is only charity to suppose the words to have been uttered in the heat of debate; for they are distinctly untrue. Both he and M. Masson were only gilding the Ultramontane pill, so that Mr. Bowell and his Ontario friends might swallow it without grimace. Turning then to the latter, our second division of Mr. Huntington's assailants, do we find greater ingenuousness there? The member for North Hastings is Grand Master of the Orange Association, and excels, we believe, as a Twelfth of July orator. He can inveigh, with more than Belfast vigour, against the abominations of Popery, including the nunneries, celibacy, and the confessional, about which scandalous stories are served up from press and platform for the delectation of the Order. We do not say that Mr. Bowell approves of all the trash he hears or reads, in Lodge or out of it, but he is *particeps criminis* by his silence, if not by verbal assent. He is the head of an Order which holds Rome in such abhorrence that it actually undertakes to bind for life the consciences of every one of its members. One clause in the oath runs thus: "I swear that I am not now, *and never will be*, a Roman Catholic." So that had the Marquis of Ripon been an Orangeman, as he was a Mason, he would have been compelled either to violate the dictates of his conscience or break his oath. Such a man must deliberately choose whether he will be a hypocrite or a perjurer. Nay, more, the Orange obligation attempts to fix a gulf between the Order and Romanism by interfering with the affections; for it requires a candidate to make oath that he will *never* marry a Roman Catholic. Antagonism could not be more complete, short of actual conflict between man and man. Such a conflict would be incompatible with the existence of society; hence the Order protests that it has no personal antipathy against individual Roman Catholics. Whether it has or has not is a matter of very little consequence, because it could have no influence in a well-ordered community; what the protest is worth we know from painful experience recently in Toronto. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the Grand Master sits in Parliament cheek by jowl with one who boasts himself the "leader of the Ultramontanes," and applauds his utterances without qualification, and the Order is at this moment the Ontario wing of the politico-theological army of which Mgr. Bourget is the chief, and M. Masson or M. Langevin the first lieutenant.

Mr. Bowell, however, imagines that he has a loophole for escape, for he taxed Mr. Gordon with not "discovering the distinction between a religious body organized for re-

ligious purposes and a body organized for political purposes." That certainly has a specious sound; but it will follow as a necessary consequence that there are two Mr. Bowells instead of one, or rather rolled into one. There is the Grand Master and there is the Conservative ally of Mgr. Bourget, and these persons are by no means to be confounded. The first, to use M. Langevin's phrase, "insults our bishops," priests, and nuns—declaims against Popery as the irreconcilable foe of political freedom and of human progress; the second is of milder nature, not only reproving Mr. Huntington when he was not attacking the religion at all, but applauding M. Masson and the "Programme." Moreover, this mysterious duality must be carried further. Let us suppose that the Postmaster-General were an Orangeman; would Mr. Bowell have objected to his speech? If so, what would the other Mr. Bowell have done? Between them probably they would have lauded the Orangeman, whilst they denounced the Minister. Finally, the distinction between a political and a religious body will not hold water. There may be grave doubts about the religious character of Orangeism, but there can be no question that it is and always has been political. It is not very constant in its political alliances, it is true; but that is not to the point. One has only to turn to the resolutions of Grand and District Lodges and note the attitude of the Order at the polls to be convinced of its political character. Sometimes it roars for Mr. Brown, and anon yells for Sir John, but it is always on one side or other. Just now it belongs, body and bones, to the Conservative party.

The Quebec Ministerialists who addressed the House were quite as disingenuous as the two sections of the Opposition, Mr. Bechard excepted. Two members for Montreal, Messrs. Devlin and Workman, may be described as almost antipodes, the one to the other; yet both sang the same strain. Both regretted that Mr. Huntington should have used the language he actually did in Argenteuil; both strove to divert public attention from the point at issue and turn it upon the party in Opposition. Yet, all the while, each was fully aware that the other was viewing the subject from a totally different standpoint, and employing the same language to express an antagonistic set of opinions. There can be no doubt that the Quebec Ministerialists sympathize with Mr. Huntington's views; but they do not consider it safe to avow their sympathy. The entire debate was characterized by the same hollowness of pretence; it was a bid on all sides for outside support—a cloaking of conviction, a simulation of liberal-mindedness, and altogether a miserable sham. The Premier, of course, was obliged to speak, but the other party leaders were wisely reticent. Mr. Blake, Dr. Tupper, and Sir John A. Macdonald added no fuel to the flame, and they all deserve credit for it, although the *Globe*, *sue more*, has singled out Sir John for reproach, and dubbed him a crafty old fox, because he acted like the rest.

This idle discussion has certainly wrought no good of itself, yet it may perhaps have accomplished something in an indirect way, by being the moving cause of Sir Alexander Galt's letter on "Civil Liberty in Lower Canada." It is unnecessary to dwell upon the importance of this manifesto at length, since it has been sufficiently discussed in the newspapers. Those who are the most annoyed by its independent tone and the clearness with which it expounds some unpalatable truths, are predisposed to make as little of it as they can. To the unbiassed observer who has watched with alarm the steady progress of hierarchical encroachment since 1871, it marks the first stage in a struggle which is inevitable and may be imminent. It is the fashion, we are sorry to say, with Ontario Conservatives to ignore the real question raised by Sir Alexander Galt and those who share his apprehensions. It is no religious contest at all that they are engaged in. They have as little design or desire of assailing the faith or menacing the liberties of Roman Catholics as they have of submitting to repression themselves. With the distinctive dogmas of the Latin Church, infallibility included, they have no concern; if the members of that Church choose to profess and believe them, that is their own affair. But "the extraordinary claims recently advanced by the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Quebec, based, as they allege, upon the authority of the Vatican Decrees and the celebrated Syllabus," stand upon a different footing. It is no longer a question of religious tolerance that is involved, but

the independence and supremacy of the State in a British colony. Dogma is a matter of supreme indifference; but when *the* Church, or any Church, claims that the State is subordinate to it, and by its acts shows that it is determined to make good that claim little by little, every citizen, Protestant as well as Catholic, has a deep interest at stake in the issue. When we speak of Ultramontanism, we mean by it a phase of ecclesiastical politics and nothing more. What used to be called by that name in the theological domain may be commensurate with Catholicism, for aught we know or care; it is with the political creed—and that is certainly not by any means so generally adopted—that Canadians have to do. Let us give an instance or two from abroad. The Catalonian bishops, on the eve of the recent elections to the Cortes, made the following protest against the partial toleration granted by the new Constitution :—"That liberty of worship is condemned in the 77th, 78th, and 79th propositions of the Syllabus of the reigning Pontiff, the immortal Pius IX.; that no Catholic can vote for that disastrous liberty, nor send by his vote, to the Cortes, those who are determined to establish such liberty of worship in Spain." This is Ultramontanism pure and simple, carried to the highest degree of perfection. The other day Professor Tyndall communicated to the *Times* some extracts from a letter of the Bishop of Montpellier to the Dean and Professors of the ancient university of that city. His lordship broadly asserts that the Church "is invested with the absolute right to teach mankind; she holds herself to be the depositary of the truth—not a fragmentary truth, incomplete, a mixture of certainty and hesitation, but the total truth, complete, from a religious point of view." In order that there may be no mistake about his meaning, he adds "that, even in the natural order of things, scientific or philosophical, moral *or political*, she will not admit that a system can be adopted and sustained by Christians, if it contradicts definite dogmas." The penalty of holding forbidden opinions, even in politics, is "the certain loss of grace and of eternity." His method of scientific investigation, if crude, is conclusive: "Without entering into the examination of this or that question of physiology, but solely by the certitude of our dogmas, we are able to pronounce judgment on any hypothesis which is an anti-Christian engine of war rather than a serious conquest over the secrets and mysteries of nature." *Risum teneatis amici:* this was no joke in the days of Bruno and Galileo. So much for Ultramontanism in the south of France.

Now in Canada, the bishops, and even some of the judges, appeal to the same Syllabus as their authority. No one asserts that there is any intention or even desire of carrying matters so far. Yet the tendency is in the same direction, and it is fraught with serious and increasing danger, not merely to the integrity of the State, but to the liberty of the subject. Political Ultramontanism claims the right of nominating members of Parliament, and of securing their election by spiritual threatenings or promises. It aims, in short, at making every constituency in Quebec, where it wields sufficient power, a close ecclesiastical borough or preserve. We contend that this is a direct attack upon the free institutions of the Dominion; an attempt to subordinate the State to the Church, and a gross violation of the law against undue influence and intimidation. It is not a theological question in any sense; but strictly and solely a civil and political one. Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, was present at the Vatican Council, voted for the Decrees, and defends the Syllabus—that is, according to the interpretation he puts upon it—and yet he states that in his archdiocese priests "are strictly forbidden to make the altar or pulpit of their churches the tribune of political harangues for or against any party or candidate for election; or to threaten any spiritual disability for voting with either party." Yet M. Langevin had the assurance to ask if the Quebec ecclesiastics did any more than their brethren of Ontario? In the matter of teaching, again, the Archbishop is no Ultramontane :—"We believe," he says, "that parents have a perfect right to educate their children as they please." It is not true, then, that all Catholics are Ultramontanes in the only sense with which we are concerned; or, if they be, there must be innumerable shades of opinion amongst them.

Sir Alexander Galt justly regards it as inconceivable that "the severe and cruel pressure put upon the consciences of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects" has for its object "the ephemeral triumph of a temporary political party. The conclusion is inevitable, from the nature of the means em-

ployed, that a deep-laid plan exists for the complete subjugation of Lower Canada to ecclesiastical rule, with the view of extending the same baneful influence hereafter to the whole Dominion." To such a scheme Sir Alexander Galt calls for stern and uncompromising resistance at the outset. Into no hands could such an opposition be entrusted with greater propriety than into his, because it is sure to be conducted not merely with ability, but, what is more important, with prudence and moderation. The cry of "The Church in Danger" is sure to be raised clamorously enough; indeed, it has been heard already, and Sir Alexander has been wantonly accused of arousing religious contention. The charge is not only baseless, but absurd, and the Conservative party of Ontario, of all others, should be ashamed to make it. If religious strife should be excited by the persistence of the hierarchy in its present policy, let the responsibility be placed upon the right shoulders. We agree with M. Joly—who was deposed from the leadership of the Quebec Opposition to please M. Cauchon—that any so-called Protestant Defence party is decidedly uncalled for. Its effect could only be to strengthen the hands of the Ultramontanes, by driving all Catholics into their ranks. We want no theological warfare anywhere in this Dominion—such as would inevitably result from arraying creed against creed. The controversy is a national one, and can only be successfully conducted by a national party which knows no creed, and which, embracing earnest, honest, and patriotic men of both religions, will boldly wrestle against an audacious assault upon the rights and liberties of a free people.

The prevailing depression in commerce and manufactures has made itself felt with greater or less severity by every man and in every home. That it should form the subject of a lengthened discussion in Parliament was not only natural, but proper. Mr. Mills's motion for a Committee to inquire into its causes, was perhaps the readiest method of bringing the subject before the House, and the debate was certainly instructive in many respects. Members who had evidently ransacked blue-books and other sources of information, poured forth their stores in such profusion that it may well be doubted if there is anything left to inquire. To us the question presents itself, whether it is not too late to cry over spilt milk, unless by way of resolution not to be so reckless in the future. Every doctor who had held a *post mortem* in his study could tell exactly the cause or causes of our trouble; but for the most part they lay in the past, and were beyond remedy, since the mischief was done. *Après mort, le médecin.* Mr. Young regarded these periods of depression and inflation with the eye of an economical Kepler. They came in cycles, and whether human resolution could break the charmed circle did not appear. Over-importation and over-production were natually named as causes, but it is not quite clear that they may not be as reasonably numbered with effects. In any case, even by way of warning, there is no advantage to be gained by enjoining people not to commit these errors again. In the first place, they are not able to tell when the time has arrived to pull in, until it is too late; and in the next place, if they were, they would inevitably float on the tide of inflation till the last moment, whether they sank or swam in the end. Wisdom after the event is never less profitable than in economics. Mr. Mills was near the mark when he said that our intimate trade relations with the United States had much to do with the depression. When our neighbour's house is on fire, and our own is consumed during the same night, it is natural to suppose that the one conflagration is the effect of the other. Mr. John Macdonald, a man of practical knowledge and acknowledged ability, repudiated Mr. Mills's assertion that Canada was a slaughtering ground for American goods, and contended, *au contraire*, that the slaughtering business was British. He also expressed the opinion that over-importation was the main source of the trouble. Mr. Dymond and Mr. Workman had a passage-at-arms on the relative merits of Free Trade and Protection. Here, at least, is a question of infinite moment, and into it the debate gradually drifted. It is unnecessary to discuss its merits at present, for on the afternoon of the 25th that inexorable Atropos, the Finance Minister, cut the thread of the discussion now raging in the Dominion with his cold and pitiless shears. Mr. Cartwright, bewildered by resolutions, memorials, and deputations, has taken refuge in *laissez faire*. It is certainly better to do nothing

than to do evil, and we presume it is upon that principle that the hon. gentleman has resolved to leave the tariff as it is. His budget comes too late for extended comment, and we have barely time to drop a tear upon the vexatious fate which deluded so many merchants into a temporary eagerness to replenish the depleted treasury by offerings which took the shape of Customs duties.

The legislation of the Session is not yet in a sufficiently advanced stage for discussion. It is pleasing to see that Mr. Blake does not intend to follow the bad example of Toronto in election matters. The two bills he has introduced will unquestionably advance the cause of electoral purity in a very considerable degree. The first provides that where an agent appears, on the trial of a petition, to have been guilty of corruption, he shall at once be put upon his trial and punished in case of conviction. Hitherto, although many men have admitted their guilt and others have been proved guilty, not one of the pack has been prosecuted. The Minister of Justice is determined to bring a fresh broom to bear upon that dusty quarter. The second bill introduces what is a novelty in this country, though not in England. Where the Judge reports that corruption has been widely prevalent in a constituency, a new writ is not to issue until ordered by the House—in other words, the electoral division is to be temporarily disfranchised. Norwich in England is in that predicament at this moment. The *Globe* thinks this rather severe, and it probably is in the eyes of men who have just reversed by Act of Parliament an unanimous judgment of the Court of Appeal. But we believe it will have a most wholesome effect, by making it the interest of the entire constituency to exercise greater vigilance in preventing corruption. The slur which disfranchisement casts upon a city or riding will even have a deterrent effect upon the practitioners of bribery. Mr. Hillyard Cameron has introduced a measure to alter the law in cases like those of Sparham and Davis. It is at once brief and clear, and probably the best that could be devised until the entire law of homicide undergoes revision. Still, with the utmost respect for the great legal ability and experience of its author, it does not seem quite satisfactory to the lay mind. The distinction between murder and manslaughter is to hinge upon a question of fact not always susceptible of clear solution. We are afraid that the average juror would have had some difficulty in deciding whether Davis, for example, knew that his treatment "was likely to produce death." We fancy that very few of these atrocious charlatans have any knowledge on the subject, and the bill would appear in this light to make it to their advantage to be as ignorant as possible. The result might be that the vile trade would fall into the hands of a still lower class of creatures, with still more frequently fatal consequences.

The recent election for Lincoln is not a savoury subject, and perhaps the less written about it the better. From first to last the contest has been a disgrace to our popular institutions. Whichever way it had terminated, it could not possibly be a subject for congratulation. The electors had to choose between a man pronounced guilty of corruption, disqualified by the highest Provincial court, and rehabilitated by a party majority; and another who, besides other little drawbacks, had been proved to have received money for his services as a legislator. They selected the latter by a majority of twenty votes, and supposing them to have acted the part of Nemesis, they perhaps chose the better part. The Ontario Government has met with a deserved rebuke, and will not probably attempt to reverse a judgment of the courts again. Mr. Neelon's own sense of propriety should have suggested his withdrawal from the field, and the Reform Convention could surely have found an eligible successor, The member-elect and his scrap-book are common nuisances. He is a blatant self-seeker, not over scrupulous or unnecessarily weighted down by principle, and will, alas! be the bore of the House for three years to come.

The fancy ball the other evening at Rideau Hall was the crowning act of a series of magnificent hospitalities. From their triumphant progress through the older Provinces until now their Excellencies have continued to gain in public favour by their courteous bearing and their eminently generous treatment of all with whom they have come in contact. The Governor-General has performed

the more serious duties of his high position in a difficult crisis wisely and well. In Britain he was the friend and advocate of Canada; in Canada he is confessedly the most popular representative of Royalty we have had for many years. At the same time he has not been unmindful of those minor amenities of his station which go for so much with all classes of the people. The geniality of disposition which is so winning a trait in Lord Dufferin's character, has rendered him accessible to all classes, as becomes a democratic community. It has thrown new vigour into our popular pastimes, and given a new turn to our popular tastes. The magnificent entertainment to which we have referred was, in all probability, designed as a reunion during the Session of many who had been presented to their Excellencies in different parts of the Dominion. It was, so to speak, a national rather than a local, or even an ordinary State hospitality. Generally speaking, it scarcely falls within our province to comment upon events of this description, and we should not have made the present an exception had it not been for the rude, depreciatory criticisms of some of the minor journals—notably the Montreal *Witness*. As "the only religious daily," we believe the *Witness* is opposed to dancing on principle. So far so good; and if it had rested its objections on that ground, the irreligious press and people would have submitted to the rebuke. But no; the great objection was that the entertainment was given during the present depression in trade. There is certainly no pleasing everybody. Had His Excellency caused Rideau Hall to be hung in mourning, and abstained from all appearance of festive merriment, whether at State dinner or State ball, what a growl of indignation would have been heard. Thus, whether one fasts or feasts, he is sure to tread upon somebody's toes. We remember at least two of Lord Dufferin's predecessors whose private fortunes were limited, and yet who were periodically reproached with a parsimonious lack of hospitality. The "depression" plea is grossly absurd. Do men in private station forego their dinners; or does the ordinary *materfamilias* forego her party, or the young ladies their ball? With how much more reason, because it is in fact a duty to the extent of his means, may His Excellency, the first gentleman in the Dominion, entertain the Queen's subjects as beseems the Queen's representative. But there are the poor. If all the money had been equally divided amongst the distressed of the Dominion, it would have made some of them happy—for a couple of hours. Surely this is the very cant of spurious charity. Many centuries ago there was a distinguished character who professed equal solicitude for the poor, although we are informed that he cared not for them. His plea is worth quoting, now that it has been plagiarized for the thousandth time:—"Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?"

The proceedings in Congress have been exceedingly dull since the discussion on the Amnesty Bill. There is, in fact, a greater amount of public business transacted outside than inside the Chambers. The wire-pulling and caballing for party Presidential nominations are in active operation. Intrigue is the mode in Washington and in all the other political centres throughout the Union. The Conventions are to meet in a few months for the purpose of selecting the standard-bearers. Aspirants and their friends are swelling with eagerness—grasping at every political straw, and making any required pledge to gain support; whilst the rest of the nation, if there be any outsiders, are waiting to learn for whom the politicians will permit them to vote. It is a singular fact, because it shows how potent a factor the West has become in political calculations, that both parties are to pitch their tents north-west of the Ohio. The Republican Convention assembles at Cincinnati on the 13th of June, and the Democratic exactly a fortnight later at St. Louis. It is still a matter of doubt whether Grant will run. He will certainly not be nominated in the first instance, and he has little chance of being in the running at all, unless matters should come to a dead-lock at Cincinnati. In the face of the Congressional resolutions, and others passed more or less unanimously by Republican Conventions, his nomination to a third term would be a ticklish matter. But it is by no means certain that he has abandoned hopes of "cutting-in" at a late stage of the balloting, should the opportunity offer. *Au reste*, the outlook is rather murky. Blaine is moving heaven and earth to secure the prize, and he is probably sure

of New York, Pennsylvania, the New England States, the South-East, and California. Morton, on the other hand, has the "rag-money" people of the West, and the strong fight will be between them. Conkling has no immediate backing but the President with the entire Government influence, and if General Grant chooses to apply the screws this will go for a great deal. It is, of course, possible that Hartranft, Dix, or some other lesser light, may come in at the winning-post; for the present, however, the chances lie between Blaine and Morton.

The Democratic Convention will no doubt be largely influenced by the nomination of their opponents. They will almost certainly know the man they have to face before casting a single ballot or even disclosing their "platform." Should Blaine be the Republican nominee, they may ignore the financial issue altogether, and also select a hard money man, such as Tilden; or they may risk the loss of their "hard money" friends, and boldly choose Hendricks, of Missouri, a "greenbacker." The sitting being at St. Louis, with Western influences on every side, may also make for something in his favour. Should Morton be the Republican candidate, however, Tilden would be unqestionably the best card to play, and perhaps the only one at all likely to win. The framing of "platforms," however, is harder work than interminable ballotings, especially for the Democrats. Are they to expound any policy on the currency; and if so, what is it to be? The Democratic Caucus Committee has been endeavouring to reconcile conflicting views, but hitherto without success. The other day, a proposition to repeal the law fixing the date for specie payment was lost by a tie vote. The Republican party is not quite so hopelessly divided, yet the same difficulty presents itself to them. We suppose Yankee ingenuity will find or make a way out of the perplexity.

The Imperial Parliament was opened by Her Majesty in person on Tuesday, the 8th ult. The scene is described as an impressive one, and everything went off satisfactorily, except the weather, which was extremely raw and disagreeable. The Speech, read by the Lord Chancellor "by command of the Queen, in Her Majesty's words," appears to be a good average speech, and, as the *Spectator* notes as an exceptional feature, grammatical also. The Opposition chiefly confined their criticisms to the Fugitive Slave Circulars and the Suez Canal Purchase. Mr. Gladstone distinctly repudiated any intention of censuring the Government for assenting to Count Andrassy's note. The ex-Premier seems to have taken a particular dislike to the Canal transaction with the Khedive, but, judging by the cable telegram, he does not appear to have made much by his assault. The Admiralty Slave Circulars, however, have proved a grand opportunity, and the Government, according to a special dispatch to the *Globe*, only mustered a majority of forty-five. It is noteworthy that when Lord Hartington made the stereoptyped complaint of the poverty of the Ministerial programme, Mr. Disraeli replied that "the list of measures would have been longer, but he was of opinion that both sides had got into a bad habit of filling the Queen's Speech with a mere catalogue of bills, which experience showed could not be carried." So that the Ottawa Government had a precedent for their own course of which they were not aware. They had other measures, Mr. Disraeli said; amongst the rest, the Rivers Pollution Bill, which Lord Salisbury vainly endeavoured to work through last year. The Opposition intend to put forth their strength on Mr. Osborne Morgan's resolution in favour of throwing open the burial grounds to Nonconformist services. The usual stock of "specialties" was immediately placed on the notice paper, including the Permissive Bill, the Female Suffrage Bill, and Mr. Plimsoll's Merchant Shipping Bill. As our latest English papers only extend to the third day of the Session, we must be content to defer comments on the stirring debates which have since taken place until we have something more substantial to depend upon than cable telegrams.

Shortly before the meeting of Parliament Mr. Bright addressed his constituents at Birmingham on the condition and prospects of the Liberal party. His advice to the party is union on the basis of an extended county franchise. Whether union on any basis at present would cement the breaches between the various sections of the party, would last until it could be utilized, is perhaps doubtful. Certainly there is no other question upon which they can possibly act in unison. The enfranchisement of the agri-

cultural labourers is of course a distinctively Liberal measure; but there is evidently some apprehension that Mr. Disraeli may anticipate the action of his opponents, and manipulate the subject so as to give prominence to the Conservative labourer. Mr. Bright plainly expresses his anxious desire that the experience of 1867 should not be repeated. Two county elections held early in the month are not without significance. The tenant farmers—who were represented in the Government by Mr. Clare Read until that gentleman took umbrage at the Duke of Richmond—are beginning to assert themselves as against the landlords. In North Shropshire, Clive's old county, two Conservatives appeared in the field, but no Liberal thought it worth while to lead a forlorn hope. Mr. Mainwaring was the landlords' nominee, and Mr. Stanley Leighton was put forward by the tenant farmers. The latter was victorious, but only by the narrow majority of thirty-seven, with 5,400 votes polled. In Dorsetshire, however—which, by the way, is a county in which the agricultural labourer is in the lowest condition—Captain Digby, for the landlords, polled 3,060 votes to 1,866 recorded for Mr. Fowler, the tenant farmers' candidate. There are now three tenant farmers in the House, and the growing spirit of independence of the class, fostered by the ballot, will make itself more widely felt hereafter.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have delivered two important judgments lately. The "Reverend" question was decided against the parish clergyman, and the appellant will be permitted to erect a tombstone over his daughter's grave, inscribed with his name, "Rev. Wm. Keets, Wesleyan Minister." The dispute was a silly one from the first, and Lord Cairns disposed of it with unprecedented dispatch. The other case is more important. The Rev. Flavel Cook declined to administer the sacrament to a parishioner, Mr. Jenkins, because he disbelieved in the personality of Satan and in a material hell, if not in future punishment altogether. The Court of Arches refused to grant a faculty enjoining the clergyman to administer the communion to Mr. Jenkins, but on appeal to the highest Court, this decision has been reversed, and the Adiabolist has thus gained the victory.

M. Buffet has been routed and utterly overthrown at the Assembly elections. Notwithstanding his iron system of repression; notwithstanding the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, the manipulation of the prefectures, and all the other appliances Frenchmen of all parties know so well how to use when in power, the Minister of the Interior failed to secure a seat for himself, although he tried to win three. He has therefore, of necessity, resigned his portfolio, and M. Dufaure, late Minister of Justice, reigns in his stead. Several other changes will in all probability be made, M. Wallon, the author of the Constitution, going out, and M. Casimir Perier and one or two of his friends coming in. The Cabinet, when reconstituted, will be a Left Centre Cabinet, pure and simple, but it will be supported by M. Gambetta and the entire Republican force, except the handful of irreconcilables—Louis Blanc, Naquet, and the rest. It is impossible to classify the new Assembly with certainty, if only because second ballotings will be necessary in 104 districts, where no candidate received an absolute majority of the total number of votes cast. There can be no doubt, however, that the Conservative Republicans are by far the largest party in the Chamber, followed at a great distance by the Imperialists. The harmony which will exist between Senate and Assembly will give solidity to the Republic and ensure its existence until 1880 at any rate, when the Septennate will end, and the Bonapartists intend to demand a *plébiscite*. To this result the tact and moderation of M. Gambetta have mainly contributed. He has had a difficult task in educating the fiery spirits of his party, and, perhaps, in disciplining himself. We can only hope that the work which seems to be at last firmly and definitively accomplished will endure, to give rest, peace, and prosperity to France.

The Eastern question hangs fire in a strange way. It is difficult to say what Turkey intends to do about the Austrian Note. The probability is that the Grand Vizier, to save Moslem pride, will give a verbal assent to the reforms proposed by Count Andrassy, and then set about their execution at his own convenience and in his own way. The weak spot of the note is the absence of any security for the fulfilment of her promises by Turkey. She may break

them, as she has broken others, not always from design, but because she is impotent to carry them out. Mr. Butler-Johnstone, M.P., who has been defending the Turkish character in a series of letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, asserts that the Porte cannot effect these reforms, and the reason is because, of late years, the Sultan has broken through old constitutional forms and undertaken to pass decrees and levy taxes of his own motion, contrary to Mussulman usage. How if the Austrian Note should be accepted in form, and after all remain a dead letter? It is evident that Russia and Germany would like to make the dual monarchy in the south-east the instrument of carrying into execution its own recommendations, but there are half-a-dozen good reasons why Austro-Hungary should shrink from the task. Meanwhile there are rumours of estrangement between Russia and Germany, and a closer alliance between the former and Austria; but they are probably attributable to the fact that the Stock Exchange and the press desire to do a stroke of business.

Prince Bismarck has got rid of the German Parliament, after securing the passage of his Penal Code, shorn of its worst severities. An English paper remarks that Draco himself would have stood aghast at some of its provisions. One clause which was struck out made it a penal offence to advocate, encourage, or assist emigration. Prince Hohenlohe has been so well received at Rome that rumours were afloat of a reconciliation between Germany and the Vatican. Bismarck promptly contradicted them, stating that any propositions looking peacewards must come from the Church and not from the State.

Carlism has finally collapsed under a grand *coup* from King Alfonso's army, and Don Carlos is an exile—an interned guest of France. This is certainly a fortunate though unaccountably tardy issue to the most inexcusable conflict ever maintained even in Spain. Attention will now be turned to Cuba, where another outlet for blood and treasure is prepared for unhappy Spain. Under the young King there might be hope for the distracted country, if it were not too far sunk in decadence. It is not a promising sign that the first step of the King after his victory was a resolution to bring back the ex-Queen Isabella.

BOOK REVIEWS.

VICTORIAN POETS. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

This book is a biographical and critical review of the English poetry of the last forty years. Mr. Stedman, himself a writer of verse, is an enthusiastic student and lover of poetry, and his criticisms are therefore always sympathetic and appreciative. He prefaces his work with a discussion of the conditions of the period under review, and of the special influences at work affecting its poetry. For such a discussion the plan of the work affords him too little space, but he finds room for much that is interesting and suggestive concerning the most potent of such influences—the scientific movement. The list of Victorian poets and poetical translators reaches the goodly number of one hundred and forty-eight. Landor, the Brownings, Tennyson, and Swinburne are treated of at considerable length, and the minor singers of the choir receive notices proportionate to their respective importance. The biographical details are as full as, perhaps fuller than, good taste allows, the writers under review or their immediate relatives being still alive.

The freshest part of the book is a chapter on the resemblance between Tennyson and Theocritus, and the indebtedness of the former to the Dorian idyllic poets. Such resemblances Mr. Stedman finds to consist in "a general analogy of atmosphere and tone," as well as "a coincidence of structure, language, and thought." From the many passages, very neatly translated by Mr. Stedman, which establish the justness of this comparison, we select one of the most striking:—

"His massive breast and back were rounded high
With flesh of iron, like that of which is wrought
A forged Colossus. On his stalwart arms,
Sheer over the huge shoulder, standing out

Were muscles,—like the rolled and spheric stones,
Which, in its mighty eddies whirling on,
The winter-flowing stream hath worn right smooth
This side and that."—(THEOCRITUS.)

"And bared the knotted column of his throat,
The massive square of his heroic breast,
And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,
Running too vehemently to break upon it."
—(TENNYSON.)

In addition to many instances of direct borrowing of ideas or illustrations, many minor resemblances of form and rhythm are pointed out and exemplified. The beautiful idyl in the seventh book of "The Princess," beginning "Come down, O, maid, from yonder mountain height," appears to have been formed on a careful study of the apostrophe of Polyphemus to Galatea in the "Cyclops." Though there are many points of criticism on which we cannot agree with Mr. Stedman, his judgments appear to us to be generally sound. He is occasionally led away to the discussion of themes for which he is perhaps scarcely equal, as in the case of his comparison between the Alexandrian and Victorian ages. Occasionally, too, he attempts "philosophical criticism," which is beyond his scope. His style is plain and simple, and it is only when the ardour of thorough admiration incites him that he indulges in "fine writing." In such cases he is apt to mix up his metaphors in hopeless confusion. The following grotesque passage, descriptive of Landor's position in the Victorian choir, is about the worst :—

"His station resembles that of a bulk-head defending the sea-wall of some lasting structure,—a mole or pier, built out from tuneful, grove-shaded Arcadian shores. He stretches far into the channel along which the tides of literary fashion have ebbed and flowed. Other poets, leading or following the changeful current, often appear to leave him behind, but ere long find him again abreast of them, wearing a lighted beacon at his head."

In spite of some defects, however, we can repeat with approval the verdict pronounced by a discriminating English critic :—"The book is on the whole generous and enlightened, and bears the stamp of unfailing honesty. We may not invariably accept Mr. Stedman as a guide ; we can always welcome him as an interesting and suggestive companion. He has not approached his task in a light spirit, nor without the preparation of due culture. Decidedly 'Victorian Poets' might have fallen into worse hands."

DANIEL DERONDA. Part I. The Spoiled Child. By George Eliot. Montreal : Dawson Brothers. Toronto : Adam, Stevenson & Co.

"What a delightful name !" exclaims Gwendolen Harleth, when Daniel Deronda, who is to prove the hero of George Eliot's new novel, is first announced to her, and she adds the very natural question, "Is he an Englishman ?" He is an Englishman, and though we have merely a glimpse of him in the first instalment of this history, it is very obvious that a man whose silent presence can shake Gwendolen Harleth's conviction that she is perfectly admirable, and who can quell her proud spirit with his glance, is fated to exert a powerful influence on her destiny. Gwendolen, the heroine of this part, is proud, self-willed, and heartless, and has a deep need of the discipline of sorrow, which we already foresee is in store for her, to purge away the egotism and vanity of "the spoiled child," beneath which we feel the potential existence of a noble character. George Eliot's creed is that the highest life is one of conscious voluntary sacrifice, and she specially loves to picture, with a skill as profound and subtle as that of Shakespeare, the power and the dire results of the antithesis of self-sacrifice, which is egoism. This quality is the guiding principle of such lives as that of Rosamond Vincy and Tito Melemma, and in Gwendolen Harleth we have a new study of its phenomena. How her moral deliverance is to be accomplished it were idle guessing. To convey by any combination of adjectives an idea of the complex character of Gwendolen Harleth would be as impossible as to depict in words the ever-varying aspects of an autumn sunset. A critic has acutely discerned that "the vein in her character which promises most for the power and depth of the story, under George Eliot's subtle treatment, is her capacity for spiritual dread—the terror which falls upon her if she is walking in a lonely part of the country, and a sudden change in the light makes her feel the wideness of the universe, and the helplessness of her individual self, and again which any ghastly subject vividly treated strikes into her." While Gwendolen's character is still necessarily undeveloped, we have several minor personages portrayed with the delicacy and subtlety we are familiar with in George Eliot's works. There is an irreproachable young curate, who has "a sense of sacredness much exercised on small things as well as great, rarely laughing except from politeness, and in general regarding the mention of spades by their naked names as rather coarse," who naturally falls a victim to the potent charms of Gwendolen. "He had no conceit—at least not more than goes to make up the necessary gum and consistence of a substantial personality." Then there is the more elaborate picture of the excellent, though rather worldly rector, whose "tone of thinking, after some long-quieted fluctuations, had become ecclesiastical rather than theological ; not the modern Anglican, but what he would have called sound English, free from nonsense : such as became a man who looked at religion by daylight, and saw it in its relation to other things." Not less complete is the delineation of his gentle

daughter Anna, whose unselfish nature yields always to the imperious will of Gwendolen, until that young lady's heartless treatment of her brother, the second victim of her fatal charms, rouses her sympathies into something like hostility. Her brother, crossed in hopeless love, thinks of going out to Canada, to earn his living there. "I should like," he says, "to build a hut, and work hard at clearing, and have everything wild about me,and a great wide quiet." Anna volunteers to go with him and keep house for him. She would like to leave England and escape from the exactions of society. "I should have done with going out, and gloves and crinoline, and having to talk when I am taken to dinner—and all that." "I could make the fires and cook the food; and I could learn to make bread before we went. It would be nicer than anything—like playing at life over again, as we used to do when we made our tent with the drugget, and had our little plates and dishes." The practical wisdom of the rector, however, deprives them of the opportunity of testing the correctness of their views of the realities of colonial life.

Throughout the story are scattered those gems of wit and humour and profound reflection which always give an additional value and charm to George Eliot's works, which distinguish her from all other writers except Shakespeare, and which were never more conspicuous than in the first outcome of her genius, the "Scenes of Clerical Life." Here is one: "Self-confidence is apt to address itself to an imaginary dulness in others, as people who are well off speak in a cajoling tone to the poor, and those who are in the prime of life raise their voice and talk artificially to seniors, hastily conceiving them to be deaf and rather imbecile." And another: "Macbeth's rhetoric about the impossibility of being many opposite things in the same moment referred to the clumsy necessities of action, and not to the subtler possibilities of feeling. We cannot speak a loyal word and be meanly silent; we cannot kill and not kill in the same moment; but a moment is room wide enough for the loyal and mean desire, for the outlash of a murderous thought and the sharp backward stroke of repentance." Prophecy is a dangerous thing to indulge in, but we are not afraid to predict that "Daniel Deronda" will take its place beside the greatest of George Eliot's works.

COLLINS'S LIBRARY ATLAS, consisting of One Hundred Maps of Modern, Historical, and Classical Geography, &c., with descriptive letterpress. London, Glasgow and Edinburgh: William Collins, Sons & Co.

The enterprising Scottish publishers, Messrs. Collins, have completed their admirable series of Atlases in the publication of the above work, to which are prefixed some two hundred pages of descriptive letterpress on the subjects of Modern, Historical, and Classical Geography, prepared respectively by Drs. James Bryce, W. F. Collier, and Leonard Schmitz. The work fittingly crowns the venture Messrs. Collins have been engaged in for a term of years; and nothing can exceed the service the publishers have rendered to the cause of education and popular enlightenment, in the preparation and publication of these valuable aids to the study of geographical science. Like its predecessors in the series, the work has the double merit of cheapness of cost and rare mechanical excellence. The maps are beautifully engraved, delicately coloured, and with an apparent carefulness for accuracy and distinctness of drawing which not only pleases the eye, but adds to the enjoyment of research. To the Canadian student the maps illustrative of the colonies and dependencies of the British Crown are of prime attraction, and we have been specially struck with the fulness with which this department has been illustrated. Australia, New Zealand, the East and West Indies, and the minor settlements of Britain in Europe and Asia, are amply delineated. These maps are also supplemented by what would seem to be intelligent and exhaustive descriptions of the countries the draughtsman has illustrated. But while expressing our satisfaction with the attention that has been given by the publishers to the possessions of the motherland, and while acknowledging the enterprise and skill which the work exhibits in its production, we are necessitated to qualify our commendation when we come to examine the maps and letterpress which illustrate the British possessions in North America. The crucial test of a work of this kind is that which subjects it to examination in that portion with which we are specially familiar; and when a reference work fails when placed under what may be called the "home test," we are apt to suspect its accuracy and reliability in regard to places with which we have no intimate acquaintance. This has been the result in our examination of the maps and notes referring to Canada. Why, for instance, so important a colony as the Dominion of Canada should have nothing to represent its confederated territory but the half-page and wholly obsolete map, No. 39, that did duty ten years ago for "British America," is beyond comprehension. It is true map 35 is entitled "Dominion of Canada," but this is only an aggravation of the offence, as it represents the Dominion as extending only from Newfoundland (which, *en passant*, is not yet part of the Dominion) to Lake Superior. Of course, as the compilers of the Atlas have so little acquaintance with the actual territorial extent of Canada, it would be too much to expect to find, on any of the maps, reference to the Province of Manitoba, or to the vast region

that surrounds it, and extends westward to another Province of the Dominion, British Columbia, and known as the North-West Territories. We are therefore prepared to find none, as is actually the case. Here, however, the letterpress on page 103 attempts to supply the deficiency of the maps, but only to fall into the absurd mistake of describing the Province of Manitoba as extending "from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, or between the meridians of 90° and 114° W.," instead of only comprising as it does the area between 96° and 99° W. It would be hypercritical to note, considering that the boundaries of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec are still undefined, errors respecting the areas of these Provinces; but it is misleading to state that Ontario is only "a little more than half the area of the Eastern Province of Quebec," or, as the figures quote, 121,260 square miles against 210,020 square miles. Considering the settled and cultivatable area of the two Provinces, this statement is highly mischievous; while the limit of the Western Province, given as the meridian of 80° 30′, is quite short of the fact. The area given of the inland lakes needs revision also. Lake Ontario is under-estimated by 2,000 square miles, and Lake Huron by some 4,000 square miles. Referring again to Manitoba, we find the Index only gives the name as a *lake*. The Town of St. Catharines is to be found under *Catherines*, the name designated for it in the map, while Cobourg is spelt without the second *o*, and Glengarry is shorn of an *r*. Ryerson Island meets us on the map for Long Point, on Lake Erie, a resort for sportsmen too well known to excuse this innovation in its nomenclature on the part of the geographers. These may be considered minor defects, but they evidence a want of care and a disregard of accuracy inexcusable on the part of publishers who have large trade dealings in the Dominion, and whose representative spends six months out of every year in the country. The letterpress, as we have indicated, is also much in need of revision. In neither text nor maps have we any mention of the system of narrow-gauge railroads that for some years back has been enlisting the capital of the Province to develop and extend it. Neither is any indication given of the lines of the Canada Southern, and the Glencoe Loop Line of the Great Western Railroad, or of any of the recent enterprises in locating routes of travel. Not a word is said, either, of the principal cities of the Provinces, but in lieu of these important matters we have some foolish remarks on page 97 about education and the *Shorter Catechism*, and some equally absurd mention of two great canals—the Rideau especially—on page 102, as representing the great auxiliary of commerce upon which Canada is dependent. It is a pity that a work, good and creditable otherwise, should be spoilt by such inattention as we have pointed out. We feel sure, however, that the enterprise and honesty of the publishers will ere long remedy these defects, and thus render their work more unreservedly acceptable.

THE CANADA EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY and Year Book for 1876, containing an account of the Elementary, Normal, and Secondary Schools, and the Universities and Colleges of the Dominion, with their staffs, courses of study, &c., &c. Edited by Alex. Marling, LL.B., Chief Clerk, Education Department of Ontario. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

The interests of Education have now become so important, and so many are engaged in it throughout Canada, that a compilation such as this was much desired. The editor has seemingly taken a great deal of pains in gathering his information from all sources, and the result is the very useful handbook before us. Digests of the existing School laws and regulations in force in the various Provinces will be found of much service, in addition to the general mass of information concerning the Colleges and Public Schools of the country given in the work. It would be ungracious to have asked for the expenditure of more labour in regard to one of the departments of the book; but we should prefer to have had the list of the holders of Provincial certificates extended so as to have connected each teacher with his school and the section in which he labours. Perhaps, in a future issue of the work, the editor may append this additional information.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE opening paper in the *Fortnightly Review* is a very interesting and valuable one on "Our Dealings with Egypt, and the Possible Results," by Sir George Campbell, until lately Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. His views upon a subject which is attracting public attention just now are deserving of serious consideration. He considers the "tone of undoubting and exulting approval" at the purchase of the Suez Canal shares "evidently, and on the face of it, unreasonable." Sir George sees doubts and perplexities on all sides. He doubts whether the bargain is a good one pecuniarily, and gives a succinct account of the whole transaction. The political results are still more important, and these are of such a nature as to forbid their official discussion. One thing is clear—England has in effect subsidized the Khedive. Then follows a brief survey of the present state of Egypt, its resources and prospects. The question of the occupation of Egypt at some future time is discussed, and rejected as unwise and unnecessary. The writer thinks that the command of the Canal is of no importance as a protection to India, while Russia is so far from the frontier. At the same time he casts a wistful eye to the great Lake region of Africa, and speculates upon the noble opportunities a strong Power established in Egypt would enjoy for its civilization and settlement. The Hon. G. C. Brodrick's paper, "What are Liberal Principles?" is a very cheery one. The writer has no idea of giving way to despondency. He evidently aims at being the Mark Tapley of his party. The "principles" are some half-dozen—the recognition of Progress as a universal social law, the love of Freedom, the belief in civil equality as a right, immutable respect for man as such, respect for political justice, and the preference of national interests for minor interests. Mr. Brodrick believes that there are many subjects on which all Liberals can unite; in fact, there seems, on the writer's showing, a superabundance of them. The second instalment of Mr. Gifford Palgrave's "Dutch Guiana" is deeply interesting, but it does not admit of brief analysis. Mr. Walter Bagehot, the author of "Lombard Street," commences a series of papers on "The Postulates of Political Economy." The present number is introductory, and opens with an inquiry into the reasons why the "dry science" is so repulsive, especially abroad. The writer thinks that this is partly due to misconception as to its nature and scope, partly to a dislike for abstract inquiries, and partly from defects in the method of the economists themselves. Of the last, three are enumerated—1. That it has often been put forward, not as a theory of causes affecting wealth in *certain* societies, but of all the causes affecting it in *every* society. 2. He thinks that economists have been far more abstract, and therefore dry, than they need have been. 3. English economists have not been as fertile as they should have been in verifying their theory. The balance of the paper is occupied with an examination of some economical assumptions, which require to be stated with qualification. Mr. Saintsbury's essay on "Modern English Prose" is an inquiry into the causes which have destroyed style, properly so called, in English composition. Tricks of writing, and mannerism also, the writer admits, but no style properly so called. Some of our popular books, such as Mr. Green's "Short History," are taken to task as inartistic. The claims of Ruskin, Swinburne, and Matthew Arnold to be considered "masters of style," are discussed, and Mr. Froude is held the only writer whose style is "faultless." He, however, has two faults, it appears—"undue diffuseness, and undue aiming at the picturesque." Mr. Pater's "Demeter and Persephone" is concluded; it contains a sketch of the final stages in the development of the myth, and deduces the ethical lessons it inculcates. Mr. Montague Cookson examines "The New Judicature," and suggests improvements.

Having published Prof. Tyndall's reply to his critics in a previous number, we reproduce this month the Rev. James Martineau's rejoinder—the opening paper in the current number of the *Contemporary*. It is unnecessary, therefore, to do more than direct the reader's attention to it. Sir George Bowyer, well known as the author of several works on the Civil Law, attempts a solution of the debated questions between his Church and the State. He is a Conservative Catholic and a member of the House, but has a sovereign contempt for "statesmen." In his paper, "Concordia Sacerdotii atque Imperii," he examines the causes which have led to conflicts between Church and State, and comes to the conclusion that the main cause is a misconception on the part of laymen. If they had only known that the Church was a universal and not a municipal body, and that it moves in a different sphere

altogether from that of the State, they would never have raised their sacrilegious hands against the ark. Hence he speaks contemptuously of "persons in high places, who very seldom deserve to be called statesmen." Sir George is a good scolder, and he repeats this remark in stronger language in another place. There is an easy jauntiness about the manner in which he speaks of ecclesiastical power. Is there any tyranny imposed upon the conscience? What does it matter? No one is bound to submit to it; no one is bound to go to confession, &c. The bulwark of the Church is nothing but "opinion." One or two brief quotations may be made without commen; we fancy they would hardly find favour at the Episcopal palace of Montreal: "The duties of the State and of the Church are distinct and collateral to each other." "The Church is not above the State, nor is the State above the Church." "We do not deny" (but the Syllabus does) "that there are instances in history where ecclesiastical authority has been unduly exercised, and has encroached upon the civil power." "It is a grave error to attempt to justify all that has ever been said or written and done in the Church." It may be added that, like Dr. Newman, Sir George Bowyer denies that the Syllabus is infallible, or binding *de fide* on the consciences of Catholics. Mr. Caldwell's brief paper on the three awful D's is noteworthy. "Demonolatry, Devil-dancing, and Demoniacal Possession," is an appeal for information. His question is, "Does devil-possession, in the sense in which it is referred to in the New Testament, exist at this present time amongst the least civilized nations of the globe?" He then proceeds to give an account of the devil-possession and devil-dancing of Southern India. The narrative is exceedingly graphic; and whilst the self-slashing of the possessed with knives reminds us of Scripture. the general phenomena are those described in the sixth book of the Æneid, where the god inspires the sybil. Mr. Matthew Arnold publishes the first of two lectures on "Bishop Butler and the Zeit-Geist," delivered in Edinburgh. It opens with an amusing reference to the devotion paid in Oxford years ago to two authorities—Butler's Sermons and Aristotle's Ethics. Passing to Butler's substantial claims upon the age, he gives a slight cut by the way at the zeit-geist, so far as it has been disposed to put religion and the theory of morals out of mind, and to try whether man cannot get on without them. Mr. Morley's remark that Diderot took great interest in the productive arts is treated in Mr. Arnold's delicately ironical way. Butler, he remarks, believed that men would meet in religion and morals with what is "exactly suitable to the state of their own mind and the course of their behaviour;" "more suitable, he would certainly have thought," adds the author, "than being instructed how buttons are made, or *papier mâché*." A sketch of Butler's life and character follows, with the opening of a criticism on his method and opinions, which will be completed in the following lecture. Lady Verney's paper on "Old Welsh Legends and Poetry" opens a new and neglected vein in the old Celtic mythology and literature. In these days of Erse and Gaelic revivals, it is surprising that no one has made a systematic effort to put Welsh upon its feet. In this account, which is full of interest, we meet with some old friends, such as Merlin, and an account is given generally of the Bardic Triads, and some of the fugitive literature still afloat in the Principality. Professor Childers contributes a sermon of Buddha, under the title of "The Whole Duty of the Buddhist Layman." It is purely ethical in matter, and in form resembles some portions of the Book of Proverbs. The Rev. Mr. Oxenham continues his paper on "Eternal Perdition and Universalism," but he has not yet got to the heart of his subject. Mr. James Gairdner's "Science, Testimony, and Miracles," in reply to Dr. Carpenter, insists again that the question at issue "is not one of scientific presumption as to the uniformity of nature's laws; it is one with which scienoe has nothing in the world to do. It belongs entirely to the domain of history." Mr. Fry assails the opium trade, and Sir Walter Crofton offers some suggestions on "Recruiting for the Army." Dr. Lightfoot contributes "Supernatural Religion, VII.," which treats of "the later school of St. John"

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A STAGE adaptation of M. Jules Verne's "Tour of the World in Eighty Days" had possession of the boards at the Grand Opera House for nearly half of the past month. In the production of prose fiction, prolific in invention and ingenious in plot and situation, France undoubtedly excels ; and the romance literature of that country has in M. Verne's stories material characteristically native. The main characteristics of that literature are the marvellous and the unreal, mixed with a large amount of triviality, and an occasional *soupçon* of indecency. In M. Verne's productions, happily, we rarely find the latter element present, but the former ingredients are to be found *au plein*, while science and discovery, exploration and travel, supply that material of interest and excitement for which the French mind constantly craves. *Le Tour du Monde* is a story that may be said to be over-possessed by "the shaping spirit of the imagination," and the reader is made to realize the pleasures of a new "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," so far as the dispatch and convulsions of travel in encompassing the world in "eighty days" will permit him to do so. The adaptation, however, gives one no idea of the literary merit of the story. This, indeed, has been sacrificed to pictorial effect; while the light and vivacity which personal exposition should add to it are wanting, or are lost in the bewilderment of the mechanical setting. It is a pity, so far as dramatic art is concerned, that these flashy dramas and brilliant successes should obtain such possession of the stage ; still there are those who are weary of nothing which contributes merely to the excitement of the senses, and this class, unfortunately, supply the material most to be depended upon for packing a theatre when the scene-painter, costumier, and stage-carpenter have been hardest at work.

As a stage spectacle, it is true, the play is a grand attraction, though there is no reason, if the spectacular drama is what the people want, why the stage should not also transfer from the Lecture Hall some of the perambulating panoramas, and serve them up with tinsel and blue light, and the requisite display of the anatomy and movement of the ballet. Those, however, who look to the stage as a means of education, and who cannot afford to travel, might find much to interest and, shall we say, to instruct, in such a piece as "*Le Tour du Monde*." It must, at the same time, be said that it is unnecessary to hold any opinion about acting as an art if the stage is to become the platform for mere mechanical display and the massing of supernumeraries. But though the piece is outside the region of dramatic art, there is much to admire in it, and we watch the successive surprises with that interest which the skill of the clever machinist knows well how to attract. The action, moreover, is continuous and stirring, and there is a novelty and picturesqueness about the varied situations that rivet the attention and excite enthusiasm. As we have said, the story deals with the marvellous, and is the product of a lively imagination and a fertile invention. Briefly, the plot is this :— An English gentleman, of very accurate and methodical habits, playing with a few friends at whist in a room at the [Reform or] Eccentric Club in London, and talking about the robbery of a large sum of money from the Bank of England, which has just taken place, remarks upon the impossibility of the thief successfully hiding himself, as the world has now seemed to have grown smaller, from the increased facilities for transportation, which enable a man to make the tour of the world in eighty days. The possibility of the circuit of the globe in this time being called in question, the Englishman, Mr. Phileas Fogg, makes a bet with his friends that he will demonstrate in himself that possibility, and the wager being taken, he sets out instantly with his valet to accomplish the feat. It is the fulfilment of this daring design that supplies the incident and action of the piece, though the result is achieved by the expenditure of the amount of the bet in the employment, and even purchase, of every means of conveyance which will facilitate the purpose in view. The suddenness of Mr. Fogg's departure, contemporary as it is, also, with the presumed decamping of the Bank robber, and the haste and eccentricity shown by Mr. Fogg *en route*, leads him to be suspected and dogged all the way by a detective, who, at every halting place, endeavours to entrap and detain him until communication can be had with England, and authority for his arrest be secured. This action of the detective, Mr. Fix, interposes at every critical moment impediments, to be incessantly fought against, which endanger the result of the wager, and provide amusement throughout the piece, as the ubiquitous detective has to be grappled with and worsted. At Suez an addition is made to the *dramatis*

personæ in the shape of an enterprising American, who is himself in pursuit of the whimsical, as a test of eligibility for membership of the Eccentric Club, to which Mr. Fogg belongs, and whose vote had previously blackballed him. This fact being known to the American, he conceives the double purpose of avenging his wrongs and of doing an act which will open to him the doors of the Club, by seeking the opportunity of an encounter with the Englishman. This he speedily finds, and on that and later occasions he has passages at arms with him, which only result in defeat to himself, and finally in turning his thirst for the Englishman's blood to admiration and friendship for him, which incite him to be a party to the winning of the wager during the rest of the journey. The Englishman's valet, an agile and alert Frenchman, adds much to the excitement of the piece by the ready service of tongue and hand which he renders his master; while he furthers the accomplishment of the feat by tackling and subduing all obstacles in the path of the travellers in a manner that adds much to the amusement of the spectator. The story, however, is made but the thread by which to connect the series of elaborate and gorgeous views of places of interest *en route*. Scene after scene of great spectacular magnificence is presented; and the piece is so contrived as to introduce a ballet with the remarkable feats of the *danseuses*, Mdlles. Kiralfy and Pelletier, and the terpsichorean agility of M. Kiralfy. The most striking scene introduced was probably that representing a Suttee sacrifice near Calcutta, with all its pomp and cruelty. It gives the opportunity for a bit of melodramatic heroism in the interposition of the travellers at the critical moment whenthe widow of an Indian rajah is about to be burned with her late lord; she is rescued from her intended fate, becomes one of the party until their return to England, where she is made the wife of the imperturbable and unimpassioned Mr. Fogg. The subsequent scenes in this wonderful circuit of the globe introduce to us some semi-real, semi-fantastic incidents of travel, which, if they do not heighten the art of the stage, do credit to its mechanics and its make-believe. A locomotive and train on the Central Pacific Railroad, and a scene on board an Atlantic steamer, with the exciting tableau of an explosion, the escape of the party on a portion of the wreck, and their subsequent rescue and landing at Liverpool, are scenes of enthralling interest and of stimulating effect upon the audience. But we reach the end of the piece; and after an anxious interval, in which the result of Mr. Fogg's wager hangs in doubt, the curtain closes upon its successful issue, and upon a scene curiously foreign to the respectability and propriety that characterize London Clubs. As an entertainment of its kind, the piece may be said to be emphatically successful. The scenery and dresses are gorgeous; and its setting excites wonder and admiration. But its place is with that of the pantomimes and spectacular representations of the holiday season. As produced at the Grand Opera House, it was innocent of all effort at acting, if we may except Mr. Fix's ingenuities and Passepartout's oddities. Mr. Metkiff, as Mr. Fogg, gave some idea of the impossible Englishman whom M. Verne has sketched in the story.

The most noteworthy of the other pieces played at the Grand Opera House during the month was Mr. Dion Boucicault's well known sensational drama, "The Octoroon," which was put on the stage and acted in excellent style. Mr. Grismer gave a very fine performance of the Indian, *Wahnotee*. The stolidity and reticence of this untutored child of nature, his craving for fire-water, his animal-like devotion towards those for whom he has conceived an affection, as in the case of the boy Paul, and his unrelenting, sleepless, and stealthy pursuit of vengeance when once the thirst for it has been aroused, were all presented with striking realism. Mr. Grismer has made rapid strides in his arduous profession since his first appearance in Toronto. To perform, within the short space of a week or two, such diverse and difficult characters as Romeo, Philip Faulconbridge in "King John," Philip II. in "Queen Mary," and Wahnotee, and to act them all as well as Mr. Grismer did, was a really remarkable display of versatility and histrionic aptitude. This hard-working and promising young actor has succeeded in getting rid of most of the defects which marred his performances early in the season. The principal one yet remaining to be removed is a nasal intonation which occasionally disfigures his elocution: no doubt with care and pains this also may be eradicated. Of the other characters in "The Octoroon," the best played were *Salem Scudder* (Mr. Curtis), *Jacob McClosky* (Mr. Farwell), *Solon* (Mr. Semblar), *Old Pete* (Mr. Sambrook), *Zoe* (Miss Davenport), *Dido* (Miss Delmar), and the boy *Paul*, (Miss Virginia Marlowe).

Among the other plays produced was Mr. John Brougham's dramatization of "Dombey and Son," the principal feature of which was Mr. Spackman's excellent performance of *Captain Cuttle*. One of the foremost attractions during March, we understand, will be the appearance of Mr. Dominic Murray, perhaps the best "character" actor now on the stage. He made a very favourable impression here last season, and ought to be well received.

The "struggle for existence" which it was easy to foresee would take place between the two Opera houses in this city, and which has been going on ever since they were opened in September, 1874, has resulted disastrously,

for the present at least, to the "Royal," the last lessee of which recently succumbed to financial pressure. The owner, Mr. French, may, however, console himself with the reflection that he has fought a brave fight, and that if he has been worsted it has been from no want of energy on his part, but simply from the fact that the "environment" of his charming theatre (to wit, the City of Toronto) is incapable of affording sustenance adequate to keep up the vitality of two "organisms" requiring such an ample supply of nutriment (in the shape of patronage) as do the establishments conducted by himself and by Mrs. Morrison, and that consequently, in conformity with those laws of "natural selection" and "the survival of the fittest" which appear to operate as inexorably in the dramatic world as Messrs. Darwin and Herbert Spencer assure us they do in the world of life, one of the two had to suffer extinction. Another consoling fact was that the death scene was a graceful and effective one, being rendered brilliant, indeed, by the help of bright costumes, pretty tableaux nicely lit up with red fire, fresh female voices, the sparkling music of Offenbach, Lecocq, and Donizetti, and all the rest of the witchery, nonsense, botheration, and *diablerie* of opera-bouffe in its choicest guise. This mitigating circumstance must be placed to the credit of the small but efficient company of Miss Julia Matthews. The operas performed during their brief season of two weeks were "H. I. H. the Grand Duke," a burlesque of "Lurline," "Giroflé-Girofla," "The Daughter of the Regiment," and "The Grand Duchess." As a matter of course, the principal attraction was Miss Matthews herself. This lady has the reputation of being, with the possible exception of Pauline Rita, the best exponent of English opera-bouffe on the London stage—a reputation which she amply sustained here. Others may surpass her in one particular or another, but taking her altogether—voice, singing, acting, and manner—she is unquestionably the best artiste in her particular line that we have had in Toronto. A close and curious general resemblance to Miss Sallie Holman was very observable; but Miss Matthews has the advantage of her Canadian rival in voice and facility of vocalization, and, in most parts, in the matter of acting also. She appeared to best advantage as the twin sisters in "Giroflé-Girofla," Lecocq's brightest opera, the sparkling music of which she sang charmingly. In the "Grand Duchess" her superiority over our Canadian *prima donna* was less apparent, her performance being somewhat marred by a nonchalant carelessness, arising probably from her having appeared in the *rôle* so frequently. It must be remembered, however, that the *Grand Duchess* of Miss Holman is exceptionally good, being altogether the best of her impersonations. The only other artist of the company who can be mentioned with Miss Matthews, as belonging to the first rank, was Mr. Hall. A severe cold from which he suffered throughout his engagement made it impossible to form any opinion of his merits as a singer, but as a burlesque actor he was irresistibly amusing. His *General Boum*, in "The Grand Duchess," and the *Seneschal*, in "Lurline," were full of genuine fun; and on the whole this capital actor provoked more laughter than any we have seen for a long while. Mr. Forrester, the tenor of the troupe, has a light voice, partaking of the baritone quality, sang agreeably, acted with a good deal of spirit, and altogether proved himself very acceptable. Miss Larkelle has a pleasing contralto voice, and sang and acted well, being particularly good as *Prince Paul;* while Miss Albertazzi made a pleasant and vivacious *Wanda.* A feature which made the performances of this troupe more attractive was the almost complete absence of that vulgarity which it seems impossible quite to eradicate from opera-bouffe. The only conspicuous offender in this line was the gentleman who, in "Lurline," burlesqued the part of a ballet dancer. On the whole, however, the performances of the troupe were very enjoyable, and were felt as a welcome relief after the unduly heavy legitimate business at the Grand Opera House, in the shape of Miss Dargon's *Queen Mary.*

During the past month the people of Toronto had a surfeit of good things; and besides the entertainments mentioned above, we have to notice the concerts given by Madame Arabella Goddard, the celebrated pianiste, and by Madame Camilla Urso, the equally celebrated violiniste. Of Madame Goddard it is difficult to speak. Her selection of pieces was utterly unworthy of her world-wide reputation, or indeed of any artist aspiring to the first rank. Several Toronto amateurs might be named who could have performed, and performed satisfactorily, every number on the programme. Under these circumstances, it was impossible not to feel a certain sense of disappointment. Still, there was enough to give an indication of Madame Goddard's principal characteristics as a player—brilliant execution, a perfect ease which showed a thorough mastery over the technique of the instrument, an excellent touch except when playing *fortissimo*, and immense power. It was also made manifest, we think, that her general style is coldly mechanical and unsympathetic. There was a very conspicuous lack of the genuine fire. This defect was very evident in the magnificent funeral march in Beethoven's A flat sonata (op. 26), a marvellously thrilling composition when adequately interpreted. On the other hand, however, in the two short fantasias on Scotch airs with which Madame Goddard wound up her

portion of the programme, some of the melodies ("Annie Laurie" particularly) were played very sweetly. Madame Goddard was assisted by Miss Adelaide Randall (*mezzo-soprano*), a young lady who appeared in Toronto in August last with the Mohalbi Opera Troupe, and made a very favourable impression then as *Nancy* in "Martha;" Mr. Louis Melbourne, a fine baritone, from Carl Rosa's Opera Company; and Mr. Mark Keiser, a young but excellent violinist. The portions of the programme allotted to these performers were all very well rendered, and highly appreciated by the audience.

Of Madame Urso there need be no difficulty in speaking. Among lady performers on the violin she stands without a rival, except Madame Norman-Neruda, an artiste who has never visited this continent, we believe. Indeed, it would be hard to name a male performer among those who have appeared in Toronto by whom Madame Urso has been surpassed. She is, indeed, simply superb. The noticeable qualities of her playing are breadth and gorgeousness of tone; the fine, free action and sweep of her bow arm; and the perfect finish of her execution, even in the most difficult florid and *staccato* passages. Her selections were exceedingly good, with one exception—the "Rondo Papageno," by Ernst. No doubt this is a piece well adapted to display the artiste's thorough mastery of the instrument; indeed, during its performance the play of the fingers of her left hand was a sight to witness; still, a popular audience cares but little for such feats of legerdemain, and prefers something of a melodious character. Madame Urso was, of course, vociferously encored in both her solos, and very obligingly responded. On the latter occasion she gave "The Last Rose of Summer." We should have preferred to hear this without the mute—a device which savours somewhat of claptrap. No doubt a certain silkiness of tone is thereby imparted to the instrument, but this is done at the expense of robbing it of much of its thrilling and sympathetic quality. Mdme. Urso was assisted by four singers—Mrs. Louise Oliver, soprano; Miss Clara Poole, contralto; Mr. J. C. Bartlett, tenor; and Mr. Gaston Gottschalk, baritone—who sang several quartettes (two of them being unaccompanied) exquisitely. Mrs. Oliver sang a couple of solos, one being an encore. It is surprising that this lady has not been noticed more favourably in the press, as she is unquestionably the finest singer we have had in Toronto since the Kellogg Opera Troupe were here. She has a superb voice—youthful, fresh, velvety, and of great power; and she sings with splendid fire and energy. Miss Poole was apparently suffering from a cold, and the solo allotted to her on the programme was omitted. Messrs. Bartlett and Gottschalk both sang their solos well and were encored. The pianist was Mr. August Sauret, who played a couple of pieces with remarkable brilliancy of execution. His general style, however, is deficient in largeness—a drawback which was severely felt in his interpretation of the magnificent arrangement by Lizst of the grand march from Wagner's "Tannhauser," for the proper rendering of which a weighty and massive touch is an essential requisite.

Among musical events *in prospectu* is a visit from Herr Von Bulow, who we understand will give two concerts in April, at Shaftesbury Hall, in this city. He will probably be accompanied by Miss Lizzie Cronyn, a young Canadian *prima donna* who recently created quite a *furore* in Italy. Considering the nature of Madame Goddard's programme, spoken of above, it was fortunate for that lady that her visit here preceded that of the great German pianist.

The Toronto Philharmonic Society are steadily practising at Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and a public performance may be expected at an early day.

LITERARY NOTES.

The new work (a temperance story) by the author of "Ginx's Baby" has called out a good deal of criticism of an adverse character. The following review of the book appearing in a recent number of *Appleton's Journal*, so truly hits off the objectionable features of temperance literature, of which Mr. Jenkins gives us so revolting a specimen in "The Devil'sChain," that we are induced to quote it :—

"The author of such a book as Mr. Edward Jenkins's "The Devil's Chain" (New York: Harper & Brothers) should be very sure of its proving useful, for otherwise it is an inexcusable outrage against decency, taste, and the very temperance which it is its professed object to promote. When a man goes out of his way to gather up the foulest garbage of the police-courts, brothels, and groggeries, his work is good or bad according to the results which flow from it—and we can at least suspend judgment regarding it; but when he dishes up his unsavoury gleanings, and offers them to the public, the *raison d'etre* of the work should be very clear indeed. We have no doubt that Mr. Jenkins has convinced himself that "The Devil's Chain" has given an entirely adequate reason for existence when he describes it as an attempt to exhibit "in rude, stern, truthful outlines the full features and proportions of the abuses" of drinking, in the hope that such an exhibit will rouse "some men of quiet digestion out of their apathy," and induce them to participate in the crusade against the dram-shops. He belongs to the now familiar class of people who imagine that hooting, and shouting, and shrieking, are more effective methods of influencing mankind than sound and temperate argument; who think civilization promoted by fireworks, and mental progress by a series of moral shocks. Having had his eyes suddenly opened (as he confesses in his dedication) to the "fell, disastrous, and diabolical effects" of the traffic in drink, he jumps to the conclusion that the way to put it down will be to create an hypothetical figure, covered with all the festering sores of modern society, and parade it before the public with beating of gongs and blast of trumpets, as the normal and inevitable offspring of that "social glass" of which we are in general so tolerant. It probably never occurred to him that such a performance is liable to do more harm than good by causing the public, in disgust at his distortions and exaggerations, to close its eyes to representations of any kind upon the subject. Yet it requires but a very slight knowledge of human nature to perceive that this is an extremely probable result. Nothing is more certain than that the cause of temperance has been more seriously injured by the riotous extravagance of its champions than by all other influences combined. It has divided the public into two classes—the fanatics and the indifferentists—and practically barred out of the field all scientific investigators and genuine reformers. So far from proving a help to the cause which Mr. Jenkins professes to have at heart, we believe that his "Devil's Chain" will simply increase *pro tanto* the weight which it is compelled to drag after it.

And this brings us to the remark that Mr. Jenkins's work differs in no respect from much that has been previously done in the same field. Its horrors could be easily duplicated from tracts that have been in circulation for years; and it is but very little superior in style or method of treatment. In short, "The Devil's Chain" is a temperance tract, pure and simple, and in no respect entitled to more attention than is usually bestowed upon literature of that kind.

Messrs. George Bell & Sons, the successors to and present owners of the valuable series of copyrights known as the Bohn Libraries, have made some recent additions to the series which add to its attractions. Of these we may enumerate a two-volume edition of Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe;" a new issue, from the edition of 1765, of Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Early English Poetry," also in two volumes; and single volume issues, in the 5s. and 3s. 6d. Libraries, of Donaldson's "Theatre of the Greeks," Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi" (The Betrothed), Goethe's "Poems and Ballads," and Schiller's "Æsthetical Essays."

Messrs. Macmillan's forthcoming publications, announced for immediate issue, embrace Mr. Gladstone's new work, "Homeric Syncronism: an Inquiry into the Time and Place of Homer;" a volume of "Stray Studies in Italy and England," by Mr. J. R. Green, author of the "Short History of the English People," which has recently risen into high fame; and the issue for 1876 of Mr. Martin's useful "Statesman's Year Book."

Messrs. Scribner, of New York, are about to

issue a prose story by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," entitled "Miss Hitchcock's Wedding Dress." Readers of the author's exquisite poetic idyl of conjugal life will look with interest for this new production, which, it is said, presents a happy bit of character sketching in Miranda, the young lady who is the heroine of the story. From the same house we have a reprint of a volume of "Original Plays," by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, author of "The Bab Ballads," comprising his "Pygmalion and Galatea," and other successful stage productions. The plays, it may be added, may be read and enjoyed as poems by persons who have never entered the walls of a theatre.

Messrs. Putnam have just added to their new series of Brief Biographies of Contemporary Statesmen two volumes, one on "English Radical Leaders," and the other on "French Political Leaders," admirably carrying out the design of the series, to present in compact shape such information respecting the lives and political history of English and French public men as can be gleaned from authentic sources.

A volume of "Songs of Religion and Life," from the pen of the Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, John Stuart Blackie, has just been reprinted in New York. The work in part reproduces some of the author's "Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece," which has been long out of print, together with some recent lyrical pieces—all having, as the author explains, a common object, viz., "the cultivation of religious reverence without sectarian dogmatism, and of poetical sentiment tending not so much to amuse or to tickle the fancy as to purify the passions and to regulate the conduct of life."

Messrs. Belford Bros., of Toronto, issue a Canadian copyright edition of the posthumous, but uncompleted, novel of the late Lord Lytton, entitled "Pausanias, the Spartan." The story is prefaced by a long explanatory dedication from the pen of his son, the new Viceroy of India, which outlines the design of the story so as to give it completeness for the reader's perusal. The other issues of the month, of this firm, consist of a reprint of Marion Harland's "Common Sense in the Household"—an invaluable cookery book; and a collected volume of recent verse, contributed by Jean Ingelow, J. G. Whittier, and Longfellow.

The promised library edition of Green's "Short History of the English People" is not to appear. In attempting to revise his work the author found it grow upon him to such an extent that, unwilling either to reprint the book as it is, or to make an imperfect revision of it, he was led into undertaking a new and much more extensive history. This he will call a "History of the English People," and the first volume is said to be nearly completed, and likely to be published early next autumn.

George Macdonald, the novelist, it is said, will enter the lists against Profs. Tyndall, Proctor, and the other modern scientists, by the publication of a Theological romance, to be entitled "Thomas Wingfold, Curate," which will attempt to controvert the new scientific doctrines touching religion, &c., with as much fulness as the necessarily limited scope of a novel will permit.

Messrs. Harpers' recent additions to their Library of Select Novels embrace a new work of fiction, by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled "The Curate in Charge;" and a story entitled "His Natural Life," by Marcus Clarke. Mrs. Oliphant's story deals delightfully with English country life; Mr. Clarke's theme is the English transportation system for penal offences—a subject which he weaves into his story with remarkable power and dramatic effect.

The fifth and concluding volume of Mr. Freeman's great work on "The History of the Norman Conquest" is, we learn, in an advanced state for publication. It will comprise sketches of the reigns of William Rufus, Henry I., Stephen, and Henry II., looked at mainly with regard to the fusion of Normans and English, together with chapters on the effects of the Norman Conquest on political, social, and ecclesiastical matters, and on the national life generally.

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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 4.] WHOLE NUMBER LII. [Vol. 9.

APRIL, 1876.

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The short sketch by Miss GEORGIANA M. CRAIK, entitled "CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S BIRTHPLACE," which also appears in this number, is likewise published by arrangement with the author.

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L. LETELLIER,
Minister of Agriculture.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
Ottawa.

THE

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THE EARTH AND MAN.

BY REV. CANON O'MEARA, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, WINNIPEG.

GREAT, wonderful, and manifold have been the triumphs of man over nature. In all ages, and in none more than in the present, the God-given inheritance of reason and will has obtained for our race the sway over the world of matter. No lands have been too remote for man to penetrate, no seas too broad for him to cross, no powers of nature too vast or terrible for him to bend them to his will, and make servants and handmaidens of his all-pervading genius. And since we, as a race, have a very exalted opinion of our own powers and importance, these victories of ours over the outside world have been very largely and plentifully dilated on. Poets have made them the subjects of their most stirring measures; philosophers have moralized on them with self-satisfied complacency; they have kindled the tongue of the orator, and caused it to glow with all the fire of eloquence; and even the painter has not scorned to immortalize them on the canvas.

The prominence thus given to the influence of *man* upon *matter*, makes us, I think, a little too apt to forget that there is quite another side to the picture. Looking as we do on the long and glorious panorama unfolded to our view by the annals of our race—a panorama representing with more or less faithfulness and truth the victories achieved and the influence exerted by the human will over the so-called dead world of matter—we are very prone to turn our backs upon another and no less interesting picture, that of the influence for good or evil wielded by the powers of nature over the lives and destinies of the human race. That such influence is a real and a great one no thoughtful man can for a moment doubt. But few of us have, I think, an adequate conception of *how great* has been the power exerted by the physical world in moulding and fashioning the individual and collective life of our race, from the time when our first parents wandered amid the trickling fountains and the shady groves of the Garden of Eden down to the present day, when well-nigh every hill and valley, and every forest and plain, re-echoes to the sound of our industries, our pleasures, and our strifes. In some small measure to trace and illustrate the subtle connection between the life of the race and its physical surroundings will be the endeavour of your lecturer* this evening, and he hopes that he may obtain the pardon of his audience if,

* This paper was originally delivered as a lecture.

Regard incessantly from here to the end.

from his necessarily weak and imperfect handling of the subject, so noble a theme should lose, in the minds of those who hear him, any of that interest which ought to belong to it.

Under the term *Physical Geography* are included a variety of different factors. For, as has been well observed by an eminent writer upon this subject, *mere* description is not sufficient to give us an adequate and connected idea of the whole surface of our globe, not only in its individual parts but in its entirety. We must ascend to the causes and descend to the consequences of the various physical phenomena presented to us in our survey of the earth's surface, ere our system of Physical Geography be complete. I would therefore define Physical Geography to be the aggregate of those facts which we glean from a study of the earth's surface, diversified as it is by sea and land, mountains and valleys, lakes and rivers, winds and tides; and, combined with this, some considerable acquaintance with the causes which underlie the mutual action and reaction of these various natural phenomena. Let me illustrate to you the necessity of some acquaintance with the causes of which I speak. Our geographies inform us that certain fogs arise continually off the coast of Newfoundland; but how meagre and unsatisfactory would be this as a mere fact, were we not also to discover the cause of this phenomenon to be the meeting of two opposite and distinct currents of water—the one proceeding from the cold waters of the Arctic Ocean, the other carrying with it across the Atlantic the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. In a full and complete system of Physical Geography must also be included all climatic influences, such as the prevailing winds, the relative amount of heat and cold, the slope of any particular country or continent, its amount of coast line, and many other particulars, all of which have some bearing on the character of the country, and the occupations and destinies of its people.

Taking Physical Geography in this broad and extensive sense, we shall find, I think, that its connection with the collective life of our race has been close and intimate.

Not only the inspired Word of God itself, but the traditions of nearly all the great races of the world point to the plains lying along the upper portion of the Tigris and Euphrates as the cradle of the human race. And in the natural features of that country we find many reasons to prove to us the wisdom of the Creator in selecting that particular locality as the birthplace of mankind. The soil is rendered rich by the alluvial deposits left by the periodical overflow of the rivers, and thus agriculture was rendered easy and simple to our infant race; while, on the other hand, the want of rain obliging them to have recourse to artificial irrigation, and also their struggles to keep the rivers within bounds, had a tendency to develop and foster careful industry and considerable attention to the useful arts. But as population increased and the circles of settlement grew wider and wider, the inhabitants of the different sections of country began each to assume different characteristics—each to bear different types stamped on them by their physical surroundings.

The old world may be divided into two great and essentially different portions, viz., the country lying west of the Hindoo Koosh mountains, including the western portion of Asia and the whole of Europe; and that lying east of that range of mountains, which section includes India, Burmah, China, and Japan.

Let us glance briefly at the grand physical characteristics of the latter portion. We find it a region in which the soil is richer and requires less laborious cultivation than in the west; the climate is more enervating in its effects upon the human system. Again, we find that the whole of Eastern Asia is one vast inclosure, shut in by mountain ranges; and across this run mountain ridges which cut it up into countries and tracts, shut out from each other by almost impassable barriers. You will easily see what would be the effect upon national character of these natural phenomena. The easiness of cultivation, combined with the enervating climate, would make the inhabitants indolent and greatly lacking in energy. Again, the great mountain barriers would tend to shut each nation in upon itself, and to prevent free and extensive commerce among the different peoples of the continent. Furnished so easily with all that they required by the hand of bountiful Nature, these Eastern nations had no mind to travel beyond the confines of their own country to obtain all that could make life easy and pleasant. Thus would grow up a spirit of exclusiveness, of intense dislike

to foreign relationships, an intense antipathy to foreign travel; and this spirit, acting on the nation as a whole, would affect it in its domestic life. We should naturally expect to find the East essentially the land of classes —of classes hemmed in by barriers as unchanging and impassable as the everlasting hills themselves.

Another cause operating upon national character may be found in the monotony of the country thus shut in within those mountain peaks. There were no pleasing changes from sloping valley to sunlit hill, but one long expanse of plain. And here let me remark that the highest development of the human race seems to be reached in a condition of surroundings, mental, moral, and physical, in which variety is the prevailing law. There is something in variety which stimulates the senses to a keener activity, quickens the moral energies, and brightens and sharpens all the powers and faculties of the mind; the continual change from one condition to another, requiring continuous forethought and renewed physical and mental exertion to adapt oneself to the change of circumstances; the continual variety of scene and surroundings, requiring fresh intellectual effort to comprehend and appreciate them. All these benefits of variety were lost to the inhabitants of those Eastern plain countries, and thus we should expect to find their character and their history alike bearing the stamp of monotony, And do we not find, in the actual history of these people, that such has been the case? You all know how intensely exclusive has been, till within very late years, the policy pursued by the Empires of China and Japan; so that it was only when almost forced to it at the cannon's mouth that they opened their ports to commerce and intercourse with foreign nations. We have all heard of the system of caste in India, and of its rigid exclusiveness; and in the fact of these nations being so shut out from one another, combined with the monotonous character of their country, we can find a reason for the stationary nature of their history, and the traditionary character of their institutions. Away back into the dim and distant past, with hardly a way-mark on the great march of time to distinguish from each other the centuries as they rolled by, stretch the annals and records of those oriental peoples. While one political earthquake after another was changing the whole social, civil, and religious aspect of Europe, these peoples remained essentially the same.

And now let us follow the course of the Western peoples—those who, descending the western slopes of the Bolor and Hindoo Koosh mountains, took their way towards the setting sun. Upon entering Europe they at once found themselves in a land which, from its character, was well fitted to develop to the full all the faculties and powers of the race. Nature yielded none of her treasures save at the summons of earnest labour. Lying as it does almost entirely within the temperate zone, Europe is the natural home of energy and progress. Nature, while calling out man's energies to the full, gives him the promise of something beyond the bare necessaries of life; so that, having thus, by labour and perseverance, provided for his merely physical wants, he may have leisure to cultivate the higher faculties of the intellectual nature. To the fathers of our race nature proved herself, on the one hand, no over-indulgent mother, by the lavishness of her gifts killing out all energy of action, all force of character, all earnestness of purpose; and on the other, no stern and unloving parent, denying to her children all save the barest necessities of existence. She was rather the thoughtful and considerate mother, assisting and sustaining the first steps of her children, while encouraging them to independence of action and self-reliance, stimulating to fresh exertions by holding out to them the hope of great and yet greater rewards awaiting on energetic labour, aided by skill and forethought; and not only the climate and character of the soil, but the formation of the country as well, favoured the first settlers. The immense proportion of seaboard that Europe possesses, as compared with the other continents of the old world—arms of the sea running into and penetrating the land to an extent not even approached in any other part of the world—with the mountain ranges so situated as, on the one hand, not to hinder the different countries from having free intercourse with one another; and on the other, to afford that diversity to the surface of the country which has such a beneficial effect on the character of its people—with an atmosphere as far removed from the dryness which prevails in lands too far remote from

the sea, as it is from that oceanic atmosphere which is experienced in islands far out in the ocean, and which, by its excessive moisture, has a tendency to render the inhabitants lethargic and apathetic. With all these advantages, you will readily perceive that Europe was the fitting cradle and home of those mighty nations which, by the sword of the conqueror, or the pen of the writer, or the hand of the artizan, have graven deep their story in the imperishable records of the race. Of these different causes, the one perhaps which most of all conduced to the greatness of Europe was the facility of intercourse among its different peoples. "Men run to and fro, and knowledge is increased." Such is the utterance of Divine wisdom, and such has been the lesson taught us by all history. It is as impossible for a nation, as for an individual, to grow to greatness by itself. The man who goes not forth to commune with his brother men—to sharpen his intellect, and enrich his store of knowledge by the mutual exchange of ideas—to gather the ripe fruits of experience left him by his fellows, becomes a mystic and a dreamer; one who can never be fit to play his part in the great drama of real life. And so it is with nations. If, either by natural barriers, or national ignorance or prejudice, they are shut in on their own ideas, their own resources, their own plans of action, then they can never hope to rank high in the muster roll of nations. Happy is it for a nation or a continent when nature has paved the way, by her wise arrangements, for the free interchange of commodities and ideas.

And now let us take a brief survey of some of those countries which have played the chief parts in European history. And first let us turn our attention to a certain island in the German Ocean, whose name must be dear to most, if not to all, of those to whom I speak; dear to some by cherished memories of childhood and of home, by well-remembered visions of a quiet English village, or peaceful farm-house, or thriving town or crowded city, where dwell those towards whom their hearts are ever turning, reaching with their arms of love across the wide expanse of sea and land which stretches between them; dear to others by the heritage of a glorious name, a birthright of honour and renown, which is the noblest legacy handed down from British sire to Canadian son, and which is the peculiar property and most precious possession of every son and daughter of our new Dominion. Let us seek to discover some of the physical causes which, along with other causes of no less importance, have conduced to place England in the proud position she occupies in this nineteenth century, and to make her the nation which she is to-day—a nation which has given to the world its bravest soldiers and its ablest statesmen, which has bestowed on literature its brightest ornaments, and which has given to science and philosophy some of their profoundest thinkers and most ardent disciples; a nation whose keels plough the waves of every sea; a nation which, by her manufactures and her commerce, has amassed wealth surpassing far the fabled riches of Ormuz and of Ind; and, above all, a nation which has been privileged to be the missionary nation of the world—one which, under God, has carried the old, old story of the Gospel far and wide—whose sons have borne the standard of the Cross through burning heat and Arctic cold, through storm and tempest, through danger and through death, till to-day that standard waves from the frozen shores of the Hudson's Bay to the coral isles of the South—from the palm groves of India to the pine-clad slopes of the Pacific.

In the first place, we remark that England is almost in the centre of the land hemisphere—the great heart of the world, from which are sent out the veins and arteries of commerce and of enterprise. Again, though lying between the same parallels of latitude as the country round the Hudson's Bay, the climate of the British Isles is rendered moderate and equable not only by the near presence of the sea, but also by the influence of the Gulf Stream, whose waters, carried like a mighty river across the ocean from the Gulf of Mexico, preserving their warmth to a great extent, strike first the shores of Ireland, making it, indeed, an emerald isle, and then wash the coast of England. There are three causes which go to make England the manufacturing country which she is. First, her jagged and deeply indented coast-line, bringing her at every point near the sea. That great highway of the nation made it, in the first place, easy for her to bring to her great manufacturing centres the raw material from India and America; and, in

the second, it afforded her an easy means of sending to all parts of the globe her manufactured stuffs. Again, in these days, when so much of success in manufacture depends upon the wide-spread application of machinery, driven by steam or water, you will see of how great benefit to England are the numerous little streams that water it, and, above all, the vast coal-fields, giving her the means of a cheap and abundant supply of steam power. Again, the presence of iron in large quantities, affording her material wherewith to make her machinery, has also assisted in building up the manufactures of England.

Again, see what an influence her insular position has had upon the history of England. Once rendered strong at sea by an efficient navy, England was nearly secure from foreign invasion or from permanent conquest. While this acted as her safeguard, it also exercised a very beneficial effect by preventing her from becoming, to any very great extent, a continental Power. In the few instances in which English kings have sought to achieve European conquests, they have fortunately either failed at once, or been unable to retain the countries they had seized. Thus remote from the systems of European nations, she has held, as it were, the position of mediator between the nations of Europe. Glance for a moment at the physical geography of Ireland, so easy of conquest, while all the armies of the Plantagenets were powerless permanently to subdue Scotland. Was it because the Irish were less brave than the Scotch that such was the case? I, who have in my veins a very good share of Irish blood, would be the last one to cast such a slur upon that nation of "fair women and brave men." We find the reason, I think, in the structure of the country. The whole centre of Ireland is one vast plain. Its mountain ranges are all scattered along the sea coast. Once the invaders crossed the mountains at the edge, there was nothing to prevent them obtaining a firm hold of the country. The sole refuge of the conquered lay in a few mountain ranges at the north and east and west, separated far from each other. How very different might have been the results had there been some strong central mountain range, in which the Irish might have banded themselves together to resist their Sassenach invaders. Scotland, however, has a great advantage in her mountains. However strong an English invader might be, he was always stopped at the foot of the Grampians. The patriot Scots, when defeated by superior numbers in the plains of the lowlands, might always retreat upon the highlands, and there make a stand, and from this point of vantage so harass their southern foes as to make them glad to evacuate the country. Such is the history of the brave days of Wallace and of Bruce—days of which every Scotchman may well be proud, and to which even an Englishman can now afford to look back with a certain satisfaction; for was it not the same spirit of indomitable courage and high-souled patriotism which fired the hearts of those heroes of the olden time that nerved the arm and sped swift the footsteps of a Havelock and a Campbell, as they bore England's banners to the relief of her children and the overthrow of her murderous enemies? Was it not the same blood that dyed the heather of Bannockburn, that has flowed so freely on well-nigh every field of battle since then, where honour and renown have been reaped for the dear old flag?

And now let us see what light is thrown upon the history of France by a study of her Physical Geography. As a great manufacturing country she can never hope to rank, but there are some of the finer manufactures which, on account of its drier and sunnier atmosphere, and the delicate touch and keen perception which such a climate helps to form, may be carried on in France to a much greater extent than they ever could be in England. During the days of hand labour, France led the Western world in manufactures; but as soon as machinery was introduced, then, with little water power and no coal, France necessarily sank into the background. Then look at the features of France as, to a great extent, determining her military history. Observe her central position—Italy on one side, Germany on another, Spain on a third, with the Pyrenees, the Alps, Jura, and the Vosges all surrounding her, so that in case of defeat her beaten armies might fall back on these and rally their strength for a fresh effort. You can see at once that France would naturally become the aggressive Power of Europe; from her central position, striking in several directions at once, she might lay all the Continent at her feet. But once let the con-

quered nations rally, and unite to resist her, then what should we expect? Once having passed the mountains—which, though difficult, are not impassable to a firm and determined foe—once having passed these, the whole of France would be in their power, and there would be nothing to prevent them marching straight on the capital itself. And is not such, to a great extent, the history of France? Remember the wars of Napoleon—how, leading on his armies east and south, he laid all Europe at his feet; but once they united, then, having beaten Napoleon and passed the mountain barriers, they marched straight on Paris itself.

And now let me refer you to a country whose story seems somewhat at variance with the ideas I have been seeking to propound—Greece. The difficulty lies here. Greece is the same now, physically speaking, as she was in her palmy days of glory and of greatness, when her painters and her sculptors gave to art its richest treasures; when her lyre re-echoed to the sweetest songs that earth has ever heard; when those grand old dramas were produced which have served as the model of all true dramatic art since then; when her statesmen gave utterance to those orations which were mighty to move the multitudes, stirring them to passion or firing them to patriotism, leaving as their legacy to the world masterpieces of eloquence, which, for beauty of style and resistless power of expression, have seldom been equalled and never been excelled; when her armies marched on from victory to victory, shaking to their base the mightiest dynasties of the East.

And yet, though her hills and rivers, her fertile plains, her sounding shores, her deep blue sky, are all the same, how changed are her people! Well might the poet sing as he stood on the site of her vanished glory—

> "The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
> Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
> Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
> Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
> Eternal summer gilds them yet,
> But all, except their sun, is set."

And now let us seek, to some extent, to account for this great change in the fortunes of this wonderful land. You will remember that the life of Greece was essentially a city life. It is Athens, or Corinth, or Sparta, or Thebes, of which we hear as playing the chief part in the great historical drama; and this the natural features of the country favoured. It is a hilly country, enclosing little fertile valleys, with well-watered fields. In the centre of the valley was the city. These cities, with their little stretch of valley country round them, and their few dependent villages, formed a series of independent States, united to the others only by common religious festivals, a common language, and, sometimes, the resistance of a common foe. The strength of these States lay in their independence and in the flourishing condition of their cities; and as soon as the world-conquering Alexander destroyed their independence and laid low the cities, then the heart, as it were, was taken out of the greatness of Greece.

And now I come to the last division of my lecture. I have now to draw nearer home, and speak of the New World. And, before I go any farther, let me mention a few of the most general natural peculiarities which distinguish the New World from the Old. The former, as contrasted with the latter, is essentially the moist continent. From its shape, stretched out from north to south to great length, while it is comparatively narrow from east to west, it is much more under the influence of the damp winds coming from those two vast bodies of water, the Atlantic and the Pacific, than is the Old World. Again, it is essentially the land of seas, rivers, and lakes. Nowhere in the whole extent of the three continents which compose the Old World are there such mighty rivers as the Amazon, over 3,000 miles in length, draining a surface of over a million and a half square miles; the Mississippi, over 3,000 miles in length; with other great streams, such as the St. Lawrence, the Ohio, the Missouri, the Saskatchewan. Again, look at the lakes of the New World. The immense bodies of fresh water connected by the River St. Lawrence cover a surface of nearly 80,000 square miles, and contain nearly one-half of all the fresh water on the globe. And they are not all; for have we not Winnipeg, Arthabaska, Great Slave, and Great Bear Lakes, worthy to be ranked side by side with their southern brethren? And now let us see what effect this prevalence of the water element has upon the continent as the abode of man. In the first place, as has been ably shown by M. Guyot, a writer to whose excellent work I

have been much indebted for some of the materials of this lecture, warmth and moisture are the most favourable conditions for the production of an exuberant vegetation. All forms of vegetable life find their highest realization in the New World, whether it be the bright tropic flower and palm groves of the south or the stately forests and goodly corn lands of the north. And it is on account of this prevalence of moisture that we find none of those great sand deserts which are so numerous in the Old World. The only desert in North America is that known as the Great American Desert; and, as we were informed by the able lecturer to whom we had the privilege of listening a few weeks ago, this is not a desert absolutely, but only relatively to the more fertile lands to the eastward of it. And I believe a reason for the comparative barrenness of the soil may be found in the fact that it is, on the one hand, so far removed from the Atlantic that the ocean winds lose all their moisture before they reach it; and, on the other hand, it is shut out from the breezes of the Pacific by the lofty ranges of the Rocky Mountains, which near that point have not so many nor so great passes as they have opposite the far west of our country, as, for instance, the valley of the Peace River.

Thus we see that America is essentially the vegetable producing continent. Lying dormant in its valleys and its plains, there is a productive power which only awaits the skill-directed energies of man to bring forth the richest treasures. And here we see the relation which subsists between the New World and the Old. They are, as it were, the complement the one of the other. To quote again the words of M. Guyot: "As the plant is made for the animal, as the vegetable world is made for the animal world, so is America made for Europe." Compare the condition of the two continents, Europe and North America (for it is to that portion of the New World that I would now confine my remarks)—Europe, with its overcrowded towns and cities; with its soil impoverished and exhausted by long tillage; full to overflowing of an energy and a life which can find no outlet; which is powerless to prevent millions of its inhabitants from dragging out a miserable existence in the most abject poverty—such is the state of Europe. On the other hand we have America, with its millions of acres of fertile land as yet untilled, with its great streams affording easy communication, with its cotton fields in the south giving to England the source of her greatest wealth. On the one hand, Man, possessed of energy, skill, and perseverance; on the other, Nature, with a boundless store of undeveloped wealth lying hid beneath her soil. And the very structure of the country seems to favour this relation between America and Europe. Suppose the first settlers had met, close to the shores on which they landed, an impassable mountain wall, hindering them from entering farther into the new and unknown land, would they not very probably have been driven back again to the Old World, leaving the new continent in all its primeval loneliness? Such would most likely have been the case had the Rocky Mountains run down the eastern instead of the western side of North America. But, as it was, they found themselves in a country which, by its gently undulating character, invited them farther and farther into its depths. Again, what an assistance to speedy colonization were those great rivers flowing down and across the whole extent of the continent, affording a safe and easy highway from the sea coast to the very heart of the country. Up the Mississippi, the Missouri, the St. Lawrence and the Hudson, those old settlers travelled on and on, ever planting new colonies along their banks.

Thus we see it was no chance impulse that led the nations of the Old World ever to follow the setting sun, from those old days when they left their first homes in the far-off East, down to the present time, when wave after wave of the great human tide is rolling from the shores of Europe across the wide ocean to our own, advancing with resistless might, never stopping till it shall break at last against the great barriers of the West. It was no chance, I say, that led them thus, but the all-wise care of a Being who shapes and fashions all events to His own great purposes, and who so directs the lives, not only of individuals, but of nations and of races, as that they may work out fully and perfectly their parts in the great universal plan.

And now, let me ask, what is *our* part—I speak as a Canadian to Canadians—what is our part, I say, in this great destiny that lies before America—a destiny upon which, in part, she has already entered?

We too have a share, and I think a great share, in those blessings which the hand of Nature has so richly showered on the peoples of the New World. Ours are the vast forests, ours are the mighty rivers, ours are the wealth of the mine, and above all, ours are the treasures of the soil. Our territory stretches in one almost unbroken extent of fertile land from the iron-bound coast of the stormy Atlantic to the balmy shores of the Peaceful Sea. We too are the heirs of all the ages, foremost in the files of time. We have in our veins the blood of the noblest nations of the Old World. We have as our birthright those free institutions and that untrammelled exercise of thought and religion for which our fathers fought and died. What then is to prevent us from becoming a great nation? Surely it is no vain dream, no fancy born merely of the wish, that deludes me when I look forward to the coming years, and see arise from out them a great nation—a nation which shall be the pride of her subjects, and the honour and glory of the country which gave her birth. With whom lies the great question whether Canada shall be a great country, taking her rank high up in the muster-roll of the nations, or shall never rise beyond the condition of a third or fourth-rate Power? Is it not with her own sons and daughters? With *them* lies the future of their country. Nature has done all she can for us. The Old World sends to our shores year by year fresh supplies of men to till our fields and work our mines. We, the people of Canada, hold her destiny in our own hand.

What is wanted in Canada is more true and pure patriotism—more of that spirit of which England's greatest historian speaks when he says:

> "Then none was for a party,
> Then all were for the State,
> Then the great man helped the poor,
> And the poor man loved the great;
> Then lands were fairly portioned,
> Then spoils were fairly sold,
> Then Romans were like brothers,
> In the brave days of old."

We want more union of all nationalities, all creeds, and all sections, on the grand and comprehensive basis of a common love for our country and a common earnestness of national purpose. Let us lay deep and strong the foundations of that national edifice of which we are and must be the architects, whether for good or evil, for failure or success. Let us lay as our chief corner-stone that pure religion, that open Bible, which is our most precious inheritance from the generations of the past. Let us develop carefully and thoroughly our educational institutions, so that as our people grow in wealth, they shall grow in knowledge and in power. Again, let us pay more and more attention to the cultivation of the soil. It was said by an envious Emperor that England was a nation of shopkeepers. Let it be Canada's proudest boast that she is a nation of farmers. She must be that or nothing. As I have endeavoured to point out to you, it is to a great agricultural future that her natural features point; and if we as a nation tread not in the path pointed out to us by the hand of Nature, we cannot hope to reach to greatness. And here let me say a few words of a spirit I have observed among the young men of some of the older provinces, which does not augur well for the future of the country. What I refer to is that tendency to forsake the farm, as something degrading, something menial, and to rush to the towns and cities and there to seek employment, perhaps as clerks or bookkeepers, or in some other occupation which can only render them a mere subsistence in return for constant labour. They do this because they think that their occupations are a little more stylish, and confer better social position than working on a farm. This, I need hardly say, is a great mistake. There is no more honourable, no more thoroughly independent life, than that of the farmer. If a young man should obtain a little more learning, or get a little wider knowledge of the world than his fellows, let him turn it all back again upon the farm, and the soil will richly reward the skilled labour he may bestow on it. And here, with these words of hope and trust for the future of our common country, let me draw my lecture to a close; only adding that in all I have said in regard to the future of Canada, I would not seek in the slightest degree to loosen, but rather to draw yet closer, the golden link of reverence and of love which binds us to the motherland. Because a son strives to make his mark in the world by talents and virtues that are all his own, it surely needs not that he should abate aught of that affection and respect which is due from child to parent. And so because we would wish and hope to see our own country shine with a lustre not merely reflect-

ed from the transcendent glory of her motherland, but with one which shall be all her own, there is surely no necessity that we should breathe the slightest whisper of disrespect or disaffection towards Old England. Let us as Canadians be but true to our own selves, and all will be well with us. Let us not rest content with the progress we have already made on the road to greatness. Let "the things which we have done be but earnest of the things that we shall do." Let us cast away from us the cramping fetters of narrow-minded sectionalism and Provincial prejudice, and let us, with a high, unfaltering trust in the great King of kings, take our stand boldly and resolutely on the great platform of a common Canadian nationality. Let us each and every one throw in our influence to make our country prosperous at home and respected abroad by the vigour of her enterprise, the purity of her legislation, and the stainless honour of her name. Then shall Canada play no mean part in the great to-be that lies before the world,

> "When the war-drum throbs no longer,
> And the battle flags are furled,
> In the Parliament of man,
> The Federation of the world;
> When the common sense of most
> Shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
> And the kindly earth shall slumber
> Lapp'd in universal law."

A TRILOGY OF PASSION AND VICTORY.

I. AT THE SUPPER: MAN'S SELF-QUESTIONING. II. IN THE GARDEN: GOD'S QUESTIONING. III. O GRAVE! WHERE IS THY VICTORY?

BY F. R., BARRIE.

I.

"And they began to be sorrowful, and to say unto Him, one by one, 'Is it I?' and another said 'Is it I?'"

LORD! at Thy Supper I have supped,—and fed
Upon Thy words and bread;
Thy wine upon my lip is hardly dry,
Yet am I fain to cry
(Hanging my shameful, self-abaséd head),
"Lord, is it I?"

Friend! in Thy bosom I have lain,—and known
What 'tis Thy love to own;
And shall I turn a traitor unto Thee?
O, be it far from me!
Yet must I ask, in self-accusing tone,
"Lord, is it I?"

Master! Thy lessons came to me untaught,
Thou gavest them unbought;
No word of treachery in them I find,
No treason in *Thy* mind;
Then how should these among Thy friends be sought?
Yet "is it I?"

This talent in my hand, it is but just
  Should gather golden dust
For Thee—since it is Thine to give or spend,
  Or to another lend ;
And can I turn against Thee Thine own trust?
  "Lord, is it I?"

Lord, Thou hast loved and taught me, and Thy care
  Is round me everywhere ;
Wherefore my soul is bitter, as I cry
  (Shunning Thy loving eye)
"Judge me, O Lord! yet in Thy judging spare!
  For, it *is* I."

II.

"Could'st thou not watch one hour?"

Lo! in my watchings, times without number,
  Praying alone on the height of a hill,
I have forbidden mine eyelids to slumber
  Though the world slept, and the voices were still.

Far in the moonlight, dark in the distance
  Clustered the snow-covered mountains of God,
Friends in the night, whence cometh assistance
  To the sad soul that is bent by the rod.

Down the steep rocks to the watercourse falling,
  Dropt one by one, one and all, the streams ;
Sounding like strange familiar voices calling
  Soft in the ear of a man who dreams.

High overhead the infinite arched heaven
  Rolled its star dust and its stars athwart,
As when before the steady east wind driven
  Bend the light flowers, by the breezes caught:

So have I watched. What tho' the eyeballs, blinded
  With the fierce glare of sunshine on the sand,
Ached in the gloom? my spirit was not minded
  To drop the cup of sadness from its hand.

On the day's labours and the work to-morrow,
  On the ravell'd thread that I will knit again,
On all the pain, sin, weariness, and sorrow
  Borne on my head and often borne in vain,

Only on these, with nerves unstrung, in meekness
  Shall my soul rest and ponder through this night,
Till I perceive a power grow from weakness,
  And night and I shall feel the coming light.

But you, oh weary ones, and oh faint-hearted!
  When the crowd followed, and my fame was wide,
After the feast and multitude departed,
  Then did you seek with me the mountain side?

Now in the danger, when the shouts that cheered you
  Die upon white lips quivering with scorn,
And hate appears in the false eyes that feared you,
  Now can you watch and wake until the morn?

Sleep on! it skills not whether you are sleeping:
  See! through the olives comes a glint of spears,
Deem not my life entrusted to your keeping,
  Nor mourn your sleeping with these idle tears.

Nay, play the man! and henceforth, faring forward,
  Keep on your way in darkness and in light;
With a brave life wipe out the name of "coward,"
  Which, ere the cock-crow, will be yours to-night.

III.

"They found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre."

(*From the German.*)

When the Easter Bells are ringing
  Through the quiet land,
And the Church is full of singing
  Chorals sweet and grand,
Then sounding their bells in the meadows sweet,
The silver snowdrops sprout under our feet;
    They call together, "For sweet spring's sake,
    Now winter's over, ye flowers awake!"

Quakes Christ's grave from its firm station
  At the Eternal's call;
Christ, to whom we owed creation,
  He will save us all!
From little graves, too, where a clustering heap
Of chafers and flies all the winter sleep,
    The summons is answered, and gladly run
    One and all to the light of the sun.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S BIRTH-PLACE.

BY GEORGIANA M. CRAIK.

WE were in the North of Ireland, and about to start for London, in the spring of 1857, when, soon after it was published for the first time, we read Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." The book had been eagerly looked for by us, and when it arrived we read it with the deepest interest. It was a biography that took possession of us; for days, as it passed from one of us to another, we talked of little else but the pathetic story of that wonderful household amongst the Yorkshire moors.

One day, at last, one of us said, "Suppose we were to go and see Haworth on our way to London?"

It was a happy proposition, that seemed to fit in with everybody's desire. We seized the idea with delight, and in a very short time we had resolved to make out the little expedition, and had arranged our route. We could only manage to spend one day in the place, and as we all wanted, if possible, to see Mr. Brontë, this single day, we agreed, had better be a Sunday. To enable us to reach Haworth on Saturday evening we therefore set out upon our journey—four of us in number—F., A., M., and I—on a Friday evening (it was the 29th of May, the evening of a glorious summer day), in the steamer to Morecambe from Belfast.

Early on Saturday morning we reached Morecambe, and thence, after a pause of some hours, we went on by Lancaster to Keighley. It was five in the afternoon when we arrived at Keighley, the nearest station to Haworth; and here, after having booked our luggage at the station to await our return next day, we made our way to the best-looking inn that we could find; very tired and hot and hungry, for we had spent a good while in wandering about Lancaster under a burning sun.

We were now between three and four miles from Haworth, and we had to trust to our feet, which were already tolerably weary, for making out the remainder of our journey. In addition to fatigue, also, M. was unfortunately by this time ill with a violent headache, and we were, further, labouring under some half-acknowledged anxiety as to the nature of the accommodation that we might find at Haworth when we finally reached it; for though we were well aware of the existence of an inn in the place—the "Black Bull," poor Branwell Brontë's inn—for anything we knew it might be the smallest of hostelries, quite incapable of supplying us with the three bedrooms we needed. As we sat in the hotel at Keighley, waiting hungrily and wearily for the meal that was curiously long in coming, anticipations of the manner in which we might be called upon to pass the night began to press rather seriously upon us.

"It is a very wild expedition, I am afraid," F. said, shaking his head with gloomy forebodings; and the other three of us were too ill or too hungry to make any very effective attempt at consolation.

By the time, however, that we had been refreshed by food (and very excellent, when at length it appeared, was the meal that we were given—served to us, too, in a homely, old-fashioned, sunny room, which has left an impression on my memory ever since as of the pleasantest hotel-room I ever saw), our spirits rose once more. The evening was so beautiful that with our hunger appeased, perhaps even the prospect of a night upon the moors did not seem altogether alarming to us. At any rate, at half-past seven o'clock, we started on our walk to Haworth—doubtful though we were as to what was to become of us at the end of it—full of energy and eager anticipation.

From this point I copy from my journal, written at the time.

"It was the walk that the three Brontë girls used to take so often. It is nearly four miles; a road closed in for the most part on the left hand, sometimes by houses or mills, sometimes by high banks or low hills, but on the right open in length and breadth for miles—a long, wide, verdant valley, rising up with a splendid sweep into high moors.

Behind one of these moors, as we walked, the sun set, and a great flush of crimson rose over half the sky; and then, as the twilight came slowly on, faint mists began to steal up out of the valley, and fall like a veil upon the hills, wrapping the whole wide beautiful view in a soft mysterious haze. And then high up, far above us, almost on the summit of one of the bleak moors, the Haworth lights began to steal out one by one, like stars in the deepening twilight. For full two miles before we reached it we could see the village, and the square church tower against the sky.

"For the most part of the way the road is level; the real ascent of the hill only begins at the entrance of the town. There it begins suddenly. We entered the street and then at once the ascent became abrupt, growing steeper at every step, until, after climbing nearly half a mile, it was almost precipitous; a narrow street, paved all across with long rough narrow stones, down which the wooden shoes of the villagers came clanking as we toiled upwards, with a strange, most unfamiliar sound.

"We were almost tired out when we reached the top, and saw at last, hanging out conspicuous against the sky, on the very summit, the welcome sign of the 'Black Bull,' our hoped-for destination for the night. We went straight to it, and our first inquiry was whether we could get beds. All through our walk we had been half afraid that at the end we should find ourselves compelled to return and sleep at Keighley; but a moment more set us at our ease now. The old inn had beds for us all—plenty of them—accommodation of all kinds.

"We told them what we wanted, ordered our beds to be made up, left poor M., who was utterly exhausted now, lying on a sofa; and then the rest of us—F., A., and I—far too excited to stay indoors, went out again into the village. It was almost ten o'clock now, and nearly dark. The inn joins the churchyard, and we stood at the churchyard gate as we came out of it. There was the church close beside us, and beyond the church was the Brontës' house. We spoke to a policeman whom we found standing near, and asked him the way to it, for there seemed no pathway. He took us in charge at once, guided us first to the front of the house, which, as it stands actually in the churchyard can only be seen from there, and then took us round to the entrance, which is on the north side. As we stood looking up at the front, lights appeared at one or two of the windows, at the parlour down stairs, and at the window of the little room that used to be called the 'children's study.' We spoke to the policeman about the Brontës, and found that he seemed to have some glimmering notion of Charlotte Brontë's fame.

"Having finished our survey of the house we returned to the inn, and F. being too tired by this time to walk any more, we left him there, and A. and I, after a few minutes' rest, sallied out again. We wanted to make some little purchases before the shops closed; we went once more down that strange precipitous street, which, long past ten though it was now, was still all alive with men and women clanking up and down it in their wooden shoes, and we went into several of the little shops and bought various odd things in remembrance of the place. To several of the people too that we saw we spoke about the Brontës, and they all talked of them with a certain amount of kindly interest and regard, but with little or no warmth. On the whole, it struck us as very curious how little mark they seemed to have made upon the place. Nobody showed any desire to be communicative about them. Such questions as we asked were answered, but this was nearly all. Evident as our interest in the whole family must have been, it seemed to stir no desire in any one to gratify it. There was even an appearance of what almost might be called unwillingness to acknowledge any peculiar excellence or noticeableness in the Brontës, which is, perhaps, when they speak of their superiors, a common trait of the democratic, independent Yorkshire mind, but which, from its unfamiliarity, amused and struck us. 'Yes, they are very good people,' their whole tone seemed to say, 'but we haven't much to do with them. It's no business of theirs to meddle with us. They keep to their work and we keep to ours. As to their being more remarkable than other people—it may be so, but we know nothing about that.' Of what Charlotte Brontë had become, their knowledge was for the most part very vague indeed. The landlady at the 'Black Bull' said to us afterwards that she had heard there had been a book written about her, and there was one copy of it, she believed, in

Haworth, but she had not seen it, and she did not seem to feel, nor did she profess that she felt, any curiosity at all about it.

"A little before eleven we made our way back to the inn for good, and had supper, and went to bed, A. and I sleeping in a room whose windows looked clear down into the churchyard, with a damp, mouldering churchyard smell in it.

"Sunday, May 31st.—We were pretty early astir, and before I was dressed I saw F. out in the churchyard, and having, in a few minutes, joined him, we wandered for a little about the tumble-down graves (there is scarcely a grave-stone in the whole place that is standing upright), and presently, seeing an old man lingering about much as we ourselves were doing, we went up and accosted him, and found that he was the old clerk of the church. So finding him, after a few moments, unlike our friends last night, evidently of a garrulous turn of mind, we attached ourselves to him, and soon fell into a long talk about all the Brontës—a talk that was very interesting to us, though he had little or nothing that was actually new to say. I forget how long he told us he had been clerk of the parish, but at any rate he had watched the growing up of all the Brontë children, and he talked of them familiarly and with great kindness, speaking of them always by their Christian names, without any formal prefix of 'Miss' or 'Master,' and repeating many of the little facts about their common daily life that Mrs. Gaskell tells. He had taught them all to sing when they were children, he said. He spoke a good deal about poor Branwell, and all his miserable story. While we stood talking with him, leaning over one of the grave-stones, a younger man, who turned out to be the sexton, came up and joined us; A. and M., too, had already some time before come from the house; and presently we four, having parted from the two men, went round the churchyard again, and stood for a good while looking at the house, and the small, ugly-looking garden belonging to it, that is cut out of one corner of the churchyard, with a path running all round just within the stone boundary wall.

"We returned to the inn after about an hour, and had breakfast; then, going out again, we were, for the second time, picked up by our friends the sexton and the clerk, and taken by them into the church. It is a large, open church, with a gallery at the west end, and with the reading-desk and pulpit placed in the centre of the south aisle, and facing the north. We were taken within the communion rails, where, beside the altar, the Brontë monument stands, with its long, sad list of names overflowing into the little added tablet that records Charlotte Brontë's death; and then to the vestry, where they showed us the registry of her marriage, and where we stood for a good while, with the open book and its two signatures before us, while they talked to us of her wedding-day. Then we left the church, and they took us to the Sunday-school, which the clerk was eager that we should inspect; but when we reached the door we saw that teaching was going on, and, in spite of the old man's reiterated invitations, we insisted on drawing back. Indeed, we were a little vexed even to have been brought to the door, and rather annoyed again when, on returning to the church half-an-hour later for service, the sexton—to show, I suppose, his sense of the fees bestowed upon him—marshalled us into one of the most conspicuous pews in the whole building, immediately under the reading-desk.

"Only Mr. Nichols officiated—a dark, grave-looking man, with a sensitive face, and a singularly sweet voice. He preached a plain, sensible sermon to a very thin congregation, and at about twelve o'clock we were all dismissed.

"We went back to the inn, and had lunch; then walked for a little about the village, which, lonely as its position is, perched up on a hill-top, is a large and populous place (they told us that the parish had as many as seven thousand inhabitants), and then climbed up to the wild barren moor behind the parsonage, where the Brontë girls so often used to go and lie down in the sunshine on the heather for a happy half-hour. It was another perfect summer-day, clear, warm, and bright, and the great spread of high moorland, with its subdued colouring, was wonderfully beautiful. As we lay resting and looking at it, it seemed so easy to picture the three little solitary figures that used to roam about it hand in hand. We could almost fancy that we saw them emerging from the dingy stone house, and climbing, with their quiet, unchild-like steps, up the steep ascent.

"We were wending our way slowly back to the village, when a well-dressed man came up to us, and saying that he had heard we

were strangers, invited us to come and see the house in which he was living, which long ago had been occupied by a former eccentric clergyman of Haworth—a Mr. Grimshaw—of whom Mrs. Gaskell gives a curious account in her book. He took us to it accordingly—a quaint and very charming old house—and talked to us by the way as we went; but he was more disposed to talk of Mr. Grimshaw than of the Brontës, and though he was a sensible man, we did not get much out of him that was especially interesting After we had seen his house we parted from him, and, returning to the village, proceeded once more to church, to the afternoon service, which begins at two o'clock.

"This, it soon appeared, was the fashionable hour in Haworth. The church, which in the morning had been two-thirds empty, filled well now; and though, as before, the service began with only Mr. Nichols being present, it had not proceeded far when the vestry-door opened and Mr. Brontë, dressed in his gown, came slowly into the church and took his place in his pew—the old Brontë pew, which had stood sadly and touchingly empty until now.

"He preached an extempore sermon, on the text: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,'—a poor sermon enough, yet more interesting to us than many a better one might have been. We were in a pew in the gallery looking down upon him, so close that we could see him very well. He is a tall, large man, and was dressed with the utmost scrupulousness. The face struck us as handsome, but possibly it may be handsomer now than it was in his youth, for the features are large and strongly marked. I thought I saw some likeness in him to his daughter's picture, but it might have been merely fancy. He has a very self-possessed manner. He walked into the church and up the pulpit stairs with great deliberation, and even with a kind of stateliness, converting the slowness of movement that is probably forced upon him by his feebleness and his half blindness into something that rather adds dignity to his appearance than suggests the idea of weakness. More than once, both before he began his sermon, and in the course of it, he turned his head round and looked full at us. The old fire, of which, I suppose, there was plenty once, seems all to have burnt out of him now. He looked quiet, grave, emotionless; neither stern nor gentle; only calm.

"The sermon was ended, and we had taken our last look of the church and of the preacher by half-past three; and half an hour later our last look of Haworth itself. We left it at four o'clock, and walked in the bright afternoon sunshine the four miles back to Keighley, often turning to look once more at the square church tower standing so long in sight against the sky, and once for a long time sitting down to rest by the roadside, with the beautiful valley at our feet, and the wild wide moors rising up, wave on wave beyond."

Eighteen years have passed away since that little visit was paid, and the last of the Brontës—the old man whom we saw that day, left then so sorrowfully wifeless and childless—has long ago now gone to join wife and children,—one name more added to the long list of names on those two stones within the communion rails. Not many persons connected by blood with the Brontës are probably ever likely to visit Haworth and the church in which the old man preached so long; yet, possibly, for years still to come, some strangers now and then may care to go out of their way a little to make a pilgrimage as we did, to that curious village on the Yorkshire hill, and, thinking of the strange and touching story of those three sisters' lives, may linger, as we lingered, about the moors they loved so dearly, and the melancholy little house in which their childhood and their youth were spent, and the church where two of them lie buried.

WINDS OF WINTER.

BY MARY M^{c}IVOR RYAN, OTTAWA.

WINDS of Winter
You I follow,
O'er the mountain, o'er the moor;
Old oaks splinter
Down the hollow
With the thunder of your roar.

Yet, unheeding
All resistance,
On your wide wings am I borne;
Shadows leading
In the distance
To the far lands of the Morn.

But I wander
Through dark spaces,
Where the spectres of the wold
Look out yonder,
With blank faces,
Wolf-like hunger growing bold:

Forest-phantoms—
Tho' loud whine these,
Fettered spirits only fear;—
Stormy anthems
'Mid the pine-trees
Are the only sounds I hear.

And unshrinking
I revisit
Sparry sea-caves far away,
Never thinking
E'en "What is it—
This cold light that mocks the day?"

Bells are ringing
In high towers
As ye rush past sea-girt isles;
Hush the singing,
Blight the flowers,
Grief for gladness, tears for smiles.

Winds of Winter,
You I follow
O'er the mountain, o'er the moor;
Old oaks splinter
Down the hollow
With the thunder of your roar.

A GLIMPSE AT POLYNESIA.

BY ALLAN N. MCNEILL, OTTAWA.

NOT long ago, while serving on board one of Her Majesty's ships—a frigate of nearly 3,000 tons—it was decided that the monotonous work in which we were engaged—that of cruising from port to port on the Western coast of South America—should be abandoned for a few months, in order to indulge in a roaming voyage amongst the Marquesas and other Islands of the Pacific, and we felt that ours was indeed an enviable situation.

On a fine May morning, while the ship lay at anchor in La Sarena Bay, in the Republic of Chili, the boatswain's whistle sounded the well-known pipe, "Hands, up anchor." In a moment the capstan was rigged; the band struck up a lively tune; tramp, tramp, went the feet of the men manning the capstan bars; on board comes the heavy iron cable, the anchor has lost its hold of the earth in which it was embedded, the sails are set, ropes hauled taut, and the ship is fairly under weigh, "gliding out of the harbour like a thing of life." More sail is set, and we are soon out on the broad waters of the Pacific Ocean. The officers and crew, well trained and disciplined, have dropped into the routine established and necessary for a ship-of-war at sea. No confusion; no carpet-bags or Saratoga trunks stand conveniently in the way to give offence to the seaman's eye; no land-lubbers prowl about with hands in pockets and mouths wide open. All is order, regularity, agility, and perfect silence, save the creaking of the timbers as the gallant ship speeds on, and the decisive tones of the commander's voice as he issues forth his orders. No oath profanes the scene, but all goes "merry as a marriage bell."

Our course is shaped; the sails are trimmed. We head north-west, to enable us to fall in with the trades blowing from west to east. Ten days have passed, each with its own peculiar drills, routine, and amusements:

> "And now the wind draws right abaft,
> All hands are up the yards to square;
> And now the floating stun'sails waft
> Our stately ship through waves and air."

On, on we swept, leaving twelve miles behind us every hour. No tack or sheet was touched. The quartermaster and the helmsmen remained at the wheel hour after hour, with nothing to do but to keep the helm steady. The favouring breeze drove the ship along surely and steadily, without any further adjustment of the helm or canvas. In this way we swept over the ocean for three weeks. I shall never forget the happy, contented days we passed! When the general duties of the day were over, which was at about five o'clock, a delightful feeling of contentment and repose seemed to steal into all our hearts. We thought of home and happy days; those who before had maintained a freezing silence respecting their friends and past life, opened up their inmost thoughts to one another. This feeling pervaded the whole ship's company, from the commodore down to the second-class boy. For many months we had sailed together, but not until now did it seem that we were becoming acquainted with those around us. Should it not have been so? The beauty of the situation ought to have been sufficient to do more than this to the most callous heart amongst us. The sky, a clear expanse of blue, with speckled tints upon the horizon, which, where the setting sun was fast receding from the view, was resplendent with a golden brightness. The long swell of the ocean, as it caused the ponderous ship to roll, bearing it one minute down into the trough of the sea, and the next lifting it up on the top of a crested wave, added to the languor and sleepy feeling which prevailed. The spouting whale ranges up alongside; the prowling shark follows in our wake; the screaming sea-fowl soars aloft, remains stationary for a moment, and then darts with lightning

speed from its high position, down into the waves to seize its prey. A score of flying-fish skip along the water, leaping into the air, and some of them now and then falling upon our decks.

As night closes in upon the day, such of the officers as felt so inclined would leave the quarter-deck and poop, and go noiselessly forward, where they would ensconce themselves in the hammock-nettings, unknown to the jolly tars, who, unsuspicious of our presence, would crack their little jokes, sing their quaint old sea-dog songs, spin their yarns full of interesting reminiscences of hard-fought battles or disastrous shipwrecks in which the narrators had borne a part—tales which occasionally would draw tears from the eyes of some of the bronzed and hardened listeners. A minute or two would pass in perfect silence, when one of the tars would strike up a song full of the romance of love and war, rendered as only a son of the ocean can—sometimes soft and sad, but generally comical in the extreme. The more youthful portion of the crew would amuse themselves by playing such games as are generally engaged in at holiday hours on board ship; the most perfect harmony and good feeling always existing, although occasionally a practical joke, such as no landsman would care to be made the butt of, would be played off. The ship's fiddler must not be forgotten, for he has ever been a most important personage in these pastimes. His arm, head, and fingers keep going on every suitable, and perhaps very often unsuitable, occasion, as if his life depended upon the amount of noise he could get out of his battered old violin; whilst half a dozen sailors keep time to the music, dancing the sailor's hornpipe.

At two bells, or nine o'clock, every man belonging to the "watch below" has departed to his hammock; those of the other watch, the one on duty, coil themselves into the smallest possible space on the main deck, and sleep lightly, ready to spring to the upper deck when called upon to perform any duty which may be required.

Now a death-like silence prevails, save the plashing of the waves as the noble ship rushes through them. I look above, still reclining in my hiding-place, and there I behold a sight such as I suppose I shall never see again, nor can I describe the glory of the scene in anything like fitting terms. We cannot boast of any picture of the heavens in northern climes so gorgeous, so beautiful as this!—myriads of bright, shining stars, including the glorious Southern Cross, which surpasses all other constellations in beauty, and whose brilliancy enchants the beholder's eye!

"One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity:
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O! what a confluence of ethereal fires
From urns unnumbered, down the steep of Heaven!
My heart at once it humbles and exalts,
Lays it in dust and calls it to the skies.
Bright legions swarm unseen and sing unheard
By mortal ear, the Glorious Architect,
In this, His universal Temple, hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul, at once
The Temple and the Preacher!"

The moon appears to struggle up from amidst the waves, and as it rises higher and higher, spreads over the sky its dim, pale light. There is a peculiar fascination or subtle power possessed by the moon in southern latitudes, especially over those who lie down exposed to its light on board a ship at sea. Sleep slowly steals upon the person so situated, and often he awakes to find himself afflicted with moon-blindness, which deprives him of all power of vision during the night, or between sunset and sunrise.

On the 8th of June, at nine o'clock in the morning, the Island of Magdalena, one of the Marquesas group, was sighted, at a distance of forty miles; the summit of a high mountain being seen above the mist which hung around it. The eastern side of the island appeared to be very rugged, with steep ridges stretching down from the mountain, and terminating in high precipices over the sea. How cold, how uninviting, the island looked, with the surf beating heavily against the rocks! During the afternoon we rounded Point Venus, a perpendicular, rocky cliff, about 1,200 feet high, overhanging the sea, and at once stood into Bon Repos Bay, where we dropped anchor.

Instead of the dreary rock-bound coast which we had been skirting along for several hours, we suddenly beheld an island such as we sometimes read of but seldom see. The valley which winds up among the hills from the bay is very beautiful—covered with the rich foliage of tropical fruit trees—and the native cottages and huts situated beneath the protecting shade of bread fruit, cocoa

nut, and orange groves, add greatly to the attractiveness of the scene.

This island, together with others of the group I shall mention presently, were discovered by Mendanna in the year 1589. He had been sent by the then Viceroy of Peru, Marquis de Mendoza, on a voyage of discovery—more in search of gold than of anything else. The group was named the Marquesas Islands in honour of the Marquis. On the return of Mendanna from these islands—which to him and his followers seemed like a fairy-land, a paradise on earth, a place beyond the boundaries of this world—he described them in a pleasant and sweet-flowing strain, which in the Spanish language can be done with so much ease and beauty. To the present day these lovely gems of the Pacific Ocean, if we except Nuka-hiva, are but little known. The world remains in almost total ignorance of their beauty, their fertility, their deep ravines, their clear flowing streams rippling down to the sea.

Before the ship had fairly come to an anchor, a host of naked savages came swarming in upon her decks. Their faces and bodies were tattooed in every part, even to the eyelids and lips, by which they believe hunger and blindness are averted. It would be difficult to enumerate in a limited space the many different ways in which the tattooing was marked upon their bodies. Some had parallel patches and lines across the face; others the same downwards; each one having a distinguishing mark, such as a pair of shin bones, a human skull, &c. The son inherits the marks of his father, and some figure or line to denote his name. In most cases the head had been rendered hideous by a portion of the hair (according to the fanciful design of the owner) having been removed close to the scalp, with the aid of a shell or other sharp instrument. In some it was removed from above the forehead; in others, from the crown; others again had, as it were, a path running round the head; and so on. The more pain they suffer, the more they believe the gods they fear will be pleased. The tattooing process begins with a youth when he attains the age of about 16 or 17 years. A diabolical old priest, after going through certain forms and ceremonies by which he hopes to drive away the anger of the gods, in whose power he believes himself to be whilst he is performing his fiendish office, begins his work. The victim is lashed down, where he has to remain for weeks, whilst the work is being done, the object always being to cause as much pain as possible. The tools with which the operation is performed are a piece of sandal or other heavy wood, used as a hammer, and a fish bone about eight inches long and three wide, with teeth filed into it like those of a cross-cut saw, and equally sharp, which is driven into the flesh, a powder procured from the root of a tree having been previously rubbed on the part receiving the tattoo. This is so painful that only a small portion can be done at a time. No one is allowed, under pain of death, to approach the miserable wretch during the weeks—sometimes months—that he is in the hands of the priest.

In my opinion, the natives of this island have changed their uncouth and heathenish manners but little since it was first discovered. No women were amongst the number that visited the ship; the taboo prohibiting the use of boats or canoes to the whole sex, they could not get to the ship as did the men. They knew full well that ours was not a whale ship, or they would have swam to her. When a whaler arrives at any of these islands, the women are the first to reach her, and immediately commences the grossest licentiousness, such as it would be hard to find in the back slums of the most degraded city on the face of the earth. Shame on men, I say, who would remorselessly drag down into drunkenness and depravity a confiding and unsophisticated race, who, hitherto acting according to their own ideas of right and wrong, had never become as degraded as teeming thousands of those who live within reach of Gospel privileges! "Thrice happy are they," says Melville, "who, inhabiting some yet undiscovered island in the midst of the sea, have never been brought into contaminating contact with the white man."

The morning after our arrival at Magdalena I started, with the commodore and a small party, in one of the cutters to visit a valley about eight miles distant. The boat's crew were well armed with rifles and cutlasses, which of course was a necessary precaution, although we found no cause for using the weapons. After a delightful pull of about two hours and a half we entered the beautiful little Bay of Vierges at nine

o'clock. The sight which here suddenly opened upon us was very pleasing. Great pillars of rock rose straight up out of the sea on either side; a little further on the vegetation on either hand was luxuriant; whilst in front of us was a valley stretching far away until lost in the hills, whose surface presented a mass of foliage spread out with such richness that it was difficult to determine of what description of trees and plants it consisted, the scene being, in my opinion, the loveliest I had ever looked upon. For a few minutes a mist shut us out from the view; as it rose, we descried a number of strange-looking creatures running about on the beach, making evident signs of pleasure at our unexpected arrival in their bay. On closer inspection we found them to be a fine, able-bodied set of men, with a genuine nobleness of mien, and very pleasing looks, which the tattoo did not altogether take away from them. They helped us out of the boat, each one insisting upon embracing us in turn as often as we would let him. One of their modes of salutation—rubbing noses, which is practised with them as kissing is with us—we strongly objected to, and peremptorily declined.

The king, a strapping youth of about twenty years of age, conducted us to his hut, or as we might, without stretching a point, call it, his cottage. The description of similar dwellings given by Herman Melville, in his work entitled "Typee," is so good that I cannot do better than adopt it, after making a few alterations. The frame of the house was constructed of large bamboos planted uprightly, and secured together at intervals by traverse stalks of the light wood of the hibiscus, lashed with thongs of bark. The rear of the tenement, built up with successive ranges of cocoa-nut boughs bound one upon another, with their leaflets woven cunningly together, inclined a little from the vertical. The shelving roof, thatched with the long, tapering leaves of the palm tree, sloped steeply off to within about five feet of the floor, leaving the eaves drooping with tassel-like appendages over the front of the habitation. This was constructed of canes, tastefully adorned with bindings of variegated sennit, which held together its various parts. The sides of the house were similarly built, thus presenting three quarters for the circulation of the air, while the whole was impervious to the rain. In length it was about twelve yards, while in breadth it did not exceed more than half the length.

The door, or entrance, was four feet high. The floor of the house was spread with matting made of fibres of cocoa-nut wood woven together. This space formed the common couch and lounging place of the natives, answering the purpose of a divan in Oriental countries. Here they would slumber through the hours of the night, and recline luxuriously during the greater part of the day. From the ridge pole of the house hung suspended a number of packages enveloped in tapa. These contained their gala dress and other articles, principally wearing apparel.

Certainly a more commodious and proper building for the climate and the people could not be devised. It was cool, free to admit the air, and scrupulously clean. The same description will apply to almost every house I saw, some of course being meaner than others.

On entering the king's house I perceived, to my astonishment, two chairs and a table, and, in a corner on the matting, a Bible and hymn book in the Marquesan dialect. I afterwards had pointed out to me a native, very respectable in appearance, wearing a shirt and trousers, and on his head a broad Panama hat, who, I was given to understand, was a Missionary. He had a calm, subdued look, ever deep in thought, and quite different from the other natives. There seemed to be a barrier between him and his cannibal brethren which could be broken down only by the Divine teachings of the Gospel entering into their hearts.

A few words about the female portion of the inhabitants of this valley. On landing from the boat we found a considerable number of them squatting after their fashion on the beach, watching every movement we made. Their dress was a large piece of tapa around the shoulders, reaching a little below the knees. Many of them were very handsome; there was a grace and beauty about them which almost amounted to perfection. Their complexion was of an olive hue, the face oval, the teeth of a pearly whiteness, and the whole expression one of merriment. The hair, of a dark brown colour, hung down about their shoulders. Some, as in all the islands of this group, were not tattooed at all; others had either lip marked with three perpendicular lines. The portion

of the leg exposed below the dress of a few was embellished by beautiful devices. Evidently the practitioners of the barbarous art consider that although the men may require their services (perhaps to hide what they consider their hideousness), the women do not stand in need of any such assistance to increase their beauty.

Leaving the king's house we wandered up the valley, seeing on all sides the most charming scenery; but time will not permit of any long description of this island.

We returned to the ship, and the next morning left for San Christina, without waiting for the battle which we were informed was to take place between the savages of the valley off which we were anchored, and those living in the valley just described, only a high hill separating them from one another. The incessant warfare which was carried on was fast reducing the population to a very small number; the decrease may also be attributed to the prevailing custom of polyandry, or plurality of husbands. The French, who at one time had control over the natives of this group, have deserted all of them except Nuka-hiva. Their intercourse with foreigners is confined to the crews of a few whalers that occasionally call for supplies. Though all profess Christianity, they still practise the same heathenish rites and entertain the same superstitions as formerly, whilst cannibalism yet exists in connection with prisoners of war.

The morning after our departure from Magdalena, the Island of San Christina was sighted. On approach, it looked cold and barren; its dark, rugged, and steep side appeared to stand bluff out of the water, sending a chill through our hearts as we gazed upon it. For nearly three hours we coasted along with this dull, and at the same time awfully majestic, scenery on our starboard side, when we rounded into Resolution Bay and there came to an anchor. In a very short time the boats were manned and lowered from their davits, and away a number of us went to the shore. We landed at one of the two small villages situated at the head of the bay. This village consisted of about a dozen huts, very inferior to those at Magdalena, but built in the same manner. There were also two large buildings constructed of stone and clay, each exhibiting a quaint and venerable appearance. Not far from this were the ruins of a fort and gardens—the work of the French, who some years ago had a considerable settlement at the place—but they had entirely abandoned it, and their works had fallen into ruin and decay.

The inhabitants of this island are inferior in appearance and manner to those of Magdalena. They did not number more than 300, and from disease and other causes were fast decreasing. At one time, judging from appearances, they must have been a very numerous people. Leprosy, elephantiasis, and diseases introduced by Europeans were fast doing their deadly work. I saw many who, covered with leprosy, bore their fearful sufferings without a murmur. In a short time they would be gone, and their places filled up by others similarly afflicted. In a few years not a soul of them will be left to guard the hills and the valleys which God has given to them as an earthly heritage. Laziness, cunning, and theft appeared to be the predominant features in their character. They showed no signs of pleasure or displeasure at our presence. They evidently had had enough of the European, and of the curses which he had brought to their shores. Up to the year 1865, all the natives of this island were cannibals, and the prisoners taken in battle were always eaten. During that year the chiefs of the different tribes agreed to give up the heathenish custom, and, as far as I could learn, it had not been revived. Crossing over a small mountain, we entered the second of the two villages, the population of which did not exceed more than thirty persons. This, at one time, had been the most populous settlement on the island. It had a weird and death-like appearance, everything bearing a sad and solemn impression. The very sea-fowls seemed to have forsaken it, and the sound of the surf, as it rolled in, fell with a mournful cadence on the ear. Almost every tree was tabooed, no one daring to approach them. A number of peculiar-looking huts raised on piles were also tabooed. I was on the point of looking into one of them, when I was startled with shouts of "Taboo! taboo! taboo!" in very menacing tones. On inquiry, I found that I had been about to desecrate the place specially set apart for the reception of the dead, within whose holy precincts no person, except those properly authorized, could tread without incurring the penalty of death, which doubtless would

be visited upon the sacrilegious offender in the most horrible manner possible.

When a native dies his body is placed in one of these huts or dead houses by the nearest relative or friend, who remains by the corpse and rubs off the flesh as it decomposes, anointing it continually with oils and spices. This generally takes about five days, the person so engaged not partaking of food until there is nothing left of the dead but a mass of highly polished bones. During the night these are put into a canoe and set adrift, except the skull, which is conveyed to the mountains and there secreted. The natives are actuated in this proceeding by the belief that the dead guard the living during troubles, illness and sorrow, and that they are equally capable of doing harm as good—hence the two feelings of love for and dread of the dead.

Let us wander for a moment to more pleasant scenes. Passing through groves of orange, lime, cocoa-nut, guava, fay, bread-fruit, and other trees, loaded with their fruits, we find ourselves in a valley teeming with the richest vegetation, and diversified with ridges, glens, and waterfalls. The place seemed to be one of such enchantment that I felt that if left here alone I should be content to pass the remainder of my days in reflecting on the glorious works around me, which seemed to have only just passed from the hand of the Creator. A spectator of such scenery, who sits enchanted within the protecting shade of an orange grove close by, can easily imagine that he hears, in the stream rippling at his feet, a song of praise to his Creator. The broad canopy of heaven overhead is clear and blue; the sun shines brightly down upon a scene so calm, so heavenly, that the most indifferent heart must fain say within itself, surely this is the work of God. Was the whole earth like to this at any time? Have the depravity and wickedness of the human race so defaced and removed the beauty of the garden which had been entrusted to man to adorn, that it has been left hideous, uncouth, vile—laid out and moulded after the imaginings of his own wicked heart?

During our stay of two days at this island, the ship was surrounded all day long with canoes loaded with fruits. These were taken in exchange principally for old clothing—a marine's worn-out and worthless red jacket might have procured for the owner sufficient fruits of different kinds to make him, if he had them in one of our Canadian cities, a man of such wealth that he might very soon consider himself fairly entitled to enrol his name amongst the host of independent citizens who aspire to municipal honours. The natives endeavoured, in a dozen different ways, to take advantage of the blue jackets. They had very little idea of carrying on their exchanges on just principles. For instance, several canoe loads of sour oranges were tendered and accepted as sweet oranges. When the imposition was discovered, at least fifty sailors seized upon the unacceptable fruit, and at a given signal they threw a volley at the unsuspecting occupants of the canoes, at which the natives were so astonished that a dozen or more of them, who could not get beyond reach of the missiles, leaped overboard, where they might have laughed at their tormentors had they not already donned the garments which they had just procured.

One evening, when on this island of San Christina, I was reluctantly retracing my steps through a thrice enchanted valley, to the shore, with thoughts of regret and sadness that I never more should gaze or tread upon this earthly Paradise, which then seemed hushed in a calm and sweet repose, the refrain of a low and plaintive melody was carried to me on the evening breeze. I sat down and listened in mute and spell-bound astonishment. The tones were like those of children, so sweet and natural, and unlike anything we ever hear in civilized countries. The most accomplished musician might do worse than take a leaf from the book of the poor uncultured savage in this respect. I had only been listening a few minutes when I was aware, by the discord, that possibly some irrepressible midshipman had disturbed the singers. Passing through a grove of lime, bread-fruit, and orange trees which intercepted my view, I came to the soft and shelving beach, where I found a dozen or more children throwing their limbs wildly about and placing their bodies in different positions, as they chanted what seemed to be a hymn or song of praise to the sun, which was slowly sinking behind the western hills. Standing in front of the children was a midshipman, who had a greater share of the clown's nature than is generally possessed by any one man, using his best endeavours to turn the sublime into the ridiculous by

acting as a kind of bandmaster, and mimicking the children in a most ludicrous manner.

During the time the ship remained in Resolution Bay, a party of us accompanied the commodore in two of the ship's cutters, which were well manned and armed, to the Island of Dominica. After several ineffectual attempts to land on the shore of Tava Bay, we made for a small island not marked on any map, passing round which we discovered a small harbour known to the French as "Traitors' Bay," where we found a good landing-place. One could hardly believe that such a beautiful spot as this could ever have been the scene of a most cold-blooded and wicked massacre. Some years ago the whole crew of a ship were betrayed into the hands of the natives and murdered; hence the name which the harbour now bears.

The island possesses, as do all those which I visited, a number of fertile and well-watered valleys, capable of growing coffee, sugar, cotton, tobacco, and other tropical productions. The population was supposed to be about 1,500, and fast decreasing. The men were able-bodied, but the women depraved and ill-looking. There were three French priests living on the island, one of whom told me that they had not made a single convert. He said the natives were inveterate cannibals, always at war with each other, and much addicted to drunkenness and other evil habits. The priests had quite abandoned the object of their mission, and had taken to cultivating cotton, a quantity of which they had lately disposed of for $2,000. I might here with propriety enter upon the subject of missionary enterprise amongst the islands of the South Seas, but the theme is too extensive to treat of on the present occasion. I shall merely, a little further on, make a few general remarks on that interesting topic.

On the morning of the 13th June we sighted Cape Martin, Nuka-hiva, with its tower-like cliff overhanging the sea. Passing through two islands, very appropriately called "the Sentinels," we were soon at anchor in the commodious harbour known as Taio-hai, or Port Anna Maria, where the largest ships may ride at anchor with perfect safety, in fifteen fathoms of water. The beauty and fertility of the islands which I have heretofore endeavoured to describe, were altogether surpassed by the magnificent scenery and richness of this, the most civilized and interesting island of the Marquesas group.

I must again refer to that entertaining book entitled "Typee," in which is contained much which to many persons may seem almost too strange and romantic to be believed, but nevertheless substantially correct, except where the author, on certain subjects —more especially that of missionary enterprise—gives opinions and not facts. In this work are recounted some of the adventures of a medical gentleman who in his young days was fond of roaming about the world, and leading a life of wild adventure. We first find him on board a whale ship, where he quarrels with his captain, and on arriving at Nuka-hiva deserts the ship with a friend. The runaways endeavour to get into the Happar valley, the inhabitants of which, at that time, are spoken of as quiet, gentle, and kindly disposed towards strangers. By some mischance they descend into the Typee valley, where no white man, on a peaceable errand, had ever been, and the natives of which were bloodthirsty, cruel, and savage in every sense of the word. The hero, who, in some editions of the work, bears the name of Dr. Long-ghost, although treated kindly, was held in captivity for four months. Strangely enough, some of our officers, after the return of the ship to Chili, received hospitality at the hands of a Dr. Bourke, living on the frontier of the territory of the wild Arauco Indians. In him they discovered the Dr. Long-ghost referred to. He was then a gentleman of comparative wealth, holding a position of emolument under the Chilian Government, and rather ashamed of the freaks of his more youthful days.

Let us see what the doctor says of the island and its inhabitants. Speaking of Taio-hai Bay, he says, what one might still say of it: "Very often, when lost in admiration of its beauty, I experienced a pang of regret that a scene so enchanting should be hidden from the world in these remote seas, and seldom meet the eyes of devoted lovers of nature. Besides this bay, the shores of the island are indented by several other extensive inlets, into which descend broad and verdant valleys. These are inhabited by as many distinct tribes of savages, who, although speaking kindred dialects of a common language, and having the same re-

ligion and laws, have, from time immemorial, waged hereditary warfare against each other. The mountains—generally two or three thousand feet high—geographically define the territories of each of these tribes. Separated from Taio-hai by a mountain, lies the lovely valley of Happar, whose inmates cherish the most friendly relations with the people of the bay. On the other side of Happar, and closely adjoining it, is the magnificent valley of the dreaded Typees. These celebrated warriors appear to inspire the other islanders with unspeakable terrors. Their very name is a frightful one, for the word 'Typee' signifies a lover of human flesh." All the natives of the island are, however, described as being, at the time, inveterate cannibals.

In the year 1814, Commodore Porter, of the U. S. Navy, endeavoured to subdue the Typees, in order to gratify the hatred of the other tribes. A large detachment of marines and sailors, accompanied by about 2,000 native allies, landed on the shore of the Typee Valley. The invaders, after a hard-fought battle, were obliged to retire, and to abandon their design of conquest. On their march back to the sea, they set fire to every house and temple on their route, "and a long line of smoking ruins defaced the once smiling bosom of the valley." I re-echo the words of the doctor: "Who can wonder at the deadly hatred of the Typees to all foreigners after such unprovoked atrocities?" Almost every massacre and murder which has ever taken place amongst the islands of the South Seas has been brought about by such acts as these. Who can wonder that the savage should seek revenge for the injuries and devilish acts of white men, who pillage their houses, commit uncalled-for murders, and carry off into slavery numbers from amongst them by force? Slave vessels are continually being fitted out for the nefarious work of kidnapping the hitherto happy and contented Kanaka. The captain of the vessel gets papers from the proper authorities at one of the Australian or New Zealand ports to go on a "labour cruise," that is, to hire natives for a certain number of years to work on plantations situated on islands other than those to which they belong. In nine cases out of ten, the unfortunate natives are carried off against their will, in much the same way as the negro has repeatedly been torn from his country. Did we know of one-half the atrocities committed on these unfortunate creatures, under our own flag, the whole of Christendom would be stirred up to put down the bloody traffic. Until this is done we cannot expect our missionaries and other respectable countrymen in the South Seas to be safe from the arrow or the spear of the Kanaka. Nor should the savages, in the name of justice, be visited always with punishment for their acts, where the white man is in almost every case the aggressor.

At the time of our visit to Nuka-hiva, there were only about 800 souls on the island. Five years before, the Peruvian Government being in need of labourers to work the guano deposits on the Chinchas Islands, sent two vessels from Callao to carry back natives of Nuka-hiva. The vessels arrived in Typee Bay. A large number of the ferocious Typees were seized, taken on board, and stowed away in the ships' holds like so many pigs. As soon as the vessels had completed their human cargoes they sailed away, but before reaching their destination they were overhauled by a French man-of-war and taken back to the island. Some of the captives were transferred to the French ship, where one of the crew was sick with small-pox. The savages caught the disease, and, on being put on shore at their native island, the infection spread like wild-fire. Victims were struck down on all sides. A dying man would, as is their custom, take a few faint draws from a pipe, which would be passed from one to another. They knew of no cure, but threw themselves wildly into the streams and pools in sheer madness, where they either died or were devoured by hogs. Three-fourths of the population were carried off. Those left, I noticed, were nearly all pitted with the marks of the disease. Only about two hundred remained in the once populous Valley of Typee. Now the houses are few and far between, but the many heaps of ruins which I observed betokened the places where houses had once stood.

Nuka-hiva is governed by the French, who have an establishment consisting of a "Resident," two soldiers, and a Captain of the Port, a vagabond Englishman, who once held a commission in our navy.

As a rule, the South Sea Islander has no occasion to work; he finds food sufficient for all his wants at his door-step. In summer

he eats bread-fruit, the meat of the cocoa-nut, yams, fays, taro-root, &c. In winter his principal article of food is poē-poē, which is prepared by the women during the months of March and April, which of course is summer time with them. The bread-fruit is then most plentiful. Large quantities of it are taken to the streams, where scores of women pound away at it with stone pestles from daylight till dark. As soon as it is, in this manner, worked into a doughy mass, it is divided into parcels, enveloped in leaves, which are tied up with thongs of bark. These are stored in their garner houses, which are merely holes made in the ground. There the food remains until required for use, when a portion is taken out. In this state it is not considered palatable. The natives have several methods of preparing it, the most common of which, and perhaps the best, is baking it in an oven composed of stones. In this state the food is not altogether unpleasant. Generally it is subjected to another process. After being taken out of the oven it is placed in a wooden vessel and water mixed with it, when it becomes what is called poē-poē, and is then ready for consumption.

The South Sea Islander gathers in the bread-fruit as we do our grain, and to him it is of greater importance than wheat is to us. Upon it he depends chiefly for food during the winter months, and when, as sometimes happens, the bread-fruit trees fail to bear a productive harvest, the inhabitants are reduced to a state of starvation. At such a time the women suffer more than their lords, the edicts of the taboo prohibiting them from tasting of the flesh of any animal or bird. Wherever the influence of the Gospel has been felt this law has died out, and equal privileges in this and many other respects have been accorded to the women.

Although the Marquesas Islanders have in most cases abandoned their gods of wood and stone, there are as yet but few among them who acknowledge Christ as their Saviour. The destruction of idols is, however, the first sign of the ultimate conversion of the natives of Polynesia. I might recount a number of instances where the loss of faith in and the putting away of idols by the inhabitants of many of the islands has been the beginning of Gospel success. Again, missionaries have laboured for years, and have apparently done no good, until some unexpected circumstance would awaken, perhaps, one or two of the natives to a sense of their condition, resulting in a universal conversion.

One of the most important instances—one fraught with the most pleasing results—happened upwards of seventy years ago, shortly after the first Missionary Society was formed in London with the object of sending missionaries to the South Seas. A number of missionaries left England for Otaheite in the "Duff," commanded by Captain James Wilson. Before the arrival of the ship at the island a shock of earthquake was experienced by the natives, a thing until then unknown to them. They were greatly alarmed, and many were the conflicting opinions amongst them as to the meaning of the phenomenon. An old chief, however, rehearsed to the people a tradition which existed on the island, namely, that there is an unseen God, and that strangers would at some period visit the island to tell them of this Being. In his opinion, he said, the earthquake was caused by this unseen God of which they had heard, and that men who should tell them of Him must be near at hand. The missionaries were kindly received, and not long after their arrival King Pomare proposed to his subjects the adoption of Christianity, which, although strenuously opposed by several powerful chiefs, was ultimately agreed to—not, however, without bloodshed. Thus Christianity gained its first foothold in Polynesia by the sword; and to-day, we are told, there is not an island within a radius of two thousand miles of Otaheite where the Gospel has not been preached, and where there cannot be found some who acknowledge Christ as their everlasting Redeemer.

The South Sea Islander in his original state is brave, honest, and possesses a good-natured and pleasing disposition, which makes one sensible, when coming in contact with him, that he is in the presence of, not Mr. Darwin's "missing link," but in reality a man of true noble bearing, capable of taking his place amongst the most enlightened nations of the earth, could the benefits of education, unalloyed with the vices of civilization, be placed at his disposal.

We know that he is a cannibal, and addicted to habits which to Europeans appear horrible. He, however, only acts according to his ideas of right and wrong. Many of

our customs are looked upon by him with quite as much disgust as we view his deeds of cannibalism. It is, then, only just to say that these people are good, and not disposed to evil until led into it by the civilized men who visit their shores. The fact of their tendency to do what is right rather than wickedness has sufficient proofs in the reports of missionaries labouring among them. To the teachings of these devoted, self-sacrificing men of God they lend an attentive ear, and not one, but often hundreds at a time, are constrained, nominally at any rate, to espouse the cause of Christianity.

In studying the Polynesian character I think we can find arguments tending to overthrow the theory of Darwin and his followers, that all creatures are distinguished from each other by differences only of degree, and not of kind. In other words, that the mental powers in man, although differing in degree from those of other animals, are nevertheless of the same kind; and that in the social instincts possessed by many animals there is a basis for the moral sense or conscience in man. Further, that one uniform law has governed the whole animal population of this world. In every island of the South Seas, and in fact amongst all savages, we find some kind of religion or belief in a Deity by which they are more or less governed. It is needless to say that there is nothing of this kind in the brute creation.

Let us look for a moment at the progress of the Tahitian. He has advanced but little, if at all, from a lower to a higher grade. He is to-day much the same as he was when found by Captain Cook on the discovery of Tahiti. Christianity has, doubtless, done much good, but at the same time that he is receiving religious instruction he is subject to the bad examples set him by the white man. Instead of the generous and kindly disposition which he naturally possessed, he has become as debased as his white brother, and more like the brute than he was before. We know in our every-day life how degraded a white man may become. On an unfrequented island of the Marquesas group I found an Englishman named Joshua G. Upton, born in Birmingham in the year 1833, who, from long residence amongst the savages, had become as savage as they, losing all his own virtues and gaining none of theirs. His case is, to my mind, telling evidence in favour of the theory that it is easier for a man born in a civilized community, when thrown amongst savages, to descend rather than ascend, whilst it is more difficult for the savage to ascend than descend. Where are now the Incas of Peru, with their gorgeous temples and noble laws at which the whole world has wondered? Has civilization done anything for this people? Have they ascended, or become more like the man or the brute?

My views on this subject were more fully confirmed on visiting Rapa-nui, or Easter Island—a small and barren spot in the midst of the sea. Its inhabitants at no time could have numbered more than a few thousand souls, and at the time of our visit only a few hundred. The natives have a tradition in which they generally believe. It is, that a long time ago a great king started with a number of followers in large canoes from Rapa-ite, or the Big Rapa, an island far away. After tossing about at sea for many days they arrived at this, the island they were in search of, which they called Rapa-nui, or Little Rapa. They lost no time in erecting huts for themselves, nothing but large pieces of slate being used in their construction. As the king could not remain long with his people, he commenced at once to hew out images from the rock, assisted by his subjects. One night, when the work was nearly completed, the earth opened and breathed forth fire and sulphur, the island shook and rolled about, the king was at the same time transformed into a butterfly, and the images arose and walked about. Some stopped to rest; others fell down on their faces, never to rise again.

Of course we can believe as much of this story as we like. It is, however, true that there is an island called Rapa-ite in existence. It is situated about 2,000 miles from Rapa-nui, and is now used as a coaling station for steamers running between New Zealand and Panama. My belief is that these people did originally come from that island, as related by their tradition; but how is a question not likely to be easily solved. The huts, built of slate, about four feet high, still stand, though unoccupied, at one side of a high peak, near the mouth of an extinct volcano. The images are a perfect marvel. Hewn out of the rock by no inexperienced hands, they display an ingenuity and artistic skill which seem to surpass even that of the ancient Druids or Egyptians. These images

or statues are of different sizes, measuring in height from eight to thirty-six feet. The faces of many bear pleasing expressions, whilst some are hideous. The inscription on the back of each, which I suppose will never be deciphered, is not only a great curiosity, but there is subject for reflection in the thought that the natives of this and other islands, whom we are accustomed to look upon as poor untutored savages, may have been able, at one time, to carve their thoughts and record their ideas and exploits upon the rocks.

In what manner the images were moved from the quarries to the different parts of the island where we found them is a mystery which will not be solved until the civilized world has learned much of what has been forgotten by the savage. Two of the smaller images were removed to the ship, but with great difficulty on account of their immense weight. The largest of these, named Hoa-ha-ka-na-na-ia, was found in what was supposed to have been the king's house. It took over a hundred of our men, with all the appliances and ingenuity of the officers and mechanics of the ship, two days to draw it down the hill to the beach, a distance of about two miles. Each image has a name, and every native I spoke to seemed to know the names of all of them. The two we secured remained on board until the ship arrived in England, when they were transferred to the British Museum in London. Afterwards, on visiting that institution, I had the pleasure of seeing both of my old friends occupying an honoured position amongst a vast collection of antique curiosities. I was informed that the characters on their backs were not at all unlike the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians.

Are we then to believe, I ask, that the artistic and mechanical powers which these rude and uncultured savages must have possessed (saying nothing of their intellectual and moral nature) are to be put down as mere bestial developments? Or in the face of such testimony as this, can any man who fears God entertain for a moment the idea that the savage, however low, can form a connecting link between us and "the beast which perisheth?" Is the world to sink into a state of debased materialism, which it most certainly would do if the conscience and intellect in man could be traced back to the instincts of the lower animals? Ponder for a moment on the awful thought, that then all communion with God and hope of eternal life beyond the grave would be blotted out from our lives, and that the whole scheme of salvation as declared to us in God's Word would be a myth!

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

BY W. P. DOLE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

LEUCONOE, you should not seek to know
What term of life the Gods above to me
May have assigned, or what allotted thee;
Nor try if Babylonian schemes can show
Our fate: that is forbidden man below.
How better far it were whate'er may be
Calmly to meet! whether, by Jove's decree,
We've many winters more, or the last now
Dashes in fretted foam the Tuscan sea
'Gainst wave-worn rocks. Be wise; your wines outpour;
Far-reaching hopes reduce to a short span.
Even while we speak the envious moments flee
Our idle grasp: Seize, then, the present hour;
And to the morrow trust as little as you can.

ENGLISH RADICAL LEADERS.*

BY G. S. G., QUEBEC.

"THE decisive sign of the elevation of a nation's life is to be sought among those who lead or ought to lead. The test of the health of a people is to be found in the utterances of those who are its spokesmen, and in the action of those whom it accepts or chooses as its chiefs."† It will hardly be disputed that the Radical leaders are the "spokesmen" and "chiefs" by whom it is right to judge of the health of the nation. Though they are in so great a minority in Parliament they represent the stage to which the nation is gradually advancing. The more shortsighted are gradually seeing into the future through the broad way which these social pioneers have hewn clear.

Even if the local or social (if the expression be permitted me) politics of the empire were not of interest to us, it would still be worth our while to study the views of these, the leaders of the advanced wing of opinion, that our way may be made easy when similar problems present themselves in Canada. And the time has even now come when we need all the light and experience we can find to help us to solve our difficulties, for we are strangers to but few of the great questions which agitate the public mind in England. Though the conditions which surround these questions may allow of an easier solution than do those which encompass the same problems in an old country, the character of the majority of our politicians of whom it may be said that they count "the narrow, immediate, and personal expediency for everything, and the whole, general, completed expediency for nothing, surround them with an element of difficulty, even harder to overcome than the fixed prejudices of a long-established community. How well do the scorching words of the editor of the *Fortnightly* describe the state of the political thought in the country! "Thoroughness is a mistake, and nailing your flag to the mast a bit of delusive heroics. Think wholly of to-day, and not at all of to-morrow. Beware of the high, and hold fast by the safe. Dismiss conviction and study general consensus. No zeal, no faith, no intellectual trenchancy, but as much low-minded geniality and trivial complacency as you please." Perhaps the reasons for this state of things are not far to seek, and possibly time may remedy the evil; but unless a determined effort be made by those who have the power to control, we can only look forward to an increase of corruption.

The importance of a high ideal will be readily admitted, as also the great value of examples of noble-heartedness and disinterestedness, coupled with courage and unflinching perseverance. These rare qualities, when united with great intellectual power and strong sympathy with suffering humanity, combine to form a character which cannot fail to inspire admiration, and challenge imitation. A few such men there are in every country and every generation, and of some of these it is our purpose to speak.

It is a well-established fact, which experience in constitutional government has proved, that the stronger an opposition is the better for the purity of the executive acts. And if that opposition be itself composed, not of a party anxious for power, but of men who look merely to the good of the country, and the justice and expediency of projected legislation, the greatest benefits coupled with the fewest disadvantages may be expected. The independent member always inspires more respect than the party man, for even the leaders are obliged to modify their views and give way to the exigencies of the party, while the motives of the independent member are above suspicion, his position precluding him from sharing in the spoils, whichever party be in the ascendant.

The independent members are those first discussed by Mr. Hinton. They are Prof.

* English Radical Leaders. By R. J. Hinton. G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.

† On Compromise. By John Morley, p. 17.

Fawcett, Sir Charles W. Dilke, Sir J. Lubbock, Peter A. Taylor, Joseph Cowen, and Robert M. Carter. Each of these names, in fact every name in the book, is well known to the student of English politics; some are high placed on the roll of literary fame.

"There are not," says Mr. Hinton, "half-a-dozen public men in Great Britain more likely than the member for Hackney to become, at a day not very distant, the Prime Minister of the great Empire." There is certainly no impossibility in public opinion advancing to the high level of Prof. Fawcett's political opinions in the comparatively few years during which he would be available as a leader; but the reaction from the present conservative aspect of politics would need to be unusually swift and strong. Prof. Fawcett's views are those of the most advanced Liberals. "He does not seek to pull down, but, conserving the good, aims to re-create his country without disorder or dangerous excitement." Although he generally agrees with the majority of the Liberals, yet his differences of opinion are very marked. His vote on the Hon. Mr. Forster's Education Bill alienated many of his admirers, and his opposition to the Factory Health Bill of 1874, whereby women and children were prohibited from working more than a certain number of hours a-day, was distasteful to many of his constituents. These votes, which were opposed to the general current of liberal opinion at the time, only exemplify the sturdy independence of Prof. Fawcett's character; his straightforward manliness alone preserved to him the confidence of his constituency. In his speech on the Factory Health Bill he said: "It is not often that one has to charge the working-classes with a deliberate scheme of injustice or oppression. But I fear that under the terrible struggle for existence in this country, the working-men have at length begun to show signs that their instincts have become impaired. From them appears to have proceeded a demand for a measure, which, under pretence of a desire to protect women and children from over-work by restricting the hours per day during which they can labour, can only result in rendering women unable to compete with men, even in the few employments now open to them, and so crippling that sex still further in the struggle for life."

We had hoped to find an extended notice of Mrs. Fawcett, which would not have been at all out of place, even in a survey of her husband's merely political opinions. She has the reputation of being nearly her husband's equal in power of thought, and she has made social and economic science the study of her life. Also an appreciation of Professor Fawcett's work in economic science would have been most welcome. However, Mr. Hinton has not thought fit to satisfy us.

Next among the independent members comes Sir Charles W. Dilke. No man was more prominently before the British Public than he, during the years 1870 and 1871. It was startling to the people "when a young, wealthy, cultivated, and titled gentleman—one whose father had been the companion of princes, and whose name is linked with the fairest aspects of later English History—rose in the House of Commons, and delivered a carefully prepared, moderately toned speech, very level and direct in its argument, and aimed at the extravagant cost of the Royal Establishment. The act was a daring one, and it raised a howl of anger and indignation." Since that time Sir Charles has shown such aptitude for the driest parliamentary work, such earnestness, and so extensive a knowledge of almost all subjects which come under discussion—more especially of the social and economic condition of the United States and Canada—as have gained for him the respect, if not the sympathy, of the House.

Upon a motion of his was printed a valuable report showing the number of persons possessed of the franchise. We must, however, refer our readers to the work before us for a summary of this report (page 46). It discloses what, to us, is a strange state of things, though one that may very well present itself before long, owing to the ever increasing tendency of the rural population to migrate to the large towns. In one of his speeches on electoral reform, Sir Charles Dilke read an advertisement clipped from the *Times*, in which landed property was offered for sale, including among other advantages a seat in the House of Commons. Surely the Electoral Reform Association are justified in demanding a re-distribution of seats. Sir Charles is well known as the author of "Greater Britain" and as the chief editor of the *Athenæum*. He has acknowledged the authorship of an anonymous

pamphlet which appeared under the title of "Prince Florestan," and which created a great stir at the time of its publication.

That portion of Mr. Hinton's book which treats of the labour agitation and its friends is the most interesting and the most useful. Mr. Mill, in his chapter on the "Probable Future of the Labouring Classes,"* comes to the conclusion that "the relation of master and workpeople will be gradually superseded by partnerships, in one of two forms—temporarily, and in some cases, associations of the labourers with the capitalists; in other cases, and perhaps finally in all, associations of labourers among themselves."

It is with men who have given their time and thought to the advancement of this latter system that we are at present concerned. Those who doubt the practicability of this method of manufacture need only be referred to the many examples of success mentioned by Mr. Mill in this same chapter. We cannot resist quoting the paragraph in which he sums up the result: "It is hardly possible to take any but a hopeful view of the prospects of mankind when, in the two leading countries of the world, the obscure depths of society contain simple workingmen whose integrity, good sense, self-command, and honourable confidence in one another, have enabled them to carry these noble experiments to a triumphant issue, which the facts recorded in the preceding pages attest." "In the co-operative movement we see exemplified the process for bringing about a change in society, which would combine the freedom and independence of the individual with the moral, intellectual, and economical advantages of aggregate production, and which, without violence or spoliation, or even any sudden disturbance of existing habits and expectations, would realize, at least in the industrial department, the best aspirations of the democratic spirit, by putting an end to the division of society into the industrious and the idle, and effacing all social distinctions but those fairly earned by personal services and exertions."

Among the originators of the first co-operative store established in England was Thomas Hughes: he, from the first, took the greatest interest in the movement, and devoted much of his time to fostering it. In his address before the 4th Annual Co-operative Congress, of which he was President, held at Bolton in 1872, he summed the good which co-operation had already done: "It is impossible for a man with eyes in his head or a heart in his breast not to have seen, even in the darkest times, what an educational power of the highest kind lies under this co-operative movement, for the great masses of the people. It has already done more, I venture to say, than any other religious or social movement of our day. Not even the most blind of our opponents can deny that it has made hundreds of thousands of our people more prudent and temperate, has developed in them great capacities for transacting their own business, and has made them conscious in some dim way of that highest mystery of our human life, which can only be adequately described in words with which, I hope, all of us are familiar, that we are members one of another, so that if one member suffers all suffer, and that if one member rejoices, all rejoice." To all who take an interest in co-operation, and we would that they were more numerous, we recommend our author's pages, though we might wish them fuller.

However successful the co-operative venture may have been, and for however glorious a future the movement may be reserved, the existing relationship of employer and labourer demands the attention of all thinking men. For the evils and wrongs which attend the practical working of the system neither employer nor labourer can be exclusively blamed; any plan which promises a better understanding deserves a trial. The labourer complains that capital receives too high a rate of interest; that the division of profits is unfair; that they pay too high a price for the tools with which they work. In M. Feugueray's words "*La racine la plus profonde des maux et des iniquités qui couvrent le monde industriel est l'exploitation du travail par le capital, et la part enorme que les possesseurs des instruments de travail prélevent sur les produits.*"* In their efforts to redress the balance the labourers have recourse to strikes. The man who has done most to prevent strikes in England is Anthony John Mundella, member for Sheffield. At ten years of age Mr. Mundella

*Political Economy, Book IV., ch. VII.

*"L'Association Ouvriere, Industrielle et Agricole," par H. Feugueray, quoted by Mr. Mill in his "Political Economy."

left school and worked till the age of twelve in a printing office; he was then apprenticed to the hosiery business, and at twenty he married a daughter of a Nottingham manufacturer. At fifteen he had identified himself with the Chartist movement, and his political songs were sung everywhere. He was the first to establish Boards of Conciliation and Arbitration.

"In 1860, some at least of the Nottingham masters became weary of contention, and were persuaded that lock-outs were not a remedy for strikes. After a century of feud, they desired an era of conciliation. First communicating with their brother masters, they brought them into the same mind. A resolution was passed and a handbill issued. In fact the masters invited the men to meet them with a view to some arrangement. The invitation was accepted, and at the end of three days' discussion the existing strike came to a close by mutual concession. But this was not all. It was further agreed that, to prevent strikes for the future,—"strikes so disastrous to employers and employed,—" a Board of Arbitration should be at once formed. It was to consist of six masters and six workmen. To it all questions relating to wages were to be referred, and its decisions were to be final and binding upon all parties. No sooner said than done, only, by mutual agreement, nine from each side were substituted for six. The nine workmen were chosen by the universal suffrage of their own trades' unions; the nine masters at a general meeting of their own body.

The Board met on the 3rd December, 1860. They had neither rules nor precedents. The scheme was not universally approved by either masters or men. Some distrusted it even to suspicion; others assailed it with ridicule and sneers; a third portion of the masters doubted the practicability, if they did not disdain the thought, of masters meeting men on terms of perfect equality. However, the experimenters had with them the majority of the masters, and perhaps the bulk of the intelligent men. The result shall be stated as nearly as may be in the founder's own words: "Wherever men meet together with the honest desire to aim at the truth, and to do justice to each other, a good understanding is almost sure to follow." The working-men delegates proposed a master as president; the masters, a workman as vice-president—precedents which have been invariably followed. The rules originally made have never been altered. Brief and simple, they provide for arbitration on any questions relating to wages, and for conciliation in any dispute that may arise; and they intrust to a committee of four members (two, it is assumed, on each side) the inquiry into cases referred to it, with instructions to settle the disputes, or if unable, to remit them to the whole Board. This, therefore, is, after all, an example of "settling their disputes among themselves." "Not only is no stranger called in, but no umpire; no chairman ever is appointed beyond the members of the Board, who, as has been said, choose their own president and vice-presidents among themselves." "Mr. Mundella does not pretend that there have been no difficulties, no mistakes; but he distinctly states that every question submitted for seven years has been successfully adjusted. The Nottingham Board now governs the hosiery trade of Nottingham, Derbyshire, and North Leicestershire; and the number of persons employed cannot be less than sixty thousand. It is very rarely that the price originally proposed by either masters or workmen is the price ultimately agreed to. Some alterations or concessions are generally made on both sides, and the price once fixed is considered mutually binding. But a month's notice must be given before any change of prices can be discussed." "For three years and a half (the latter portion of the seven) the Board have arrived at all their decisions without voting. The Board is open to receive delegations from out-of-doors, a practice which has had a very wholesome effect." The workmen who have seats at the Board are almost always, says Mr. Mundella, "prominent leaders of trades' unions; and I have found among them as much wisdom, tact, moderation, and self-denial as the best of us who are employers can show."

Mr. Mundella is not alone in advocating the establishment of the boards. Mr. MacDowal, the working-men's member; Mr. Morley, the member for Bristol (himself a wealthy man and large employer of labour as a manufacturer); and Mr. Hughes, all speak in the highest terms of the successful working of these councils. "In the North of England Coal Districts . . . so far has this plan been carried that . . . power is given these boards by both parties, to fix

at stated periods, the rate of wages, and to make the necessary regulations."

Mr. Morley gives his opinion of these boards in a letter to Mr. Kelley, who was engaged in forming the Agricultural Labourers' Union, and at the same time in promoting the establishment of arbitration boards:

"These boards are, I am convinced, the very best remedy for the evils and misery which come from lock-outs and strikes. They serve to make masters and men think about the justice of their respective claims, and prevent the enormous loss of labour, and consequently of capital (which is only accumulated labour's results), which presses most heavily in time of strike on the workman and his family. I sincerely hope your efforts will be crowned with success. It is most opportune to have everywhere the boards formed and ready to act before the differences arise, and to have them consist of the most strictly upright and honourable persons—capitalists and labourers in the various localities."

The success which almost invariably attends the establishment of these boards in England would not desert them in Canada. We cannot admit that Canadian employers of labour are more exacting or less generous than English masters; nor can we acknowledge that our labourers are more unreasoning or less moderate in their demands than English workmen. It would be greatly in the interest of all to establish boards when there is perfect good understanding and good feeling between employer and employed.

The Parliamentary agitators discussed by Mr. Hinton are Samuel Plimsoll, Edward Miall, Sir Wilfred Lawson, and Henry Richards.

The objects for which these gentlemen are agitating are well known, except, perhaps, that of Mr. Richards. He has devoted his life to the advocacy of peace. Probably the nature of his agitation has made it less violent, and therefore less far-reaching, than those of the former three, who are waging a war to the knife with the proprietors of rotten ships, the Establishment, and the licensed victuallers.

The concluding part of the book is occupied with "Popular Leaders," some only of whom are members of the House of Commons. This class includes the foremost of those men who have put themselves in strongest opposition to the feelings and ideas of the ruling classes, whether in religion or politics. The book opens with a biography of George Jacob Holyoak, the last man imprisoned in Great Britain for what the law terms blasphemy. Sir John Lubbock, at the annual meeting of the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," declared that, "but for the labours of Mr. Holyoak, it might not be possible for them, the *savans*, to speak as freely as they do in these days." Mr. Holyoak was told on the day before his trial, by the principal magistrate of the district, that he would not be allowed to speak in his own defence. He determined to try, and, accordingly, he spoke nine hours and fifteen minutes, concluding his defence at past nine o'clock at night.

Republicanism is by no means favourably looked upon in England, and when coupled with professed atheism needs no active political agitation to render the holders of such opinions obnoxious to the "respectable majority." To most people Charles Bradlaugh is known merely as an avowed atheist, and as an advocate of sweeping political and social changes. The wrongs he has suffered are unknown; the good he has done is overlooked; the battles he has fought for those whom he considered oppressed are ascribed to ambition.

At the age of fifteen, Mr. Bradlaugh, then an earnest believer in the doctrines of the Established Church, was requested by the incumbent of the parish in which he resided to prepare for confirmation. Meeting with some difficulties in the course of his necessary studies, he wrote to the incumbent for assistance; that gentleman denounced the letter, to his parents, as atheistical, and suspended him from his functions as Sunday-school teacher. Subsequently, at the instigation of the vicar, Mr. Bradlaugh, senior, demanded a surrender of his son's opinions, coupling with the demand a threat of loss of employment. Upon this a quarrel ensued, and the son left his father's house never to return. Pressed by poverty, he enlisted in the Dragoon Guards, in which he served in Ireland for three years. At the end of that time he was enabled to purchase his discharge by means of a legacy left him by an aunt. Mr. Bradlaugh then entered a solicitor's office, and, subsequently, he became a lecturer and the editor of a newspaper. The Government

attempted to suppress the paper for alleged infraction of the press laws. The case went through all the courts, and was finally decided in Mr. Bradlaugh's favour by the full Bench. Mr. Bradlaugh personally defended himself, and though the Government was beaten it refused to reimburse any of the costs incurred by the defendant.

In conclusion, we must express our gratitude to Mr. Hinton for the pleasure he has given us in reading his book; it satisfies a want, and affords a ready means of reference for information about the leading Liberals of the Mother Country; it is written in good, forcible English, quite untainted by the author's residence in the United States. The gravest fault we have to find with him is that, as a rule, he prefers to quote some other author's estimate of the man under discussion, and though the personality of most of his subjects is vividly brought before the reader, yet one feels as if Mr. Hinton had himself gained his knowledge of them rather from the newspapers and biographical sketches, than from personal contact and acquaintance. We conclude with the hope that Mr. Hinton may give to the world a similar book on "American Leaders," a work for which his English rearing and long sojourn in the States would, we think, especially fit him.

L'ENVOI.

THERMOMETER down below zero,
And powdery snow-drifts piled high,—
The bitter wind blowing by keenly,
And a grey pall obscuring the sky;
No sign of the gentle spring nearing,—
For winter holds guard o'er the scene,—
Save one snowy crocus, appearing
In the window, half shrouded in green.

O welcome! you silver-robed princess,
Entrenched in your guard of green spears!
You come with a sweet, hopeful message,
Like a smile that gleams brightly through tears!
Of such coming, incredible wonders
You tell us, in prophecy sweet,—
Of pure skies, and soft, balmy breezes,
And marvels like you—at our feet!

Of the quickening life that is flowing
Through the boughs of the bare, budding trees,
Of the leaflets so silently growing,
Soon to dance in the sweet summer breeze.
Like the bright, rosy streak of the morning,
In silence a poem you sing,
Of the miracle yearly returning,
The wonderful birth of the Spring!

FIDELIS.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED!*

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK I.

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NOBLE POOR."

CHAPTER I.

SAINT LAZARUS.

THE Hospital of St. Lazarus, a quaint old pile of Norman stonework, stood grey and grim in the meadow-lands of Pentonshire, a mile and a quarter from the old cathedral city, very grey and grim to match. An excellent institution this of St. Lazarus, which a wealthy cardinal of the fifteenth century had repaired and re-endowed for the sole use and benefit of "The Brotherhood of the Noble Poor." Here the noble poor had lived and thrived, and grumbled and grown garrulous, been thankful for small mercies or for none, had had their trials and temptations, their dinners and their perquisites, had known peace and rest and discontent and envy after their kind, and had died and been buried, for the last four hundred years. There were not many to die or to be buried at the time our story opens. The ancient charity had gone the way of similar "foundations," and strange stories were extant of funds wasted and misapplied, of lands stolen or given away, of trustees neglectful or unprincipled—all of course happening in the good old times, when humanity was very different, and such dreadful things as these were possible to be! Thoughtful and superstitious people wondered if the original founders of the edifice rested in their graves, there had been such wholesale peculation in the centuries since they had thought it seemly to remember God's unfortunates; and there was a well-authenticated ghost walk in the neighbourhood, where a figure had been seen so very like the portrait of his Eminence the Cardinal in the refectory, that more than one respectable villager, coming home late from the "Rising Sun," had been prepared to swear to him. The Cardinal had been a man of figures in his day, a far-seeing, shrewd old gentleman, who estimated that lands would grow in value and rents rise high when sight-seers should be gaping at his marble effigy in the cathedral yonder. The Cardinal had calculated for everything but wholesale robbery and men waxing fat at the charity's expense, and the "Hundred Mennes" dwindling down for want of funds to thirteen tottering old fellows in black gowns and serge skull caps, who in their penury and decrepitude now represented all the forces of the Brotherhood of the Noble Poor.

They were thirteen men, well cared for and well looked after by the Master of the Hospital, whose salary was large, and whose residence was large too, having been built on the site of some forty houses once belonging to the brotherhood, and which had been demolished to make room for him in the dreadful old days to which allusion has been made. Still the charity existed; men duly qualified found a refuge here, and a something better than the workhouse; and honest folk, it was rumoured, were now looking after the funds, and after those who had a hold upon them, fairly or unfairly, as circumstances and courts of law might eventually decide. It was a show-place, this Hospital of St. Lazarus, dear to antiquaries and to lovers of tradition, and possessed a show-church, which restorers had re-touched and re-scraped, and so wonderfully and terribly recoloured, that only art-critics of the first degree of refinement could see anything in it but lumps of red and blue. It was a place

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

where people stepped back to the past as they entered the gateway in the entrance tower, and drank of the beer which was offered them at the porter's lodge, by order of the Cardinal, who must have fancied that Englishmen were fond of beer, or might grow to like it in good time. There were sights here worth a journey across the fields from Penton to St. Lazarus, and the members of the brotherhood acted as showmen and looked after the sight-seers and the fees. There were a few old paintings as well as old buildings and old men; there were leathern jacks and iron candlesticks; and carved oak and stained glass, and a porridge pot, and other relics of the times when merry England lay a few centuries further back in history. The pilgrims came in the tourist season thick and fast enough, but in the spring and winter "business was awful slack," as one despondent brother of ninety-two, saving up fees for a rainy day, was in the habit of declaring in dull seasons.

Business at St. Lazarus—the business of the brotherhood—had been very slack indeed on the day we take our readers into Pentonshire. It was the end of May, too, when a few stray tourists are to be generally discovered on the march, the flying squadron of the great army of knapsacks advancing in the later months. It had been a cold, disagreeable May, with the winds of March and the damps of April clinging to its skirts still, and with not a glimpse of the coming summer in the leaden sky. It was close on sundown at St. Lazarus, with the wind in the east, and the thermometer low. There had been no visitors that day to the hospital or the church, and the doors of the brothers' houses were, as a rule, closed in the quadrangle. The monastic life seemed nearer to the nineteenth century on such a day as this; all was still and peaceful—even the rooks were depressed and sulky in the giant elms beyond the walls, and the swollen river flowed on silently past the hospital, and in a broad silver band across the green fields to the sea.

The solitary man in his monastic dress at the open door of one of the houses surely belonged to the old days, as he sat there nursing a crutch across his knees; we have seen him on the canvas of half a hundred pictures in the galleries abroad. The long black robe, somewhat rusty in the light, the close-fitting cap pulled down till it met the shaggy white eyebrows, the rugged, angular face, the big-veined, claw-like hands, the silver cross hanging on the left side of his gaberdine, seemed all parts of a portrait of past history—the priest resting from prayers and penance, and dreaming of the world beyond his four stone walls. In the hall across the square plot of garden ground sat ten or eleven monks like unto him, cowering and shivering round a coke fire in the centre of the hall, a fire kept within bounds by a large rusty hoop of iron, and the fumes rising to the raftered roof above, and mixing with the darkness there. The old men were all silent—three-fourths of them asleep, and the others blinking like grey "mousers" at the fire, and brooding over things that had been, or life that might be presently. The heaviness of the day had crept into the refectory, and settled on the spirits of the inmates, and the light behind the stained glass windows was dying fast away. The monks of the times gone by had looked and dozed and croned like that over their wood fires in this very hall, until the bell for even-song had roused them, as a bell roused them on this particular occasion, and set them upright and listening—the bell of the outer gates, which Hodsman, the porter, had banged to for the night at seven hours by the clock.

It was a visitor to see the church and inspect the hospital, and Hodsman, through a little trap, informed the late-comer that the hour was too late. The visitor was pertinacious—for she was a lady—and would not go away. From her seat in the open fly which had brought her from the hotel at Penton, she argued the point with the gatekeeper; spoke of the trouble and expense to which she had been put in coming thither, of the value of her time, and the shortness of her stay in Penton, of the unnecessary rigour of the rules of St. Lazarus, that would not allow five minutes' grace to a lady, until the porter wavered beneath the stream of eloquence with which she favoured him.

"I will go and ask the Master," he said at last, "but I don't think it is of any use, mind."

The trap was closed, and the lady sank back in her seat and into the heavy folds of sable in which she had enshrouded herself that cold spring afternoon, and waited for the porter's reappearance. She was a young woman, for certainly twenty summers, all

told, would have sufficed for her life's calendar. She was a very pretty young woman also—which is a matter of importance to our readers as well as to herself; a pale-faced beauty, with soft brown hair, and clear-cut features of a Grecian type, and big grey eyes that looked out boldly at the world, and seemed to have no fear of it. She was a shade above the middle height of woman, we may add, to render our sketch as complete as these few lines will allow, and was "almost too thin to live," her maid had said confidentially to Mrs. George's maid, when the maids and mistresses were steaming across the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool last week.

The porter's head reappeared at the open trap.

"The Master says as how he can't make any hexception to the rules, and you must come to-morrow."

"Did you tell him all that I said?"

"All I could remember," answered Mr. Hodsman, who was a cautious man, and not disposed to commit himself if he could help it.

"Let me see. What is the name of the Master of this hospital?" she said.

"Salmon."

"Ah! yes. The Reverend Gregory Salmon," she said, musingly: "wait one moment, if you please."

From the pocket of her dress she drew forth a capacious morocco purse, which she opened, and took out a letter and a card.

"Will you present these to Mr. Salmon at once," she said, "and tell that gentleman the bearer is waiting without?"

She gave the letter and card to the flyman, who tumbled off the box and delivered them to the porter, who went away once more on this persevering young lady's business.

"I would have preferred to do without it," she murmured to herself, as she once more subsided into sable, and looked thoughtfully before her.

Meanwhile Mr. Hodsman had passed from the outer quadrangle to the inner, and rang the bell once more of Mr. Salmon's private and palatial domicile. Mr. Salmon was in his study, and in his second doze—he was dreaming of preferment and more loaves and fishes, when Mrs. Salmon came softly into the room and touched him on the shoulder.

"My dear Gregory," she lisped, "I hardly liked to wake you."

"But you have waked me, ma'am," he said sharply. He was an easy kind of man, as a rule, but he did not care to be roused from his nap twice in five minutes, and the masculine biped very seldom does.

"It's the lady again," Mrs. Salmon informed him.

"Now—upon my word—this is too much," and Mr. Salmon, a portly little man of fifty-six, sat up and planted his hands upon his knees.

"She brings a letter of introduction—from our boy. Our dear Angelo!"

"How do you know that?"

"I have opened the letter," said Mrs. Salmon, meekly. "I thought I would not disturb you unless it was absolutely necessary."

She did not inform the Reverend Gregory Salmon, M.A., that female curiosity had got the better of her sense of etiquette as regarded epistles addressed to her lord and master, especially epistles in a lady's handwriting, accompanied by a lady's card, and sent in by a lady who was waiting outside in a fly, and disinclined to go away again. She gave him the letter, on the outer envelope of which was written, "With Miss Westbrook's compliments," and from which he took a second letter that had been sealed a few minutes since, and was in the handwriting of his son. As the letter is characteristic in its way, and has its future bearing on our story, we make no apology for reading it with Mr. Salmon:—

"Boston, United States of America,
April 3, 18—.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—The bearer of this letter of introduction is a *personal friend of mine*, and one for whom I entertain the *highest* feelings of *respect*, *esteem*, and *admiration*; therefore I need not press upon your attention the necessity to welcome her with all that *kindness* and *geniality* which any friend of mine is sure to receive at your hands. Miss Westbrook is a lady—*an orphan lady*, having lost both father and mother—a calamity from which I hope to be long and mercifully spared. She occupies one of the *highest social positions* in the great country wherein I sojourn for a while, is a lady of *immense fortune*, highly intelligent, highly educated, deeply read, *singularly*

observant, and wonderfully meek and kind. I cannot, in a hurried letter of this description, enter into full particulars of *all* the virtues and accomplishments which this American lady *undoubtedly* possesses, but I trust you will judge quickly for yourself, and become her friend, guide, and even *counsellor*, in the lone land whither she has taken her way. It would be an *unspeakable comfort* to me to find that she is *one of us*—one of our happy and united family—when I return to the shores of my country the month after next, probably about the *15th or 16th of July*, D.V. I will write to you all the news by the next mail. Meanwhile with love to mamma, and all my relations,

"Believe me,

"Your affectionate Son,

"ANGELO SALMON."

"My dear," said the Master of St. Lazarus, "this lady must be seen to at once."

"It is Angelo's wish."

"And mine, Mrs. Salmon," he added with emphasis.

"Certainly."

"I will attend upon Miss Westbrook immediately. Tell Hodsman to inform the lady that I shall have the greatest pleasure in waiting upon her—and that he is to bring the lady round here and show her into my drawing-room, if she will be kind enough—bless my soul, what have I done with my boots?" And Mr. Salmon, full of excitement, kicked his slippers across the room, and trotted in an insane fashion the full length of his library. Mr. Hodsman delivered the message in due course to Miss Westbrook, who inclined her head slightly to the communication, and sat for a few moments longer in the fly, looking at the landscape, or at something farther away than the Pentonshire hills, dusky and grey in the dim light. Presently, and at her leisure, she descended, and in her deep rich mourning, passed under the Cardinal's Tower into the first quadrangle.

"This way, ma'am," said Mr. Hodsman; and the late visitor followed her guide to the inner court, where the church rose before her, grand and imposing in its nobility of stone. The houses of the brotherhood, with their tall twisted chimnies in dark relief against the sky, were on her left, the Master's house and the great hall or refectory making up the square. The day was dying out; the shadows were thickening on this haven for old age; the fig trees were dank and drooping in the twilight, and the big elms, towering above the house-roofs, seemed steeped in ink against the dull dead sky. There was an unearthly stillness in the place at that hour—but then, business was slack!

Miss Westbrook gave a little shudder at the prospect, and pointed to the almshouses.

"Where the brotherhood live?" she asked in an inquiring tone of Mr. Hodsman.

Mr. Hodsman nodded an affirmative.

"And die?" she added.

"Ay—and die. Pretty sharpish too sometimes, ma'am, when the winter comes, and catches 'em in the chest. We had one die yesterday."

"Ha! who was that?"

And Miss Westbrook turned with such suddenness upon Mr. Hodsman, that he nearly bit his tongue in half.

"Martin Drycot was his name, my lady. He was eighty-three, but we've older men than that here—ay, and younger, too."

"Have you?" And then Miss Westbrook stopped, and pointed to a something dark and indistinct, heaped as it were against the wall or doorway of one of the distant houses.

"What is that?" she asked.

"Ay—Lor' bless us—if it beant one of the brothers. And I'll bet a shilling now, ma'am," he said with a sudden outburst of cackling laughter, that startled Miss Westbrook in her turn, "that I guess who it is."

"It is late for him to be sitting out there, in the night-mists."

"He can go in to the fire if he likes—but he don't like. He can go in to the house, to his granddaughter—but he don't go."

"Why not?"

"He's sulky. Somebody's offended him—another brother perhaps, or Dorcas—that's the grandchild I was speaking of," said the man; "he's often like that, in his tantrums, and he's precious hard to please when the fit is on him. Hi! Adam!" called the porter; "Adam Halfday—here!"

"Adam Halfday—here!" murmured the young woman, with a gloved hand suddenly uplifted to the bosom of her mantle.

"Did you speak, ma'am?"

"No. That is, not to you," said Miss Westbrook.

"He's pretending to be deaf—that's a trick of his, the old artful, but he can't come over me in that way. I'm not a brother, thank goodness. Here—hi! Adam—here's a lady wants to see the church. If that don't stir him up, he's in a fine temper, to be sure."

The figure in the shadow moved, and the face of an old man looked towards them for an instant, white and gleaming, and then was turned away again.

"I thought he was dead," said the porter.

"Now, Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the visitor, fervently.

"Oh! they goes off in all kinds of fashions here, ma'am—like the snuffs of all kinds of candles. They——"

He paused and touched his hat, and it became apparent to Miss Westbrook that no less a personage had come upon the scene than the Master of St. Lazarus.

CHAPTER II.

ADAM HALFDAY.

THE Reverend Gregory Salmon raised his hat and bowed to the lady, even ventured to extend his hand in greeting, but Miss Westbrook did not see, or did not pretend to see, this exhibition of friendliness. She looked steadily at the clergyman and bowed in return to his salutation. Perhaps she had not quite forgiven his first reception of her application for admittance to St. Lazarus, or had considered that a slight acknowledgement of his welcome was quite sufficient at that early stage of their acquaintance.

"A friend of my son Angelo's is a friend of mine, Miss Westbrook," he said politely.

"Thank you," she responded, in a low voice, "but I am scarcely a friend of your son's."

"He writes to me that—"

"I have met him once or twice in Boston, and I am indebted to him for a letter of introduction," she said, interrupting him, "that is all."

"Oh! indeed. I was led by Angelo's letter to anticipate that you and he were great friends. At all events," said Mr. Salmon, with a broad beaming smile, "it is not his fault that you are not."

"No, it is not his fault, I think," said Miss Westbrook, quietly, and the corners of her red lips twitched with a reminiscence at which it was difficult to repress a smile in return.

"You must allow me to apologize, madam, for my first reply to your request," said Mr. Salmon; "but I was not aware that you brought a letter of introduction from my son, and we are compelled to keep to rules here very strictly. It is a habit of human nature, as strikingly exemplified by visitors to this establishment," he added, rhetorically, "to evade every possible rule which is posted up at the entrance gates."

"Is there any rule, Mr. Salmon, to keep that old man from the cold?" asked Miss Westbrook, pointing to Adam Halfday in the distance, "or does the brotherhood act as it pleases?"

"Eh! what old man is that, then?"

The Master of St. Lazarus shaded his eyes with his hand, and peered across the quadrangle, but Mr. Hodsman saved him the trouble of making the discovery for himself.

"It's Adam Halfday, sir. He's been there all the afternoon."

"Where's his grandchild?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You have not seen her about?"

"No, sir."

"That will do, Hodsman. You can go."

Hodsman touched his cap again and went back to the porter's lodge, and Mr. Salmon turned to his young visitor, and said:

"You will allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Salmon; she is extremely anxious to make your acquaintance, after all that Angelo has said in his letter concerning you. If you will kindly step in with me for a few minutes, whilst I run across to Halfday yonder, and see what is the matter, I—"

"I would prefer to accompany you for the present, Mr. Salmon, if you have no objection," she said; "I am greatly interested in the hospital and the brotherhood."

"It is a noble institution. Doubtless, my son Angelo has described it to you in his own graphic way."

"Yes, he has described it—graphically," she added, after a moment's pause.

"This brother is somewhat of a character. You will be amused with him; you will see what we poor masters have to put up with, now and then."

"They are old and querulous, and not too happy, I dare say," was the thoughtful comment.

"They should be as happy as the day is long."

"Why?" asked Miss Westbrook, who was evidently a girl of many questions.

"They are free from anxiety, they are well provided for, they have everything they need in moderation—board, lodging, clothing, fuel, and money," answered Mr. Salmon; "I tell them this half a dozen times a week at least."

"Do they complain, then?"

"They are full of whims and fancies. They are not all grateful."

"Many of them, probably, have known better days?"

"Most of them," was the reply; "some of them have been shopkeepers in the town, others even gentlemen. This man, Adam Halfday, was worth fifty thousand pounds when he was young."

"Indeed."

"And it all went in speculation—in that dreadful greed of gain, Miss Westbrook, which makes even Christians discontented very often."

"Yes," was the answer of his fair companion, "very often."

They had been sauntering side by side towards the almshouses, and were standing now before Mr. Adam Halfday, who, seated in his chair, with his crutch across his knees, seemed to all outward appearances ignorant of his watchers.

"Well, Adam, old gentleman," said Mr. Salmon, in a fussy but not unkindly tone, "is it quite wise of you to sit out so late as this?"

Mr. Halfday did not look up at the speaker, but he mumbled forth an answer.

"What's the time?" he said.

Mr. Salmon inspected his gold repeater.

"Half-past seven."

"I should have known the time for myself once," muttered Mr. Halfday, "but I haven't a fine gold watch now, and a big chain—and seals. Half-past seven is it? So early as all that."

"It is too late for you to sit here, Adam."

"There is no rule against my sitting here, Mr. Salmon?" asked the brother, more sharply and clearly.

"There is a rule that you should all be in bed by eight o'clock, you know. You have not a great deal of time before you, and there's tea to have."

"I don't want any tea. I have quite made up my mind not to have any tea. She can drink it all," said Mr. Halfday.

"Who is she?" asked Miss Westbrook of the clergyman.

"His granddaughter," replied the Master. "As the brothers get weak and feeble they are allowed a female relative—a wife, sister, daughter, granddaughter, or even niece, to wait upon them."

"And I hope they get waited upon better than I do, Mr. Salmon, or it's a queer kind of attention the poor wretches get," observed Mr. Halfday.

"Come, come, you and Dorcas have had a little tiff, I see."

"We're always having little tiffs," said the old man. "There is not a worse temper in all Pentonshire than Dorcas Halfday's. Where she got her nasty sulky ways from, the Lord knows. I can't make out myself."

"I'll go and talk to Dorcas immediately," said Mr. Salmon. "Pray excuse me for an instant," he said to Miss Westbrook, "you see I have a multiplicity of duties to perform. One instant—thank you."

Mr. Salmon passed into the cottage, and Miss Westbrook moved more closely to the bowed form of the old man, stooping down even and gazing into his seamed face.

"You have not found happiness, or peace, or content, amongst the Brotherhood of the Noble Poor, then, Mr. Halfday?" she inquired in a low voice.

The white shaggy eyebrows quivered as though stirred by the sweet breath of the speaker, and two keen dark eyes looked into the face so close to his.

"Now, who can you be?" he said, in a wondering tone of voice.

"One whom you have never seen before," was the reply.

"One of the curious sort, who want to know everything, our lives, histories, and adventures, who take up an hour of our time in the busy season, when people are turning in by wholesale, and there are not half guides enough to show the antiquities of this interesting spot in which we crawl about," he said, with a considerable amount of bitterness in his voice; "but you have come too late to see the church."

"I am afraid so," replied the lady.

"It's a ghastly den in the dark. It wants

the sunlight behind the painted glass. It wants the summer, but if you'll come early to-morrow, and ask for me, Adam Halfday, I shall be most happy to act as your guide," he said, with a sudden servility exhibiting itself, to the visitor's surprise. "I flatter myself I have more brains than the rest of the old men you'll find about, and can show you more of the hospital than any one else in the same space of time,—and if you are pressed for time, that is."

"Have you been here long?"

"Some fifteen years, a prisoner as it were," he answered, shrugging his shoulders, "and all the rest of my life a gentleman at large."

"You have had reverses?"

"I have been a rich man, and I have stared ruin in the face. I have spent thousands freely, and I am thankful—ay, truly thankful—for the gift of half-a-crown." He added this with great eagerness, rubbing one thin claw over the other as he spoke.

Miss Westbrook took the hint thus neatly conveyed, and dropped money in his hands. He looked down at the gift, drew a quick breath, and then peered from beneath his brows at a donor more generous than he had met of late years.

"Thank you, lady—you are very kind to me. Heaven bless you," he murmured.

"Will you answer my question now, Mr. Halfday?" she said; "it is very rude, you know, to keep a lady waiting all this while?"

Mr. Halfday laughed feebly, and put his hand to the side of his skull cap, by way of military salute.

"What is it that you pleased to ask me, my good lady?" he inquired again; "I haven't as good a memory as I used to have."

"Have you found happiness, or peace, or content here?" she inquired again.

"It is a noble institution this," the old man muttered; "what should I have done without it in my deep distress?"

"That is no answer to my question, and I am a very curious young woman."

"So it seems," was the dry response. "And what makes you anxious to know?"

"I have an interest in this charity—this may be a question which I shall put to each of the brethren, in turn."

"And you can do us good—stand up for our rights—see where all this money is gone which should have made this place a palace for us," said the old man, with new interest.

"Ah! we want a dozen like you. Have I known happiness, peace, or content, you ask? Well,—No!"

"Why not?"

"There is too much form and rule, and too little comfort. Plenty of interference, and no money. I don't think anything of the Master—he's a poor stick! and as for the brethren, they're are a quarrelsome, selfish, disagreeable gang."

"You haven't found a friend here in the fifteen years?"

The old man shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders, but Miss Westbrook would not take gesticulation for an answer. Yes, she was a curious young woman, it was her own acknowledgment.

She repeated the question almost anxiously.

"You have not found one friend, then?"

"Except the Master of St. Lazarus—he's a perfect gentleman, and very kind; he always does the best for us that he can, or that the rules allow him to do. I haven't a fault to find with him, my lady."

Miss Westbrook was not surprised to discover that Mr. Salmon was at their side again.

"That's right, Adam; give an old friend a good character," said the Master, as he laid his hand on the old man's shoulder; "I am glad to see that my fair friend has cheered you up during my temporary absence."

"She wishes me to show her over the church to-morrow, Mr. Salmon," said the brother.

"Is it your turn?"

"It is a little out of my turn, perhaps, but the lady wishes it. and I can settle that with Scone."

"Very well, and if Scone does not mind, and the lady wishes it—"

"I should prefer Mr. Halfday for my guide," said Miss Westbrook.

"Thank you, my lady. You could not have a better," replied Adam, with a naive conceit in his own abilities, with which most people would have been amused. But the clergyman was not listening, and upon the handsome face of the lady there had settled a strange sad shadow which was deepening fast, unless it was the fading light that deceived one in the study of her.

"And here is Dorcas," said Mr. Salmon. "You must make it up with Dorcas before the lady says good-night to you, Adam."

He spoke as a doctor might have done to a refractory patient whom he was anxious to conciliate, and Mr. Halfday struggled from his chair, and planted his crutch under his left arm.

"Oh! you have come to your senses at last, my fine lady, have you?" said Mr. Halfday, snappishly.

The person addressed was a tall young woman of seventeen or eighteen years of age, not too scrupulously neat in her attire, and with a tumbled mass of black hair, which she appeared to have scrupulously disarranged with both hands before emerging from the house. It was a handsome sullen face at which Miss Westbrook gazed, and they were two large dark eyes that turned in restless fashion from the grandfather to the lady, from the lady to the grandfather, and finally from the grandfather again to the heavy sable trimmings of the mantle on the lady's shoulders—a point of interest that drew Miss Halfday's attention to a focus, and brought a look of admiration and awe into her countenance.

She replied to her grandfather's question with her gaze still directed to the mantle.

"I never had any senses to come to—or I shouldn't have been here," she muttered.

"Now, Dorcas, what did you promise me?" remonstrated Mr. Salmon.

"All right, sir; I know," answered Dorcas, "but he begins it always by aggravating me—by saying something or other which he knows I can't bear—by talking of my mother, which I won't bear, never—not from him even. See if I do!"

And the girl, forgetting her interest in Miss Westbrook's sable trimmings, raised her right hand in the air, and shook it in a menacing manner at the old gentleman whom she had in charge.

"Your mother was an ungrateful, selfish —" then Mr. Halfday paused, as if still conscious of the visitor's interest in him, or twitted by remorse for his own hard words; "but there, there—bygones are bygones, and I have nothing more to say, Dorcas. Is the tea ready?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"A good girl this, my lady, when free from her bad tempers," observed Mr. Halfday by way of introducing his granddaughter to Miss Westbrook's especial notice; "my nurse, friend, confidante, little mother, daughter, everything. If there are times," he added mournfully, "when we do not agree together, when between her and me arise recollections of some bitterness—for we are both hasty and impolitic in our expressions—still there are times when an angel in that beastly little room yonder could not fill the place with greater brightness."

Both Mr. Salmon and Dorcas Halfday opened their mouths at this last speech of the old gentleman, for both were evidently surprised.

"I am glad to learn you have so good an opinion of your granddaughter, Mr. Halfday," said Miss Westbrook.

"The best of opinions, or she would not be with me," he added, almost peevishly for an instant; "I should have kept her at arm's length as I did her mother—as I have done her wicked brother, and—"

"He's not wicked," cried Dorcas, in warm defence of another member of the family.

"I tell you he is."

"I tell you he isn't."

Mr. Halfday's hand clutched his crutch more tightly, as if a fleeting idea of braining his refractory grandchild on the spot had just occurred to him; then the fingers relaxed, and he smiled at Dorcas, and disclosed more gums than were absolutely necessary.

"High-spirited you see, my lady," he said, turning to Miss Westbrook again; "but that runs in the blood of the Halfdays, and is purely constitutional. Still, a good child—careful of herself and me out of the little money I can afford to give her. It is very little, but she takes care of it. She is saving up for a new spring dress, but the spring will be old before she gets it at my rate of wage, I fear."

"This will not do, Halfday; I can't—" began Mr. Salmon, but Miss Westbrook had already shown the most surprising alacrity in taking his hints that day. Never had Adam Halfday encountered a lady or gentleman in so extraordinary a hurry to give money away. There was a sovereign in Dorcas's hand, not too unwillingly extended, before Mr. Salmon had time to complete his remonstrance, and Dorcas was already executing an elaborate curtsey of gratitude for the gift thus promptly conferred.

"I thank you very kindly," said Dorcas, her face beaming with smiles, and not a

remnant of the old sullenness of aspect visible.

"We will bid you good-night," said Miss Westbrook; "to-morrow, Mr. Halfday, I shall see you again."

"Thank you, my lady. You will find me in the quadrangle here," was old Adam's reply; "you will remember the quadrangle—not the refectory, where the rest of them are."

"I will remember. It is too late to see the church or the hospital to-night," said the lady, turning to the Master. "You were right, Mr. Salmon, in refusing me admission in the first instance."

"Nay—nay—Miss Westbrook; do not remind me of my discourtesy."

"I was in the wrong—not you."

"You will see Mrs. Salmon before you go? I hope you will. She is very anxious to have the honour of welcoming you to St. Lazarus, I assure you."

"Thank you. Ye-es," she added, in a strangely hesitating and almost uncomplimentary way, "I think I will see Mrs. Salmon. I shall have great pleasure," she added with more warmth of manner.

"This way, if you please."

Mr. Salmon offered his arm to Miss Westbrook, who rested the tips of her gloved fingers upon it, and walked by his side thoughtfully.

"It is all very strange," she murmured suddenly.

"My dear madam, what is strange?" asked the clergyman, looking hard at his companion.

"This place—and those people—everything," she answered.

"Ahem! yes—perhaps so. But you will like the establishment better in the morning."

"I hope I may," she answered, so wearily that Mr. Salmon looked at her again, but did not press her with another question.

Meanwhile Adam Halfday had let the crutch slide from beneath his arm to the damp grass-plot, and stood there clutching for support to the shoulders of his granddaughter.

"What did he call her, Dorcas?" he cried eagerly, and with a perceptible shortness of his breath. "By what name did he call that woman?"

"Westbrook."

"Westbrook it was, then. I thought I could not have been dreaming. Yes, it was Westbrook, by Heaven!"

"What of it?" asked Dorcas, as she stooped and picked up the crutch.

"I used to know that name very well indeed. That's all," answered the old man, as he limped towards his house, with Dorcas guiding his steps carefully.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE MITRE.

MISS WESTBROOK lost time at the residence of the Reverend Gregory Salmon, but there was no help for it. The Master of Saint Lazarus was over-courteous, over-exuberant in his professions of service to the lady, and Mrs. Gregory Salmon, a rosy-faced fat little woman of forty-five, followed suit, and for all this polite attention Miss Westbrook was compelled to be grateful. She wondered a little what Mr. Angelo Salmon had said in his letter to make man and wife so complaisant, but she guessed pretty shrewdly that he had spoken of her as an heiress, as a young woman standing alone in the world with a great deal of money on her mind, therefore one whose acquaintance was worth cultivating by respectable folk who had a marriageable son on hand, and not too wise a son either.

Still they were kind in their way, though she did not like their way, and was perfectly assured that had she arrived from the New World "uncertificated" only a scant amount of courtesy would have been found at Saint Lazarus. Well, that was the way of the world, and the world was growing more sceptical, more exacting, and more arrogant every day, especially this old world whence her father and mother had sprung, and to which she had returned with a strange mission.

She bore with all the inquiries of the Salmons, answering many of them, and finding it necessary to evade many also. Would she stay to dinner? She had dined at an earlier hour at the hotel. Tea?—She had ordered tea to be ready upon her return. Would she allow Mr. Salmon to dismiss the flyman, and put up with the shelter of their humble roof for one evening—just one evening! added Mrs. Salmon—they would feel

highly honoured, and it would save Miss Westbrook the trouble of coming in the morning? Thanks to Mrs. Salmon, but it was necessary that she should get back to the city. She had friends with her doubtless? No, she was entirely alone. She was not quite certain, she added with a fearless little laugh, that she had any friends now, and then her face shadowed suddenly with the consciousness of her recent loss, or of friends in the flesh set apart from her by circumstances which it was no intention of hers to explain to these inquirers. Would she like to have any letters of introduction to Mr. Salmon's friends in Penton? Thanks again, but she would prefer not to have them at present. Did she intend a long stay in that part of the country? She had not made up her mind. She would return to America, of course? It was very doubtful; she had always considered England as her future home, and had been taught to look forward to returning to it. Had she any particular interest, if Mr. Salmon might be allowed the liberty of putting such a question to her, in Pentonshire, that she had come direct from London to that county? Yes, she had.

That was the last leading question which Miss Westbrook, it may be perceived, replied to with some frankness, but with no amplitude of detail. To speak plainly, her answer "shut up" the Reverend Gregory Salmon, who saw that he had overstepped the boundary line which separates the natural interest in a stranger from vulgar curiosity. He was still polite and bland, and only one more question escaped him that evening, and that was at the entrance gate to which he had escorted his visitor.

"Any time to-morrow I shall be disengaged, Miss Westbrook, and most happy to act as your guide over this ancient edifice, if you will kindly let me know the hour at which you are likely to arrive?"

"Mr. Adam Halfday will act as my *cicerone* on this occasion," was the reply.

"Yes, but ——"

"I have given him my word," said Miss Westbrook, decisively.

She shook hands with the Master of Saint Lazarus, who escorted her into the fly, closed the door, raised his hat, stood back, and bowed.

"To the 'Mitre?'" asked the flyman, surly and blue with cold, and tortured inwardly, having partaken of one mugful of the founder's ale, which Mr. Hodsman had very generously brought out to him.

"Yes, back to the 'Mitre,'" answered Miss Westbrook.

It was dark night now, and the country road was lampless until the city of Penton was within a hundred yards of them. The man drove fast, and Miss Westbrook wrapped herself more closely in her sables, and went off at once into a reverie, deep, solemn, and depressing, or that speaking face belied her, until a half shriek, a volley of abuse from the driver, and a swerving of the horse and carriage towards a high hedge and a side ditch, roused her to active life.

"What is it?" she exclaimed.

"Only a woman in the way," said the man; "can't you hear when a trap's coming, you deaf adder?" he shouted down to someone very close to the wheels of the equipage.

"Can't you see when any one's ahead of you, you blind idiot?" was shouted back with energy; and after the carriage had driven off again, Miss Westbrook fancied that the voice was not unfamiliar to her—that its tone reminded her of Dorcas Halfday, when she was arguing with her grandfather in the quadrangle of the hospital. She leaned from the carriage and looked behind her, but the backward road was steeped in night, and the woman nearly run down was swallowed up in its depths.

"It is not possible to be Dorcas Halfday," said Miss Westbrook to herself; "she must be with her grandfather at Saint Lazarus."

Dorcas Halfday was forgotten by the time the city of Penton was reached. It was a dull old city by lamp-light, and more than half asleep already. The gas in the streets was burning faintly, the shutters were closing before the wares of early closing traders, the people were few and far between upon the narrow pavements, the overhanging fronts of ancient houses seemed nodding over the roadway, and their latticed windows with the shimmering lights behind them might have stood for blinking eyes which once had fire in them, but had grown dull and feeble with old age. A hundred yards of road like this, a cross cut to another, a street wider and with a trifle more of life in it, a market cross, the cathedral rising above a pile of house-roof, and faintly distinguishable through the blackness of the sky, and then

the "Mitre," a modern stucco edifice, with a bishop's cross in gold and colours painted on wainscot over the big portico.

This was home to Mabel Westbrook at present, and the sight of it did not add any brightness to her face, as she entered, and went slowly up the brass-bound stairs.

An angular sallow-faced woman of forty was reading by the firelight as Miss Westbrook entered the private sitting-room. She rose at her mistress's entrance.

"No one has called, I suppose?"

"No, madam."

"Any letters?"

"No letters, madam."

"Take my hat and mantle, Jane, and ring for tea."

"Yes, madam."

Jane rang the bell, and departed with the hat and mantle to a room adjoining, where she tried both articles of apparel on for the second time that day, and thought they became her very well indeed. Meanwhile her mistress put two little feet on the fender, planted her elbows on her knees, took her fair head between her hands, and opened her great grey eyes at the coals spluttering in the grate.

"This is a weary business, Mabel," she said, apostrophizing herself, "and begins badly. My heart is in my work, and yet it is as heavy as lead to-night. Why is that?"

She did not answer her own question aloud; the thoughts which had troubled her coming back to Penton gathered thick and fast in the quiet of that room, and took her from the working world again. The waiter of the "Mitre," a cadaverous man in a dress-coat, brought in the tea-service, coughed and retired without attracting Mabel Westbrook's notice, and the maid entering half an hour later, after a preliminary tap on the panels of the door, found her mistress still brooding over a fire that had grown hollow and cavernous with inattention.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, ma'am; I thought you had finished tea, perhaps."

"I had forgotten it, Jane; a few more minutes, please."

The maid withdrew, and Mabel Westbrook drank her tea in solitary state, and went back to the fireside afterwards—on this occasion to study the contents of the big morocco purse before alluded to, and to read many papers, with which the pockets were full.

The tea-service had been taken away, and the hour was late—it was half-past ten by the marble clock upon the mantelshelf—when the cadaverous man knocked softly, and re-entered.

"If you please, madam, here's a young person wishes to see you!"

"To see me?"

"Yes, madam."

"Did she mention her name?"

"Yes, madam. Dorcas Harkaway."

"You mean Halfday."

"It's very likely that was the name, ma'am."

"Show her upstairs at once."

The servant retired, and shortly afterwards reappeared with Dorcas in tow.

"This is the young person," he said, and closed the door upon Dorcas and the lady whom she had come from St. Lazarus to see. Dorcas Halfday was looking grimmer and more sullen than when she had first attracted Mabel Westbrook's notice; she was carelessly attired also—a straw bonnet loosely tied by strings beneath the chin was hanging off her head and down her shoulders, which were draped by a three-cornered shawl of white and black check, put on askew. She came in with a brisk, quick step, paused as she encountered Mabel's gaze, and then slouched slowly towards a vacant chair, upon the edge of which she sat.

"I thought I'd come and have a little talk with you," she said, abruptly.

"You are very welcome," was the answer.

There was an embarrassing pause after his, during which Dorcas stared over the head of Miss Westbrook at the opposite wall with great intentness.

"I should scarcely have thought the rules of St. Lazarus would have permitted you to leave the establishment at so late an hour," said Mabel Westbrook, at last.

"The rules!" said Dorcas, scoffingly; what do you think I care for the rules? And what can they do to me if they find I break them?"

"Dismiss you?" Mabel suggested.

"From waiting upon one who wears my life out, who does not care for me, or for anybody in the world, for the matter of that. Yes, that would be a punishment!" she added, with a scornful little laugh.

"You would not like to leave your grandfather?" asked Mabel.

"Wouldn't I! Ah! that is all you know

about it. Only give me the chance to get away from him, and then you'll see."

"What prevents your getting away from him, if you are inclined?" asked Mabel.

"Oh! I don't know quite," said the girl, restlessly, "heaps of things—my brother Brian for one, though he's as bad as the old man with his aggravating ways. But I haven't come to be talked to by you, you know. That's a likely thing!"

"Well, Dorcas, what have you come for? I am all attention."

"It's a mercy I'm alive to tell you," answered Dorcas, suddenly remembering a new grievance, "for you nearly run over me some time ago."

"Was it you, then?"

"Yes. My grandfather took it in his head to go to bed directly after tea, and I leaped the stream at the back of the chambers, and came across the fields to the high road, where that wretch of a flyman tried to make short work of me. He did it on purpose."

"Nonsense."

"Yes, he did. I know him. He has owed me a grudge for six months. He's only one more of the heaps of people who hate me and wish me dead."

"Hush, hush, child! this is mere raving."

"Ah! you don't know how everybody hates me," said the girl, half mournfully and half savagely; "and how I hate everybody, for the matter of that."

"Have you come all the way from St. Lazarus to tell me this?" said Mabel Westbrook—"to show me what a wild, inconsiderate, reckless young woman you are?"

Dorcas's eyes blazed at this criticism, but she replied with a single word:

"No," she answered.

"Tell me in what way I can assist you?" inquired Mabel.

Dorcas moved restlessly in her chair.

"I haven't come for any help from you. Early in life, lady," said she, more gently, "I was taught to help myself, and had to help myself, my mother having been turned out of doors by that old man you spoke to this afternoon. I don't suppose in all my life I shall ask help of any living soul."

"You may want help and seek it in vain."

"Then—*there's the river!*"

"Great Heaven!" ejaculated Mabel, in dismay. "So young, and so desperate as that."

"It was my mother's end, madam. I shouldn't care for a better if I was in trouble."

"I am very, very sorry to hear it," said Mabel, and two white hands went up suddenly to her face, and hid it from the strange, excited girl confronting her. "God forgive that mother."

"She was a good woman," said Dorcas, emphatically. "Don't make any mistake about that, please. You had much better say, 'God forgive all those who drove her to it.'"

"Amen, child," said Mabel, very reverently. "God forgive them too."

It was Dorcas's turn to be surprised at the manner of her companion—to sit and watch the young, fair woman in her attitude of grief—suddenly to leave her chair, and advance stealthily towards her, and touch the hands still held before her eyes.

"Did you happen to know my mother, lady?" she asked, in a curious tone.

"No, I have been in America all my life."

She lowered her hands and looked steadily at Dorcas as she answered her.

"I'm not clever," Dorcas continued, thoughtfully. "I don't make things out so clearly as Brian does. I'm not sharp, but I know you didn't come to St. Lazarus to see the church and hospital."

"What do you think I came for, Dorcas?"

"To see my grandfather," she replied. "It's no use saying 'No' to me, because I have put this and that together, and am pretty sure of it."

"You are too quick at jumping at conclusions—you judge too hastily."

"Not in this," said Dorcas, shaking her head; "and it is this I have come about all the way along the dark roads, and before you should get to us to-morrow. Am I right, Miss Westbrook?"

Mabel hesitated for a single moment, and then answered quietly—

"Yes, Dorcas Halfday, you are quite right."

CHAPTER IV.

DORCAS WARNS MABEL WESTBROOK.

MABEL'S previous estimate of Dorcas Halfday's character was correct in one instance at least. Dorcas was evidently

strangely excitable, for she clapped her hands noisily together, and exclaimed—

"I knew it! For all he said, I knew it! He went to bed to get away from my questions, but I was not deceived."

Mabel drew a quick breath.

"Is it possible he guesses why I came to St. Lazarus?"

"I think so."

"Did he hear my name?" said Mabel. "Ah! I remember Mr. Salmon's mentioning it at the last."

"Yes—what does it mean?"

"Has he never mentioned the name of Westbrook to you?"

Dorcas shook her head.

"It is as well. Presently you will know all, with the rest of them."

"I am not sure of it," answered Dorcas, doubtfully. "No one tells me anything, or thinks I am to be trusted; no one ever did, after mother died. I make a good drudge, a tolerable nurse, a decent slave, and that's all they want of me, you see."

"You are a strangely discontented girl," said Mabel: "will you tell me what you want for yourself?"

"Not I," replied Dorcas, shrugging her shoulders; "not such a silly as that at my age. Besides, I haven't come here to answer your questions, but to put you on your guard."

"Against whom?"

"Well," she added, hesitatingly, "against yourself, if you have an idea of obtaining information from Adam Halfday, or of doing him any good, or of giving any information to him. He is much better as he is."

"I have come from America expressly to see him. I have no other object in England, at present, than to be of service to your grandfather," answered Mabel.

Dorcas opened her dark eyes to their fullest extent at this announcement.

"You come as his friend then?"

"Yes."

"I did not think he had any," muttered Dorcas."

"Yes," she answered for the second time.

"Well, then," said Dorcas, taking a long breath, before bursting forth full of excitement again, "that's an idea, Miss Westbrook, you had better drop, once for all. He does not want a friend, and you can't make him one of yours. You had better leave him in that place to die off quietly, and when his time comes; he is only fit for that. He is best off now. He is at peace. He is a better man now than he has ever been. He is old, and not fit for change. If you have anything to tell him, for mercy's sake keep it back. There is nothing you can say or do that will be of any benefit to him."

Mabel Westbrook was intensely astonished at this outburst. She was unable to account for the warning thus delivered, and the character of Dorcas Halfday became a greater perplexity than ever.

"It is impossible that I can understand your meaning," said Mabel. "If I come to brighten the last days of Adam Halfday's life, why should the effort on my part be completely unavailing?"

"Nothing can brighten his life or make it better."

"You may be mistaken in that, Dorcas."

"Your friendship could not; your money could not; and it would be one or another, I suppose," replied Dorcas, shrewdly.

"Will you tell me your reasons for this strange assertion? Your grandfather is without friends or money, you acknowledge."

"Neither would do him any good."

"You cannot say that."

"On my soul, I can," was the emphatic answer.

"To offer him money may not be my mission in life, Dorcas," said Mabel, after a moment's further reflection, "but I must see him again at all hazards."

"I have warned you," said Dorcas, helplessly; "I can do no more, unless"—

"Well."

"Unless you will come with me to Brian's house."

"Your brother's house?"

"Yes, and hear what he has to say. He will not talk to you in my style," she said, with a short laugh, "and you might feel inclined to trust him further than you do me. Oh! he's a man wonderfully respected in the good city of Penton, he is," she added.

"You do not love your brother."

"There is not a great deal of love lost between us," was the dry answer, "but this I'll say of him, for all that: you may trust him. He's a man who says what he thinks, and it would be as well for you to see him."

"Where does he live?"

"Oh! hard by here. It's not a long way to go."

"Will you accompany me?"

"I'll show you where he lives," was the evasive answer.

"Yes," said Mabel, starting to her feet, "I'll go with you. Wait here one moment, please."

Was Mabel Westbrook excitable and impulsive herself, or was the curiosity to sift further into the mystery, and to comprehend the manners and motives of these Halfdays, too strong for her to withstand? She was in England on a mission which she had come from America to fulfil; she was a young woman, very shrewd and clear-headed, and business-like for her years, and her task was full of complications. It had seemed easy work enough until she was close upon the end of it, and the Hospital of St. Lazarus only a mile away. Yes, she would see this Brian Halfday.

She was equipped speedily for the journey, and it was not eleven by the clock when she and her eccentric guide were together in the city of Penton. It was a cold, raw night, following the cold, raw day, and the wind came keenly at them as they stepped from beneath the portico of the "Mitre" into the streets.

"It is a late hour to call upon your brother," said Mabel.

"He keeps late hours. He is a man who never rests."

"How will you get back to the hospital?"

"By the way I came. Across the stream and over the brothers' gardens to the window of the room I have left open."

"I hope this flitting from St. Lazarus is not a habit of yours, Dorcas?"

"No, not now," she said.

"That means"—

"Ah! never mind what it means, Miss Westbrook," cried Dorcas, quickly; "I do not like all these questions. I am not used to them. This way."

"If the brother resembles this girl," said Mabel Westbrook to herself, "I have chanced upon a family that I shall never comprehend."

They turned from the principal street into a narrow archway, and through the darkness that was there into a broad space of ground where were big trees, and gaunt, gable-roofed houses, and in the centre the old cathedral, dark, massive, and grand—a pile of Norman work looming from a background of dense sky.

"It is a short cut across the Close," said Dorcas, by way of explanation, "but if you are afraid to come back this way by yourself—afraid of the ghosts, that is," she added, with the short laugh once again jarring on Mabel Westbrook's nerves—"there is another road in the front of yonder houses."

"I am not afraid of ghosts."

"That's well. The ghosts do not trouble you as they do the Halfdays," said the girl.

Mabel glanced at Dorcas's face, but it was grave and matter-of-fact, and without the suspicion of a jest upon it. She did not ask any further questions; Dorcas had already entered her protest against it. She kept step with her guide, and wondered once if she had done a wise thing in accompanying her on this expedition. They went across the Cathedral Close and through a second dark subway into another old-fashioned street, where the houses seemed to Mabel taller, narrower, and older, and more full of cross beams and blinking windows than any she had seen in the city of Penton yet. Before one of the oldest and largest of these houses Dorcas came to a full stop.

"There are no lights up there to-night," she said, looking at the windows. "He may be out, after all."

She disappeared in the deep doorway, where she tugged vehemently at a bell, which was heard clanging in distant settlements for a long time afterwards, but there was no response to the appeal.

"Is this house your brother's?" asked Miss Westbrook.

"He minds it for the city—he's custodian."

"Of what?"

Dorcas indulged in her short laugh again.

"Of all the ugly things they have picked up, or dug up, in this place for the last thousand years."

"Is this Penton Museum?"

"Yes. I hope you like it," answered Dorcas.

"It does not seem a very large place for a museum," said Mabel Westbrook.

"Oh! it's large enough," was the reply; "too large for the company it gets. No one goes to it, or cares about it, that ever I knew. There are enough bits of brick about the high road, without coming here to see some more of them."

"You are no lover of antiquities, Dor-

cas," said Mabel, smiling at her companion's criticism.

"I see enough of them at St. Lazarus," answered Dorcas, pulling at the bell handle again, impatiently. "Brian is a light sleeper, or I should think he was dozing over his books; he's a young, strong man, or I should think he was dead."

"If he does not hear the bell I should think he was deaf," was Mabel's comment here.

"Neither dozing, dead, nor deaf, ladies," said a sharp, clear voice, so close to them that both women started. "To what cause may I attribute the honour of this late visit to the museum?"

The speaker was short-sighted, probably, for he craned his head towards his sister, and added—

"Dorcas!"

"Yes, it's Dorcas," was the answer, and a very deep and sullen answer it became at once.

"I am glad to see you," said her brother, "although I wish you had arrived at an earlier hour."

"I could not choose my time, and I did not come to see you," said Dorcas, slowly and uncivilly.

"If the visit is postponed to a time more fitting, Dorcas," said her brother, drily, "you might have let the bell alone."

"I brought some one here who is more anxious to talk to you than I am," answered Dorcas, "who has come all the way from America to see one Adam Halfday in the hospital of St. Lazarus."

There was a pause, and Brian Halfday, who had taken a latch-key from his pocket, stood with it in his hand, a silent figure enough, at this communication. It was a dark night, and they were far removed from the rays of the gas-lamp in the distance, but Mabel fancied that she could detect an expression of astonishment, even of utter bewilderment, on the face of the man confronting her. He peered now in the same short-sighted way at her as he had done at his sister, and Mabel went back one step from the steady stare of two bright, black eyes.

"May I ask your name?" he said.

"Mabel Westbrook."

"The granddaughter of James Westbrook, once in business in this city?" he added.

"The same."

"It is a strange hour for a strange visit," he said, "but it is as well that you have come. One moment."

He opened the door with his key, passed into the big entrance hall, struck a match, and lighted the gas in the lamp above his head.

"Step in, please."

"You will come with me, Dorcas?" said Mabel.

"No," was the reply.

"I ask it as a favour? You will consider that your brother is a stranger to me."

"The lady cannot enter here alone," said Brian Halfday. "Cannot you see that, girl?"

"I said I would never put foot within this place of my own free will again," said Dorcas.

"Is this free will when you are forced in against your inclinations?" asked her brother.

"Well, no."

Dorcas stepped into the hall along with Mabel Westbrook, and Brian Halfday closed the door behind them. As he lighted an oil lamp of antique pattern, he looked from his sister to his guest across the flame.

"Welcome," he said in a low voice, and with a ring of wonder in it still.

CHAPTER V.

THE CURATOR.

BRIAN HALFDAY, the curator of the museum which had recently been so severely criticized by his sister, was a man of the middle height, very slim, very pale, very shabby, with a quantity of long black hair, that might have been cut some weeks since with advantage to his personal appearance, streaming from beneath a rusty hat. He was not so much a bad-looking man, after a close survey of him, as an unhealthy-looking mortal who seemed growing thin, and lined, and sallow with close attention to the antiquities with which the place was stored. The dust of the place seemed to have settled on him and on his life together, although an absent far-away look, belonging to other times, as it were, and which was natural to him, was not apparent then. On

this occasion he had "woke up;" the novelty of Mabel Westbrook's appearance had surprised him and stirred him into action, and there was a wondrous shrewdness in the face that agreed well with his sharply-cut features and dark eyes. He had had books under his arms and a roll of paper in his hand when he had first surprised the ladies at the street door, and these, which had been set aside whilst attending to his lamp, he now took up again.

"Will you follow me?" he said politely, as he led the way up a broad flight of stairs, ornamented with richly-carved oaken balusters, and on through a series of rooms on the first floor, full of glass cases and open cabinets, where the bits of brick were upon which Dorcas had commented. Their footsteps on the floors of that solitary house echoed noisily, and the long rooms were full of shadows, which the oil lamp did not readily dispel. Mabel Westbrook was glad that Dorcas had condescended to stay with her as companion for the nonce. Through half-a-dozen rooms to another landing place, and a second flight of stairs, more narrow and cramped and dusty, and halting at the top of them, before a green-baize door, over which were affixed the words CURATOR'S ROOM, in small capitals. Pushing this open, and a second oaken door beyond it, Brian and his visitors stepped into a room, half museum and half library, with a faint suspicion of a laboratory about it also—a room crammed with books, carvings, brasses, heaps of papers, and horribly shaped things that had crawled this earth in ages past, and been mercifully struck into stone by the Great Hand.

"You will excuse the litter. I did not expect the pleasure of receiving lady visitors this evening," the curator said, as he took off his hat, set down the lamp, dropped his books and paper, and placed two chairs for the ladies with methodical gravity.

There was a bronze gaselier hanging from the ceiling, and this he lighted before he took a chair for himself, with his face from the light, for the sake of his eyes, of which he was careful, perhaps, or the better to study Mabel Westbrook, whose chair he had placed in the full glare of the gas. The room was not dark, and in the brighter light, and with a broad, white forehead unconcealed by his bad hat, Brian Halfday looked not much older than the six-and-twenty years with which time had credited him.

"Now, madam, I am all attention to any statement with which you may favour me," he said.

"I have no statement to make, Mr. Halfday," answered Mabel Westbrook,

"Indeed! I understood from Dorcas ——"

"That I have a statement to make to Adam Halfday, of the Hospital of St. Lazarus. Yes, I have come from Boston with a message to him."

"From whom?"

"From the dead," answered Mabel, sadly.

"Your dead father?" said Brian, inquiringly.

"No."

"Your grandfather?"

"Yes."

"He is dead then, James Westbrook," said Brian, with one hand clutching the other firmly; "after all these years this is the end of it."

Mabel regarded him very anxiously, and with a colour flickering on her cheeks; but he had turned his gaze from her, and was looking down at the well-worn carpet, as at a problem, which the death of Mabel's father had rendered more intricate. Was it a wise step which had brought her to this house after all? Had she acted prudently in following the counsel of a half-demented girl? Here was a man who seemed to know her story, or at all events to quickly judge the motive which had brought her from America. She had promised to see Adam Halfday, not his grandchildren, and they seemed to have taken the case out of her hands, or to be standing in her way, almost in opposition.

"I may not ask you the purport of that message, Miss Westbrook," said Brian, looking at her at last, "but I think it is understood."

"It would be a breach of trust on my part," replied Mabel.

"It is not difficult to guess," Brian continued. "A man on his death-bed would surely be at peace with the world he is quitting. A bad man might wish for pardon of those whom he had injured; and a good one might extend his forgiveness to old enemies, for all trespasses against him. The dead man sends forgiveness to Adam Halfday."

Again the red blood mounted to the

cheeks of the fair woman, and she shrank at the satire which she was sure was conveyed in the curator's words. This man knew the secrets of her grandsire's life—it had been his business to learn them, but he did not, he would never, guess how good a man James Westbrook was. She would be able to tell him in good time, but the tidings were not for him now.

Both were startled by the voice of Dorcas in reply to the last words. She leaned forward suddenly and said—

"It is not forgiveness she brings to him, but money, Brian."

"I did not say so," was Mabel's quick, almost indignant, answer.

"She has come from America to see him, to brighten his life, she says. She has no other object in this country than to be of service to my grandfather; she told me so to-night," cried Dorcas.

"Well?" said Brian, sharply.

"And I thought she had better come to you, and hear all you had to say about it."

"Yes," muttered Brian.

"As you generally have a great deal to say about everything," added Dorcas, spitefully.

"Which I have not, in this case," replied her brother; "it comes upon me suddenly, and I want time to think. Where are you staying, Miss Westbrook?"

"At the 'Mitre.'"

"I shall not forget the address. Meanwhile," he folded his hands upon the table, and looked across at Mabel very intently, "may I ask you not to see my grandfather again until you hear from me."

"I have already seen him," answered Mabel.

Brian's face once more expressed surprise and mortification. It was a speaking face, thought Mabel, and the thin lips, undisguised by moustache or beard, betrayed the owner's feelings very clearly, although in this instance it may be said that he had made no effort to conceal them.

"And told him your name?" said Brian, in as sharp a tone as he had addressed his sister.

"No," was Mabel's reply.

"He heard it though," said Dorcas, "and he has been queer ever since."

"Queer?" said Brian, interrogatively.

"Thoughtful and odd; you know his way," explained Dorcas.

"And you have left him?"

"To warn her, and bring her to you. Was I wrong again?"

"No," replied Brian, "you were right."

"Ah! I am glad of that," said Dorcas, satirically, "it's so very seldom you think anybody is in the right—except yourself," she added in a low tone. The sharp ears of her brother caught the words which were not intended for him.

"Except myself—exactly," replied Brian, drily, "having found myself once or twice in the right, when other people have thought me in the wrong. Miss Westbrook," he added, addressing his visitor again, "I have grown conceited perhaps. Still I am so right in advising you not to see Mr. Halfday until you hear from me, that I have no hesitation in asking this as a favour."

"I have told him I shall call at the hospital to-morrow."

"You must not do it," cried Brian Halfday, peremptorily.

"I have a habit of keeping my word," said Miss Westbrook, proudly.

"When keeping one's word is likely to work harm to a fellow-creature, Heaven will forgive the omission," said Brian, quickly.

"I am in England to work good, not harm, to a man who is unhappy at St. Lazarus," answered Mabel, a little nettled by the reproof conveyed in the last remark.

"You will work good by delay," said Brian.

"Pardon me, but I have only *your* word for that, and you are a stranger to me," answered Mabel with severity.

"So is my grandfather," replied Brian, in the same rapid way.

"I have my instructions as regards him."

"They are very bad ones, if they leave no margin for discretion."

"I am compelled to act upon them."

"Not too rashly."

"Imperatively, and at once."

Brian Halfday's sharp tones subsided, and there was a strange look of pity in his eyes, as he said, in an earnest voice—

"Then for your sake, Miss Westbrook, I am very sorry."

(To be continued.)

THE ADVANTAGES OF PROTECTIVE TARIFFS.

BY R. W. PHIPPS, TORONTO.

I CANNOT promise my readers an agreeable and lively composition, but, if its suggestions be followed, I hope it may prove a valuable one. Neither can I promise originality, for Protection is a science built up by the observations—the discoveries—of many successive individuals, many distinguished philosophers. Its adoption has benefited many countries; but never any as it shall benefit Canada, and all who make Canada their home. Are you a farmer?—it shall lighten your labour, double your sales, and quadruple the value of your land. Are you a lumberer?—by its aid Canadians shall pay you better for pine and oak than ever did foreigner. Are you an importer?—under it home goods will yield you more profit than now do foreign ones. Are you a storekeeper?—it shall give you customers willing to buy and able to pay. Are you of the professions—an artist, a writer?—it shall change our poor towns into wealthy communities, ready to appreciate and employ. Have you a family to settle in life?—it shall give your sons a choice of lucrative employments—your daughters of eligible suitors. Are you a patriot?—thence shall come national power and honour—men and means—fleets and armies—and the public spirit without which they would be useless. Is this incredible? It often is wiser to investigate than disbelieve the incredible.

There are some people I heartily wish to carry with me; probably they are laying down the magazine already. I must open a gate, or not one of them will be in at the death. I mean those who, believing England prosperous through Free Trade, advocate it here. Now let me point out to these gentlemen that English Free Trade is based on changes made in the Navigation Laws, the Corn Laws, and the general tariff. Under the first, no goods could come to England but in—1. English ships; 2. Ships of the country producing; 3. Ships of the country where shipped. The Corn Laws prevented the exportation of grain when a certain high price was reached in England, and importation when it had fallen to a certain lower figure. These laws English Free Traders repealed, with excellent effect. The whole nation felt the beneficial stimulus. But these laws are beside the question here. Canada is not a small island with a large population. The matter here is one of manufactures—under the third, or general tariff, head. Did England admit any of these free? Yes. Why? Because she was making them more cheaply than they could possibly be imported. Here is the sum total the British custom-houses were receiving before the change: Coffee, £888,563; breadstuffs, £576,407; currants, £221,197; spirits, £2,410,184; timber, £1,488,531; butter, £262,967; cheese, £136,054; fruits, £290,960; seeds, £107,111; silks, £244,076; sugar, £5,123,986; molasses, £193,546; tallow, £206,464; tea, £3,978,518; tobacco, £3,580,164; wines, £1,800,128; miscellaneous, £2,098,268.

Now, will any one point out what manufactures are here, paying a duty, which could be exempted? They are not to be found. Under the miscellaneous head was certain raw material which was admitted free on the change being made. But as to manufactures, the fact is simply this; nothing was placed on the free list, till it had taken itself out of the paying column. Iron, for instance, had been protected for 150 years. The duty was prohibitive; it had been raised to $35 a ton. Under it, England had made her iron the cheapest in the world. She made it at £10 a ton; the lowest elsewhere was £13.13s. Then, when it could not possibly be imported, she took off the duty.

The statement concerning iron is from the *N. Y. Tribune*, of 1866; the previous list from a compilation by the late Mr. Whitney, of Toronto. Others speak to similar effect.

As to free trade in manufactures being the cause of English prosperity, I must remind

you that it has ever failed elsewhere; that it has been tried but a few years there; that other causes have helped England during them, namely: the constant armament and occasional wars of the rest of Europe; the war in America; the expenditure for public works in England, being the immense sum of three thousand millions of dollars for railways alone, for military and governmental works and telegraphs a great sum besides; and more than all this, the expenditure of money by capitalists, who, believing it was to continue the workshop of the world, have filled the country to the choking point with factories, foundries, and furnaces—all this spent in a little place not much larger than Superior is something. The money was British, but it would not have been spent there otherwise. Now, at this moment, no other civilized country has been convinced that Free Trade will help it; all the rest are busy strengthening their protective duties; the trade of England is already suffering thereby; Englishmen fear that it will suffer much more. The presidents of the Birmingham and Sheffield Chambers of Commerce should know something of it. Well, two years back, he of Birmingham publicly said that Belgium was underselling England in her own market; and this winter the Sheffield official informed the Chamber that they would never again have the trade they had with America; that the goods of Germany and America were driving the English goods into a corner. In the face of these facts, the assertion that Free Trade has been a success in England may very well be questioned. The facts tend pretty sharply to prove that the protected countries are distancing the unprotected one. As to Free Trade being politic in Canada, the idea is utterly absurd. Read this extract from Adam Smith. It is practically true, which cannot be said of his Free Trade theories:—

"The capital which is employed in purchasing in one part of the country in order to sell in another the produce of the industry of that country, generally replaces by such operation two distinct capitals that had both been employed in the agriculture or manufacture of that country, and thereby enables them to continue that employment. When *both* are the produce of domestic industry, it necessarily replaces, by every such operation, *two distinct capitals*, which had *both* been employed in supporting productive labour, and thereby enables them to continue that support. The capital which sends Scotch manufactures to London, and brings back English manufactures and corn to Edinburgh, necessarily replaces by every such operation *two British capitals*, which had *both* been employed in the agriculture or manufactures of *Great Britain*.

"The capital employed in purchasing foreign goods for home consumption, when the purchase is made with the produce of domestic industry, replaces, too, by every such operation, two distinct capitals, but *one of them only* is employed in supporting domestic industry. The capital which sends British goods to Portugal, and brings back Portuguese goods to Great Britain, replaces, by every such operation, *only one British capital*. The other is a Portuguese one. Though the returns, therefore, of the foreign trade of consumption should be as quick as those of the home trade, the capital employed in it will give but *one-half the encouragement to the industry or productive labour of the country*.

"A capital, therefore, employed in the home trade will sometimes make twelve operations, or be sent out and returned twelve times, before a capital employed in the foreign trade or consumption has made one. *If the capitals are equal, therefore, the one will give four-and-twenty times more encouragement and support to the industry of the country than the other*."

"Replacing capital," let me explain, means this: I may have spent a dollar in getting a chair made. The dollar is gone. I have the chair. You buy the chair of me, and when you pay me for it, you replace my capital. I have my money again; but not only that, for I will not sell without some profit. I shall have $1.25. Every time capital is "replaced," generally speaking, profit is made. Now follow it, and notice how the operation sends the successive prices two distinct ways:—I spend the $1.25 to get more chairs made; the man I paid for the first carries the dollar to another person, who makes something else for him—to a tailor, say. It replaces two capitals there—that of the tailor, and that of his man, whose work is his capital. These two will each have a dollar more to spend, each a profit. It is the same dollar, but each spends it in turn. The profit remains to each. Follow it as far as you please, and

while the dollar remains in the country, some one is profiting. It very soon gets to the farmer, and back to the tradesman. But as soon as it gets into the hands of the importer, its career of usefulness to us is stayed. It goes out of the country and does not return. Goods return, but their circulation is stopped by consumption or delay of sale. But why does the money not return, you ask, when other countries buy of us? Because our exports seldom equal our imports by many millions, and instead of getting any money back, we have to pay yearly a large balance in cash. There is but one way to change this. Foreign countries will, for many years, buy of us. We have some commodities they must have, and can get nowhere else as profitably. On the other hand, we buy of them much we might make here. By making these ourselves, we shall turn the balance the other way, and make the yearly difference of cash payable to ourselves. Whatever country does this, if she avoid war, must grow rich. Within herself she will have two great items of prosperity—plenty of work to do, and plenty of money to pay for it. Here are the imports and exports of late years :—

	Exports.	Imports.
1868.....	$57,000,000	$73,000,000
1869.....	60,000,000	70,000,000
1870.....	73,000,000	74,000,000
1871.....	74,000,000	96,000,000
1872.....	82,000,000	111,000,000
1873.....	89,000,000	128,000,000
1874.....	89,000,000	128,000,000

Strange nonsense has been written about this balance. The fact is, as a country improves, it can issue money on the security of its landed and personal wealth. This is the real security for the payment of bank-notes. With this money, actually made in Canada, we pay our balance. But it is none the less a drain on our labour.

Now will my reader take the trouble to follow the reasoning of the quotation following. Pardon the dry legal style; it is from the pen of the learned Mr. Justice Byles; but the oftener you read it the better you will like it. Truth will conquer; and this is true. Where Mr. Byles uses the word "British" I have taken the liberty of substituting "Canadian."

"The entire price or gross value of every home-made article constitute net gain, net revenue, net income to Canadians. Not a portion of the value, but *the whole value*, is resolvable into net gain, income, or revenue maintaining Canadian families, and creating or sustaining Canadian markets. Purchase Canadian articles with Canadian articles, and you create *two* such aggregate values, and two such markets for Canadian industry.

"Change your policy—purchase foreign articles with Canadian articles, and you now create only *one* value for your own benefit instead of creating *two*, and only *one* market for Canadian industry instead of *two*. You lose by the change of policy the power of spending the entire value of one industry which you might have had, as well as the other, and you lose a market for Canadian industry, to the full extent of the expenditure of that superseded industry.

"A small difference in price may cause the loss, but will not compensate the nation for that loss. For example, suppose Canada can produce an article for $100, and can import it for $99. By importing it instead of producing it, she gains $1; but though she pay for it with her own manufactures, she loses (not, indeed, by the exchange itself, but by the collapse of the superseded industry,) $100 of wealth which she might have had to spend by creating the value at home. That is to say, on the balance, she loses $99 which she might have had in addition, by producing both commodities at home.

"Nor can it be said that what the producer loses, the consumer gains. The producer loses $100; the consumer gains $1. The nation, moreover, loses the markets which that superseded industry supported."

I will remark, in explanation of the last paragraph, that the producer loses $100 in this way. His product remains on his shelves: the $100 which might have bought it, have gone out of the country. He is idle; his men are idle; those who supplied them are to that extent idle. Had he got the $100, he would have forthwith spent it here, and it would have circulated as I pointed out before. But he is idle. Some say, let him go to farming. But he will not; it will not pay interest on his capital. He will go to the States, and he does.

If, when foreign importations throw native workers out of employ, other work, with which foreign incomings would not interfere, could be found for those workers, Free Trade theorists might have some ground for their claims. But that other work cannot be found. The tradesman—the factory

hand—must pass years of lost time before he is worth as much as an ordinary farm labourer on our farms, and all his acquired skill at his own trade is thrown away. Will he wield pick and shovel on our roads and trenches? He is often physically unable. Get a clerk's place? There are none. Can he then stay with us? Yes, as a pauper, fed by a soup-kitchen. And his family? Well, as we refuse to aid them, it is more comfortable not to think of them.

Suppose, now, a factory, established in a Canadian town, employs three hundred hands, say at $1.50 per day. Every day four hundred and fifty dollars are paid out. The men do not keep this money. Even if they deposit it, the banks lend it. Now, if this were under a Protective system, which tended to keep all money in the country, every week twenty-seven hundred dollars would pass from these men to some other class in the community. These would again spend it; it would go on to another; it circulates continually; it comes back to the factory owner; it goes out again; every time it changes hands there is a profit. Remember, there would not only be one factory; our land has room and work for thousands; most of them directly playing into one another's hands by furnishing markets for each other. Nay, even those who compete will yet in some way benefit each other, for fifty factories in the same line of goods can get machinery made much cheaper, can get a steadier supply of practised hands, can therefore turn out better and cheaper stuff, can be more known and famed among buyers, than can a few isolated factories. Now, all this creates what is called *a series of markets*. Create one, and you create others, and occasion production and consumption in an infinite series. Now, I beg Canadian farmers especially to consider how great their part in this prosperity would be. This money would at once, most of it, come into their hands. It is among themselves, their labourers, their blacksmiths, their carpenters, their bricklayers, brickmakers, lime-burners, tile-makers, all those who (when neighbouring farmers are prospering) cluster in rural villages, that this money would circulate. And they would earn their share of it so easily, too, compared to their present hard toil! No more wheat after wheat, the ground run to exhaustion—the farmer worn out with hard labour. No more sending his grain round the world, to be sold there as cheap as a California man finds it pay to send wheat in competition. The market would be close at hand, where productions, unable to bear long transport, would sell at good prices. Their potatoes and turnips, hay and straw, apples and plums, their poultry, their butter, they could readily dispose of. More than all these, they could sell as many fat cattle and sheep as they could raise, at paying prices. This would enable them to keep men at work the year round. They could get quantities of manure back from the towns. Their land would rise in value enormously. It would employ from four to ten times the labour it does at present. They would pay better wages, and would be far better able to pay them. Their sons would stay with them, for farming would become easy and profitable. They could stay, too, on the farm, for one farm, cropped for a distance, will make four, cultivated for a thriving home market, and the returns from each of the four will often be greater than ever the old farm gave. Much land now idle would be worked. Great swamps would be drained, stony fields cleared, hill-sides planted with trees. I am speaking to men who know this to be true. Every farmer knows the value and use of a farm close to a busy town where ready money is plenty. Farmers all through Canada are now assisting to give bonuses to manufacturers, in order to have a market near them. They cannot succeed, for it is only pitting village against village to strive for the few industries low tariffs allow to drag on a sickly existence. But the day is at hand when Protective measures will fill the country with the busy towns they now strive in vain to create. Farmers, we hear, are opposed to Protection. Their interests are not opposed to it; the intelligent of their class are heartily in favour of it, and the rest are fast learning.

Then, we are told, it would raise the prices of the goods farmers buy. No more distinct untruth was ever uttered. What the Protectionists intend is simply to place a high tariff on such goods as Canadians can easily make. Suppose we do; what follows? The manufacturers of these commence to make money. What next? Why, this: We have given them no monopoly, have we? Others, seeing these thrive, go into the trade. You know this would be so in any industry. As many crowd into the

trade as can make money. Capital is always watching for such chances. Well, presently they compete for custom. "Here," one cries, "buy of me, I will make a reduction." "Ah!" say the rest, "if you sell cheap, so must we." And prices come down and stay at the lowest profitable point. But they do not rise again, for as long as there is profit, a sufficient number will remain in the business to prevent a rise taking place. That is what is now occurring in the States. The high tariff has so stimulated industry as to establish furnaces, factories, foundries, mills all over the land, and to employ an enormous number of people. Presently there will be too many factories to pay the owners; the lowest paying point will have been reached. Then some few must cease work. They are even now doing so. But prices are very low, and can never rise to an unfair height. Why? Because the moment they showed signs of rising, more people would embark in the manufacture. Shortly, the increasing market will allow those now thrown out to start again.

That this has been so in the States, I will give some instances furnished by Mr. Greeley. These are concerning places wherein he had passed his life. The best proof that he has told the truth is that his countrymen, known as the keenest business men in the world, have believed him, have based their whole policy for fourteen years on the belief, have greatly prospered by their adhesion to it, and show no signs of changing it:—

"In Vermont," he says, "before Protection, *i.e.*, in 1820 to 1825, a day's labour would not purchase one-half as much cloth, sugar, or store goods generally, as it will now (1871).

"In 1872, the States' duties on cotton goods were very low. They were raised to 100 per cent.—prohibitory, in fact. The makers did not raise their prices, for two reasons—they could sell more by making cheaper, and competition was keen among them. The Act was passed in August. This is the way prices were affected:—

	In May, June, and July, 1842. Per yard.	In Sept., Oct., and Nov., 1842. Per yard.
Drillings	7¾c.	7c.
Shirtings, common	5¼c.	5c.
Shirtings, heavy	6¼c.	5¾c.
Sheetings, common	6⅔c.	6c.
Sheetings, wide	8½c.	7⅔c.
Flannels (cotton)	10c.	8½c.

"In wool, the price of fleece per pound, coarse to fine, was, in 1860, 30c. to 60c.; in 1866, 32c. to 51c. The wool tariff was passed in 1867. In 1869 the price was 30c. to 50c. Pulled wool fell more still. The reason simply was that home production had been stimulated; farmers had grown more sheep."

In flannels, blankets, delaines, and cloths, a long list is given, all at lower prices in 1869 than 1859.

"The prices," he says, "of home manufactures, estimated in labour or farm products, tend steadily downward. A hundred bushels of wheat or corn, a ton of beef or pork, a load of apples or of potatoes, will buy far more iron, or cloth, or hardware, in 1869 than it would have done in any ante-Protective era of our country."

In calculating the present position of the States, allowance must be made for the pressure of their vast war debt, which they are yearly reducing. To do this, they submit to an amount of internal taxation which diminishes greatly the assistance they receive from Protection. It is said their foreign shipping trade is falling off. This interest they have not protected. To protect it, something similar to the Navigation Laws, noticed previously, would be required. This would be at present impolitic, for reasons I cannot spare space to give.

Another well-known instance of Protection cheapening manufactures is the beet-sugar industry. This was commenced in France under the First Napoleon; in Prussia under Frederick the Great—both firm Protectionists, as all men of keen mind, who valued greatly the strength and honour of their countries, have ever been—and ever must be. For many years its manufacture was declared impossible as a paying speculation. A duty of 8 cents per pound was imposed in France. This, in 1816, made raw sugar 12 cents per pound. But the ever-increasing competition in this now paying manufacture lowered prices steadily, till in 1862 it was 5 cents. The duty had been long lowered, and in 1837 an excise tax had been laid on the manufacture. Since 1860, no foreign sugar could compete with it in France, and it is now sent in large quantities to England. Germany and Russia had also protected this industry, and in 1868 there were 3,173 factories making it in Europe. Without Protection there would never have been

one. Remember, I do not say Canada should grow it. As to that, I have no knowledge, and cannot advise. I say Protection cheapens, and I give this instance to prove it.

Another is a Canadian instance—that of salt. When our salt wells were discovered, the States' salt was sold everywhere in Canada. Their makers sold salt here at less than cost, to crush out ours. Our factories were closing. They petitioned Parliament, and a heavy duty was imposed, shutting out the States' salt. Its making then became profitable here; more factories commenced operations; the price fell to the lowest paying point, and for years it has been so low that, though the duty exists no longer, Canadian makers have the undisputed control of the market, and even send salt to the States. We now import only sea-salt, which is for a different purpose; though even this, it would seem, our Maritime Provinces ought to be able to make.

I suppose it will be allowed that Protection has made cutlery pretty cheap in the States when they carry it to Sheffield and sell it, as well as to the markets Sheffield hitherto supplied. Here is the Sheffield circular of this year, in the *British Mercantile Gazette*:—

"Nations which used to depend on Sheffield for hardware are now to a considerable extent supplying themselves. American cutlery-makers now not only supply their own markets, but compete with us in Canada, the Continent, and the Colonies generally. The Continental makers are, too, every year, more formidable competitors in iron and steel rails. Quantities of Belgian iron were used this year right in the heart of Sheffield, with our own ironworks less than two miles away. American manufacturers are making such rapid strides, that if they have five years more of Protection, our Sheffield middle-class pocket-knife trade—(an immense industry)—for instance, would not be worth having."

One word more about cottons. I need not tell any Canadian housewife how much cheaper and better American cottons, of nearly all descriptions, are than their British competitors. Most undoubtedly, this is the result of the imposal of Protective duties by America. I was last week in John Macdonald's wholesale establishment in Toronto, watching a friend buy goods from heaps of white and grey cottons, prints and tickings, drillings and glazed linens. There lay the British; here the American—those of weak thread, and full of clinging chalk—these pure cotton, round-threaded, sound, and strong. A glance at the goods explained the surprising news we lately heard, that America now weekly sends quantities of cotton goods to England. The cottons I saw, I was informed, were none of them "slaughtered goods," but all obtained in the regular course of ordinary trade.

An acquantance of mine in St. Louis, who is about to visit her native Canada, sent me lately patterns of black silk and black cashmere. "You have Free Trade there," she wrote; "send me word how much cheaper I can buy such as these in Toronto, and I may not buy till I get there." The patterns were sent from the most reputable St. Louis stores. I compared them with the goods of similar stores here, and found the silk one-fourth dearer here, the cashmere nearly double the American price. So much for those who say Protection raises price. As for hardware, every buyer knows that our stores have for years back been supplied with American; generally, in my opinion, cheaper and better than the British.

A favourite argument with Free-traders is, that *if free trade were only universal* it would be a universal benefit. This is an egregious fallacy, as I shall presently show. I will give, in his peculiar terseness, another quotation from Mr. Byles, which is worth being carefully read. Every line is as capable of mathematical proof as any problem of Euclid:—

"There are some few countries in the world which enjoy peculiar facilities for the production of different commodities; but the immeasurably greater portion consists of countries but moderately adapted for the production even of the necessaries and comforts of life—of food, clothing, and lodging. These countries can, in every single article that they produce, be surpassed and undersold by some country or other.

"Put the case of such a country, with *moderate* facilities for the production of most things, and *extraordinary* facilities for the production of nothing. It can grow wheat, but not so cheap as Poland; it can grow wine, but not so cheap as France; it can manufacture, but not so cheaply as England.

"First, imagine that country under a system of Protection, so strict as to be jealous, and if you please, injudicious. The nation cultivates the land and works up the pro-

duce. It creates wealth at both ends of the exchange. Its manufactures exchange with its agricultural products. Native industry can and does supply it with the necessaries and comforts of life. A numerous population may be employed, fed, clothed, and lodged. Industry and plenty reign. All this may be, and is, done under great natural disadvantages, both of soil and climate. Foreign trade will in the end be introduced, supplying luxuries and carrying away superfluities.

"Now, imagine that country under a universal system of free trade and unrestricted imports. Except in a few favoured spots, it cannot grow wheat, for Poland will be able to undersell it, not only in foreign markets, but in its own. It cannot manufacture, for in cottons, woollens, hardware, and other products of manufacturing industry, England can undersell it abroad and at home. It cannot grow wine, for France can everywhere undersell it. Neither can it continue to import its corn, its manufactures or its wine from abroad, for, its own industry being superseded and smothered, it has nothing to give in return. It becomes, then, in this condition: it can neither grow nor make for itself, nor yet buy from abroad. It goes without, or if not entirely without, it is scantily and wretchedly supplied. A starving and ragged population derive a precarious subsistence from half cultivated land. It has neither domestic industry nor foreign trade."

Let it be added in explanation that a country may be so undersold, and greatly injured, in a manner unfortunately exemplified by our own country to-day. We grow wheat for export to Europe; so do Russia and the States, California in particular. The Russian farm labourer was till lately a mere serf. He is ill-fed and ill-paid. The Californian soil is new and rich, easily worked, and most of it free from timber. Bayard Taylor tells us that even the native attempt at ploughing used to return wheat a hundred-fold. There is a vast amount of level wheat land. One valley (San José) has 500 square miles of such. There is no rain between the regular rainy seasons, which do not interfere with cultivation. They need no barns. The climate allows the grain to be threshed in the field, and carried at once to a river side or shipping port, where the bags remain in huge heaps until shipped. I ask any Ontario farmer if he could not, with such facilities, grow twice the wheat with half the labour required in Canada. What is the result? That our farmers must sell in Europe as cheap as the Russian or Californian farmer, who grows it at a cost far less than they. What is the remedy? Shut out foreign goods; bring your wheat consumers here to work for you. They will soon, as I have proved to you, sell you goods cheaper than you now get them. But this is not the principal advantage. They will buy your wheat at a price which will pay you, and not only your wheat, but all those other articles which your farm can grow more easily and profitably than wheat—articles which they now buy from farmers close at their doors, who do the profitable farming for them, while you do the drudgery. Is it not a most pitiable loss of labour to carry wheat 3,000 miles, and bring back cotton or iron 3,000 miles, when, under another system, your factories might be within five miles of you?

Let me say one word as to the oft-quoted maxim, "Buy in the cheapest market." For what purpose? That you may bring cheap articles home to your own country, is it not? Now, let me point out to you that nothing is cheap except in comparison with the means you have of paying for it. You may make goods very cheap, but if you manage at the same time to throw your countrymen out of remunerative work, they will be only cheap to the rich—the masses will find them dearer than ever. As was written a few years back, "That sort of plenty now exists in an Irish market, where the poor eye wistfully, but in vain, English hats, shirts, shoes, American flour and Indian meal. This mere relative and spurious sort of plenty, free importations and one-sided free trade may tend to create, and doubly, for they at the same time tend to diminish and destroy the means of purchase." If you would examine the statistics furnished by Mr. Butt, one of the Irish Home Rule agitators, you would find that what Ireland really desires is the power to introduce Protection for her manufactures. Let any old resident of Canada answer this plain practical question, based on his own experience: "Did you make most money here when prices were high, or when everything was cheap?" Nine out of ten will answer, "When they were dear, because then wages were high, and we all had plenty of money to buy with." I do not say that such times, so produced, are beneficial—

times such as the Crimean war gave us, for example. But remember this, what is wanted is not cheap articles, but constant employment at wages which will give the means of buying them. What Protection aims at, and what it will most certainly give, is this: A state of society in which the farmer can buy more manufactures for his year's labour, and the manufacturer more farm produce for *his* year's labour, than a system of free importations would allow to either.

Let my reader consider this example: Here, in Canada, let us say, flows a deep river; there, in the States, is a coal mine. The water-power can turn wheels, so can the fuel. Factories are commenced on the States side (say in an industry which water-power could run), which, under low tariffs, can supply us. Say they are wholly in the Canadian trade. They employ twenty thousand hands, and send us a couple of millions' worth yearly. The workers and their families will number a hundred thousand. A large city will grow up; all kinds of tradesmen will go there to work for the factory hands. Lawyers, doctors, ministers, artists, writers, will flock there. Clever books will be written there; great orators will speak there. Magnificent public buildings—churches, universities, colleges, halls, theatres, hospitals—will be erected. Many people of independent incomes will go to reside there. All around it, for many miles, farms will increase in value, and farmers, who, if growing only for distant export, would remain in comparative poverty, will now employ many labourers, and live at their ease, all their produce finding ready sale at this close home market. Now, what will be on the Canada side? We must pay for the two millions of goods by farm produce, got by the hardest work, and sold as cheaply as California or Texas can grow wheat or cattle. We must pay duties, which they do not. We, on our side, have a scattered farm population, growing for export; they have a dense one, growing for home market. Our farmers will be poor; their's, rich. They have a city; we have none. In case of war, their side will levy ten regiments to our one. I ask you, Canadians, are those men lovers of you or your country who speak, write, and agitate with the object of perpetuating this state of affairs? Now, what might be done? A high protective tariff would have taught your water-power to turn the very wheels the coal set in motion; *you* would have had the city—the industry which rightly belongs to you; practice and competition would have brought your goods as cheap or cheaper; *you* would have had the rich population *you* the art, the science, the military and commercial strength which your free trade has sent from your shores to theirs.

Do I wish to benefit the manufacturer at the expense of others?—at the expense of myself? it might as well be asked. I do not; nor do I know any one who does. All manufacturers do not desire Protection. Here are some who did not:

Massachusetts had a cotton tariff. Protectionists asked a higher one. Mr. Lloyd said: "I own stock in a cotton mill; it pays good dividends, and is likely to. But, should you pass this bill, hundreds of such factories will be erected, till the market is glutted and prices fall. I entreat you not to pass it."

When Polk was elected President, it was thought he would not raise the tariff, and the Hon. J. Buchanan publicly declared that "the domestic manufacturers would thereby be saved from being overwhelmed by the immense capital which a high tariff would have poured into them for investment."

A manufacturer would often be content with a medium tariff—just enough to give him sufficient advantage over imports—so that he might jog on quietly and sell his goods. But the people are interested in heightening the tariff to a point which will bring others to compete with him—bring capital, bring machinery, bring employment. It is the people—the farmers—whom Protection will benefit. It is not for the sake of present manufacturers we wish high tariffs; it is for the sake of bringing other manufacturers here, to whom these present ones are but as a drop in the bucket.

But what an outcry is raised against those we have! The whole importing interest is denouncing their rapacity! Considering that we have thrown most of them out of work, we might be satisfied, having effectually stopped their nefarious practices for the present. But where are the palatial mansions of these bloated capitalists? Look for them in our city suburbs, and you will find miles on miles of very handsome residences indeed. Oh, these are the houses of the wicked manufacturers, robbed from the people—eh? What rascals! These are the

spoils of the nineteen-twentieths! Softly, sir; few manufacturers live in such as these; most of them are lucky if they have much inferior ones. These are occupied by gentlemen of the importing interest. To drop metaphor, surely every one knows that for every dollar Canadian manufacturers make, importers make twenty. But the first spend it here, the others elsewhere; the first give work, the last none. Protection, however, aims not to deprive the importer of employment, but to change its nature. Double their present facilities would not more than accommodate the volume of foreign and home-made goods which, for storage and distribution, would pass through their hands under a high tariff. And here it may be remarked that the imposal of such would not diminish revenue, if it were announced (some months in advance) as permanent. It would increase importation, at first, by a large stock of staple goods sent anticipatory of its imposal. Second, by much machinery and materials sent here to build new factories. Thirdly, by an ever-increasing importation of goods, unproducible here—necessaries, luxuries, materials for the use of the artizans whom high tariffs would bring here, and the population which would follow in their track.

It is not over-wise, let me remark, to compute your prosperity by your trade. You sell a million dollars worth of wheat to Europe for a million dollars of iron work. Ah!—that sounds well. "Fine words," as Count Smorltork says, "to head a chapter." "Imports and Exports, two millions!" Now suppose you had some Canadians who could make the iron stuff, and had sold it to Canadian farmers for the million of wheat. You would not have the imports nor exports either; but you would have something better—solid pudding instead of empty praise—would have both millions left in the country—both being so much actual capital to go on with.

But there are those who ask, "What can you do? So little coal, so few markets! Leave manufacturing. Be agricultural." Suppose we take this not always disinterested advice. If we have luck, we may have a paltry city or two, perhaps, almost as big as Buffalo; a good many scattered attempts at villages (two stores, two taverns, a blacksmith's shop, and a waggon maker's), and all over the rest a widely scattered lot of farmers—a pea to a pint—one man to a hundred acres; swamp lands, stony lands, hard lands, unimproved and nobody on them. Nothing but the best lands will pay to grow wheat for England and cattle for the States (if the eminent United States men graciously let any in), and these lands will grow poor under it. Brother Jonathan all this time extends his lines, masses his population, builds his cities along our front, full of men, full of foundries—full, when he wishes, of cannon and muskets, powder and lead. What are we likely to do but yield up our existence in a lamb-like manner, when our cousin Lupus chooses to accuse us of muddying the St. Lawrence? That is, if we are spared to die at all—if our scattered Provinces stick together under such a *regime;* which is not a mathematical certainty. But it is said England will defend us. Now, if you want either respect or help from an Englishman, you must show him that you respect and can think and act for yourself; and the nation is as the individual.

Instead of this ominous agricultural picture, let us take another very plain, practical view. The Maritime Provinces have coal and minerals in abundance. So has the Saskatchewan. There is chance there for manufactures on both flanks, you will admit. Well, considering that the countries between them, Ontario and Quebec, have excellent water powers everywhere, that they abound in iron and other minerals, that the whole rear country is forest, fit to yield charcoal for 300 years, and timber for every purpose, and that, if indispensable, to the greater portion of the extent of the long lake and river line American anthracite coal can be carried at cheap rates, you will not deny that there may be, after all, with sound protective tariffs, a considerable chance for manufactures there too. And when you consider that last year we imported one hundred and thirty millions of dollars' worth of goods, mostly manufactures, mostly such as we can make, many such as we *do* make—iron, iron-work, textile fabrics, woodenware, steel, brass and copper goods, stone and marble, leads and oils—you will acknowledge there is something to manufacture. It should be remembered that the enlargement of the St. Lawrence canals will greatly help the Maritime Provinces. Were that work completed, their coal could be very profitably sent here, our flour there. Many millions of dollars

Or of the clouds and sunsets, birds and brooks ;
Or last of man, and what he was and is—
What his beginning, and his ending what ;
And visions of these things would crowd his mind
And there receive new meanings, diverse forms.
In brief, the man, though voiceless, was a poet,
And the great town—which scarce did recognise
The osier-man—it knew it not ; and he—
He felt, but did not know ; nor could he, yet.

But change like sorrow comes to all of us ;
And so it chanced that in the sweet June time,
Perfumed with roses, green with tender blades,
Nor yet embrowned by summer's scorching sun,
And musical with bee and bird and brook,
There came a wondrous change into his life.
A stranger, stiff, and learned in law, severe
Of speech and mien, and breathing out it seemed
The dust of ancient Blackstones, and the air
Of grim old courts and cases, came to him ;
Found him at home—if home it could be called,
Which was—a room, a bed, two chairs, one maimed
And dislocated sadly, some old books—
For he could read—one was a half-torn Bible,
And a few flowers—yes, a bright geranium,
A little pot of musk, which once held blacking,
And a great yellow prickly cactus, set
In the one window where it grew and bloomed,
And with its golden flowers created sunshine
For barren room and narrow street alike.
The stranger ! Well, he was not solely stern,
Austere and starched, but like an apple, which
For many a day has lain among its fellows,
With one bright cheek turned down and hid from sight,
The other, which you see, so shrunk and brown
That you might never know what rosy hues
And fair ripe plumpness round the corner lay,
Till the occasion comes, and, lo ! you see.
So with this man. One might not truly say
If e'er before a task so arduous—
More fit for woman's tact and delicacy
Than man's proverbial—yes, and tested bluntness—
Had crossed his path ; yet, after some few minutes
Spent in discussion of the charming weather,
The town, its prospects, and the osier-work,
He left his mount of learning and of law,
Descended from forensic to the friendly,
And told with judgment what he had to tell.
And this was it. The osier-man was rich ;
Some long-forgotten relative had died,
A miser who had lived but in his gold,
Yet dying, in a late death-bed repentance,
Had bade his friend, the lawyer, find the man
Whom never he had seen, and whose existence
He dared but hope for. He had made no will,
But with the money, huge, high heaps of gold,
And piles of rustling bank notes, ay and stocks

And shares, and rents and lands, one rich estate
In the far German country, near the Rhine:
With these there was a note not to be read
Till he, the osier-man, should sometime feel
The want of help and counsel, and besides
Should (so it ran outside) ever become
Tired of the world and what it might have brought.
This all explained, the stranger once again—
The man of law and learning—took his leave,
Half bitterly soliloquising down
The creaking stair, on fate, or chance, or luck,
Or Providence as some will have it still.
This man! What could or would he do with all
The money? Be a parvenu and noisily
Insinuate himself into society?
Give dinners to his friends—no, enemies?
Support some charity in hope of praise
And loud laudation from the Christian world?
While he, with all his learning and his law,
His own good name and blood, could scarce command
Enough to keep, before the world, a show
Of comfort and respectability!
The law is honourable *as* the law,
Though few of its disciples are the same:
But lucrative? Not often, and it seems
That they who find it so are not the ones
Who most deserve it. This was all his thought,
As walking briskly on to where a grim
And dingy building, which inclosed his office,
Stood with some others of its kind, more grim
And gray, if possible, than even it.
He sighed and wished that long, long years ago,
Some other occupation had allured him,
Furnished his hands with work, his purse with gold.

The osier-man had heard the lawyer through
His tale and explanations quite unmoved,
But now alone, and having now to face
His fortune and his future, he bent down
His head upon his hands and wept—ay long,
So long that when again he looked around
On his bare room and long-neglected work,
The afternoon was o'er. The sun had gone,
Not in his purple pomp and golden glory,
Not with encrimsoned banners, but in still
And solemn quiet he had just withdrawn
Behind the floating, falling clouds of gray.
And then it rained; not in the mild June drops
Which fall so gently on the grateful earth,
But thick and fast the clouds poured down their rain;
God's thunder filled the air with might, the flash
Of His dread lightning struck the hearts of men;
Save one, who saw and heard as in a dream;
For heedless of the storm he turned away,
Began his preparations for the morrow,
That long and glorious morrow which would bring
Riches and honour, respect, and happiness.

Ten years had passed, ten years since one June day,
The storm-king threatened, and the sun went down
Wrapt in dim cloud and darkling mist,—since fate,
Or chance, or Providence, or what you will,—
'Twere best we did not quarrel with the word,
Lest we confuse with it the thing itself,
And though we may not know just where and how
God's knowledge of the future lies and ends,
Yet is it better that we go too far
In our poor human guessing than assume
The cold and lifeless, bare and dead assumption,
That all things happen only by blind chance,—
Since chance, or Providence, or what you will,
Had brought the osier-man the gold whereby
For ever and for ever would be his,
Riches and honour, respect, and happiness.
And were they his? He dwelt on that estate
In the far German country. Lands were his—
Fields of rich grain—ripe fruits and vineyards fair;
His house a castle, modernized, improved,
Yet still a castle, feudal, Gothic, gray,
Festooned with daring ivy, looking down
Where the blue Rhine, like Dionysius crowned
With leaf and tendril, white and purple grape,
Reels in and out among those vineyards fair.
No noisy parvenu he. That nicer sense
Which led to fair and beautiful results
In wisely ordering his house and home
Preserved alike his head and heart from wrong.
In him the poet's voice so long had slept
That, when awakened, its maturity,
Its power and sweetness, took the world by storm.
You know the hackneyed jargon; the reviews
And comments of all-powerful editors,
And critics, and reviewers of the age,
This useful age of science, which produces
Few geniuses or poets;—here was one,
Bow down and worship! Or he was compared
To a bright rocket in the sky of fame,
Which now might blaze, but soon would be extinct.
So riches, honour, name and fame, respect,
Culture, and all refinement—these were his;
But peace and happiness, content,—unknown.
Then came another change into his life,
That doubling of pulsation, that sweet strife,
Sad joy, which men call Love, it came to him.
If through his poet's spectacles the clouds
To him were more than mere gray clouds or white,
The stars far more than distant burning suns,
Each flower some revelation half-divine,
Yet now he saw, or thought he saw, new strength,
And light, and glory on the mountain-tops,
New splendour in the orbed vault of heaven,
New green in springing blade and forest leaf,
New ripple on the rivulet, new meaning
In the song of birds, new sympathy with nature
In all her varied moods and changeful phases.

Fair and serene she was, the girl he loved—
Lovely, though not beautiful; that sweet serenity
Stamped on her low, broad, womanly brow, and set
For ever on the firm, sweet, gracious mouth,
Imprinted yet more truly in her eyes,
Her eyes of darkest hazel—this serenity
Was more than beauty: and this was her charm.
She was at peace. Some of that Christ-given peace,
Which passeth understanding, had found her,
And in her youth she knew, she felt, she lived
The higher, truer, nobler, living life!

And he was almost happy. If at times
Some intimation of that truer life,
Some yearning for his God, did cross his heart,
He flung it by, until one dark cold night,
The third great change came into his strange life.
The stern Death-angel came into his home,
Took from his longing arms his gentle wife,
Who died with the word "Believe" upon her lips;
Died in the dreary darkness of the night;
Died in his arms who scoffed and laughed at Death.
Grief does not kill, nor joy, though of the two,
Sorrow is oft times nearer it—so with this man.
He turned with curses, smothered not nor low,
But loud and terrible, from the couch of Death,
And paced long hours upon the wild, dark cliffs,
As in long years ago he used to pace
Down on the piers of his native town,
When the world knew him not, nor he the world.
"What have I then, or am I? Oh! my wife,
My wife, my guardian angel! Whose dear speech
And counsel I so oft have scorned—oh! what
For one brief loving word would I not give?
This Death, it comes to all, will come to me;
Oh God! I cannot, will not, must not die!"
Then in the dim, gray dawn he left the cliff,
And ever as he went he muttered low,
"This Death, this Death, oh! lost! it comes to me;
I will live on; yea, God, I will not die!"
He looked at her who lay in peace, at peace
Now and for ever, then he turned in hard
And stiff rebellion to his books, those friends
Which now could give no comfort. As he took
Some old and precious volume from its place,
He saw his ancient, long forgotten Bible,
Dusty and worn through age and long disuse,
And suddenly bethinking of the note,
Placed there with careless fingers one June day,
Found it and read—"What profiteth it a man
If he shall gain the world and lose his soul?"
He rose, he reeled, like Paul, in one bright flash
Of God's light in his soul; he felt the truth,
The awful, binding truth of those few words,
And waited not, but sank beside the couch,
And there bewailed his folly and his sin,
His selfishness, his blindness, all his sin;

And as he prayed, the room in which he knelt
Was filled with shining spirits, God's own angels,
In crowns of amaranth and vesture white ;
And she whose crown was brightest, and whose robe
More snowy white and pure than all the rest,
Was she he loved, who joyfully exclaimed,
" Behold he prays ! " and after her the throng
Of bright and shining ones took up the strain,
And one great, glorious anthem filled the air—
" Behold he prays." He rose at peace forever.
Henceforth his life was hid with Christ in God.

THE MOHAMMEDAN LUTHER.

BY W. O.

AMONG the many dangers which threaten the stability of our Indian Empire, none appear to cause so much apprehension at the present moment as those arising from the plots and intrigues of that particular body of Mohammedans known as the Wahabees. Yet, familiar as this name has become to readers of the reports of Indian affairs, there are but few to whom it conveys any clear idea either of its origin or of those to whom it is applied. A brief sketch of both will, therefore, it is hoped, not be unacceptable.

From India we must first make our way to the birth-place of Islamism—the interior deserts of Arabia—from whence issued that most wonderful of all human inventions, which, having once spread its desolating career over some of the richest and fairest portions of the globe, still wages a contest with the Cross, which, considering the numbers engaged, can hardly be said to be unequal. The sword its only weapon, its history may truly be said to be written in blood, and this, its latest development, may yet afford the most sanguinary chapter of all. In one striking particular Mohammedanism resembles Christianity. Simple as were its first rudiments of faith, it was not long before the ingenuity of its followers overlaid them with glosses and traditions, giving rise to an endless variety of sects, who hated each other only one degree less than they did the idolaters and infidels around them. Corrupt practices, too, forbidden by the Koran, crept in, until its comparatively pure precepts were in danger of being forgotten, and altogether Islamism was more likely to fall by its own backslidings than from any assaults from without. In this state of things a Reformer was needed, and such, in due time, appeared in the person of Abd-ool-Wah-hab, or " the Slave of the Most High," the founder of the Wah-ha-bees, and from whose name their's is derived.

It was towards the close of the seventeenth century that this personage first saw the light, and the movements that he set on foot are therefore contemporaneous with many religious and political revolutions of which Europe soon after became the theatre. His birth was naturally attended by phenomena foretelling his future spiritual preeminence. His father, a scion of the family of Koreish, illustrious as that from which the Prophet sprung, and the chief of a pastoral clan roaming through the province of Nedjd, one of the most central districts of Arabia, had so long been childless that the birth of this son was of itself regarded as a prodigy. An earthquake, it is said, shook every mosque and minaret. Towns and villages were illumipated with supernatural light, and, what was still more significant of the reforms about to ensue, the lamps which modern superstition had lit in the sepulchral chapels and tombs of the Prophet and other saints

were preternaturally extinguished. This wonderful birth was followed by careful training in the best schools of Arabia; so that, unlike some reformers whose zeal is only equalled by their ignorance, Abd-ool-Wahhab entered upon his great work with a mind thoroughly prepared for its destined task. In order, however, to reduce these glowing traditions to what may be assumed as their real basis, it must be observed that the pastoral tribes of Central Arabia had, owing to their isolated position, been preserved from the corruptions into which the chief part of the modern world had fallen. To any one, therefore, going out from among them the smallest departures from the early faith and practice would plainly appear; and so much was the young student struck with the grossness of the prevailing errors, that on his return to the desert he resolved to devote his life and energies to their extirpation. Of grave aspect and austere demeanour, and possessed of learning unusual among the Bedouins of Nedjd, his personal character and ability, and his position at the head of his tribe, soon acquired for him an extended influence in the desert, where his tenets met with general acceptance. Chief among these, after the unity of God, the inspiration of the Koran, and the belief in Mahomet as the Prophet of God, was the sinfulness of invoking the intercession of departed saints and paying honour to their remains. All such practices were forbidden as savouring of that idolatry so hateful to the true believer. The moral code and the religious observances as set forth in the Koran, and the teaching of the orthodox traditions, were rigidly enforced. The use of wine and tobacco was prohibited, as well as the indulgence in luxurious food or raiment. It would seem, therefore, that to describe Abd-ool-Wah-hab as the founder of a sect, in our sense of the term, would be erroneous. He was but a reformer of abuses, a restorer of the original faith of Islam.

For some years this Mohammedan reformer peacefully pursued his labours among the adjacent tribes, until about the middle of the seventeenth century, when, being driven by authority from his native village, he took refuge at Deraiah with a chief named Mohammed ibn Saoud, who became his son-in-law. Wahabeeism now entered upon a new phase of existence. Feeling its growing strength, it in turn took up the sword as the best method of restoring that worship which by the sword had been established. This well-tried weapon it wielded with a vigour worthy of those who first drew it in the holy cause, and under conditions somewhat similar. The Arabs of the desert at this period differed but little from those of the time of Mohammed. They were to the effete descendants of the various races which, while embracing Islamism, had overthrown its first professors when enervated by success, what the latter had been, when they emerged from the desert, to the effeminate people of the Greek and Persian empires. The same bodily hardihood and the same fanatic energy which carried the standard of the Prophet and the Empire of the Saracens from the Himalayas to the Pyrenees, now threatened the remnants of that empire in the cradle of its former greatness.

The death of Abd-ool-Wah-hab, in 1787, left his spiritual power to his son Mohammed, who, being blind from his birth, was better fitted to expound the Koran than to handle the scimitar. A military leader of great ability was found in Abd-el-Azuz the son of Ibn Saoud, and maternal grandson of the Reformer, who established an independent power in Nedjd, which was soon extended over the chief provinces of Arabia. But a rival so dangerous to its spiritual and political domination soon awoke the jealousy of the Sublime Porte; and in the beginning of the present century hostilities regularly commenced between them, though for some time the Turks carried on the war with little activity. In the year 1803 Abd-el-Azuz was assassinated, and was succeeded by his son Saoud, who had for long been the most successful of his generals, and who soon carried the power of the Wahabees to its highest point, and extended his conquests over a large part of Syria. On the Persian Gulf, however, his influence was severely checked by an English expedition from Bombay, sent to protect the trade of the Gulf from his piratical cruisers. The Porte, finding it impossible to repulse this new power from his Asiatic borders, determined to assail it from Egypt, from which side its territory was more accessible. The famous Mehemet Ali was then Pasha of Egypt, and his ambition was aroused to attempt the deliverance of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina from the fanatics who

had usurped their possession, set at nought their spiritual glories, and sacrilegiously plundered their treasures. Extensive preparations both by sea and land were necessary for such an undertaking; but in August, 1811, the armament was ready. Toussoun Bey, the second son of the Pasha, who, though but eighteen years old, had given great proof of courage and capacity in his father's struggles with the Mamelukes, was appointed commander of the expedition, which landed at Yembo, the port of Mecca. Disaster, however, met the young general at the outset of his career. Deciding to make his first attempt on Medina, he was assailed on the march by a superior force of Wahabees, led by the sons of Saoud, completely routed, and driven back in despair to Yembo. Ali, however, was not daunted. He sent fresh forces, and by the free use of gold opened the dangerous passes, so that in the following year Toussoun was able to make his way to Medina, which he took after a determined resistance by the Wahabee garrison. Then commenced the first of a series of atrocities which throughout marked the progress of the war; for in spite of a promise of safe conduct all the prisoners taken were massacred by the Turks. The first Governor of Medina under the Egyptian rule was, strange to say, a Scotchman, named Keith, who, having served in the 92nd Highlanders during the British expedition into Egypt, had been taken prisoner, and had entered the Turkish service. A subsequent expedition resulted in the capture of Mecca, but all attempts by the Turks to enter the interior failed, and in one of them Toussoun Bey was again completely routed, and the wreck of his army only saved by the intrepidity of Keith. Repeated disasters followed, and though he did not despair, all the efforts of the Pasha seemed to be hopeless, when the death of Saoud, in 1814, opened better prospects of success.

Abdallah, the son of Saoud, who succeeded him, was, though a tried and brave warrior, inferior to his father in both military and political ability. In Mehemet Ali, too, who now undertook the conduct of the war in person, he had an opponent who had proved himself more than a match for any of his Eastern rivals, and who was able to call to his aid not only the immense resources which his severe yet enlightened policy was able to wring from his Egyptian subjects, and the military skill and discipline which he had borrowed from his French instructors, but also a powerful artillery which went far to neutralize the superior courage of the Wahabee soldiery. Notwithstanding all this, the Arabs gained several successes over the subordinate chiefs of the Egyptian army, in which frightful butchery was perpetrated. At length, in January, 1815, Mehemet Ali, having completed his preparations, left Mecca for Taraba, where the Wahabees had their headquarters, and which was a place of great strength. At Bissel he met the Arab forces, about equal in number to his own, but destitute of artillery. The Arabs fought with their usual bravery, and for some time resisted all the attacks made upon them. Finally a stratagem, similar to that which won the battle of Hastings for the Normans, drew them into the plain, when the superior skill of Ali gained a decisive victory. No quarter was asked, and the Wahabees, disdaining to fly, were slaughtered in great numbers. A reward of six dollars was offered by the Pasha for every head brought to him, and a pile of five thousand was soon erected before him. Three hundred prisoners, taken under express promise of safety, were inhumanly executed after the action. The whole camp of the Wahabees was taken. Several actions followed, in which the Turks were successful, and finally, the Pasha being obliged to return to Egypt, terms of peace were settled between Abdallah and Toussoun Bey, by which the Wahabees acknowledged the supremacy of the Viceroy of Egypt, and renounced all claim to the guardianship of the holy cities.

The peace so made was, however, of short duration. Mehemet Ali soon made it appear, by the terms which he superadded to the treaty, that he had no real intention of observing it. The Arabs, finding that their only chance of independence was in their power of maintaining it by the sword, again took up arms. Under Abdallah, a powerful confederacy was formed, which put thirty thousand men into the field, and armed and garrisoned the chief towns and fortresses. To put down this formidable insurrection, Ali sent a force under his adopted son, Ibrahim Pasha, who afterwards succeeded him as ruler of Egypt. A series of sanguinary engagements followed, in which the Turks were in almost every instance victo-

rious, and at length they brought the Wahabee chief to bay in his own town of Deraiah, the capital of the province of Nedjd. For five months the town held out with the utmost resolution, but at length only Abdallah, with four hundred men, remained to oppose the invaders. In his palace he still fought with desperation, determined to hold out to the last in defence of his country. He was, however, induced to surrender in the hope of saving for his followers at least their lives, if not something of their fortunes. But in vain did he trust to the clemency or generosity of the Turks. In defiance of all assurances of safety, he was led captive first to Cairo and thence to Constantinople, where he was executed as a rebel on the 19th December, 1818.

Such was the end of the Wahabee power in Arabia. Their towns and strongholds were destroyed, the city of Deraiah being so completely demolished that not one stone was left upon another. Their chiefs had either fallen in battle, or, when compelled to surrender, had been mercilessly put to death. As a military power they were destroyed, and the government of Ali and of his successor, Ibrahim, was so firmly established throughout Arabia that any revival of their confederacy was rendered hopeless. Under these circumstances, nothing was left but their religious fanaticism, which their overthrow in Arabia was of itself the means of disseminating wherever the system of Mahomet prevailed. In this way their doctrines gradually spread into India, where, however, until very lately, they have attracted little attention.

During the last few years it would appear that a large class of persons among the Mohammedans, who, previous to the mutiny, had held official positions from which they derived considerable emoluments, have since been deprived of them. The discontent thus caused has been taken advantage of by Wahabee missionaries, ever on the alert for opportunities of inculcating their doctrines, to stir up hostile feelings against the rule of a Christian Power, to whose malign influence all existing evils are attributed. They appear to have set on foot a system of organization which has a twofold object—politically, to subvert British power; and polemically, to make converts among the Hindoos. In this latter object, which, of course, subserves the former, they seem to have made great progress, and to be extending their influence to the remotest parts of the country. To the educated and luxurious among the Mussulmen, doctrines which denounce every sort of refinement and self-indulgence, and rigidly enforce the observance of the moral code, would present but few attractions; but to the poor and discontented, who have nothing to lose and much to hope for from any political change, a religion of self-denial, coupled with a scheme for personal revenge and political aggrandizement, would be highly alluring. To serve their religion alone might not cause them to enter upon revolution; but to merit Paradise, and at the same time indulge their fanaticism and promote their worldly interests, would be a temptation too powerful to be resisted. Strange that England, without whose aid Mohammedanism would long ago have been swept off the face of Europe, and have been stripped of its adjacent Asiatic dominions, should be threatened by purely Mohammedan fanaticism with the extinction of her Indian Empire!

The progress of events in India will be watched with great interest by all British subjects. The assassination of Lord Mayo is not a hopeful augury, but the results which British energy and courage have accomplished we will trust that the same qualities may, under Providence, maintain.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AMENDMENT OF THE LAWS RELATING TO LAND.

BY GEORGE S. HOLMESTED, TORONTO.

THE title of this paper may, we fear, induce some of the readers of this magazine to conjure up thoughts of Coke upon Littleton, Blackstone's Commentaries, and other equally learned and heavy expositions of the law, and may possibly induce some to think that the suggestions we are about to make will be found, if not equally learned, at all events equally dry and uninteresting to the lay reader.

There is no doubt that the law relating to real property is practically a *terra incognita* to all except the few who have made the study and practice of the law their business; but in this country, where the possession of the soil is not limited to a comparatively few favoured individuals, but is diffused among all classes of the community, and where there are few men who do not aspire to become at some time of their lives the possessors of at least a habitation or a farm of their own, the law which regulates the acquisition, holding, and transmission of real property, ought to be, if it is not, a subject of more than usual interest, as a matter of the greatest practical importance to a large section of the people.

Of late years a good many strenuous efforts have been made in the way of law reform. We have got rid of the cumbrous system of barring entails, and have bade a last farewell to those legal phantoms, John Doe and Richard Roe. The practice of our courts of law and equity has been greatly simplified, and more recently the technical distinction between law and equity has been so modified that it is no longer possible to treat an unfortunate suitor in search of justice like a legal shuttlecock. The limitation of the time for bringing suits has been shortened, and the law of descent has been improved and placed upon a more equitable and intelligible basis. But, notwithstanding these and other amendments, our law of real property has retained its essential characteristics, and our legislators have thus far contented themselves with perfecting the system of registration of deeds and providing less verbose forms of conveyance than those formerly in use. The reform which we intend to suggest, however, is of a much more radical character.

The law of real property which prevails in Ontario, and also we believe in the other English-speaking Provinces of the Dominion, is a part of the common and statute law of England which our forefathers brought with them, when they came to lay the foundation of the great North American nation. It would have been a strange and altogether unique spectacle to find a new community just struggling into existence, devising a system of jurisprudence of an entirely new and original character; the tendency always has been and always will be, for such a community to adopt as far as possible the system of the parent state; and as it progresses in wisdom and experience such amendments and alterations are made as the lapse of time and the novel circumstances of the community suggest. It is not in the least surprising that a system of jurisprudence thus imported, *ex necessitate*, to a virgin soil is sometimes found to be not quite so well adapted or so appropriate to the new sphere of its existence, as it is to the old, and there will always be a danger that not only the most admirable features of the older system will be perpetuated in the new country, but that the cobwebs and dust of ages, which have helped to mar rather than increase its utility, will also be preserved with the same care.

Thus it was hardly to be expected that the early settlers in Canada would have devised a new system for the transfer of land, or have invented any new system of law applicable to the acquisition or holding of real property, and one is not surprised to find that in Ontario the English system of

law was, at an early period, introduced with such trifling modifications only as were absolutely necessary in order to adapt it to a new country. Our early lawyers were, for the most part, men trained to the study of English law, and the system with which they were most familiar was, of course, that which they preferred, and which was introduced here mainly through their instrumentality. While this result is not surprising, it is a matter of regret that laws which in so many respects are needlessly cumbersome, and which do not always in their operation tend to the security of property or the effectuation of justice between man and man, but, on the contrary, are frequently the means of rendering the possession of property a matter of hazard and insecurity, and the attempt to obtain justice a mockery, should have taken such permanent root amongst us.

The English law applicable to real property is a system which has been in the progress of centuries evolved from mediæval feudalism. It is a curious maze of ingenuity, subtlety, and artifice, woven in a great measure by mediæval intellects, many of whose absurdities survive even to the present day. And yet so vast and so complex are its proportions that it is not surprising to find that those who have mastered its intricacies are enamoured of the learning which has cost them so much labour to acquire, and are prone to overlook the manifold perversions of human ingenuity which it so often presents. In old countries, such as England, where the land is comparatively in the hands of a few, and where it seems to be accepted as an axiom that the dignity of ancient families must be maintained at all cost, it is not, perhaps, of so much moment that there should be such great facilities for its transfer as it is in a new country, where land is constantly changing hands.

The death-blow to the building up of a territorial aristocracy in this country was struck when the law of primogeniture was abolished. The country then, in effect, declared itself in favour of the policy of distributing the lands amongst the many rather than that of keeping it in the hands of the few—such a policy as was calculated to secure the greatest good to the greatest number, and to promote the formation of a nation of land-owners, whose direct interest in the soil would give them a wider and deeper interest in the welfare of the country of their birth or adoption than could be hoped for had they no such permanent interest.

The easy acquisition and disposition of land may seem at first sight calculated to lessen the effect of its wide distribution, and to reduce its value in the eyes of its possessors, and lead men to think no more of it than they are accustomed to think of the wheat which it produces, or the other commodities in which their moneys may be invested; but such a conclusion would be fallacious. No matter what may be the nature of property, it must always add to its value, and be to the interest of those who desire either to acquire or to dispose of it, that there should be the utmost facility for so doing, and that the title of the owner should be as perfect and as little liable to be defeated as, in the nature of things, is practicable. Difficulties in the way of selling, and uncertainties which may surround the title to property, have an obvious tendency to diminish its value, and any system which shall increase the facilities for transfer and, at the same time, give greater security to the purchaser, will not only sensibly increase the value of the land itself, but will moreover confer a boon on the community the importance of which it is hard to estimate. Whether this is a feasible project it is the object of this paper to enquire.

Any one conversant with the English law of real property must be compelled to admit, that one of its greatest and most disastrous defects lies in the fact, that, in order to ascertain the title to land, it is not sufficient to enquire into the right of the apparent owner, but it is necessary to find out whether all those through whom he claims have also been well entitled, otherwise a purchaser has no security that he will get what he bargains for; and even where the investigation of the title of prior owners has been made, there are not a few cases to be found in which such investigation has proved illusory, and purchasers who have dealt honestly and parted with their money in perfect good faith, have found that they have acquired nothing but a worthless piece of paper, or perhaps a right to bring a suit against a man who has left the country for parts unknown or is utterly worthless.*

* A very amusing and instructive account of the vicissitudes of a title appeared in the *Canada Law Journal* for December last.

This is a necessity of the English law of real property, but whether there is any necessity for the perpetuation of that system in this country, or in still newer countries, such as Manitoba, is more than doubtful.

In England, the absence of all regularity of survey, and of any universal system of registration of deeds, would make any attempt to resort to a simpler system almost certainly fruitless. But in Canada, from the fact that our lands, especially in Ontario, have been laid out under a regular system of survey, from their earliest settlement, and that the system of registration of deeds has been long in force, we are at once relieved of two of the most insuperable obstacles which would otherwise lie in the path of the reform which we would suggest.

Something was attempted in this direction by the Act for Quieting Titles to Real Estate, for which, as for several other valuable reforms, the Province of Ontario is indebted to Attorney-General Mowat; but this piece of legislation, though its object was undoubtedly good, and its results to some extent beneficial, can hardly be said to have proved a great success. The Act came into force on the 18th September, 1865, and yet during the succeeding ten years only 520 petitions were filed under it, and of these, only 350 resulted in a certificate being granted. So that for ten years we have only an average of 35 successful applications per annum—not a large result it must be confessed.

The object of the Act was to provide for the judicial investigation of titles by the Court of Chancery, and for the issuing of a certificate by that Court declaring the validity of the title investigated, which certificate, upon registration, makes the title of the holder good against all the world. But, of course, this gives a legal certainty to the title only up to the date of the certificate. A great point, undoubtedly, is thus gained, especially in cases where, although the title might be perfectly good, yet, owing to the loss of deeds or to other causes, there is difficulty in giving legal proof of its goodness; and the trouble and expense of the repeated investigations of title (which had to be incurred on each successive transfer of the property) are, by means of a certificate obtained under the Act, to a certain extent avoided. But it appears to us that the Act would have been of greater benefit and the benefit of it would have been much more widely sought, if upon it had been grafted a provision that, after a certificate of title had been issued, thenceforth the land embraced in the certificate should be subject to a more simple mode of transfer than that now in force; and the possible necessity of any further investigation of title at any future time be thereby effectually obviated. Is it not even now possible to find our way to a simpler state of things through the machinery which this Act affords? Fortunately the simpler method which we venture to propose, is not an altogether new and undiscovered road.

In the Colony of South Australia the English law of real property was originally introduced, and after the people had for many years borne the burthen and expense which it entailed, it at length occurred to a gentleman who was employed in the Customs' Department of that colony that the trouble and hazard attendant on the buying and selling of land, to say nothing of the expense involved in the repeated investigation of the title on each successive transfer, were all of man's creation, and that as man had created them, it was equally possible for him to get rid of them; and it occurred to this gentleman that, as in the selling of a ship there was no such difficulty, hazard, or expense about ascertaining the title of the owner, the same system which had proved to be effective for the transfer of ships might be made equally so for the transfer of lands. He accordingly set to work and agitated the subject, and having devised a scheme embodying his idea, he had the satisfaction of seeing it become law. Under this system, which is not compulsory except as to lands for the first time granted by the Crown, the title is investigated by a public officer, who is empowered to grant a certificate of ownership wherever a good holding title is proved,* and the holder of the certificate at once becomes indefeasible owner, subject only to such charges as appear on the certificate itself. Upon any subsequent sale of the land,

* The power to grant certificates whenever a good holding title is made out, is one that our Court of Chancery does not possess. It seems to be one that might be usefully extended to that Court, and the want of it, perhaps more than any other cause, has made the Quieting Title Act of so little practical utility. The rights of possible claimants, however, ought to be protected by some such scheme as that provided by the South Australian Act.

the certificate is delivered up to a public officer, and a new certificate issued to the new owner.† Thus in dealing with the holder of a certificate under this system, a purchaser has only to satisfy himself of the identity of the person he deals with with the person named in the certificate. It is no longer necessary for him to inquire as to the right of former owners, he is perfectly safe in relying on the certificate, the certificate granted to each successive owner being equivalent to a grant from the Crown.

To meet the possible existence of undiscovered adverse claims, the Australian Act provides for the imposition of a small *ad valorem* tax upon each parcel of land coming under the provisions of the Act, and this tax forms a fund out of which such claims are to be met in case any should arise.

This is but a brief outline of the scheme; but if any of our readers are desirous of further information they will find it in a little work entitled "The South Australian System of Conveyancing by Registration of Title," published by its author, Robert A. Torrens, at Adelaide, Australia, in 1859. The benefits actually realized in South Australia by this system are thus summarised by Sir Robert Torrens: "Titles being indefeasible proprietors may invest capital on land secure against risk of deprivation, and the no less harassing contingency of a Chancery suit; mortgagees, also, having no further occasion to look to validity of title, may confine their attention to the adequacy of the security. 2nd. A saving, amounting on the average to ninety per cent, or eighteen shillings in the pound sterling, has been effected in the cost of transfers and other dealings, irrespective of the contingent liability to further expenses resulting from suits at law and in equity, the grounds of which are cut off by the alteration in tenure. 3rd. The procedure is so simple as to be readily comprehended, so that men of ordinary education may transact their own business. 4th. Dealings in land are transacted as expeditiously as dealings in merchandise or cattle, fifteen minutes being the average time occupied in filling up the forms and completing a transaction."

† If only an incumbrance or a partial interest is created, it is registered in the Registry Office, and a short note of its effect is endorsed by the Registrar on the certificate of title.

We think we have already pointed out sufficient reasons why a reform is needed, and it is only necessary to add that it is one which should be effected without delay, because every year that passes increases the difficulty in ascertaining titles under our present system. If the change is to be made, and is practicable, as we are persuaded it is, the sooner it is made the better, and the more easily will it be adopted.

That there are great difficulties in the way cannot be denied. Perhaps one of the chief obstacles will be found in the opposition of the legal profession. Lord Westbury once, when introducing a bill into the House of Lords, to facilitate the transfer of land in England, remarked "that in the English law nothing had been more fertile of results to be regretted than the attachment of our lawyers to the mediæval logic—the pedantries and puerile metaphysical disquisitions which distinguished what was called the learning of the time." It is to be feared that this predilection will be found to exist, even in this new country; but the weight even of the legal profession would not be sufficient to prevent a reform in this direction if it were demanded by the great body of land-owners, who are so largely interested in the question. In the great reforms which have taken place of late years in our legal procedure, we have the consolation of knowing that the leading members of the profession have been foremost in the work, and, indeed, without their aid such reforms could hardly have been effected. The conservativism of the profession and its preference for well worn paths, is not to be despised, for the reforming hand is often too ruthless and inconsiderate. We are in hopes, however, that the scheme which we have advocated will commend itself to the judgment of the profession, and that instead of meeting its opposition it may receive its approbation and support. Indeed, it is to a member of the legal profession, and one whose business lies chiefly in conveyancing, and who, so far as pecuniary considerations are concerned, is largely interested in maintaining things as they are, that the writer is indebted for having his attention forcibly drawn, not only to the evil, but also to the remedy which has been suggested.

If the introduction of the system of transfer suggested were to effect nothing less than to give to owners of real estate indefeasible

titles, it would be of inestimable value; but it is clear that it would also be the means of diminishing the cost attendant on the transfer of land to a mere trifle; and it is also argued very plausibly, and we think conclusively, that it would have a direct tendency to increase the value of the land itself, and put it on a par with the best class of stock, as an investment; for there is no doubt that the increased rate of interest which lenders on mortgages of real estate are accustomed to demand and receive is due, in some measure at all events, to the hazards attending the title.

But it is possible, we think, to carry reform much farther than the mere simplification of the mode of transferring land. It is possible, and we think highly expedient, that the artificial distinctions which exist between what are known as real and personal property should be abolished.

These distinctions arose at a time when personal property was of very little moment; but at the present day, when personal property has become of such immense value, it seems ridiculous to perpetuate distinctions which had their origin in an altogether different state of society. We have now two entirely distinct systems of law applicable to real and personal property. Of course the different character of the property renders some distinctive features necessary, and there must always be some laws exclusively directed to the regulation of rights in real property; for example, the laws relating to easements. But this diversity should not be suffered to be wider than the nature of the case demands. For instance, it is difficult to see why there should be one law regulating the descent of real property, and another regulating that of personal property, or why a deed granting to A. B. a million dollars' worth of personal property should suffice to give him an absolute right to the property, whereas the same words used in a deed of an acre of land would only confer on him a life estate.

As the law now stands, if a man die intestate, leaving the bulk of his property in wild lands, his widow gets no portion of it, whereas if he leave property of the same value in personal estate she gets a reasonable share. Why the beggary or independence of a man's widow should depend on the accident of his property being in land or money, is hard to explain on any principle reconcilable with natural equity.

The assimilation of the laws relating to real and personal property, as far as practicable, may, at first blush, seem a somewhat revolutionary measure, but the effect of it would be that we should rid ourselves forever of a highly intricate system of jurisprudence, and one that is full to overflowing of technicalities, and should get in exchange a system of law infinitely simpler in its character, and based on common sense and equity. This exchange might render useless a vast amount of legal literature, but that is a loss which the community at large would not shed many tears over, although it would cost many a well-read lawyer a sigh to see all his hard-bought learning vanish into the limbo of the antiquary. Such a change at all events would wonderfully facilitate the system of land-transfer to which we have here directed attention.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

DURING the various debates on fiscal policy in the House of Commons, there was one feature so remarkable that it seems worthy of more attention than it has received. Mr. Irving, for example, in moving that singularly abortive motion, which expressed both confidence and want of confidence in the Government, made a remark which was felt to be so good that it has been more than once repeated in the House and in the press :—"He" (Dr. Tupper) "did indeed speak in some general terms of 'a national policy,' but I have yet to learn what is really meant by such an indefinite term." If by this affectation of ignorance the member for Hamilton merely intended that the leaders of the Opposition had not tabulated their opinions in the schedules of a tariff, his remarks, although utterly unreasonable, might at least have been understood. If he expected Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper to lay upon the table of the House a detailed statement of the duties they were prepared to propose in the shape of a tariff, he could have been easily met by the double retort, that it is not the business of an Opposition to frame fiscal schemes in their entirety, and, in the next place, it would be unconstitutional for them to move in the matter of increased taxation. But that was scarcely what Mr. Irving could have meant, although the *Globe* evidently takes pleasure in ridiculing "a national policy" on similar grounds. The organ, with cunning shrewdness, would like to inveigle its opponents into some sort of statement of their precise policy, cut and dry, and ready to be presented and defended on the floor of the House. It would have proved a *bonne bouche* to the *Globe*, and it has never wearied in pressing it home upon Liberals or Conservatives who advocate a re-adjustment of the tariff, that they should make their demand in figures—20, 25, 30, or 40 per cent. It feigns to be blind to the fact that the industries of the Dominion are not to be squared off in this way. A Finance Minister would require, of necessity, to investigate many questions regarding the claims of any particular manufacture, before he decided upon an alteration of the tariff in its interest. Such are: the probability of the manufacture being suitable for naturalization here; the amount of protection necessary to set it upon its legs; and the effect of the enhanced duty upon the rest of the community. To decide these questions satisfactorily would require patient inquiry, prolonged study and reflection such as no man on the left of the Speaker could reasonably be asked to bestow, even if he possessed adequate means of doing so. So far as the tariff is concerned, Mr. Young gave a fair definition of "national policy" when he said—"The true policy for Canada is not one of absolute free trade or absolute protection;" and again—"Believing the fiscal policy of the Government should be based upon the general policy of free trade, I have never held, and do not now, that exceptional circumstances should never be taken into account. There is no use in denying the fact that situated as we are, both geographically and politically, we occupy an exceptional position." The member for Waterloo then goes on to say that he favours a national tariff, so long as it does not lead to "absolute protection" or retaliation. That is the policy unfolded by Sir Alexander Galt, and approved of by the Premier. Mr. Walter Bagehot, no mean authority, in a passage from "The Postulates of Political Economy," quoted in our last number, points out one weakness of the science when he says that "it has often been put forward, not as a theory of causes affecting wealth in *certain* societies, but of all the causes affecting it in *every* society." He proceeds to show by crucial examples into what a labyrinth of fallacy the economists have been led by that bane of science—hasty generalization founded upon imperfect induction. Mr. Stuart Mill's name was introduced into the debate by Sir John as an authority in favour of moderate protection in new countries, where there was a danger of their industries being crushed in the bud by more powerful competitors. The well-known passage tells so strongly in favour of a national policy in

Canada that it is scarcely wonderful Mr. Cartwright endeavoured to break its force. Every line of it is directly and distinctly applicable to the circumstances of the Dominion, as we had occasion to show on a former occasion, and it never was expunged from the work or retracted by its author. When the ultra-Protective spirit had gained the mastery in the United States, some Free-traders there wrote to Mr. Mill, asking him to state whether, when he wrote it, he had in contemplation New England and Pennsylvania. His answer was—"Decidedly not; they are old countries, in which manufactures have been flourishing for many years. My reference was simply to those cases in which manufactures could be introduced or deserved to be fostered, but which were in danger of being choked by old-established industries abroad." Mr. Cartwright's quotation against the American policy does not touch the passage in the "*Political Economy;*" and had he turned to that work, he might have selected, side by side with the disputed quotation, utterances quite as strong or stronger than the one which he fondly imagined to be a later and more enlightened view.

There has been so much tilting at windmills in these debates, and so much fighting at cross-purposes, that the effect of them is rather depressing than instructive. Both the fanatical Free-trader and the fanatical Protectionist may be safely left out of the reckoning; but there is a disingenuous habit on both sides which cannot be too strongly reproved. The moment it is proposed to adjust the tariff so that our nascent industries shall not be too much weighted in the race, the cry is immediately heard that a manufacturers' ring is desirous of raising a "Chinese Wall" about the country—a bit of as arrant nonsense as any rational man ever uttered. "Retaliation" is another bogey conjured up to frighten the intelligence of the country. The word, it is true, is not happily chosen, and has been used by some who ought to know better. A readjusted tariff means "Defence, not defiance;" and it would be just as unreasonable to charge Mr. Gathorne Hardy and even M. Dufaure with a retaliatory policy against Germany because they are preparing defences and reorganizing armies, as to make a similar accusation against the advocates of a national fiscal policy in Canada. We have no desire to injure our neighbours; but it is our right, as well as our duty, to take every precaution against a continuance of the injury they are persistently inflicting upon us. If this be a retaliatory policy, then we are bound to adopt it.

So far then as a "national policy" concerns itself with the revenue, it is easily defined, and, when clearly understood, will commend itself to the approval of all classes. Canada is a young country with only four millions of people, bordering for thousands of miles upon a not over-friendly Republic with forty millions. The Americans are not unfriendly to us simply as Canadians, but because we are British also. Any momentary cause of offence, real or imaginary, at once sets their rulers upon some device to punish us, in the shape of the termination of reciprocity treaties, the abolition of the bonding system, exclusion from canals, bounties, drawbacks, and exorbitant duties, or Fenian harassings. For the past ten or twelve years we have been, at intervals, the victims of hostile action of this sort. Moreover, although we do not assert that this could be cured altogether by any tariff, we have suffered constantly from their financial crises and trade depressions to a greater degree than our commercial sins have deserved. As if all these adverse fluctuations were not enough, our rulers, instead of agreeing upon some stable policy in the interest of the country, have been almost invariably engaged in aggravating the disease by trying experiments *in corpore vili*, according as the whim seized them. At one time capitalists are tempted to enter upon extensive enterprises, and erect expensive buildings and machinery and employ thousands of men; and then, soon after, the Government changes its mind, the capital invested is impaired or lost altogether, and the artizans are driven away to more hospitable shores.

Such being the actual state of things, Mr. Cartwright might readily have been excused if he had stated frankly that there were difficulties in the way of any immediate readjustment, with which he was not at present prepared to cope. He might reasonably have urged the want of sufficient information, trustworthy in its nature, or of opportunity to digest it in a form which he could justify to himself and to the country. Instead of doing this, however, he filled his able Budget speech with quixotic attacks upon windmills which were purely imaginary.

When he talked about the incompatibility of a "free" government with a "protective" government—by which he meant a paternal government—he was trifling with words, paltering with them in a double sense. Presently he ventured to distinguish the deputations which had waited on him. "Some of the gentlemen who have addressed us have done so as the advocates of protection pure and simple" (a rather vague phrase, we may remark); "others—and I think I may say the abler reasoners—have contended, *and not without force*, that, circumstanced as we are in connection with the people of the United States, it becomes the duty of the Administration to meet the peculiar policy of that people with a reciprocal policy in the same direction." Now, he seems virtually to adopt this latter position, although it is incorrectly stated, in words which are a mere paraphrase of Mr. Stuart Mill's celebrated passage, and his entire argument is directed against a theory which nobody seriously advocates. It is quite true that some ultra-Protectionists have pointed to the United States' fiscal policy as one which we should imitate, and so far they are as bad as the fanatic Free-traders. They are both *doctrinaires* whose crude theories have no hold upon the commo sense of the people. Mr. Cartwright's disinclination to "indulging in purely abstract discussions on the questions of Free-trade and Protection" is shared in by nine-tenths of the people. They have no desire for abstract reasonings at all; but they recognize the difficulties in which we are involved by the policy of the Republic, and they had a right to expect from the Finance Minister some clue to the labyrinth. A rehash of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, or Mr. David Wells, is of no service to them at this exigency. Their want is a national policy—one suited to the circumstances of our peculiar case, as a nascent and progressive country possessing boundless resources, but crowded out of all chance in the competition by a more powerful neighbour; and such a policy Mr. Cartwright refuses to initiate, simply—so far as we can understand him—because excessive protection has been proved bad by its results in the United States. If any doubt could be entertained of the Finance Minister's deliberate intention to confound the two classes into which he had himself divided his opponents, it will be dissipated by his concluding remarks, in which he stigmatizes a national policy as "one of which it can only be said that it is a servile plagiarism of the blunders which the United States have committed," although he evidently knew that it was nothing of the kind.

There is another phase of the discussion on this subject upon which the Opposition have dilated with evident gusto. There certainly seems to have been some wavering and indecision in the Privy Council on the fiscal policy to be adopted. The story of a deputation from the Maritime Provinces having changed the whole framework of Mr. Cartwright's Budget, may go for what it is worth. We are not of the Opposition, and therefore are at liberty to doubt it, which we do almost to the verge of unbelief. But it was most unfortunate, to say the least of it, that Government candidates, Government organs, as well as deputations who had met the Finance Minister face to face, should all have been deluded into the conviction that a readjustment of the tariff was imminent. That Mr. Cartwright ever stated to any deputation his intention of remodelling the tariff in the interest of any branch of industry, we do not for a moment believe; it would have been highly improper to do anything of the kind. Hope springs eternal in the manufacturing, as in the ordinary human breast, and it may well be that the few soothing words by which a Cabinet Minister always thinks it necessary to earn the usual vote of thanks may have been strained beyond their meaning. The few vague expressions, intended to signify nothing in particular, were interpreted in a spirit of confidence by unsophisticated men who forget the real object of words in the mouth of a Cabinet Minister—to conceal rather than express thoughts. At the same time, Mr. Cartwright should have remembered that he is not a Disraeli—a sphynx professedly dealing in riddles, whose function it is *spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas*. Moreover, the merchants and manufacturers had still further grounds for putting a gloss of their own on the utterances at Ottawa. Sir Alexander Galt's letter, pronouncing for a national policy, had been deliberately approved by the Premier in his speech at Sarnia. To Montreal Mr. Mackenzie made a journey on purpose to advocate the claims of a candidate who entertained similar views; and this candidate

ventured deliberately to announce the future policy of the Government as founded upon those views. Putting all these things together, shrewd men though they were, they found themselves at last mistaken, and no doubt exasperated. Even on the eve of the Budget exposition, the *Globe*, which is popularly supposed to derive its knowledge through the inspired Pythoness of North York, added a further confirmation of hopes which were in a few hours dashed to the ground. Now, it would be unfair to say that there was throughout a deliberate intention to deceive; all that we have a right to assert is, that the Government have been unfortunate in two ways—first, in their policy, which satisfies no one; and secondly, in raising unwittingly false expectations which they did not intend to fulfil.

There was one pleasing feature in Mr. Cartwright's speech which it would be unjust to leave unmentioned. He spoke of a "reciprocal" and not of a "retaliatory" policy; he did not fight against a fancied "prohibitory tariff," which could only be a bugbear to fools, and he omitted to mention the "Chinese wall" which looms up before the heated imaginations of some fanatics. He evidently desired to be a "judicious trimmer"—a wary boatman of the ancient type, hugging the shore as close as possible. *Alter remus aquas, alter mihi radat arenas*, is evidently his cautious motto. It would have been well if all his supporters had done the same. Mr. Dymond, for example, belonging to the rampant school, ventured, on what authority we know not, to read all who were not ultra Free-traders out of the party. On the other hand, Mr. Mackenzie, evidently disturbed by this attempt to snatch the reins out of his own hands, rebuked the *Globe* spirit in these words:—"He was glad to know that although the paper in question had accused the hon. gentleman (Mr. Greenaway) of having deserted his party, no Ministerial journal had accused seven or eight Ministerial members of having done anything of the sort because they had chosen on that particular occasion to vote according to their consciences with the Opposition." This sentence is of some importance in more respects than one. It administers a snub to the *Globe* Patroclus who has donned the armour of petulant Achilles, absent in Europe without leave, and it imparts some valuable information. We learn that party men do possess consciences, and that "on a particular occasion" they are free to heed them, and, more important than all, that the fiscal policy of the Government is an open question, with which party has nothing to do. The first two bits of instruction are curious rather than intrinsically valuable; but the third carries with it a sweeping condemnation of the entire fabric of party, as it exists among us. The question at issue, and the four debates upon it, have occupied the public mind to the exclusion of all others. They form, in fact, the sole topic of general interest, and yet the Premier confesses that the party system is incompetent to deal with it. The obvious reason is that it is a national question, which must be grappled with outside party limits altogether. The only subject where party aims and party machinery are not utterly impotent is the all-absorbing one of the ins and the outs. The present Administration is, perhaps, less to blame than the one which preceded it. Both have muddled the Pacific Railway, the North-West troubles, the relations of the Dominion to its outlying Provinces, and every other national question that can be named; Both have wasted their energies on purely party or personal objects; both have played into the hands of the hierarchy when any paltry success seemed likely to be gained thereby. But for any great purpose these organizations have been worse than hindrances to national progress. If any one doubts it, let him study the history of the Pacific Railway scheme, from its inception until now. Has it served any practical purpose, from the fight of the Allan and Macpherson Companies to the breakdown of the Foster contract? After being the shuttlecock between Grit and Conservative battledores for years, how much nearer are we on the way to its completion—how much nearer to the fulfilment of our promises to British Columbia? The only remedy for this lamentable condition of things is to rend parties asunder whenever any great object is to be attained, or any truly national work is to be executed. Let those who choose to scramble for office, do so in their way; but when the trade, the industries, the works, the national advancement by sober and well-considered measures are in question, the best admonition to party, as the Premier in part confesses, is "Hands off; these matters are too weighty to be committed into the hands of either

faction." There is no reason that will stand examination why all measures of really national moment should not be open questions, or why two parties, professedly having the same object in view, should array themselves against each other, merely in a struggle for office. One hon. member said the other day that all policies are national policies. Perhaps they may be; but only in the sense in which the masks at a carnival are the faces they conceal. Public questions ought surely to be discussed on purely public grounds, not only ostensibly, but in reality. As it is, the effort of each faction is to beguile the public into the belief that it alone can and will serve the country—if only the people place it or maintain it in power. A Government measure must be opposed, simply because it is a Government measure. This is not only a game not worth the candle, but far worse; since the counters with which it is played are the best and dearest interests of the country. Mephistopheles and Faust contending in a match, with a human soul as the stake, is scarcely a more pitiable sight, because it is not realizable, than that of two political parties gambling over the progress, the resources, and it may be the entire future of a noble country like ours. If our statesmen would only approach national subjects in a statesmanlike way, does any one suppose that our greatest national work, and the important fiscal question now agitating the country, would be treated as they are and have been? On the tariff, there is really no difference in principle. Mr. Mackenzie's and Mr. Cartwright's views are recorded, and so are those of Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper; collate and compare them, and where is the substantial difference? They all coincide in the opinions expressed by Sir Alexander Galt, and yet being under the yoke of partyism, they are obliged to drag their clumsy chariots to the battle. The mischief of it is, that no matter which side conquers, the country pays the piper for victor and vanquished alike, whilst its progress and development are arrested or impeded by the party fray. The fiscal question is only one branch of the general issue—only one of those subjects embraced in our understanding of a "national policy;" but it is a most important and pressing question, on which the people, in French parliamentary phrase, will ere long "demand urgency." Requiring full information and much anxious thought from the Finance Minister who undertakes its solution, we believe it may be solved to the satisfaction of the people of Canada. Starting with the broad principle that the prosperity of the Dominion and the development of its resources, are the sole aim of legislation, all the preliminary inquiries must be directed in the light of it. If the policy of the United States is distinctly hostile and aggressive, it behoves us to act upon the defensive. Where any of our nascent industries can be saved from destruction by a moderate amount of protection, without pressing unduly upon the mass of the people, it should be granted. We say "unduly," because it may be worth while for the country, where prior occupancy of the field gives another nation the advantage, to submit to a temporary tax in order to secure a lasting benefit. At the same time, it must be clear that the industries claiming protection are adapted to the country, and capable of holding their own after a reasonable time against outside competition. Where two interests are apparently in conflict—such as those, for example, of the paper-maker and the publisher—it would be the duty of the Minister to weigh carefully the claims of both, and administer impartial justice between them. Above all, when a matured scheme is adopted, it must be clearly understood to be a system settled as the national policy, removed out of danger from the changes of administration at least for a term of years. Capital is exceedingly sensitive, and not too plentiful in Canada; and, after the experience of former years, investors will be shy of sinking money in manufacturing schemes which depend for their existence on the passing whim of the Finance Minister of the day. They cannot live from hand to mouth, and therefore have a right to demand some degree of fixity in the tariff. These, roughly stated, are the considerations to be kept in view in framing a national policy; and we are not without hope that during the recess, Mr. Cartwright will digest such a scheme as will be approved by the vast majority of Canada, and, in its broad features at any rate, stand as a monument of his sagacity during the next decade.

As for the general legislation of the Session, it can scarcely be said to need any special reference. The Government measures have been tolerably numerous, but they are

rather practical than startling in their character. The tariff debates have engrossed so large a share of attention, and honourable members have been so busy in proving everything by means of statistics, that they seem to have cared very little for anything else. The representatives of the Maritime Provinces have been looking after the interests committed to their care, and Dr. Orton has taken agriculture under his special protection. Moreover, the Senate, not having the fear of Mr. Mills before its eyes, has offered the annual holocaust to its own dignity, by rejecting the Bill regarding the Law of Common Carriers. *A propos des bottes*, what has the member for Bothwell been about, that we have heard nothing of his Senate Bill this year? Mr. Brown is over the seas and far away, and Mr. Mills might have stolen a march upon that potent element which works against him. Perhaps the weight of financial depression is too much for the "ex-schoolmaster," or haply he may have paired off with the great Senator upon this question in a novel and unprecedented way.

The better terms for Manitoba seem unobjectionable in every respect. The Local Government seems disposed to meet the Ottawa powers half way by a judicious policy of retrenchment, and it is not beyond hope, we should think, that matters may be settled amicably with British Columbia. Mr. Costigan's motion, aiming at an amnesty for O'Donoghue, was "clean out of the way." The idea of a man who claims that he was innocent of the murder of Scott, and could prove it, only that since then he has committed treason a second time in a more odious form, asking that the crime of 1871 may be condoned in order that he may return and prove himself guiltless of a previous crime, is preposterous in the extreme. He does not come into court with clean hands, and therefore has no business there at all. Mr. Blake's speech was unanswerable in every respect; but Mr. White, of Hastings, seemed to think that the wanton and outrageous crime of introducing a band of Fenian ruffians within a year after Manitoba had settled down as a peaceful member of the Dominion, was no crime at all, or else that an admixture of two blacks made an immaculate white. The sorriest figure was cut by Mr. Barney Devlin, of Montreal, whose speech speaks for itself, in wretched contrast with the utterances of that last noble Irishman who came from Montreal to be struck down by an assassin at the capital. The odious imputation that nationality had anything to do with the attitude of the Government towards O'Donoghue, and that "a man might as well be a farmer as an Irishman"—whatever that meant, unless to catch Dr. Orton's vote—is utterly absurd. Nationality had its share in the particular form of O'Donoghue's last crime, no doubt; but none with the justice of the Crown's treatment of this double-dyed traitor. The motion was decisively thrown out by a vote of 136 to 30.

The debate on the Charlevoix election was not satisfactory so far as the Government, or rather the President of the Council, is concerned. During the bye-election at which Mr. Langevin was returned, Mr. Cauchon took upon himself, without authority from the proper department and without requisition from the local authorities, to order a detachment of the Dominion Mounted Police into the country, nominally to preserve order—that is, such order as would serve the particular purpose of Mr. Cauchon. When Mr. Langevin introduced the subject, he did so in a calm and dignified way. He complained that Mr. Cauchon had attempted to throw doubt upon his veracity, when he stated the facts of the case; but that even then, if the President would withdraw his *quasi* denial, he would let the matter drop. Mr. Cauchon, not yet sufficiently nerved for the conflict, thrust forward Mr. Frechette as a buffer, and the latter proceeded to let the House know what a terribly wicked constituency Charlevoix had always been. His chief point was that the present member had, at previous elections, employed a Conservative body-guard known as "Langevin's lambs" and, therefore, it was only right that Mr. Cauchon should introduce lambs of his own, mounted and armed at the expense of the Dominion. The President's speech followed after, in that well-known sputtering style of his, which may be best described in the satirist's words, *spumosum et cortice pingui*—as Mr. Conington renders them, "frothy and fluffy." Perhaps he had better have held his peace; but, at any rate, we have no intention of following either him or the debate at further length. Yet there is one feature in it to

which we must allude as illustrative of our time-honoured party strategy. The President was clearly to blame, and no one attempted to defend him, unless a free application of the retort "*tu quoque*" can be construed as a defence. Now, one of the most objectionable features in our present system is, that whenever an accusation is urged against a Minister or a Government, it is always deemed a sufficient answer that some other Minister was guilty of something akin to the particular offence charged, at some other time in the near or remote past. It is needless to say that if this system can be justified on ethical grounds, any imaginable political crime may be committed with impunity. What, we should like to know, had "Langevin's lambs" or "Peter McNab," for that matter, to do with Mr. Cauchon's actions? If the President did right, why should his case be defended otherwise than on its merits? Supposing a second Pacific scandal were exposed, though that is improbable, what sort of defence would it be that the first had been committed by those who now lay bare the second? As between the parties it might be valid, but how about the country—the last consideration to weigh upon the consciences of party? Moreover, the present Government are estopped from filing any such plea in defence or extenuation. They came into office avowedly to change the old order of things. They professed their intention of washing the face of the begrimed goddess of politics—of leaving undone those things which their predecessors ought *not* to have done, and of doing those things which they ought to have done. If one thing more than another will tend to the painful conclusion that there is no health in any of them, it is this justification of one offence by another. That the present Government entered upon the duties of office with the firmest resolution to act purely and honestly, we believe; that they have not been able to save their characters from aspersion is not so much their fault as the fault of the system. Partyism is at best an unsavoury concern, and, as it obtains in this country, is foul in the extreme. In the President of the Council they have introduced an element which can bring them no strength, but is potent only for evil, and the sooner they rid the Council Chamber of his presence the better for themselves and for the country.

It is exceedingly inconvenient to reply to the strictures of a daily paper in these columns, especially when three weeks have elapsed since their appearance. Still, in justice to ourselves, and also as an acknowledgment of the courtesy ordinarily extended to us by the *Mail*, we are constrained to offer some remarks upon an unfair and ungenerous criticism. The gravamen of the charge against us is contained in the sentence:—"We could believe that our contemporary held to these views with sincerity, if it had not garbled the evidence, and by a discreditable suppression of words placed both M. Masson and Mr. Bowell in a false light." Now we may remark, *en passant*, that this is the first time "garbling" has ever been regarded as the peculiar attribute of insincerity. The history of controversy abundantly shows that the grossest sins in the way of deceptive quotation have been committed by the most zealously sincere. The general charge is a serious one, however, and before making it, the *Mail* should have considered whether it might not in charity be presumed that the omission of a few words at the end of a sentence were not purely accidental, as in fact it was. And further, whether the words omitted were at all material. If our contemporary had inserted the paragraph in which the quotation was embedded, its readers would at once have seen that the words left out would have strengthened our position instead of invalidating it. It is unnecessary to re-quote the passage entire, but this is the latter portion of it:—"We are ready, and shall always be ready, to give to the opinions of these gentlemen (the clergy) that respect to which they are entitled, owing to their high intelligence, their great virtue, and their disinterestedness; *but we are not ready to give any more.*" The words italicized are those inadvertently omitted in the haste of transcription. Now, observe the manner in which the quotation was introduced by us:—"Take the question of clerical interference by ecclesiastical terrors, for example, and mark how mildly he puts the basest portion of his political creed." Then follows the sentence from M. Masson's speech. The words omitted are entirely of a piece with the rest; they were in fact merely the dying cadence—the last soft *susurrus* of the Ultramontane lion, roaring as a sucking dove. Our accusation was, that M. Masson was

"sugar-coating" a most serious assault upon the freedom of election by representing it in a "mild," diluted form, and the clause left out proves that quite as much the rest. With regard to the leadership of the Ultramontanes, we have only to say that if an honourable member speaks "as a Conservative, and as an Ultramontane—or, as I am called by the hon. gentleman on the other side of the House from the Province of Quebec, as the leader of the Ultramontanes," he distinctly adopts and boasts of the title. Besides, Mgr. Bourget singled out MM. Masson and Mousseau as pre-eminently the exponents of his views.

And now for Mr. Bowell, on whose behalf the *Mail* asks us to make the *amende honorable*. We charged the hon. member for Hastings with deliberately disguising his opinions for a paltry party purpose, and giving aid to the Ultramontane party by every means in his power. Unhappily the hon. gentleman has himself afforded confirmatory evidence of the truth of our imputation. Fearing that his attitude on the Argenteuil speech was unpalatable in Ontario, he addressed a letter to the *Christian Guardian*, in which he wrote: "I never, even by implication, disapproved of the sentiments in the speech of Mr. Huntington." Then why, in the name of common sense, did he join in the hue and cry against the Minister? Because, he says, that gentleman backed down from his position in a letter to Mr. Power, of Halifax. *That* he certainly did object to; but had he the moral courage to avow his sympathy with Mr. Huntington's opinions? No; the nearest approach to it was a remark that the Power letter had "created a feeling of utter and thorough contempt for him in the minds of those who approved of the sentiments which he proclaimed in his Argenteuil speech." Was Mr. Bowell one of "those who approved?" He certainly did not say so then, although he evidently desires to be enrolled among their number now. The inconsistency of the hon. member's position is obvious. Mr. Langevin accused the Postmaster-General of insulting his countrymen, and his co-religionists, and the Bishops of the country; and yet Mr. Bowell approved of the speech, as he would have us believe, without demurring to Mr. Langevin's misrepresentation of it. If Mr. Huntington's sentiments, as interpreted by Mr. Bowell's Quebec allies, were consonant with his own, why did he hesitate to confess the fact? This dilemma is before him, and he can choose the horn on which to be impaled. He cannot accept, and therefore does not approve of those opinions, because he requires religion to be "left out" of the political sphere, and, according to M. Masson, it was dragged in at Lachute. Nor can he disapprove of them, because, according to him, the Power letter was a woful retractation of Mr. Huntington's real sentiments. In short, Mr. Bowell favours either the speech or the letter; if the speech, then he should have manfully defended it, and reserved all his fire for the letter; if he is opposed to any interference with spiritual terrorism until "the time for that battle comes," he should have approved of the letter instead of denouncing it. Had Mr. Bowell been true to his Orange creed, he would have repelled the monstrous assumption set forth in plain words by M. Cauchon, of the "superiority," or, as Archbishop Manning calls it, the "supremacy" of the Church over the State. The hon. gentleman knows well what is going on in the Province of Quebec, and we again charge him with wilfully cloaking the truth for party purposes. It was not Mr. Bowell but M. Bechard who protested against sacerdotal politics. The Grand Master had no word in favour of freedom of election, but was content to leave its defence to a French Liberal. We may remark, as a matter of justice, that the *Christian Guardian* is wrong in attributing to Mr. Bowell the words "inopportune, imprudent, and dangerous," as applied to the celebrated speech; they are M. Bechard's, although any one who has the Reports in his hand (p. 45) can easily see how the mistake may have occurred. The member for Hastings was too clever to make such a positive assertion as that, because he knew what the probable effect of such a backing of his friends would be in Ontario. He preferred a sinister course, and used language befitting it. The sons of King William are not less deft and wary in their use of words than the disciples of Loyola. As for protestations of what the Grand Master would do in certain contingencies, dignified as they are in the *Mail* with italic honour, we take them for what they are—"springes to catch woodcocks." One word and we may leave this debate in the family vault of the abor-

tions. We are charged with falling "into the great mistake of viewing the political question from the religious standpoint." Our reply is that the entire tenour of the article complained of is one constant unvarying protest against the introduction of religion into the controversy at all. We have no space for quoting at length from our own columns; but those who have read pp. 242-244 of last month's issue—and we have charity enough to exclude the *Mail* from the number—are perfectly aware that it would be impossible to misrepresent the views there expressed more grossly and palpably.

So much is said about introducing religion into secular journals, that it may not be amiss to adduce a real, instead of factitious instance, in point. Whether the *Globe* styles itself a secular journal or not, we should be afraid to determine; if it does, it seriously mistakes its vocation. No one expects much beyond blind and unreasoning zeal from the *soi-disant* religious press, and charitable consideration of dogmatic differences is of course out of the question. Every denomination being, in its own eyes, "the temple of the Lord," and intellectual error the lowest depth of turpitude, there is no difficulty in understanding the vigour with which the "drum ecclesiastic" is sounded, in perpetual tattoo, from a score of camps. But, as a rule, secular interests are tended after another fashion. The practice of politics is not what it might be, no doubt—notably in Canada. It has one vile element which does not usually form a constituent of the religious atmosphere—personality. Still so far as principles are involved, where there are any, men agree to differ and make allowances for the ignorance, the prejudices, or the obtuseness of their opponents. But where religion is concerned, the secular journalist endeavours, or should endeavour, to remain absolutely neutral. To the great problems of human life and human destiny he cannot be indifferent if he would. They have given to the time "its form and pressure," and are now practical questions to be solved, rather than theological *credos* to be maintained, as they were of old. Science and philosophy are wrestling with the beliefs of humanity, and these are not the property of any special cult or church. The intellectual air grows dark with the gathering storm, and, however secularly inclined, no man who thinks at all can shake off the oppression or withdraw into an atmosphere of his own. When the tempest rages, and heaven and earth seem to come together and commingle, cloud with dust, religion, in its broadest sense, ceases to be theological and sectarian, and becomes the chief concern of all, lay or cleric, secular or theologian. But, as between the churches, secular journalism should preserve a discreet silence. It may rejoice at the prosperity of any or all of them, at efforts for union and amity, and at anything else by which the *odium theologicum* may be reduced in volume or kept within salutary limits. There, however, its function ends. It has no right to take up the cudgels for or against a denomination, to foster and embitter sectarian strife, or to descend at all into the arena of vulgar disputation. There are enough and to spare of men who are willing to fly at one another's throats for the love of God; let them have it all to themselves. We do not assert that circumstances may not arise in which the secular journalist is not bound to repel aggression on the part of one church or another; but he will always stand upon the defensive. With dogma he has nothing to do, either in England, Belgium, France, South America, or Quebec. It is no concern of his, *qua* journalist, what a man believes or disbelieves, so long as he restrains himself from trenching upon the functions of the State or the liberties of his fellow-men. An assault repelled, whenever and by whomsoever made, is the signal for truce, be the assailant's theological opinions what they may. The work is done when the trespasser retreats, baffled and discomfited, within his own landmarks. In such a case the contest is political, not religious in any sense, and forms no exception to the general rule; it is not an attack upon a church as such, but upon a political crusade organized in the name of religion. The golden canon of secular journalism then requires entire abstinence from interference in purely denominational controversy.

It appears to us that the *Globe* not only violates, but violates persistently and systematically, this obvious duty in a most offensive way. Our newspapers are edited by men of every form of religious belief; yet outside the avowedly denominational press, there is not, we believe, one journal which obtrudes itself so constantly into sectarian polemics as the *Globe*. It has constituted itself the spokesman of one church without

the slightest authority, and it denounces another, day after day, and week after week, with the bitterest acrimony. The Church of England, not merely in England but in the Colonies, is its *bête noire.* Prelacy, except that form of it recommended by the Catholic League, is more infamous in its eyes than even that sum of all the villanies—Toryism. The question of Disestablishment in England is, of course, a political question more or less, upon which a Canadian writer has a perfect right to express his opinion; but that is no sufficient justification for keeping it perpetually on the anvil. After all, it concerns the English people only, and is a matter with which we have nothing to do, except as we have to do with the land tenure, the county franchise, or the Scottish law of hypothec. The evident zeal with which our contemporary pursues the subject almost every day, and sometimes twice a day, must be a matter of surprise to every one who does not understand the bitterness of sectarian animosity. It would be explicable, to some extent, if the question were one likely to divide political parties for years to come; but Mr. Bright and his friends have by common consent laid it on the shelf *sine die.* No one in England keeps up the agitation at present but a small knot of clerics, ritualistic and nonconformist, and their allies, the Positivists and Secularists. The only perceptible reason why the *Globe* hammers away at Erastianism, and favours Mr. Orby Shipley and his associates, is from pure hatred of the Episcopal Church. It does not matter what ecclesiastical dispute arises—Mr. Osborne Morgan's Burial resolution, the "Reverend" question, the Risdale case, or Jenkins *v.* Cook—there is the same old story over again, ending with a fatuous prophecy that disestablishment, and of course disendowment, are imminent. We can hardly imagine a layman persisting in publishing these stereotyped philippics; and behind them, with a rustling of silk, there always appears to rise the dusky phantom of a Genevan gown.

Take the case of Jenkins *v.* Cook as an example of this sort of politico-religious literature. There is no pretence that the judgment of the Judicial Committee was an erroneous one; indeed, there could not be, as the respondent must have discovered when he came to frame his defence. The only offences which warrant a clergyman in refusing the communion to a member of the Church are "openly living in sin notorious, without repentance," &c. (Canon 26), and being "a common and notorious depraver of the Book of Common Prayer," &c., or "of anything contained in the Articles agreed upon in the Convocation of 1562" (Canon 27). Now, of neither of these offences was Mr. Jenkins so much as accused, his crime being the denial of Satan's personality, which is certainly not *de fide*, for it is not mentioned in the Creed or Articles. Soon after the judgment was delivered, the Rev. Mr. Haweis declared that the idea of personifying evil was derived from the Persians, whose Ormuzd and Ahriman represented God and Satan, and that the modern notion is Manichæism pure and simple. The Rev. Flavel Cook took upon him to excommunicate a layman for holding an opinion held, or at least not rejected, by many Christians of all denominations. The vicar unquestionably transgressed the law, and rather than obey it resigned his incumbency. Supposing that the Church were disestablished to-morrow, what difference would it make? A purely clerical court could hardly pronounce a judgment or deliverance contrary to the law of the Church—at least they ought not to do so, though there is no knowing what they would attempt in the way of constraining freedom of conscience and opinion. The outcry against Erastianism and in favour of Church freedom resolves itself, under analysis, into a hatred of comprehension, and a traditional love of rigid tests and iron-bound definitions. Ecclesiastical liberty, in short, merely means clerical power to control the individual conscience. That Canon Liddon, Bishop Fraser, and Dean Stanley, should be permitted to remain together in the same church, although they hold diverse views about doctrine and sacrament, is a serious grievance to those who desire everything shaped to one pattern by the ecclesiastical shears. In the case immediately before us, the real issue was clerical assumption as opposed to the rights of the laity. The Judicial Committee decided in favour of the latter, holding, as the *Spectator* aptly puts it, that the clergy have no right to impute "constructive" heresy—no right to resolve doubts and difficulties into positive errors—no right to be judges of the consciences of their parishioners. It will be an unfortunate day for the Anglican Church, or any other

church now comparatively free, when such rights are committed to any body of men, however learned or devout. The time is past when religious truth was the exclusive property of a caste; the deposit has passed from the hands of the depositaries, and been diffused amongst the whole cultured class in or out of orders. There is no church now—no Protestant church certainly — in which the laity are not impatient of clerical coercion and control. Others, besides the ordained, have studied Scripture; have examined the theologies, past and present; have pondered deeply over the lessons of church history; and the conclusion they are rapidly reaching is unfavourable to the continuance, much less to the extension, of exclusive claims in the definition of dogma. The desire for disestablishment on political grounds, of which we are not now speaking, is one thing; and the same desire with a view to crushing independence of thought and private judgment is another. And if the Church of England continues to be the national church, it will be mainly owing to the settled conviction, which is rapidly gathering strength amongst the English people, that the Erastianism so distasteful to clerics is their best and surest defence from the vexatious hair-splittings of theology. The Judicial Committee may sometimes err, as have also General Councils, Synods, and Convocations, but it has the advantage of acting as a buffer, where a buffer is most surely needed.

Any one who has carefully followed the *Globe* editorials on this subject must be convinced that its attacks on the Church of England are ecclesiastical and not political. No sane man would pour forth the vials of his wrath, almost unremittingly, against a merely national institution, three thousand miles away, especially at a time when the people immediately concerned decline to consider the question of its destruction. The land tenure and the county franchise are not so dealt with, and why? Because in discussing them there is no room for a display of that *odium theologicum* which finds a rich field where writers, ostensibly treating of a *quasi* political question, may take their petty survey through clerical spectacles. It is to the distinctly sectarian nature of these attacks that we object, because it is not the business of a secular newspaper to constitute itself the enemy of any form of religious belief, as such, or of any church, merely on account of the laxity of its discipline, or the latitudinarian freedom of opinion tolerated within its pale. Any writer whose sympathies were not bounded by his own sect would rejoice at the spiritual vitality which has been manifested in the Anglican Church during the last thirty years—the new life which has clothed the dry bones with the glow and vigour of rejuvenescence, and displayed its activity and zeal on every hand. He might be expected to rejoice also at the exhibit made in a return moved for by Lord Hampton, of a sum of twenty-six millions expended voluntarily since 1840, upon church building and restoration alone, excluding sums under five hundred pounds. This evidence of growing popularity, as the *Times* calls it,—"not the balance sheet of a sect, but the budget of a great national institution," — finds no mention in the *Globe*. And if it be said that our contemporary only denounces the Church of England as an Establishment, let its treatment of the same Church disestablished in Canada be the conclusive answer. There is no space for details here, but it may suffice to affirm that its uniform attitude has been one of open or flimsily disguised hostility. Its chief delight has always been to widen the breach between church parties, to aggravate differences and to encourage schism at every favouring opportunity. There is something petty in this relentless and persistent system of covert persecution—something happily unprecedented in the annals of Canadian journalism. So far as the MONTHLY is concerned, its uniform practice is to congratulate every church upon its successes, and leave the faults of all to be detected by the vigilance, and exposed with the virulence, characteristic of the sectarian press. We expressed satisfaction at the consummation of Presbyterian Union, and at the progress made in the same direction by the Methodist bodies; and now, without being specially the champion of the Church of England, we beg to protest most earnestly against a system of hostility to it, which is as unjustifiable as it is wanton and offensive.

The clouds which were long hovering upon the horizon at Washington have burst more than once, and yet they are still gathering in gloomy menace. How far all the stories of official corruption are deserving of

credence it is difficult to say. The probability is that many of them are the offspring of spleen, and that others will resolve themselves into black-mailing. During the prosecution of the whiskey frauds in the West, there was an organized system of false accusations, almost as evil as the "ring" itself. The guilty managed to go scot free by charging similar offences upon the innocent, until it was difficult to know whom or what to believe. Titus Oates, in all his infamous glory, was not more adroit than these black sheep of Chicago and St. Louis. One plan, where it was found practicable, was this:—Having discovered that Bristow's bloodhounds were on his trail, the dealer in "crooked" whiskey made the best of his way to Windsor, or some other safe spot on the Canadian bank of the Detroit River. From this vantage-ground, operations were begun by wholesale charges of complicity against any one whose name came into the rascal's head; then followed a promise of immunity for himself, and his return home. Many other ingenious devices, inspired by the genius of roguery, have been put into execution, and the result is an almost universal scepticism in charges of malversation or corruption on the part of officials. Added to this cause of distrust, there is, as in Canada, the party system—itself a prolific parent of scandal in many forms. Secretary Belknap's confession, however, came like a thunder-clap in a sky heavily overcast with clouds, and the storm has set in with a vengeance. Marsh and his wife have returned to Washington, under a safe-conduct more trustworthy than the Emperor Sigismund's, and their story has been improved, we do not say coloured, during their temporary residence in Montreal. Still they can hardly do Belknap any further harm, whatever they may allege, be it true or untrue. The terrible fact stares Americans in the face that the circle surrounding their President is steeped in corruption to an extent never dreamed of by the gloomiest pessimist. The exposures of the last few weeks are especially trying to the national pride, because they are made on the eve of the Philadelphia Exhibition. It certainly seems the very irony of fate that when the nation is about to extend a friendly welcome to the world, and call upon all men to rejoice with her over the success and prosperity which have crowned the work of a century—at the very moment when she is disposed to utter the ancient boast, "I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow,"—this bitter humiliation should come upon her. With the purity of her free institutions tarnished, and the plague-spot stamped upon her brow, she is, for the moment, stunned by the sense of a crushing misfortune. Fortunately, there is a life in the great Republic which no calamity can permanently impair. Its power of recuperation is as vast as its domain, and the nation will not for long stand confounded by the blow. If the memory of it linger with sufficient power until November, it will not have fallen upon it in vain. Enough has been made known of the extent of the evil, and whether it be so or not, the people are thoroughly convinced that the entire Governmental system is rotten to the core. Of General Schenck nothing need be said, as his defence has yet to be heard; but there is too much corruption unearthed, in all directions, to make the Emma Mine a matter of the slightest consequence. The question in every one's mouth is, "What can be the cause of it all?" Of causes more or less remote, there are many—the system of official appointments, the party system, the war, with the shoddy prosperity it brought in its wake, rapid fortunes by contracts, gold-gambling, carpet-bagging, and barefaced peculation, and a rotten currency—all culminating in one universal rush for wealth, squandered, when secured, in vain and ostentatious display. But the public departments, at any rate, might have been kept pure, and the civil service throughout the country decorous on the outside, if not absolutely immaculate, if a man of sensitive purity, unflinching will, and thorough unselfishness, had sat in the seat of Washington. To General Grant more than any other living man must be attributed the disgrace which has befallen his country. Though perhaps not personally corrupt, he is greedy, a nepotist and the worst chooser of his associates imaginable. Either pachydermatous or destitute of moral backbone, he has, especially during his second term, been the pliable instrument of scoundreldom throughout the Union. It is certainly one redeeming feature in this ugly business, that the bad rule of the past seven years will soon come to an end. Whether it will be renewed by his successor depends upon the wire pullers of Cincinnati and St. Louis.

The New York Republican State Conven-

tion met during the month at Syracuse, and proposed Senator Conkling for the Presidency, but only by little more than a two-thirds vote. The Democratic Pennsylvania Convention held its session at Lancaster. Both Conventions pronounced in favour of a speedy resumption of specie payments, but in the platform of the latter, there was reservation, as might have been expected. It is quite certain that the Act fixing 1879 as the time of resumption will not be repealed. In the Senate its doom is certain, and even in the Democratic House its passage is now considered impossible; so the "rag-baby" may be accounted dead and gone.

There is nothing specially noticeable in recent Parliamentary proceedings in England, if we except the Royal Titles Bill, which has provoked discussion of a very promiscuous and discursive character. History, geography, archæology, law, and constitutional precedent have been overhauled to very little purpose. Her Majesty desires to be called the Empress of India, and there is the end of it. One very curious feature of the discussion was the attitude of the leaders in respect to the Colonies. Mr. Gladstone appeared in a new rôle as their champion. He was very angry that India should be specially mentioned in the new title, while Canada and Australia were ignored. Mr. Disraeli went into an elaborate argument, though not a very sound one, to prove that the Colonies were included in the phrase, "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." The reasoning convinced no one, and he did not seem very well satisfied himself; and he made a ludicrous blunder when he said that Canada did not now exist—it was called "The Dominion." The answer to that may be in the Hibernian form of a question—"What Dominion?" Mr. Osborne Morgan's resolution in favour of permitting Nonconformist funeral services in the parish churchyards was rejected by a vote of 279 to 249—a slightly increased Ministerial majority as compared with last year; but the House was fuller, and it is a notable circumstance that Mr. Morgan obtained the votes of twelve Conservatives as against seven on the last occasion. Doubtless an arrangement will soon be made which will set the question at rest.

The Republican Constitution has now been finally set in working order by the election and assembling of both Houses. There is no doubt now of the exact position of parties in the Assembly. The Republicans—Conservative, Moderate, and Radical—number 330. Of the rest, there are the Orleanists, who cut a sorry figure, and count only 58, with the personal adherents of the Marshal; Imperialists, 92; Legitimists, 36; doubtful, 14; total, 200. It will thus be seen that the Republicans have a majority of 130, and, throwing the Radicals into the Opposition, a majority of 10. If Gambetta can keep his following in order, the Assembly may last as long as it chooses, for it is indissoluble except with the consent of the Senate, which is also Republican. There would even be room for considerable defection, without bringing matters to a dead-lock. M. Dufaure has succeeded in forming a Cabinet which will in all probability be sustained by the Assembly. M. Buffet has yielded his place to M. Ricard, who is said to be "a sound Liberal Republican," and he will, doubtless, turn the disaffected prefects out of office without delay. The only friend of Gambetta's in office is M. Marcère, but he is under Ricard in the all-important bureau of the Interior. The general complexion of the Cabinet is Moderate, but they are all true Republicans, not Monarchists or Imperialists in disguise. One subject debated in the new Assembly is of some interest to Canadians. A motion for inquiry as to whether the election of M. Mun had been secured by undue interference on the part of the clergy was carried by 309 to 170. During the debate, in reply to an Ultramontane, M. Gambetta is reported to have used these words:—"We do not allude to the religious or sincere Catholic clergy, many of whom, doubtless, dread the encroachments of the Vatican. All we aim at is to confine the clergy in a proper sphere, and prevent the pulpit from being transformed into a political platform. We desire to have this inquiry in order to call on Government to remind the clergy that they should remain in their proper sphere."

Carlism has, for the present at any rate, received its quietus in Spain, and Don Carlos is in England settling with his creditors. He can afford to do that, because his final defeat entitles him to the eight millions sterling bequeathed to him by the ex-Duke

of Modena. His sojourn in England is not likely to be protracted. He had hardly touched the pier at Dover when a crowd of Foresters and others, assembled there for another purpose, gave the exile a reception the reverse of encouraging. This "claimant" will probably settle down into a life of inglorious ease on his Styrian estates. King Alfonso, meanwhile, has entered Madrid amid loud acclamations, worth very little, it is to be feared. The next business is the Constitution, and then we shall hear further from the Ultramontanes. Indeed, the Pope has already renewed hostilities by a brief in which he denounces liberty of worship as loading the State with a great crime.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PAUSANIAS THE SPARTAN. By the late Lord Lytton. Edited by his Son. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1876.

This work is unfortunately only a fragment, and for that reason, if for no other, unlikely to be acceptable to the ordinary reader. The present Viceroy of India has done his best to excite the reader's interest by giving aids to conjecture where mere perusal will not avail. The unfinished state of the story is no doubt tantalizing, but it is well to have it, for two reasons—first, because it is satisfactory evidence that the author's cunning had not forsaken him to the last; and, secondly, because it brings into bold relief at once the manners and the heroisms and meannesses of the time. It is a singular proof of the late Lord Lytton's industry and mental vigour, that he was at work upon *Pausanias*, *Kenelm Chillingly*, and *The Parisians*, simultaneously. The story opens under the hegemony of Sparta, and leaves us when death dropped the curtain upon its author at the first note of Athenian ascendency. The characters introduced are almost wholly historical. We have first the hero himself, whose sun rose to its meridian at Platæa and set in ignominy and disgrace at the Temple of Minerva of the Brazen House. Then follow, as skilfully posed *dramatis personæ*, the aristocrats of Athens—Aristides the Just, and Cimon, son of Miltiades, the unsuccessful rival of Pericles. In the Spartan fleet there is, above all, Lysander, whom Pausanias had saved in infancy from death by exposure on Mount Taygetos, the same who afterwards set up the Thirty Tyrants at Athens, and fell in conflict with Thebes at Haliartus.

The character and career of Pausanias are not as fully developed on the page of history as might be desired. His acts are plainly set forth, but his motives and ultimate aims are not clear to us—perhaps they were not understood even by his contemporaries. That he had secret communication with the Persian Court during his residence at Byzantium is established. What was the precise nature of them? Was he really guilty of "Medism," in the sense in which that offence was held in such detestation, especially in Sparta? Or did he only desire to secure Persian aid to seat Sparta more firmly in her supremacy over the rest of Greece? So far as this work is complete, it tends to the latter conclusion. The Spartan accepts Persian aid, but utterly refuses to consent that his country should acknowledge their subjection by the yearly tribute of earth and water. Of the un-Spartanlike luxury in which Pausanias lived at Byzantium, historians usually speak as a proof that he had grown giddy and voluptuous from the height of fame he had reached, and the unlimited wealth and power he enjoyed. Lord Lytton does not represent him in that light. He is represented as excusing his adoption of the "*Persicos apparatus*," and the Persian dress, on the ground that they dazzle the Byzantines. Throughout he appears thoughtful and sadly cynical, rather than epicurean. The story opens with a dazzling panorama of the Grecian fleet, comprising Spartans, Athenians, and Ionians. The contrast between the two rival powers is admirably indicated. The *hauteur* and self-assertion of Pausanias, the dignified patriotism of Aristides and Cimon, and the flippant tone of Antagoras and the other Ionians, strike the reader at the outset. It would be impossible to give in brief the general drift of the story, which extends from the first expression of Athenian discontent to the recall of Pausanias by the Ephors of Sparta. The fragment ends, we may here remark, with a conversation between two of the Ephors about the successor of Pausanias, who, as both history and the

fiction tell us, was Dorcis. Here the story is cut short, and we can only conjecture what the author would have made of the wealth of dramatic incident at his disposal, and which yet remains upon the page of history. Plutarch tells the story of Cleonicè, whom Pausanias loved, whether honourably or otherwise it is difficult now to say; of her being brought to his chamber in darkness; and of his slaying her in the dark, startled from his sleep, and deeming her an assassin. Of her spirit, which, hovered about as a fearful Nemesis, or a warning apparition, till his death, the historian gives us the tradition that Alithea, the hero's mother, laid the first stone, when outraged Sparta walled him up to perish of starvation in the temple. How Lord Lytton's fancy would have moulded these hints of history we cannot guess There are beautiful scenes between Pausanias and Cleonicè, and at Sparta, and in the less demonstrative but sweet and tender love-making of Lysander and Percalus, with the stern figure of Alithea also, the proud mother of Pausanias, but prouder of her race and country than of her son. The peculiar institutions of Sparta, which have caused some perplexity, are elucidated and, to some extent, justified, as from the Spartan point of view, especially the exposure of the aged and the sickly young, the encouragement of theft as a part of male education, and the *crypteia*, or midnight mission of slaughter by which the youth were taught to hate and exterminate the subject Helots. In conclusion, let us quote, as a specimen, two verses of one of a number of spirited lyrics translated from Alcæus :—

"Multitudes backward! Way for the Dorian;
Way for the Lord of the rocky Laconia;
Heaven to Hercules opened
Way on the earth for his son.

"Steel and fate, blunted, break on his fortitude;
Two evils only never endureth he—
Death by a wound in retreating,
Life with a blot on his name."

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER. A Novel By George Meredith. *Fortnightly Review*, 1874-5.

The most remarkable novel which has been running through any English serial of late, is the one which has lately been concluded in the *Fortnightly Review*, "Beauchamp's Career," by George Meredith. Its author is far less read and less heard of than he deserves to be—probably because his works are of a class beyond the appreciation of the average novel-reader, who cares only for highly wrought plot and sensational incidents; and partly, also, because his circuitous and somewhat recondite style, strong and vivid as it is, resembles that of Browning too much to be palatable to the man who takes up a work of fiction for relaxation only, and does not care to be confronted with social problems or literary enigmas at every turn. But Mr. Meredith is obviously too "terribly in earnest" to care for spreading sail to catch a breath of popular applause. He writes to depict life as he sees it, its inconsistencies and ironies, and more especially its evils and its needs. "Beauchamp's Career" will probably be far less widely read than "The Boudoir Cabal," but any true lover of literature will rank it as far superior to that clever satire as "Romola" or "Middlemarch," is to a novel of Rhoda Broughton's. The atmosphere of the story is not—like that of "The Boudoir Cabal"—one of petty intrigue and political chicanery, with hardly anything to relieve the disgust excited by its pictures of the hollow rottenness of metropolitan society. In "Beauchamp's Career," we are in the midst of ordinary, healthy English life—out-door and in-door—but chiefly country life, with the pure air of the downs or the bracing sea-breezes blowing freely about us, and good, honest English characters to study, honest and sturdy even in their thoroughly English prejudices.

Nevil Beauchamp, though pertaining by class to the aristocracy, is, by nature, of the stuff of which honest Radicals are made—warm, generous, and chivalrous in all his impulses, boiling over with indignation at the sight of a wrong, and with impatience to redress it—an impatience which often fails to discriminate, and baffles its own ends by injudicious rashness,—and withal as inflexibly obstinate as his Tory uncle, Everard Romfrey, himself, who does all he can to bring back his "crack-brained" nephew, as he calls him, to ordinary class prejudices and "common sense." His Tory cousin, at a later period, thus descants upon Beauchamp's peculiarities :—"Lydiard tells me he has a very sound idea of the value of money, and has actually made money by cattle-breeding; but he has flung ten thousand pounds on a single building outside the town, and he'll have to endow it to support it—a club to educate Radicals. The fact is, he wants to jam the business of two or three centuries into a lifetime. Beauchamp's no Radical. He hasn't forgiven the Countess of Romfrey for marrying above her rank. He may be a bit of a Republican, but really, in this country, Republicans are fighting with the shadow of an old hat and a cock-horse."

Nevil is in the naval service, "fought to the skeleton in our last big war," and contracted a warm friendship in the Crimea with a young French officer, the Comte de Croisnel. Returning to Venice with De Croisnel, invalided by a wound, he meets the object of the *grande passion* of his life—the sister of his friend—the fascinating Renée de Croisnel—decidedly the most feminine and interesting female character

in the book. The reader can never quite get over the regret that their romantic intercourse, amid the enchanting scenery of the Gulf of Venice, did not arrive at its natural conclusion on account of the previous betrothal of Renée to an old French marquis, whom she was marrying to please her father, and whom she persisted in marrying from a mistaken idea of duty—although her affection was irrevocably given to Beauchamp. This perversion of right the author allows to occur twice over in the book, without protest on his part, notwithstanding that, in this case, the step works out its natural evil results. Wifely happiness and wifely duty, in the true sense of the word, are of course impossible to the woman who has given her hand to one and her heart to another; and half of the unhappy complications of Beauchamp's subsequent career are to be traced to the ineffaceable first love which is ever and anon springing up with renewed life at the most inopportune moments.

Renée, as a French marquise, goes to live at her husband's château of Tourdestelle, and Beauchamp returns to England, throws himself heart and soul into politics, and comes under the influence of an earnest ultra-radical, an old gentleman of Utopian ideas, Carlylean style, and inextinguishable zeal, Dr. Shrapnel by name, under whose tutelage he soon develops into a Radical of the most advanced type. As Dr. Shrapnel afterwards observed, "You, Beauchamp, when I met you first, you were for England, England! for a breadth of the palm of my hand comparatively—the round of a copper penny, no wider! And from that you jumped at a bound to the round of this earth; you were for humanity. Ay, we sailed our planet among the icy spheres, and were at blood-heat for its destiny, you and I." Dr. Shrapnel is the most original and powerful study of character in the book, probably because the type is especially congenial to the author's genius and peculiar form of expression.

Nevil, of course, looks towards a political career, and runs for the family borough, in which, had he not been a Radical, he would have had no difficulty in succeeding. But his uncle and his other friends, after vainly endeavouring to change his views, bring in a Tory candidate of their own. Beauchamp has no chance. Any prospects which he might have had are effectually shut out by an inopportune and apparently useless summons to visit Renée at Tourdestelle, and by vague rumours about the "French Marquise," which become associated with his name. These also embarrass his relations with the daughter of his old Tory friend, Colonel Halkett—the beautiful and aristocratic Cecilia, who begins by trying to win back her old playmate to the paths of Toryism and peace, and ends by finding her own Toryism disturbed and her heart won by the handsome, impracticable young sailor. There is a long conflict between Beauchamp's old love for Renée and the new and more auspicious affection which Cecilia's rare though somewhat cold attractions have awakened, which is warmly encouraged by his uncle, in the hope that the alliance may steady his nephew's erratic tendencies. An inexcusable personal indignity, however, inflicted by his uncle on poor old Dr. Shrapnel, diverts the current of Beauchamp's thoughts from love-making, and absorbs them in the determination to win a reluctant apology from his haughty uncle, and he loses the golden opportunity which would have won the beautiful heiress for his wife. A sudden impulsive appearance of Renée in London—although Nevil acts nobly in the matter—still farther mars his prospects in this direction, and is the real cause at last of his irrevocable loss of Cecilia, whose conduct in the end is certainly disappointing. It would appear as if the author had determined to run counter to all ordinary conceptions and traditions, when he makes his heroine, after a long and devoted attachment to one man, and at the very time having a half-platonic inclination to marry another, suddenly, at a moment's notice, accept a *third*, towards whom she had seemed utterly indifferent; while the hero, who has so long oscillated between his affection for her and his old love for Renée, as suddenly offers himself to a girl of whom we have heard but little before, and who, in her turn, had had her mind occupied by another. To be sure, she had just nursed Beauchamp through a nearly fatal attack of typhoid fever—caught by visiting a poor man who had ruined himself by voting for him—and it was not unnatural that his heart should be caught on the rebound from his unsuccessful wooing. But Cecilia's conduct, while not impossible, appears so unaccountable as rather to interfere with our interest in, and realization of, the story. We are told that though she felt she had accepted a man from whom she strongly desired to be free, though conscious of still loving Beauchamp so devotedly that the news of his illness and danger distracts her, and sends her to assist in nursing him, she has yet "such a high conception of duty" that "not the less did she retain her cold resolution to marry to please her father and fulfil her pledge." As a characteristic example of the author's intricacy and peculiarity of style, we give the following rather mystical analysis of Cecilia's feelings of regret for Beauchamp after accepting his rival:

"Cecilia had said to herself for consolation, that Beauchamp was no spiritual guide; he had her heart within her to plead for him, and the reflection came to her, like a bubble up from the heart, that most of our spiritual guides neglect the root to trim the flower: and thence turning sharply on herself, she obtained a sudden view of her allurement and her sin in worshipping herself, and recognised that the aim at an ideal life closely approaches to self-wor-

ship, to which the lady was woman and artist enough to have had no objection, but that therein visibly she discerned the retributive vain longings, in the guise of high individual superiority and distinction, that had thwarted her with Nevil Beauchamp, never permitting her to love single-mindedly or whole-heartedly, but always in reclaiming her rights, and sighing for the loss of her ideal; adoring her own image, in fact, when she pretended to cherish and regret that she could not sufficiently cherish the finer elements of her nature. What was this ideal she had complained of losing? It was a broken mirror: she could think of it in no other form. Dr. Shrapnel's 'Ego-Ego' yelped and gave chase to her, through the pure beatitudes of her earlier days down to her present regrets. It hunted all the saints in the calendar, till their haloes topsided on their heads—her favourite, St. Francis of Assisi excepted."

This may be a very clever analysis of a young woman's thoughts at such a time, but we do not think such a description of them would ever have been recognised by the subject of them, and are inclined to think them rather a part of the "inner consciousness" of the author than of his heroine. The *sang-froid* of Cecilia's *fiancé* as to her devotion to Beauchamp, of which he was quite aware, and his determination to hold her to a loveless engagement, are also somewhat improbable, as is the philosophical matter-of-course way in which Lord Romfrey takes *his* wife's absolute adoration of her friend and *protégé*, Beauchamp, for whom, throughout the story, she displays the devoted, disinterested, untiring affection of which some women are capable. Her feat in securing the wished-for apology from the proud Lord Romfrey is one of the most remarkable things in the book—so dexterously and, on the whole, naturally is it brought about. And though we are provoked for the time at the improbabilities in the *dénouement*, yet so vivid is the author's presentation of the new and unexpected relations, that, in view of Beauchamp's complete matrimonial happiness, we almost forget our displeasure and disappointment in Cecilia, and are inclined to think Nevil's marriage with "dowerless Jenny" the best thing that could have happened to him. And we forgive Lord Romfrey, too, for all his hardness and even cruelty, and are more sorry than we could have believed for his disappointment in the death of his child.

Nothing in the story is more powerful, more nobly touching, than its close. It was inevitable that Beauchamp's "career" should end with the story, and we recognise, even amid the pain we feel at the sudden and unexpected catastrophe, that a more fitting close it could not have had. Beauchamp had fought bravely for his country; he had, as Dr. Shrapnel said, "jumped at a bound to the round of this earth," and been "for humanity;" but he dies neither for his country nor for "humanity," but to save an eight-year-old urchin, whose life was of no particular consequence to any one but his mother, a fisherman's wife. By such apparently needless and meaningless casualties are often the noblest lives and purposes cut short; yet it was not a meaningless end to a chivalrous and unselfish life. The catastrophe is told in a page, briefly — as it were reluctantly—without any highly-wrought pathetic description, such as we have in the previous illness of the hero. The pathos is rather that of a *seen* tragedy than of a *told* one—abrupt and stunning as would be the reality itself. But no elaborate description or multiplication of words could leave the impression produced by the closing picture—Lord Romfrey and Dr. Shrapnel, natural antagonists and opposite as the poles, bowed together in a common affection and a common inexpressible grief, as they blankly stare at "the insignificant bit of mud-bank life remaining in the world in place of him," and say, in looks, not words, "This is what we have in exchange for Beauchamp!"

DANIEL DERONDA. By George Eliot. Book II. Meeting Streams. Canadian Copyright Edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers; Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

This part is an improvement on the first, both in interest and in style. We have here a full-length portrait of Mr. Mallinger Grandcourt, the man to whom Gwendolen Harleth was introduced at the archery meeting at the close of the first part. His character, which is purposely left enigmatical during his first encounter with Gwendolen, comes out clearly in a subsequent scene with his factotum, Mr. Lush. Between the wealthy aristocrat and the proud but portionless beauty, it becomes a case of "diamond cut diamond;" and the ensuing flirtation scenes are very cleverly described, and are as interesting as passages of the kind between two such eminently selfish and generally unpleasant persons can be expected to be. In the later chapters we at length get a formal introduction to the hero, Daniel Deronda, to whose early life and character, and the circumstances and influences which have combined to mould it, the author devotes a good deal of that minute and subtle analysis in which she delights. The heroine also appears on the scene, in the person of Mirah Lapidoth, a young Jewess; and she promises to turn out a very beautiful and original creation. In the chapters devoted to these two characters, the author's style rises very perceptibly, being almost free from those pedantries of language which disfigure a good deal of her later work; and it gains greatly in simplicity, and consequently in beauty. It has been remarked that one of the secrets of the wonderful power which the orations of Mr. Bright exercise over his audiences, is the unusually

large proportion of monosyllables which he uses. Perhaps the most moving utterance of any personage in George Eliot's new novel, so far, is the last—that in which Mirah Lapidoth invokes the blessing of the God of her fathers upon Daniel Deronda. It contains exactly fifty words, and of these not less than forty are monosyllables. Writers who are partial to fine language, and to long and sounding words, might ponder over such facts very profitably, both to themselves and to their readers.

THE COMEDY OF TRADE; or, Every Man for Himself: as recently performed at Ottawa. By A Distinguished Company of Amateur Legislators. By a Spiritual Medium. Montreal: Dawson Bros., 1876, pp. 31.

This little *brochure* is an amazingly clever burlesque or satire—none the less effective because perfectly good-humoured — upon the recent meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade, at which were passed resolutions advocating extreme Protectionist views. The anonymous author is evidently a strong Free-trader, and he exposes, in an ironical vein and with telling force, the weakness and selfishness of many of the arguments used by members of the Board. Free Trade or Protection is the most difficult and important politico-economical problem which the people of Canada and her statesmen (if she has any) will be forced to solve in the immediate future; and every publication, no matter how slight, which will throw any light upon the question ought to receive careful attention and study. The present contribution contains, beneath an entertaining exterior, a fund of sound common sense, and we can heartily recommend it to the notice of the manufacturers and merchants whose arguments it so good-humouredly ridicules; and especially to the general Canadian public, whose interest in the subject is, of course, of infinitely greater moment than that of any special class can possibly be.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Contemporary Review* of the month contains several interesting papers. It opens with a protest by the Duke of Argyll against the proposed amendment of the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1875, and its extension to Scotland. Our readers are aware that landlords and tenants are authorized by this Statute to provide by contract for the payment, at the expiry, for unexhausted improvements. It is now proposed to make the bill compulsory instead of permissive. Like all opponents of the proposed measure, the Duke argues in favour of complete freedom of contract, untrammelled by law. He goes so far as to urge that in many places any such compensation would be in fact a payment twice over for improvements; that "tenant right" is in many cases unnecessary, and would be vain in all, because landlords would take care to adjust matters in fixing the rent. Mr. James Martineau concludes his paper on "Modern Materialism." He first examines the modern scientific theories on matter and force, in order to establish the thesis "how little able is even exact science to preserve its habitual precision when pressed backward past its processes to the point of commencement, and brought to bay in the statement of their first truth." Taking first the position that matter is indestructible, he contends that the proof, say in the case of combustion, is afforded by weighing the ashes and the smoke. "Weight, however, is a force; and thus to establish the perseverance of *matter* he resorts to the equality of *force*." Then, examining the corresponding position of the conservation of force, he says, "*Movements* are material phenomena: so that to establish the persistence of *force* he steps over to take counsel of *matter*. He makes assertions about each term, as if it were an independent subject; but if his assertion respecting either is challenged, he invokes aid from the other; and he holds, logically, the precarious position of a man riding two horses, with a foot on each, hiding his danger by a cloth over both, and saved from a fall by dexterous shifting and exchange." Mr. Martineau then endeavours to follow the corresponding ideas of the above-mentioned positions "into their last retreats." "Our instructors," he says, "suppose themselves acquainted with more than mere phenomena; and believe that inductive analysis has carried them behind these to the hiding-place of *power;*" but, in the writer's view, "though the whole objective world has been laid bare before him, and he has read and registered its order through and through, he has not yet alighted on a single *dynamic* idea; all that he has seen may be stated without resort to any term that goes beyond the relations of co-existence and sequence." Mr. Martineau then proceeds to examine in turn the pleas for Materialism, argues that our notion of *power* is necessarily

associated with the idea of *will*, and that "the existence of a universal will and the existence of matter stand upon the same basis, of certainty if you trust—of uncertainty, if you distrust—the *principia* of reason. Then follows an examination of Professor Clifford's favourite position, "that mind is not energy at all, and can never stir a particle of matter," a re-statement of the Theistic arguments from causality and design, and a formal reply to Professor Tyndal. This exceedingly able and lucid essay concludes in these words :—"Look at the sacred poetry and recorded devotion of Christendom ; how many lines of it would have any meaning left, if conscious relationship and immediate converse between the human and Divine mind were withdrawn ?" (This is, of course, in reply to Prof. Tyndal's aspiration after religion without a personal Deity.) "And wherever the sense of these conditions has been enfeebled through superficial 'rationalism,' or ethical self-confidence, 'religious sterility' has followed. To its inner essence, thus tested by positive and negative experience, Religion will remain constant, taking little notice of either scientific forbearance or critical management ; and though left, perhaps, by temporary desertions to nourish its life in comparative silence and retirement, certain to be heard when it emerges, still speaking in the same simple tones, and breathing the old affections of personal love and trust and affection."

Mr. Schutz Wilson's account of the Rubaiyat, or Verses of Omar Khayyam, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia, is the most attractive paper in the number. It is a sketch of the opinions of one who doubted everything, and sought to drown his dreary thoughts about God, life, and destiny in sensual pleasures. His poems, judging by the few specimens given from the vigorous translation of Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, are full of much that is beautiful, and more that is unspeakably sad. They form, in fact, a sort of Mohammedan Job and Ecclesiastes, without the solid basis on which both the Hebrew poems rest. Mr. Matthew Arnold gives the second of his lectures on "Bishop Butler and the Zeit-Geist," in which he applies his dissecting-knife to the ethics of Butler, and also to his Analogy. Mr. Mark Pattison, who will be remembered as one of the writers in "Essays and Reviews," contributes a reply to Mr. Frederic Harrison, on "The Religion of Positivism." It is a masterly refutation of the pretensions of Comtism. The writer denies the right of this new and somewhat clamorous sect to use the term "religion" in a non-natural sense, and holds up to scorn its so-called cult of humanity. We regret that we have not space enough to give a full analysis of it. Mr. Oxenham continues his essay on "Eternal Perdition and Universalism," from a Roman Catholic point of view. We scarcely merge from the patristic argument, even in this third paper ; but the text of Scripture begins to appear towards the close of this instalment, but only so far as a few passages strongly making for the orthodox view are concerned. Mr. Gladstone gives a specimen brick of his new work, "Thesauros Homericos," being the portion which relates to Apollo and Athene. It exhibits the untiring industry, and wonderful power of perception and analysis, characteristic of the ex-Premier, and that is perhaps all that can be said about it.

The *Fortnightly Review* is hardly as interesting this month as its rival. Nevertheless, there are some valuable papers, and to these we shall confine ourselves. Mr. R. W. Dale contributes a very able and earnest appeal in favour of "Disestablishment," of which we regret that no adequate account can be given in these pages, from the extreme length of the paper. The historical portions are particularly good, and the general argument is stated clearly and in good temper. The writer states that half the population of England "appear to have given up attendance at public worship altogether. Of the remaining half, the National Church can claim only a doubtful majority." Our readers are aware that this matter of numbers has been the subject of warm discussion, and it appears likely to remain undetermined for some time to come. Mr. Dale's argument, of course, presumes that three-fourths of the nation are indifferent or hostile ; his opponents would put it in another form—that, reckoning all Nonconformists on the side of Disestablishment, they only stand as one to three. Great stress is laid on the social favour shown to the established clergy by the State, and he contends that it is unjust. He next proceeds to show that Parliament is unfitted for ecclesiastical legislation, although he allows that it would not do to touch "any of the greater subjects affecting the faith, the discipline or the worship of the Church." He thinks that the Thirty-nine Articles are obsolete, and speaks strongly against any of the old formularies. "Orthodox Protestant theologians," he remarks, "retain the substance of the creed of the Reformers, but the definitions of nearly all the principal articles of that creed have been re-cast." The essay concludes with an examination of some objections.

Mr. John Morley gives a *critique* of the first volume of M. Taine's new work, "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine." Although the author is complimented on brilliancy as a literary man, the editor of the *Review* shows very clearly that he is not of the stuff from which historians are drawn. The main thesis of the book runs thus : "It is the classic spirit which, being applied to the scientific acquisitions of the time, produced the philosophy of the century and the doctrines of the Revolution." This view is divided and dissected in masterly style and

completely controverted. Mr. Abbott's paper, "The Catholic Peril in America," is a valuable account of the progress of the Roman Catholic Church in America and the attempts of the clergy to overthrow the Common School system. We think he rather exaggerates the future growth of the Catholic population. He does not forget that immigration from Ireland and South Germany has fallen off to a mere handful, but he does not appear to lay sufficient stress upon the fact. The Catholic *Advocate* gives some valuable hints to its party when in a minority. It recommends them to "allow politicians to divide themselves," and then to vote for the highest bidder. They know all about that quite as well in the Province of Quebec. Sir Henry Havelock's paper, "A National Training to Arms," is a comprehensive survey of the entire Army question, presented in a form adapted for general reading. It occupies thirty-four pages, but in it there is not one redundant line.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mrs. Morrison unweariedly continues her exertions to cater for the patrons of The Grand Opera House, and in the past month her success has by no means been small. If we have not wended our way to the theatre with that eager anticipation which the keen playgoer would desire, we have always had that faith in the managerial enterprise that has raised the hope of a possible enjoyment in our visit, and we have not often been disappointed. The temptation to fill a theatre by means of attractions which dramatic art will not sanction has always been very strong. The temptation exists no less to-day. Indeed, it seems stronger than ever; for the rage increases for the spectacle, the costly show, and the realism of the modern stage. What wonder, then, if acting should descend from representation to illusion, or that the actor, in the descent, should lose that ideal of, and respect for, his art that has hitherto exercised the best influence on his profession. In this state of things, one might well question what the drama of the future is to be. Histrionic talent and mimetic power are not now the all-attracting features of the stage. These have given place, in great degree, to spectacular effects, mechanical triumphs, and the *ensemble* of scene and pageant. The art of filling the house with the voice, by the play of the features, or with the subtle and varied mental action of the player, is in danger of being lost. Everything seems to be sacrificed to a fatal realism which would replace the traditions of the stage by the panoramas and pageantry of the Music-hall and the Circus. Even character-acting has felt the baneful influence of the change; and the old-time secrets of dramatic interest and amusement seem to be becoming things of the disregarded and unhonoured past. The sparkle and brightness of the olden comedy, with its flood-tides of humour and gaiety, are losing their charm now, and the keen pleasures and enjoyments of the quiet, innocuous humour of an earlier era have given place to the farcical exaggeration and the vehement riot of the present. The easy, unstrained, yet satisfying effects which a quiet drollery and a natural humour used to produce, pall now, and in their place we have but little else than unchecked license. Are managements really at fault in this matter? Let any one interested in the question notice the character of the amusements that draw the largest audiences at our theatres. Are they, it may be asked, of the kind that the best friends of the drama would like to encourage in our midst? It can hardly be doubted that they are not. Cheap sentiment, commonplace incident, and violent situation, however presented, are not the attractions one would wish to see the public satisfied with. Neither does the importunity of the public eye for realistic productions, and elaborate provision of scenery and setting, indicate health in its demand, nor give a hopeful assurance of its result. However, there is some encouragement in the thought that good sometimes comes out of evil; and the more effectively the vicious tendency of the times is impressed upon the public mind, the more surely reaction will follow. This month we have to record two engagements at the Grand Opera House, which, if not altogether exempt from the features we have been decrying, were heartily acceptable to the true lover of the drama. We refer to the engagement of Mr. Dominic Murray, and that of the Jarrold and Palmer combination, in its performance of Shakespeare's play of Henry V. Mr. Murray's engagement gave satisfaction, though not unqualified. With a flexible and expressive voice, a slight physique, and a marvellous faculty for ready personation, Mr. Murray's efforts in delineating character were a constant surprise and an amusing study. There was no exaggerated buffoonery in his acting, no over-tendency to grimace, no straining after

wit, but an easy and spontaneous flow of fun, and a quaint drollery of manner that irresistibly amused. Rarely have we seen the exuberance of low comedy under better restraint, or less objectionable in its representation. The principal character in which Mr. Murray appeared was *Pierre la Croche* in "The Golden Bubble." The name of the author of this beautiful and picturesque drama did not appear, but the play is evidently from a French source, and the scene is laid at the time when all France went mad over the "Mississippi Scheme" bubble. Mr. Murray's performance of the principal character was a remarkable one, being marked by passion, power, and a realism more intense than we have witnessed in any actor of such parts, except the late Mr. Robson, of London, whom, in general style, Mr. Murray very much resembles. The support on the whole was good. The highly dramatic scene in the last act, between the rival claimants for the hand of the heroine, was superbly acted, Mr. Grismer fairly sharing the honours with Mr. Murray; and in other portions of the play Miss Davenport and Mr. Curtis rendered very efficient aid. The other two important plays in which Mr. Murray appeared, "Escaped from Sing Sing" and "Innocent," were quite unworthy of his powers, and forcibly exemplified the deteriorating effect which the influence of a certain class of audiences in this country and the United States has upon a really fine actor. The first-mentioned production is one of those atrocious American proteo-sensation pieces which seem to be written for the especial delectation of "Bowery boys." It absolutely reeks with ruffianism, vice, and crime. The other play, "Innocent," is morally unobjectionable, but, apart from the story (which is adapted from the same materials as Charles Reade's "Foul Play,") and one or two scenic effects, it is destitute of merit. Of character-drawing, there is none, and the dialogue is the baldest commonplace. Neither play is amenable to criticism from a literary or dramatic point of view.

The representation of Henry V. by the members of the Jarrold and Palmer combination, assisted by those of the Grand Opera House Company, was one which, in its quality of picturesqueness and realism, surpassed everything that the stage has hitherto given us in illustration of the historical drama. The play, to be effectively and attractively rendered on the stage, requires the setting of stately pageants and pictorial tableaux, and in the present instance nothing could exceed the beauty of the gorgeous series of pictures presented during the performance of the piece. In the costumes, the scenic effects, the massing of supernumeraries, and in the whole paraphernalia of the stage, it exhibited a spectacle of imposing grandeur and beauty that gave the happiest realization to the drama. Mr. George Rignold, in his personation of Henry the Fifth, afforded an admirable lesson in dramatic art. To his acting of the part a great deal of the success of the spectacle was due. Its qualities were breadth of effect, moderation in style, and a sympathetic exposition, which brought out the grand features of the monarch's character with the most artistic skill and success. With a fine stage presence, a kingly bearing, a powerful voice, under perfect control, and a pleasing elocution, Mr. Rignold has all the qualities that mark him emphatically for the part. In every appearance he effectively realized the frank vivacity and chivalrous bearing of the king; and, coupled with the heroic and picturesque character of the situations, his exposition elicited the heartiest applause. The many singularly beautiful passages which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of the king were rendered with fine effect by the actor. The noble soliloquy, and the grand invocation to the Deity which Henry utters on the morning of the Battle of Agincourt were given with a sympathetic interpretation which amply brought out the beauties of the text. The subsequent inspiriting speech to the troops was also finely declaimed, and met with a general response from the audience. The business of the play was admirably managed; the successive appearances of the poetical herald, *Rumour*, the continuous movement and action of the piece, the introduction of the boy choristers, the representation of the comic element, and the fine effects of massing and grouping on the stage of the King's troops, and the thrilling scene of the battle, were all triumphs in pictorial and historical display that excited the utmost enthusiasm. Among those on whom the honours of interpretation fell, and who acquitted themselves with marked success, we must notice prominently the *Pistol* of Mr. Bishop, and the *Fluellen* of Mr. Thorne. These representations were admirable in the extreme, and gave much amusement to the audience. The scene introducing Mlle Dorel as *Katharine of Valois*, and the lively parley with her royal wooer, was rendered with much sprightliness and *naïveté*. Of Mrs. Morrison's company, Mr. Grismer as *Williams*, Mr. Farwell, as the *Duke of Exeter*, and Miss Carr, as *Dame Quickly*, rendered the most service. To the orchestra, also, acknowledgment is due for the aid musical exposition gave to the rendering of the piece. As a stage spectacle Henry V. will long be remembered as a signal triumph of mechanical and dramatic art, and a representation of a glorious national drama such as it is not often given our play-goers to witness.

As we go to press the performance by the Toronto Philharmonic Society of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" is announced to take place on the 31st March. We hope to notice it at length in our next number. The days fixed for the

two concerts of Herr Von Bulow to which we alluded in our last number are the 24th and 25th of April. With the exception of the unapproachable Abbé Lizst, Herr Bulow has no superior among living pianists, and for the credit of Toronto it is to be hoped that his concerts will be well attended. The Holman Opera Troupe will appear at the Royal Opera House here for a short season of Opera-bouffe, opening on Monday, the 3rd of April, with Girofle-Girofla.

Among dramatic events *in prospectu* is a visit from the celebrated American tragedian, Mr. Edwin Booth, who it is stated will shortly appear at Mrs. Morrison's Opera House in this city. We also understand that Mr. Barry Sullivan, the great Anglo-Irish tragic actor, will make a tour through Canada in May, taking Toronto in the second week in April, next. Mr. Sullivan appeared in Toronto many years ago, and his numerous admirers here will no doubt greet him warmly on his return. We learn also that the well-known Vokes Family are expected to visit Canada in July. In their particular line of light and amusing entertainment, of which "The Belles of the Kitchen" is about the best specimen, this clever family are unequalled. Their coming visit will be the first ever made to this country, and probably also the last, as, if report speaks truly, two of the sisters are to enter the bonds of wedlock before the end of the year.

LITERARY NOTES

Biographical literature has just been enriched by a delightful contribution in the Memoir of the Scottish Broad-Churchman, Dr. Norman Macleod, which appears, in two volumes, edited by his brother, Rev. Donald Macleod, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. The Memoir, in its literary features, as well as in the large human interest that centres in the subject of it, has met more spontaneous and appreciative notice from the reviewers than any work that has appeared for a long time. An American reprint is about to issue, and possibly a Canadian edition may be undertaken, which will make the work readily accessible to the many admirers of Dr. Macleod on this side of the Atlantic.

Lord Macaulay's Biography and Epistolary Remains, edited by his nephew, G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., is announced by Messrs. Longman for publication in London on the 30th March.

A Memoir of the late Canon Kingsley, edited by his wife, is to appear from the press of Messrs. H. S. King & Co. A new edition of Mr. Kingsley's early novel, "Alton Locke," has just appeared, with a prefatory memoir by Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P.

The third edition, revised and enlarged, of Prof. Daniel Wilson's important work on "Prehistoric Man," comprising researches into the origin of Civilization in the Old World and the New, has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan, of London and New York.

Mr. W. R. Greg, the eminent social economist, has a new work in Messrs. Trubner's hands for early publication, on the subject of "Mistaken Aims and Attainable Ideals of the Artizan Class." From the same house is to issue, during the present month, Lord Amberley's posthumous work, "The Analysis of Religious Belief."

A work characterized as a splendid monument to the memory of a distinguished Indian Administrator has just been published. We refer to the "Life of the Earl of Mayo, fourth Viceroy of India," by Dr. W. W. Hunter, author of the "Annals of Rural Bengal."

A second edition of Dr. Chambers's important "Manual of Diet in Health and Disease," has just been issued; while a new work, from an equally high authority on medical and sanitary science, appears in Dr. Richardson's treatise on "Diseases of Modern Life." The latter work has been reprinted by Messrs. Appleton, of New York.

Joaquin Miller, the Californian poet, has published a novel entitled "The One Fair Woman." Miss Braddon's latest production, "Dead Men's Shoes," is now completed. "Ersilia," by the author of "My Little Lady," is another recent addition to the literature of fiction.

[ADDENDUM.—After the article on "The Advantages of Protective Tariffs" was in type, evidence was given before the Committee of the House of Commons to the effect that salt is now being imported from the United States, to a small extent, at points distant from our salt wells. The statement on p. 308, that "we now import only sea-salt," is, therefore, open to correction to the extent indicated.—R. W. P.]

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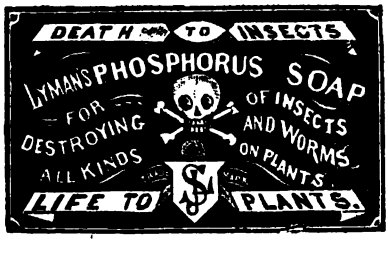

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L. LETELLIER,
Minister of Agriculture.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
Ottawa.

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HOW TREATY-MAKING UNMADE CANADA.*

BY LIEUT.-COL. COFFIN, OTTAWA.

THE progress of human ideas has shown that, as with all other sciences, the foundation of the Science of Diplomacy is truth, and it is a proud satisfaction to know that "artful distinctions" have been long since discarded by the manly and practical diplomacy of England; that the publicity due to a Constitutional and Parliamentary form of Government has impressed upon it that sterling characteristic of the national mind —a "love of right, a hate of wrong," and a contempt of gain bought by the sacrifice of honesty. And if, in the course of a long and honourable career, England has committed errors; if, in her own despite, by the force of currents unknown to mariners, she has been driven from "the straight or right way," no ignoble or mercenary motive can be charged against her. Her errors point in another direction. Truthfulness can never be excessive, but there may be an excess of frankness, and an excess of generosity, pernicious as affecting the interests of others. But, if chargeable with errors such as these, she has ever shown herself ready to repair them; she has never shirked responsibility to foe or friend; she has been munificent in reparation, and she can afford it; she can point to the magnificent structure she has raised, to the wealth and to the power of the Empire, and, great in all things, acknowledge great errors, redeemed by still greater sagacity, and reply to the *persiflage* of a school of foreign negotiators, which is not altogether extinct, with a light proverb in their own language,—"*Il rit bien qui rit le dernier.*"

It is the purpose of this paper to review, briefly, such of the diplomatic transactions of England as affect the Dominion of Canada, and to invite the attention of Canadians to the purport of Treaties which, having been made between England and other countries, are still in force, and continue to exercise a potent influence on the present prosperity and future destinies of Canada.

The Treaties to which we shall refer may be thus briefly summarized:

1st. The Treaty concluded at Paris, 10th February, 1763, by which the Canada of France devolved to the British Crown.

2nd. The Treaty of 1783, also ratified at Paris, the 3rd September, by which the Independence of the United States of America

*A paper read before the Literary and Scientific Society of Ottawa.

was acknowledged, and the boundaries of their territories defined.

3rd. Jay's Treaty, so generally designated, signed in London 19th November, 1794.

4th. The Treaty of Ghent, made in 1814, 24th December, terminating the war known to us as the War of 1812, again defining, but ambiguously, the territorial boundaries of Great Britain on this continent and of the United States. This Treaty led to other Treaties, which afforded a good deal of explanation, but were not always satisfactory, to wit:

5th. The Convention of 1818.

6th. The Treaty of Washington, 9th August, 1842, better known as the Ashburton Treaty.

7th. The Treaty of Washington, 15th June, 1846, known as the Oregon Treaty; and, finally:

8th. The last Treaty of Washington, of the 8th May, 1871, which has been the subject of so much controversy in Canada.

By the Treaty of Paris, ratified in 1763, three years after the capture of Quebec and the capitulation of Montreal, England acquired all the French possessions on the Continent of America. By the Treaty of 1783, confirming the Independence of the United States, England not only relinquished the territory claimed by each State of the Union, severally, but abandoned to the General Government immense tracts of territory unsettled, and, in fact, unexplored and unknown. The prevailing ignorance of the time was innocently shown in the Treaty itself. The North-Western angle of demarcation was fixed at the North-West angle of the Lake of the Woods, from which point of departure it was to run *due west*, to the sources of the Mississippi. It was subsequently found that the sources of the Mississippi were many hundred miles to the *south*; that the line prescribed was, in fact, an impracticable line. It was, consequently, by Jay's Treaty, 1794, and the Convention of 1815, changed to the line 49 of Northern parallel, more in accordance with the intent of the Treaty, and still more with the interests of the United States. England retained simply her loyal Colonies or Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the Island of Newfoundland, the Hudson's Bay Territory, including Prince Rupert's Land, and her acquisitions from the French Crown, which have since expanded and extended across the continent to the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

But these vast extents of territory were wanting in cohesion. Contiguous and conterminous, they were yet, by force of physical circumstances,—from climate—from remoteness, long drawn out—by barriers of Lake and Ocean—by icy barriers in winter, and by Treaty barriers all the year round,—left separate and apart, debarred from intercommunication at the present and, to all human prescience, in the future. The northern line of demarcation between the countries, established in 1783, terminating at the North-West point of the Lake of the Woods, drove England and Canada into the Arctic regions, inaccessible except by birch canoe or Indian dog-sled. A little more of foresight, a little less of precipitation, and some knowledge of physical geography, would, without question, have secured to Canada, in 1783, a roadway, at the least, to the North-West. But that which in 1783 was unobserved and unappreciated, was, at a later period, in 1814, with open eyes flung aside, with all the spendthrift generosity and sublime indifference of diplomacy. Men in Canada, however proud, and justly proud, of the events of the war of 1812, are not always mindful of the practical results, won chiefly, too, by the gallantry of native Canadians, and quirked away recklessly by the Treaty of Ghent. It may be well to recall the fact that, in December 1814, England was in a position to have forestalled and foreclosed for ever the mortifying humiliation of the Ashburton Treaty of 1842, and to have secured to herself at the same time, on the largest scale and by the shortest line, a right of way to her North-West Territories. In December 1814, she was, by conquest, in actual possession of the fortress of Michilimacinac—called Macinaw for shortness—of Lake Michigan, of the site of the present city of Chicago, and of a line of territory terminating at the fort of Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi;—she had won back in fair fight, and held by right of war, the whole of the territory conceded in 1783, and which now constitutes a part of Michigan, and the more northern States of Wisconsin and Minnesota. In the autumn of 1814, Colonel McKay, an Indian trader—a man endowed with a natural genius for warlike enterprise, well known afterwards as

a citizen of Montreal, and father to the present Judge McKay, of the Superior Court of Montreal—with the consent of the British military authorities, and to protect Macinaw from American aggression, embodied a force of Indians and Half-breeds, Orkneymen and voyageurs—among the latter the well-known French Canadian, Captain Rolette—and with this heterogeneous force, ably led and wonderfully kept in hand, penetrated 453 miles into the wilderness, captured a strong palisaded work supported by a powerful gun-boat on the Mississippi, annexing thereby to Canada the whole intermediate territory and holding it militarily, until restored to the United States by the Treaty of Ghent.

It may be well, also, to remind the men of Canada that, in this same month of December, 1814, England held, not by force of arms alone, but by the eager adhesion of the people of the country, the whole of that part of Massachusetts, now Maine, lying between New Brunswick on the east, Canada on the north, and the Penobscot on the west. In the months of July and September, 1814, expeditions organized by Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, Governor of Nova Scotia, occupied 100 miles of territory west of New Brunswick, including the whole of the "disputed territory" fraught in later years with so much of difficulty, and, according to Lord Palmerston, with the disgrace of the "shameful capitulation" of 1842. In December, 1814, this territory was ours, not only by right of war, but with the consent and content of the population. Remember, too, that this was the epoch of the Hartford Convention. Ingersoll, an American historian of the time, writes: "Without a blow struck, part of Massachusetts passed under the British yoke, and so remained without the least resistance until restored at the peace."

The restoration was made under the 1st Article of the Treaty of Ghent, concluded in this same month of December, 1814. The negotiators met, and, almost as a preliminary, commenced operations by a mutual peace-offering, fair enough in outward show, but in reality unequal and delusive. It was agreed without hesitation, and apparently without inquiry, "to restore all territories, places, and possessions whatsoever, taken from either party by the other during the war." The British restored Forts Niagara and Macinaw, the fort at Prairie du Chien, and the territory between the mouth of the River Wisconsin and the line 49°. They gave up their acquisitions in Maine, then Massachusetts, accepting, as a consequence, a vexatious controversy and a disputed territory. On the Pacific Ocean they gave up Astoria, on the southern shore of the mouth of the River Columbia—then consisting of a few ruined huts,—which not only had never been captured, but was actually, at the time of surrender, the property, in possession, of British subjects. With effervescent good nature, overstraining the meaning of that fatal principle—so appropriately draped in a dead language—of the *statu quo ante*, they gave to the Americans a "*pied à terre*," "which was afterwards tortured," says the *Quarterly Review*, "into an abandonment, and an admission of adverse possession," and created the diplomatic leverage which, in 1846, pried Great Britain and Canada out of the Territory of Oregon.

On the other hand, the Americans gave up nothing, for the simple reason that they had nothing to give. They had, for a short time, occupied a small portion of the western frontier of Canada, and had burnt the Village of Amherstburg, but they had long before withdrawn to Detroit, and had not even left a sentry on the Canadian shore.

Let us now, for one moment, consider the attitude and the temper, the situation and the power, of the two nations at this critical moment of time. The recent success at Plattsburg—the battle of New Orleans took place after the signing of the Treaty—had no doubt reanimated America, but the depression among the people was great. The cost and sacrifices of the war had been enormous; the General Government was in a state of bankruptcy; the American marine had been driven from the ocean; trade and commerce were prostrate, and a large portion of the population were dissatisfied, nay, disaffected. The Hartford Convention was actually in session, and the Eastern States threatened to secede. If we may judge from the writings of the times, America, though defiant in aspect, was very sick at heart.

On the other hand, England was jubilant. Her long contest with Napoleon had been crowned with success. Her cup was full to the overflowing, and it overflowed

with good-nature and good-will. She was eager to be generous, and could afford generosity. *We* might appreciate the sentiment better were we not the victims of it; we should like it more if we felt it less.

For if at this moment, free as she was to act, and with immense forces at her disposal, she had resolved to retain her territorial conquests as a compensation for the cost of the war, there can be no doubt that, at the present day, the Province of New Brunswick would have extended to the Penobscot, and the Canadian Pacific Railway would have been some 1,500 miles the shorter.

The improvident concessions of 1814 threw us back upon the provisions of the Treaty of 1783, which, so far as they related to the north-eastern boundary, were, in the language of the King of Holland's award, "inexplicable and impracticable." The words of the Treaty, if they meant anything, meant self-immolation—an act of national "hari-kari" for the special delectation of the American public. This was clearly impracticable and inexplicable, and a Treaty which could bear such misconstruction was no Treaty at all. It was a mutual misunderstanding, and both parties agreed to view it in that light, so far as related to the boundary between New Brunswick and Maine; but the re-opening of the question was attended by evil auguries. The popular feeling in the United States was adverse to retrocession It was desperately resisted in the American Senate. It involved the still greater family question of State rights. Maine raved like a maniac, and was ready for a free fight with all creation. She defied England, ran amuck at Canada, and shook her impious fist in the face of her own maternal Government. The two countries were brought to the verge of war. The immediate danger was stayed by the personal intervention of the great peacemaker—a well-deserved and honourable title—General Winfield Scott. These perilous complications were cleared up and closed by the Ashburton Treaty, of 1842.

It must be owned that under the critical circumstances of the time the Ashburton Treaty did all that could be done. It gave us a boundary shorn of the American pretensions, though by no means equal to our just rights, as proved, subsequently, by the production of the celebrated Franklin or "red line" map; and it gave us peace, and the satisfaction of knowing that New Brunswick had made great sacrifices "for the good of the Empire." While upon this subject, it is but fair to state, in explanation of the course taken by Daniel Webster, that although, doubtless, the Franklin or "red line" map, discovered by David Sparks in the *Archives des affaires Etrangères*, at Paris, was in his hands during these negotiations, this piece of evidence was not conclusive. It afforded strong presumption, but not absolute proof, of the correctness of our claims under the Treaty—claims, however, which we had abandoned when we abandoned the Treaty itself and accepted an arbitration. Nor could a public Minister or a private advocate be expected to make out his adversary's case; but one thing is now certain, that the presumption raised by the "red line" map was employed by Daniel Webster, in secret conclave, to moderate the formidable opposition of the Senate, and to overcome the intractable violence of Maine; and that it secured peace between the two countries at a moment when harmony was additionally endangered by the Canadian revolt and its consequences, by the cases of the *Caroline* and the *Creole*, by the right of search question, and by the hostile attitude of the French press and the French people, in those days periodically afflicted with Anglophobia.

Nor can the famous expression, "shameful capitulation," of Lord Palmerston pass altogether unchallenged. It came ill from the mouth of one who, in 1833, had rejected a compromise which, if accepted then, would have foregone all need of capitulation in 1842. In 1833, May 28, General Jackson, with that sincere love of peace which actuates all statesmanlike soldiers, made a proposition to the British Government, through Mr. Livingston, his Secretary of State, and Sir Charles Vaughan, our Minister at Washington, which, in the reprobatory language of Albert Gallatin, one of the oldest diplomats and ablest statesmen of America, was denounced "as a proposal to substitute for the due North Line another which would have given to Great Britain *the greater part, if not the whole*, of the disputed territory. Why the proposal was made, and why it was not accepted," adds Mr. Gallatin, "cannot be otherwise accounted for, so far at least as regards the offer, than by a com-

plete ignorance of the whole subject." This favourable opening for an arrangement was rejected by the Government of Lord Palmerston, a course which, whether from complete ignorance or haughty indifference, was only exceeded in mischief to Canada by the "childlike and bland, heathen Chinee" style of the concessions of the Treaty of Ghent.

Much had been done thus far for the "good of the Empire" and the "love of peace," but we had deeper depths to wade through still. By the Ashburton Treaty we gave up one-half of the territory in dispute, but by the next, the Oregon Treaty, we gave up the whole. In both cases Canada reminds us of a rabbit or a dog in the hands of an experimental anatomist. Like animals doomed to vivisection for the benefit of science, she has been operated upon unsparingly for the good of the Empire. Diplomatic doctors, in constantly recurring succession, have given her up, and given her over. She has been the victim of an endless exhibition of Treaties, applied allopathically, and then, by force of counter-irritants, has been *treated* nigh unto death. It might have been presumed that thus far enough had been done to satisfy both the "good of the Empire" and the "love of peace," that, in short, the "good of the Empire" could hardly have been bettered by any further sacrifice, or the "love of peace" bought at a higher price.

But no; the peace of this continent was destined to be no peace. Scarcely was the ink dry on the face of the Treaty of 1842, when the mercenary jade renewed her exactions and her outcries. She merely effected a "change of base" from the Atlantic to the Pacific sea-board, and demanded, incontinently, twelve degrees of latitude lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, as the price of continued favours. Great Britain claimed, and claimed most justly, the whole territory between the forty-second parallel of latitude and the Russian domain of Alaska. The Americans claimed up to 54 deg. 40 min. They "riled," and they raged, and gave vent to the national wrath in the fell alliteration of "fifty-four forty, or fight." But who would fight for a scrap of coast, not much more in area than Spain and Portugal with the half of France thrown in? The game of brag and bluster succeeded; England compounded for the 49 deg., gave up, once for all, about six degrees of latitude by three of longitude, and accepted in return the southern cape of Vancouver Island as an excuse—a diplomatic excuse—for a capitulation far more inglorious than the alleged capitulation of 1842.

I have been greatly assisted in my inquiries into the "outsets" of this transaction by an excellent and exhaustive essay written and published during the pendency of these negotiations, in 1846, by my friend, E. A. Meredith, Esq., the Vice-President of this Association, and I have to thank him for much of what follows. At the outset, it was conceded at once, in a frank and generous spirit, that the whole territory having been held by the British Crown previous to the independence of the United States, England and America had an equal right in it. This principle was agreed to by both nations, and recognized by the Convention of 1818, which gave to England and America a conjoint right of occupation for a period of ten years, which was afterwards extended for a like period. But the greed of the American people was insatiable. As its value became better known, they coveted the whole of the vineyard. American diplomacy, always with an eye to the Presidency, rode in, on the spread eagle, in a very "quirky" spirit. We will not extend this paper by dwelling on their pretensions—whether under the Bull of Pope Alexander VI., or their Spanish titles, or their American titles, or the discoveries of Lewis and Clarke, or the previous occupation of Astoria,—all which, refuted often, proved simply that

"Even though conquered, they could argue still."

As it was admitted that they had a right to share in the territory, a proposal was made to divide it. The most natural line of division was the River Columbia, from the line 49 degs. to the sea. It gave to both countries the best defined and safest boundary. It gave to the Americans the larger and the richer half of the Territory. It gave them the discoveries of Lewis and Clarke. It gave them Astoria. But that was not enough. It gave them no harbour. The mouth of the Columbia was impracticable. Therefore they demanded harbours on Puget Sound and Admiralty Inlet, and having got them turned round and asked, "Why make two

bites of a cherry? If we hold the harbours, what is the good of the remainder of the territory to you?" and on this showing they got that too. Two years afterwards, in 1848, by the conquest of California, they became possessed of the finest harbour on the whole Pacific coast, the bay of San Francisco. Little wonder at the alacrity with which the American Senate ratified the Treaty of 1846, standing at that moment face to face with the Mexican war, though England scorned to make use of her "opportunity." And justly may it be added, in the words of the *Quarterly Review:* "Never was the cause of a nation so strong as ours in this dispute; never, owing to unscrupulous assertions on one side, and to the courteous desire to waive irritating arguments on the other, was the case of a nation less decidedly put forth."

Such was the chief purport of the next Treaty—that of 1846, or the Oregon Treaty. The line 49 degrees, which by the Ashburton Treaty had been left indefinitely in the Rocky Mountains, was extended from the Rocky Mountains to the middle of the channel of the Gulf of Georgia, and, dividing that channel and the Straits of Fuca, to the Pacific Ocean. The American Government, with rare magnanimity, waived their claim to the extension of the line, 49 degrees, across Vancouver Island, gave up graciously the Southern Cape, and allowed Great Britain to remain in undisturbed possession of the whole of *her own* dependency. In after discussions, the American Commissioner, Campbell, a man of shrewd wit and sharp practice, dwelt loftily and long on the disinterestedness of America in this matter of "swapping armour,"—the gold of Glaucus against the brass of Diomed,—and about 270,750 square miles of the El Dorado of the Northern Pacific was compensated for—by a touch of Vancouver cement, laid on with a *camel* hair paint brush.

This Treaty of 1846, or the Oregon Treaty, has been also called the "Boundary Treaty," and has assumed, under that name, a significance and a portent not contemplated by its projectors. It gave rise to the St. Juan question, now so inauspiciously closed. This question never should have been a question at all. The British right under the Treaty to one-half of the channel between the continent and Vancouver Island was unquestionable, and, in this view, the Island of St. Juan was indisputably hers. How came it, then, that a question of right was allowed to take the shape of a question of compromise?

This controversy has become history, and it behoves Canadians to mark, learn, and digest it. There can be no doubt that, from the first, the British authorities insisted, perversely, that the Rosario Channel was the right channel of the Treaty. The Americans retaliated, and, with equal pertinacity, insisted on the Haro Channel. Both sides were imperfectly informed, and each took its information from interested parties. It became manifest from the first, also, that it was in the interest of the Americans to ignore the real meaning of the Treaty, and to encourage the delusion of the British, and they succeeded, by the play of their opponents, not only in making their game, but in winning it.

Both parties, at remote distances, no doubt had recourse to the best source of information within reach. The British Government turned naturally to the Hudson Bay Company. We find the name of Sir John Pelly, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, prominent in the early stages of these transactions. The Company had been the first explorers; they were the first occupants of the country; they knew all that was then known about it. In their intercourse with Vancouver Island from the mouth of the Fraser River they had always navigated the Rosario Channel; they knew that it was the best, and they brought themselves to believe that it was the right channel; and this belief was strengthened by the knowledge that its maintenance would secure to them, under their lease from the Crown, the 400 square miles of island, islet, rock, and water, which makes up the Georgian Archipelago. They counselled as they believed, judging with the judgment of shrewd and intelligent traders; but the questions evoked by the Treaty of 1846 demanded the foresight and forethought of statesmen.

Viscount Milton has produced a book, printed in 1869, entitled "A History of the St. Juan Water Boundary Question, as affecting the Division of Territory between Great Britain and the United States," interesting in details, and valuable as presenting, in a compendious form, a large amount of official information which, even with his opportunities, was obtained with difficulty.

We cannot, however, agree with him in his conclusion.

His Lordship wrote mainly to expose the miserable policy of compromise. He denounced the action of Lord John Russell, who, in 1859, for the sake of the settlement of the Boundary difficulty, offered to accept the Douglas Channel as a compromise. The Douglas channel would have given to Great Britain the Island of St. Juan, and to the United States all the remainder of the Georgian Archipelago. He contended that the Rosario Channel, as claimed by us, was our unquestionable and indisputable right, and that to give up one rock or islet of the 400 square miles which intervene between the Rosario and Haro Channels would be a fatuous abandonment of great national interests. Here we take leave to differ with his Lordship. We do not feel that under the plain reading of the Treaty of 1846 we ever had the least right to the Rosario Channel, still less under that Treaty could the Haro Channel be imposed upon us. Under that Treaty the true passage or channel, if any, was the Douglas Channel, and the error committed by Lord John Russell was not so much in suggesting the Douglas Channel *as a compromise*, as in not having insisted on it *as a right*.

But the fact is that, in 1859, Lord John Russell was already hampered by the acts of his predecessors. At an earlier period England, ill-advised, had asked too much. She had thereby raised a false issue, and had been shrewdly and irreparably checkmated. So far back as 1848, under instructions to Mr. Crampton, she had officially claimed the Rosario Channel, not so much under the Treaty of 1846, as under the construction she chose to put upon it. She claimed that it was the best, if not the only, navigable channel then known and used. On the other hand, it was shown or contended that the Haro Channel was just as good, and upon the quarrel, in this shape, the contestants joined issue. Never was there a more erroneous issue raised, or a more pernicious. Neither the Rosario nor the Haro corresponds with the meaning of the Treaty; the Douglas Channel alone conforms to both letter and spirit, and, *if insisted upon from the first*, would most assuredly have given to England the great bone of contention, St. Juan Island.

The fact is that the whole fabric of argument originated in a misconception, which by force of reiteration had assumed the semblance of reality. It is incomprehensible how the plain language of the Treaty could have been so perverted. Now, what are the words of the first Article of the Treaty of 1846?—

"From the point on the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, where the boundary laid down in existing treaties and conventions between Great Britain and the United States terminates, the line of boundary between the territories of Her Britannic Majesty and those of the United States shall be continued westward along the said forty-ninth parallel of north latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island, and thence, southerly, through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca's Straits to the Pacific Ocean. *Provided*, however, that the navigation of the whole of the said channel and straits, south of the 49th parallel of north latitude, remain free and open to both parties."

Nothing can be plainer, more intelligible, or more practical, than the meaning of the first Article of the Treaty of 1846. It prescribes that the line of the water boundary, starting from a given point on the 49th parallel, *in the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island*, should pass thence, southerly, through the middle of the said channel and the Straits of Fuca, to the Pacific Ocean. The channel spoken of is the grand channel, *the whole space*, whether of island, rock, or water, which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island. In the Treaty no mention is made of interjacent islands or intermediate channels, simply because the negotiators, working at Washington with the aid of imperfect and untrustworthy charts, knew but little of the subject. These gentlemen, with unsafe knowledge but perfect honesty of purpose, did the best if not the only thing they could do. They had no time to pause; urged by the clamour of the hour, and by the commercial anxieties of two great nations, they brought the Treaty rapidly to a close, determining that the water boundary should be a line drawn in the middle of the channel—*the whole space or channel*—which separates the continent from Vancouver Island: and to preclude injustice or inconvenience to either of the contracting Powers, they carefully and

emphatically *provided*, in the same Article, that the navigation of the *whole* of the *said* channel, including of course all intermediate and subordinate channels, should be free and open to both parties.

That such was the true intendment of the Treaty is confirmed by the language of Sir Richard Pakenham, the British negotiator, used at a subsequent period, in explanation of the transactions of 1846, and referred to by Lord John Russell in his despatch of the 24th August, 1859. He says: "It is my belief that neither Lord Aberdeen, nor Mr. McLane, nor Mr. Bancroft possessed at that time a sufficiently accurate knowledge of the hydrography or the geography of the region in question to enable them to define more accurately what was the intended line of boundary that is expressed in the words of the Treaty;" and again, "all that we knew about it was, that it was to run through the *middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island*, and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca Straits to the Pacific Ocean."

The same view has been recently supported by a very great European authority. The London *Times* of the 11th November, 1872, contained, as translated from an Italian journal, a letter from the Chevalier Negra, a scholar and statesman, now ambassador at the court of McMahon, whose name alone commands attention, strongly confirmative of the view taken above. He says:

"By the Oregon Treaty of 1846, English and Americans agreed that the 49th degree of latitude should form their boundary from the Rocky Mountains to the Gulf of Georgia, and that, from that gulf to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the frontier line should run in the middle of the channel that separates the continent from Vancouver Island. * * But is not the entire space, as I think, and as Capt. Prevost truly said in 1857, a channel like the English Channel? and should not the boundary line, therefore, according both to the spirit and the letter of the Oregon Treaty, pass through the middle of the great channel, of course with the curves necessary to give to the English or to the United States the undivided property of the islands through which a straight line would cut, according as the greater part of the island was found upon the English or American side of the line? I can discern no geographical reason for dividing back, as the English might like to do, the line eastwards to the Rosario Channel, or for pushing it over to the west to the Haro Channel, as was decided at Berlin. Neither in the first nor in the second case is the line *in the middle of the channel*, and the channel comprises all the space between Vancouver Island and the continent, and is everywhere navigable, although the navigation be better in the broader waters of the Rosario, and better still in those of Haro."

Had the Treaty been thus read and thus acted on *ab initio*, had this dividing line been insisted upon from the first, we should possess now as *a right*, that which Lord John Russell proposed as *a compromise*.

For take the Admiralty chart, and with a pair of dividers trace a line "commencing in the midst of the channel" on the line 49 degrees and running southerly down the middle of the *said channel* which separates the continent from Vancouver Island, following the curvature of the same, at all times equidistantly from the shore of the continent and of Vancouver Island, down to Fuca Straits, regardless of all secondary channels, and of all rocks and islets by the way, and we produce a line in accordance with the letter and the spirit of the Treaty, running as nearly as possible through what is now known as the Douglas Channel, which would give to Great Britain the exclusive right to the Island of St. Juan, and to the United States an equal right to Orcas Island and other fine islands; while the Haro Channel and the Rosario Channel and the Douglas Channel itself, and all other intermediate channels or passages, would have remained free and open to the navigation of both nations. It is difficult indeed to conceive how any misconception could have arisen.

It has been before observed that the subject was one demanding the foresight and forethought of statesmen. Now, what did the statesmen do? Acting under instructions from his Government, we find that, in 1848, the British Minister at Washington blandly suggested to the American Government, in the most honied accents of diplomacy, that, as the Rosario Channel was, beyond a doubt, the right channel, the sooner it was declared so the more gratifying it would be,—and so on, with the usual reciprocations. The Americans, not to be outdone in "bunkum," replied handsomely, and rejoined "Haro."

Here was the first official false step. This first startling impress on the sand became thenceforth hard and ineffaceable as granite.

The discussion was thenceforth nursed assiduously, and kept warm carefully, up to the year 1856, when a joint Commission was appointed to settle the water boundary. The American Commissioner was Alexander Campbell; the British, Captain Prevost, R. N. The Commissioners met, reciprocated, and altercated. Prevost moored, fore and aft, in the Rosario Channel, prepared for action. Campbell was equal to any emergency in the Haro Channel. At this safe distance, they exchanged broadsides of minutes and memoranda. At length Prevost, weary of feints and dodges, broke ground, and put in a suggestion of compromise. He proposed the Douglas Channel, and advised his opponent to accept it at once, as he would never have another chance. Campbell answered that he did not want another chance, and would never accept it if he had.

Nothing of course remained to be done but to return home and report progress. Acting on the diplomatic maxim, *festina lente*, nothing more was done for three years, when Lord John Russell took the matter up, and in his memorable despatch of the 24th August, 1859; capped the climax by formally proposing the Douglas Channel as a *compromise*.

At this time the splendid surveys of the British Admiralty were so far advanced that all the great hydrographical facts must have been known in London. If not known, the despatch should have been delayed until they were. These facts, interpreted by the Treaty of 1846, would have justified his Lordship in brushing aside all previous misinterpretations and complications, in assuming new ground, and in demanding a centre line, or the Douglas Channel, as a *right*. Of course, the position then taken was conclusive. Nothing remained to be done but to arbitrate between the two channels, the Haro and the Rosario.

But while Lord John Russell was penning his despatch in Downing Street, a great deal more had been done, abruptly, among the distant isles of the Pacific, than the mind of diplomacy could conceive, or its temper stand. The people of Oregon Territory coveted the island of St. Juan, and General Harney, an officer of the United States Army, on the most frivolous pretext, and without warning, invaded the island, drums beating, colours flying, with all the pomp and panoply of war. Harney was a kleptomaniac of the school of the first Napoleon. He occupied first and explained afterwards, and his explanation aggravated the outrage. This was in July, 1859. The British Admiral at Esquimalt Harbour, ten miles distant, sent over ships of war, seamen and marines. For a time, the aspect of affairs was threatening in the extreme; but the tact and judgment of the British Governor, Douglas, averted a collision. The intelligence of this hostile irruption reached New York on the 7th September, 1859. Lord Lyons was then our ambassador at Washington. His Lordship addressed, at once, to the American Cabinet, a note calm, grave, and resolute. The answer came promptly, and was enforced with energy. General Scott, commanding the American army—again the peacemaker of the time—was despatched at once to the Oregon Territory, to supersede, if he could not control, his fantastic subordinate. Harney was ordered to report himself at Washington, at a safe distance from the scene of his mischievous exploit. The Americans ought to have withdrawn from an illegal occupation with becoming acknowledgment, but they did not, for reasons best known to diplomacy. Scott and Douglas, discreet men both, arranged for the joint occupation of the island by British and American troops during the continued pendency of negotiations. On the 20th March, 1860, a detachment of British marines was landed on the island, and this joint occupation endured harmoniously, without let or hindrance, for a period of thirteen years.

This long delay was caused chiefly by the American civil war. While the contest raged, the British Ministry, with gentlemanly delicacy, refrained from embarrassing a Government already sore beset. This was acknowledged, with scrimp courtesy indeed, by Mr. Seward, in 1867, but the Hon. Reverdy Johnson was despatched to England with peaceful protestations and full powers.

During this long interval, the British Government had, no doubt, become slowly but widely awake to the important bearings of the questions at issue, and we now find a strong stand made for the re-opening and

consideration of the whole subject, with *amended pleadings*.

The American Plenipotentiary appears to have been perfectly satisfied as to the equity of the British pretensions, and, acting on the great international policy of "honesty to all men," agreed with Lord Stanley, 10th Nov., 1868, to a protocol, by which the *meaning* of the first Article of the Treaty of 1846 was referred to the arbitration of the President of the Swiss Confederation.

In pursuance of this protocol, on the 14th Jan., 1869, the Hon. Reverdy Johnston, charged with full power to this effect, and no doubt strengthened by the approval of his own Government, signed a Convention with the Earl of Clarendon, referring to the Swiss President the solution of the questions as to the true construction to be put on the first Article of the Treaty of 1846, whether it meant the Haro Channel or the Rosario Channel, or the whole channel, or any intermediate channel.

Although this Convention was recommended for ratification by the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs, it was never brought before the Senate, and the period within which the ratification should have taken place expired.

The fact is, the Senate of the United States never could be brought to face the Convention of 1869. That body gibbed and shied, and at last fairly bolted, leaving the Treaty which, by their national representative at the Court of St. James, had been pledged to win, in a very undignified position on the floor of the House. The force of contrast made the matter worse, for the preceding Treaty, that of 1846, had been sanctioned with suggestive alacrity, at that rate of lightning speed euphonistically known as "slick"—three days only having elapsed between the signing and sealing, and the ratification. Many reasons were assigned, diplomatically, for the collapse, but the best answer is to be found in the 36th protocol of the Treaty of Washington (8th May, 1871), whereby this vexed question was again dealt with, and finally, thus:

"At the Conference of the 15th March, the British Commissioners proposed that the question of the water boundary should be made upon the basis of the Treaty of 1869," or the Reverdy Johnston Treaty.

"The American Commissioners replied that, though no formal note was taken, it was well understood that *that* Treaty had not been favourably regarded by the Senate." And in this way we are introduced to the last Treaty of all, the Treaty of the 8th May, 1871, or the last Washington Treaty, in its relation with this subject.

It was clear, from the stand taken above by the American negotiators, that no re-opening of the question, no modification of the channels, could ever be approached, except weighted with grave liabilities. They offered, indeed, to abrogate the Treaty of 1846 so far, and to rearrange the boundary line as thereby established, or, in other words, to revive the American claim to Vancouver Island, with "fifty-four forty, or fight." Diplomatic humanity revolted at the proposition. Better to endure all the ills we had, than to rush into unknown danger on the Russian frontiers.

Then, at the Conference of the 29th April, the British Commissioners, hampered and weighted by instructions, bound by the sins of their predecessors, "proposed the middle channel, known as the Douglas Channel." "The American Commissioners declined to entertain the proposal." On their side they proposed the Haro, which was, of course, declined on the other. "Nothing therefore remained to be done but a reference to arbitration to determine whether the line should run through the Haro Channel or the Rosario Straits. This was agreed to."

But the British Commissioners persisted still. "They then proposed that the *arbitrator* should have the right to draw the boundary line through an intermediate channel. The American Commissioners declined the proposal, stating that they desired a *decision*, not a *compromise*."

Alas! most lame and impotent conclusion. Had the plain, common-sense construction of the Treaty of 1846 been apprehended from the first, the intermediate channel would have been the line of division, the Island of St. Juan ours, and no compromises asked from either party.

Again, with forlorn desperation, the British Commissioners proposed "that it should be declared to be the proper construction of the Treaty of 1846, that all the channels were to be open to navigation by both parties. The American Commissioners stated they did not so con-

strue the Treaty of 1846, and therefore could not assent to such a declaration.

Oh, conclusion, lamer still, and still more impotent! for thus it falls out. Under the plain, common-sense meaning of the Treaty of 1846, we were entitled to a line dividing the whole channel between the continent and Vancouver Island, while all intermediate water and minor channels were open to both nations, but under the St. Juan award —the Haro Channel having been declared to be the right and *only channel* under the Treaty—we are restricted to the water of that channel alone, the widest it is true, but beset with rocks and shoals, exposed to fogs and gales, and to the influence of tides and currents, which render sailing navigation difficult, if not dangerous, and we are debarred from navigating any of the other deeper and safer intermediate channels.

Thus the direct line of intercourse between New Westminster on the Fraser River, in British Columbia, and Victoria, in Vancouver Island, is hampered and crippled to the very verge of uselessness. The injury done is grievous beyond measure, still it is not irreparable. There is little help for it beyond self-help, but this sturdy auxiliary will not be wanting, and it will be hard if Canada cannot find a way for herself yet through this tangled skein of complexities and complications.

And now let us hope that we have seen the last of these unilateral Conventions; that the eagle, filled to repletion, has folded for aye its predatory wing; and that the British lion and the Canadian lamb may ever henceforth slumber together side by side, undisturbed by suggestive odours of mint sauce. But should these aspirations fail, should the need for other negotiations ever arise, we trust that they may be transferred to a more hopeful arena. The three last Treaties have been manipulated at Washington. We dislike the diplomatic atmosphere of this cis-Atlantic Capua, where the self-sufficient foreigner, piquing himself on his *savoir faire*—

> Who knows what's what, and that's as high
> As metaphysic wit can fly,

is bewildered by the most delicate attentions; where the voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hand is that of Esau; where the women are charming, the men hearty and hospitable, and the frolic withal irreproachable, if not paid for at our expense. We doubt not the honour of our negotiators, but we distrust their good-nature. The very sea voyage disturbs and demoralizes the British organism. Our people are apt to vaunt somewhat ostentatiously the trite Horatian axiom, "*Cœlum non animum mutant*," &c., but here it should read with an emendation. Our English-bred diplomats,

> Cœlum non *stomachum* mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

They cross the Atlantic, predestined to give up everything, and they do so most effectually. Let us then, in the future, profit by experiences fraught with the qualms as well as with the quirks of diplomacy.

It has been before remarked that Canada, thrown upon its own resources, will, beyond all peradventure, relieve itself from embarrassments it did not create, let the cost be what it may; and, in conclusion, we may be allowed to express an entire confidence that this immense cost, caused by the acts of others, will, in due time, receive generous and just consideration. If sacrifices have been made at the expense of Canada for the good of the Empire, the Empire is bound to redress the balance. If, through the carelessness of subordinates, the Alabama escaped from an English port; if England admits that this escape was to her blame, and that she is bound to pay the penalty of the mishap; it may fairly be claimed that, *foro conscientiæ*, she is equally bound to compensate Canada if, by the acts of her negotiators in 1814, by the act of Lord Palmerston's Government in 1833, by the act of Lord John Russell's Government in 1859, and by the St. Juan award of 1872, Canada has been sacrificed for the good of the Empire. Admitting that she may have shared in the benefit, she ought not to bear more than her share of the cost. Great Britain has always shown a noble readiness to repair wrong. Let us point to the opportunity. We are about to embark in a great enterprise, as a national work—the construction of a railway which is to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean, and make the Empire one and indivisible. Let Great Britain take her fair share in the cost of an undertaking of equal value to her and to us, and thus compensate New Brunswick, and British Columbia, and our far western territories, for sacrifices made in the past, and encourage this Dominion, when called upon, to make still greater sacrifices in return.

CLUB-LIFE.

THROUGH Eden's shadowy garden,
Its solitary warden,
Dan Adam paced abroad;

Around him all was joyance,
But within a chill annoyance
Our grand-dad's bosom gnawed;

In vain his golden bowers
Bend o'er their floor of flowers
And woo him to his rest,—

Each dell seems dull and dismal,
And makes the void abysmal
Yawn wider in his breast,—

Nor can the unmated lover
The haunting cause discover
Why he alone is sad.

Till, lo! through sleep's dim portal,
With loveliness immortal
As with a vesture clad,

Sweet Madam Eve comes gliding,
Her lily limbs half hiding
'Mid lengths of rippling hair,—

The Crown of all creation—
Sent with the dear vocation
To cure his cark and care;—

Ah! how he clasped and kiss'd her,
And told her how he'd miss'd her!
And gazing in her eyes,

His Eden flushed resplendent
For,—Lord of the ascendant—
Love reigned in Paradise!

So I, with eyes as weary,
Have scanned the splendours dreary
Clubs and their world display,—

Whose palaces majestic,
Home's humbler life domestic
Affront with their array

Of marble courts and basements,
And silk-encurtained casements,
And cedarn corridors,—

Where supercilious dandies
Discuss belles, bets, and brandies,
And wear their hats indoors,—

Where Scandal sneers and sniggers,
And quotes its facts and figures,
And Bore to Fogy prates;

Where by a law inhuman,
The fair face of no woman
May shine within the gates;

Where Manhood scoffs at Marriage
That can't afford a carriage
Nor keep a house in town;

Where Self sits "in excelsis,"
And cares for no one else's
Enjoyment but his own.

Call ye these halls—Elysian?
The term is a derision,
They're mongrel monast'ries!

For I hold our Sire's opinion—
Outside of Love's Dominion
There is no Paradise.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED!*

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK I.

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NOBLE POOR."

CHAPTER VI.

AN ESCORT HOME.

MABEL WESTBROOK had a strong suspicion in her mind that she was being advised for the best, although the necessity for delay in an act of charity, an act of atonement, was beyond her comprehension. The earnest face of her adviser, the depth of pity in his keen, dark eyes, the interest which he felt in her and her mission, all seriously impressed her, although they did not alter her determination. Before all and everything, her promise. There was no power in human nature to weaken that, and he who had trusted in her knew that she would not fail him at the last. He had left it to the last, and this was the result.

"Why are you very sorry for my sake?" she asked, in a wondering tone of voice.

"You have taken a hard task on yourself—you do not see the end of this so clearly as I do," was the curator's reply.

"It is impossible to see the end."

"It will end in error."

"You cannot tell—you do not know ——" began Mabel, when he held up his thin hand, and she stopped at his signal before she was aware of it.

"I see disappointment and mortification of spirit; kindness wasted and zeal misplaced, unless I interfere," said Brian.

"You have no right to interfere with me," replied Mabel.

"I believe I have. But," he added, passing his hands through his long hair, in a perplexed, irritable way, "I want time to think of it all. I did not dream that you and your petty mystery were so close upon me."

"Petty mystery!" said Mabel, colouring again. "There is so little mystery in it, and to-morrow will dispel it."

"The morrow never comes to the philosopher."

"I am not a philosopher."

"I wish you were." And then Brian looked at her, and smiled at her or her obstinacy, or both, it was doubtful which.

"I have received your warning, Mr. Halfday, which after all is but a mere echo of your sister's, and I need not detain you any longer," said Mabel.

"It is getting late," he replied, by way of assent to this, or as a hint for her to go. As Mabel rose from the chair, he rose also, and took up his hat. Dorcas, who had been looking from one to the other as each spoke in turn, rose too, and all three passed out of the study, and back through the long rooms, to the hall, Brian lamp in hand again. In the hall he extinguished his lamp, opened the street door, allowed Mabel and his sister to precede him, closed the door behind him, and joined them on the narrow pavement.

"Good night," said Mabel, to him and Dorcas, but Brian did not respond with his sister.

"I will see you to the 'Mitre,' Miss Westbrook, if you will allow me," he said.

"Thank you, no," replied Mabel, "your sister has a more lonely journey."

"Don't ask him to come with me, please," cried Dorcas at once. "I don't want him; I won't have him; I shall run all the way; I would not have him with me for all the world. Good night."

Before another word could be exchanged, away ran Dorcas at the top of her speed along the middle of the road. The brother watched her thoughtfully until Mabel said—

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

"It is too late an hour for your sister to be going to St. Lazarus alone."

"She is safe enough in Pentonshire; we are good people hereabouts," Brian said, drily.

"But she——"

"Would not have me for an escort—you heard what she said?"

"Yes. How is it that you and she are not friends?"

"Oh! we are very good friends," said Brian, lightly; "Dorcas is extremely fond of me."

"Is this satire?"

"Not at all," answered Brian, "and I am very fond of Dorcas. But I cannot let her have her own way altogether. You see what a cat she is?"

"She is an excitable girl. I do not understand her."

"You will find it a difficult task to understand any of the family," replied Brian; "I would not assert positively that the Halfdays understand themselves."

"'Know thyself' is an excellent motto."

"Ah! if it were only practicable," said Brian. He was walking by Mabel's side now, with his gaze directed to the miry pavement. The streets were empty, and the wind came down them moaning like a child in pain.

"It's a miserable night for you to come back to Penton," he said, suddenly.

"I have never been in Penton before."

"I mean for the Westbrooks to step back to life here," he said. "I thought at one time or another I might meet you in America, seek you out there; but to come to us is strange. Very strange," he added.

Mabel glanced at him, and said timidly—

"My grandfather's history is no secret to you, Mr. Halfday. You have learned it years ago, I am sure."

"I have studied hard, and learned many things, but I do not know James Westbrook's history," was the reply.

"You know why I am in this city?" said Mabel; "you must know."

"I may guess at it from your own words," he answered, "but pray do not cross-examine me. I have pleaded twice for time to think of this."

"I will say good-night, Mr. Halfday, if you please," said Mabel, "I can find my way very well across the Close."

"The Close gates are shut. It is past eleven," said Brian, "and you will find no one in the streets to ask your way. I would prefer to accompany you."

"But——"

"And I intend to accompany you," he said, emphatically, "not that I would be ungentlemanly enough to baulk your desire to get rid of me, if I had not a few more words to say."

He did not say them very readily. He walked on in silence at her side, taking that time "to think of it" for which he had pleaded. Mabel did not intrude upon his reverie, but she glanced askance at him once or twice. He was thinking his hardest now; he had stepped from the kerbstone into the gutter in order to allow himself and her more room, and with his hands clutched behind his back he strode on at a pace with which it was difficult for her to keep up. As he passed beneath the gas-lamps, Mabel could see that it was a face almost of trouble, certainly of doubt.

They were close upon the "Mitre" when he spoke to her—swinging suddenly round with a precipitancy that startled her.

"I wish you had not come," he said; "it would have been much the better for you."

"I am not afraid," answered Mabel, lightly, "and there is nothing so malevolent in my intentions that should make any of your family afraid of me."

"You are proceeding in haste, Miss Westbrook, I tell you once more."

"I am acting on instructions."

"And will not be advised by me in any way?"

"No," she answered, very firmly.

Brian shrugged his shoulders, and then extended his hand.

"Good evening," he said.

Mabel placed her hand within his, and was surprised at the firmness with which he clutched it.

"Do you judge human nature, human character as quickly as you act?" he asked.

"I do not know. Probably," said Mabel, in reply. She did not admire the peremptory manner in which he spoke, and she withdrew her hand from his strong clasp of hers.

"Do not judge too hastily of me, then," he said, almost sorrowfully; "I may be compelled to act in a rash fashion myself, and I would ask you to suspend your judgment until we meet again. Good night."

He walked quickly and abruptly from her, and Mabel Westbrook, pondering on his words, returned to the friendly shelter of the "Mitre." Hers had been an easy mission to fulfil she had thought until a few hours since, but the mists were rising fast upon the road she would pursue, and there might be pitfalls in her way, and dangers of which she had never dreamed. She had been twice warned, but it was beyond her power to listen. The one voice that might have checked her was for ever still, and her task was to go on at any risk.

CHAPTER VII.

A SURPRISE.

WITH the brightness of the next day, Mabel Westbrook looked at life more brightly. She was young, impulsive, sanguine, generous, and without an enemy in the world. Before the death of James Westbrook and his wife there had not been a lighter-hearted, kinder, or more unselfish girl in the States, and she had borne the oncoming of her first trouble with a brave front. She had heard much and suffered much of late days, but she had grown strong, not weak, in affliction, as the best of women invariably do. She had hardly known of evil, of men's rapacity and greed and weakness, until the last year of her life, and the knowledge had sobered her without breaking her down, strengthened many resolutions without narrowing her heart. She had heard of a wrong which it was in her power to set right, and she had given up her birthplace, her American friends and American home, and set forth on a mission of justice to the wronged. It was her own wish, as it had been James Westbrook's—and there was nothing to dismay her in the prophecies of Adam Halfday's grandchildren. She could do her duty to the living and the dead without one regret to follow. The strange young folk whom she had seen last night had put a false construction on her reticence, but they would understand her clearly in a few more hours. The end of her task was nearly accomplished, and she would be glad for all sakes when it was complete.

It was eleven o'clock in the day when she was once more at the gates of St. Lazarus. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the air was warm again—the brotherhood of the noble poor had toddled from their places round the great ring of fire in the hall, and were basking like lizards in the sunshine. The porter, Hodsman, touched his cap at her appearance, and said, with old-fashioned homely courtesy—

"You bring the sunshine with you, lady, this time."

"Have there been many visitors to-day?" she asked.

"No visitors, exactly," he replied. "Not strangers, that is. Mr. Salmon told me to say that he would be glad to see you, ma'am, directly you arrived."

Mabel's brow contracted a little. This irrepressible Salmon would not leave her a moment to herself, if he could help it.

"Where is the Master now?" she asked.

"Praying in the church or fishing in the river, I hardly know which." He craned his head over the wicket-gate which confined him to the lodge, and peered into the quadrangle.

"Oh, the brothers are out. He's fishing," said Hodsman; "you'll find him at the back of the church yonder."

"Thank you."

Mabel Westbrook passed into the courtyard, and turned away from the direction which the porter had indicated. The old men in the black gowns stared across at her from their sunny corners, but Adam Halfday was not one of them. She passed into the banqueting hall or refectory, the door of which was handy on her right, and looked carefully around her, but the place was empty and full of echoes, and the fire within the iron hoop was smouldering to itself.

"He is waiting for me at his cottage," thought Mabel. "Now, if I could reach there quietly without encountering Mr. Salmon, I should be glad."

She was considering her plan of action, when the door was pushed open slowly, and a short old man, with a head that might have been a skeleton's—the skin was drawn so tightly over it and showed the outline of the skull so clearly—came shuffling towards her. He was in the garb of the brotherhood, and he bowed low as he advanced.

"My lady would like to see the church," he piped in feeble accents; "will you please to step this way?"

"Thank you; but I have promised to

wait for one of the brethren here," said Mabel.

"It's my turn, madam," he croaked forth, his hands closing and unclosing in nervous trepidation of losing a fee; "each brother takes it in turn, and no preference is allowed. Will you please to step this way?"

"I have no wish to see the church at present," answered Mabel. "I have——"

"You can begin here, if you like, ma'am. This is the refectory," said the old man, in the showman and parrot-like manner patent to all guides; "it was re-erected in the middle of the fifteenth century, at the sole expense of the cardinal; it is fifty feet in length, twenty-six in breadth, and thirty-seven in height, to the top of the oaken rafters. At the upper end of the hall there are a raised daïs and high table still in existence, and the painting on the panel is attributed to Albert Dürer, although there is little real evidence to prove its origin. Its subject is ——"

"I am sorry to interrupt you," said Mabel very gently, "but I must defer my inspection of the hospital and church for several days."

"It's a fine morning. You could not have a better opportunity to see the place, my lady," replied the brother; "the subject on the panel yonder is that of ——"

Mabel Westbrook, evidently a woman ready with her money, slipped a half-crown into the palm of the brother.

"I will hear all this another time, if you will allow me. Meanwhile, tell me where is Adam Halfday," she said.

The old man paused, looked at his half-crown, dropped the coin into a side pocket, mumbled forth a "Thank you," and moved a step or two more closely to our heroine.

"Adam Halfday, did you say?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You could not have a worse brother to show you over the place than he is," he said confidentially. "Adam never took an interest in the charity, or cared to read up his facts, although I don't say but what he scrambles through the business somehow. He's breaking fast, too, and I shall be walking before his coffin soon with the black stick in my hand."

He crossed the hall, took a black rod from the corner, and regarded it with loving interest.

"This has no right to be left here—it's kept always in the church."

"What is it?" asked Mabel.

"When there's a funeral of one of us, the eldest brother walks in front of the corpse with this staff in his hand," said the old man. "I am the eldest brother—Peter Scone, ma'am—and I have walked before a lot of them in my day—some eight or nine and twenty of 'em. I shouldn't wonder," he added, with a chuckle that would have done credit to the first gravedigger in *Hamlet*, "if I don't march before old Adam very shortly. He's sure to go, for his temper is a trying one, and wears him out. Oh, yes; he'll go next, I know."

Mabel shuddered, as the man patted his black stick affectionately.

"Will you tell me where Adam Halfday is to be found this morning? I have a message for him, and wish particularly to see him," she said; "is he in his room?"

"No; that he isn't," was the answer. "Now I come to think of it, it's not very likely you will see the old gentleman to-day."

"Why not?"

"He's gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Mabel, "gone away, do you mean?"

"Yes, for a week or two. He got leave of absence from the Master early in the morning, and his grandson—that's the curator of the museum, in Market Street—came and fetched him and Dorcas away in a horse and chaise. It's well for those who have relations with horses and chaises to take them for drives about the country," he said jealously, "and give them change of air and scene, whilst others stop here for years and rot. He's going to have sea air, Lord bless you, as if that could cure old Halfday's bad temper, or put him in a good one. It was only yesterday he sulked with all of us, and to-day he's going to have sea air! The like of that now!"

He beat his funeral rod in the palm of his withered right hand, and shook with envy and excitement. It was not all peace and love in the precincts of St. Lazarus, and human nature, even amongst these ruins of time and man, was very much the same as in the busy city, from which the brethren came by right of birth to die.

"Where has he gone?" asked Mabel.

"To the sea-side. That is all I heard about it."

"And Dorcas, has she gone also?"

"Oh, yes; and in her best merino dress, as smart as carrots."

"And her brother came for them early this morning, you tell me?"

"Yes, her brother Brian. Ah! a clever man that, take him altogether, and one who will do better in the world than his father, or his grandfather, or any of the family. A long-headed fellow, Brian," said Peter Scone "but as conceited a young jackanapes as ever strutted in and out here as though the place belonged to him. I don't like people who think so much of themselves; they're hateful company."

"Gone away," said Mabel to herself, "because I was expected—gone away to foil me, I am certain. That is what Brian Halfday meant when he asked me to suspend my judgment till we met again—when he talked of acting rashly presently. Why are they all afraid of me, I wonder?"

CHAPTER VIII.

MABEL ACCEPTS MR. SALMON'S KIND INVITATION.

AFTER the unlooked-for announcement of Adam Halfday's departure from the Hospital of St. Lazarus, Mabel Westbrook did not lose much time with Peter Scone. She was excited and angry; here had come opposition to her wishes, to her amiable scheming, and Brian Halfday had baulked her at the outset. He was a man who had objected to her interference, and had stepped between her and her promise, not trusting her, not knowing what that promise was, or how it might affect the future of himself and sister. She could not sit down tamely and wait for the return of these Halfdays, submitting to their will, as if she had not a firm one of her own when her pride was wounded. Brian Halfday had not treated her well; he had set himself to thwart her; he had regarded her wishes as nothing and his own as supreme, and had acted almost as her enemy. It was a mean advantage which he had taken of her confidence, she considered, and she should never like the man again. He was crafty and deceitful. Peter Scone had called him "a conceited young jackanapes," and very possibly Peter Scone was right. Certainly his grandfather and his own sister did not regard him with any great degree of reverence, although they might have learned to fear him.

Mabel Westbrook, forced as it were into antagonism with Brian Halfday, and roused to action by the last move of that gentleman, sought out the Reverend Gregory Salmon forthwith. She crossed the second quadrangle, and passed beyond the precincts of the hospital into a fair landscape lying beyond its walls. A stout oaken door in the garden wall opened upon meadow land and woodland, and on a deep, rushing river glittering in the sunshine. Sitting complacently on the bank, not fifty yards from the hospital, was Mr. Salmon, fishing. He was very glad to see her; he was as courteous and fussy and profuse in compliments as ever; he expressed himself highly honoured by her second visit, and he immediately set his fishing tackle aside, with the evident intention of placing his whole time at her disposal. Mabel hastened to assure him that this was only a passing visit, and that she had business, important business, in Penton, before luncheon.

"But you have come to see the church?" said Mr. Salmon.

"No," she answered frankly. "I came to see Adam Halfday, and he has disappointed me."

"To see Adam Halfday!" exclaimed the astonished Master of the hospital.

"If I had placed more confidence in you last night, Mr. Salmon," said Mabel, "it is probable that I should not have been foiled this morning by Adam Halfday's grandson. But I have been anxious for weeks to talk to this old man."

"Bless me! Is there anything so very remarkable about him?"

"I bring him a message from America. I have business to transact with him, which his son, for some mysterious reason, is anxious to postpone," Mabel replied. "That is all I need say or can say at present."

"Yes—ahem—exactly—how very surprising!" said the clergyman. "The son, though I cannot say I like him myself, is a man very much respected in the city, and of course no stranger to the hospital. To offer to take away his grandfather for a holiday was a something I could not object to, or, indeed, had any power to object to. The brethren are not prisoners here, or I their warder. I gave permission as a matter of course."

"Where have they gone?" asked Mabel.

"I don't know," was the reply. "Brian Halfday mentioned the seaside, that is all."

"Did you see him?"

"No."

"Good morning, sir. I have not a moment to spare."

"But we shall have the pleasure of——"

"Yes, soon," said Mabel abruptly, as she turned and went with quick steps across the quadrangle to the first courtyard, and under the archway to her hired carriage. She was back in Penton before twelve—it was only chiming the hour by the cathedral clock when she was making her inquiries at the museum for its missing custodian. But all inquiries were in vain; Brian Halfday had taken every precaution, as though he had feared the pertinacity of Miss Westbrook from the first. No one knew in what direction Mr. Halfday had gone. He had asked for and obtained his holidays that morning—three weeks per annum were lawfully his, although he had never asked for them before. He had urged pressing and sudden business, and departed. He had spoken of writing for his letters in the course of a day or two, but it was very probable that he would not write at all, concluded a flippant youth with red hair, who was left in charge till Brian Halfday's return, and whom Mabel had discovered on an office stool catching the early flies of the spring season.

Mabel Westbrook went back to the "Mitre" smarting with the same sense of slight and injustice which she had experienced that morning at the hospital. She was annoyed at the flight of the Halfdays; she was still more annoyed at her own helplessness. Here was a man who in a few hours had thwarted the mission of her life—in whose power it might still lie to defeat her project. She had told Brian Halfday of her promise, and he had shown no sympathy with her, or respect for the solemn task that she had undertaken. He had set his own will in opposition to her, and was now exulting probably in that success which had discomfited and humiliated her. She should never like the man. He had showed his want of confidence in her too completely for her to forgive him, whatever might be the motives which had led him to act in this strange fashion. She had offered friendship and assistance, and this was her reward. She had come to do good, and no one would put faith in her profession. What had she said or done, what was there in her manner, to lead these people to distrust her so completely? Verily, she must be a most objectionable young woman in strangers' eyes, and that was a very nice thought to begin her English life with. Still, she was not a girl disposed to submit tamely to distrust or defeat. She was high-spirited and courageous. In America she had been her own mistress early in life, having two old sick folk and a big house to manage and control, and there was more of the clear-sighted, matter-of-fact woman about Mabel Westbrook than is generally to be found in ladies of her age. She was looking keenly out at the world now, and its aspect did not daunt her. She had known trouble in the past, she was prepared even for trouble in the future, and with youth and strength she felt that she should fight through the obstacles in her way. She had faith, and she had money, and they are two excellent aids to most projects under the sun; especially the money, those wiseacres will declare who have long outlived faith in anything but themselves, and their balance at the banker's.

This Brian Halfday should not have his own way so completely as he had bargained for if she had a voice in the matter, and she thought she had. When she discovered after two days' waiting that no tidings had been received at the museum, she and her maid started on a flying expedition to the nearest watering places from Pentonshire, taking half a dozen of them in turn, and ransacking visitors' lists, and exploring parades and piers and sands in their vain quest. The telegraph wires were kept busy in her service, and Mr. Gregory Salmon, the trustees of Penton Museum, and the landlord of the "Mitre" were asked daily by electricity if there were any news, and had daily to reply to Miss Westbrook in the negative.

When a fortnight had elapsed, Mabel and her maid were back in the old city, but Mr. Brian Halfday had not returned to his duties at Penton Museum. There was a week of his holidays still to the good, and he had determined to make the most of his vacation. He must come back was Mabel's consolation; he must face her again; his father and Dorcas must return to the shelter of St. Lazarus. They had achieved their object, and gained time—whether she should learn for what reason time was wanted by the grandson was a matter of some doubt. If he

did not tell her of his own free will, the mystery would end with him—he took no man into his confidence she was assured already.

Four days after her return to Penton, Mabel Westbrook accepted Mr. Salmon's invitation to spend a few days with his wife at the Master's residence in the Hospital of St. Lazarus. She was alone in the world, hotel life was dull, and Mr. and Mrs. Salmon were anxious to be friendly, but it was not for these reasons that she left the "Mitre" for the comfort of a well-to-do English home. The Reverend Gregory Salmon had scarcely made a favourable impression upon her, and though Mrs. Salmon was more motherly and more genuine, yet she was hardly a woman to be charmed with. Still Mr. Salmon was extremely pressing that Miss Westbrook should favour them with her company for a few days, and Mabel broke through her habits of reserve and went to St. Lazarus as a guest. She should be near Adam Halfday's rooms, she should be the first to hear of his return, she should be able to see him at some time or other without the son's interference and opposition.

"We shall have a surprise for you to-morrow," said Mr. Salmon, with a broad, beaming smile. If he had not beamed so constantly upon her, and in so fatherly a way, Mabel believed that she would have liked him better.

"A surprise? Has——"

"My dear Miss Mabel,"—Mr. Salmon had dropped the surname after dinner the first day of her arrival—"you must not ask me any questions, you really must not."

Full of her one idea, Mabel waited impatiently for the next day's surprise. Adam Halfday had sent notice of his return to his old quarters, she thought, and the surprise came in the afternoon, and in the unlooked-for event of Angelo Salmon, the chaplain's only son. This was a surprise at which Mabel Westbrook's countenance did not light up with joy; indeed, for a fleeting instant, the fair white brow contracted as with a sense of anger or pain at the heart of its owner. The young man might be a welcome addition to a dull household, but she was not glad to see him, was not pleased that he should find her a guest in his father's house on the day of his premature return. She felt almost as if the Salmons, *pere et mere*, had entrapped her into this visit, knowing that their son was coming home to them sooner than they had anticipated, possibly even receiving a hint to secure her from this soft-hearted, soft-headed, but not wholly undesigning young man. He stood before her, blushing vividly, as though he had had a share in the conspiracy, and there was a difficulty in encountering Mabel's searching look at him, despite all his efforts to appear agreeably astonished at her presence.

"I thought you were not coming to England for some time, Mr. Salmon," said Mabel, after the first greetings had been exchanged.

"I did think of making a longer stay in America. I—I was a little anxious about Canada and—and Niagara," he added, as though the colony and the waterfall were both in a bad way. "I had even a dream of the Rocky Mountains, but I came back."

"Why?" asked Mabel, but in so hard a tone of inquiry, that Mr. Salmon, junior, was not likely at that juncture to state the real cause of his return, which was certainly herself.

"The States were chilly and lonely. I yearned for home," he said; "I had not seen mother and father for many months."

"I wish I had been apprised of your coming," said Mabel, musingly. "I feel very much in the way now."

"Oh! pray don't think that," said Angelo and Angelo's mother.

"You will have a great deal to say to your parents."

"No, I really shan't," answered Angelo.

"And there are family matters for them to talk over with you."

"They can be deferred, dear Miss Mabel," cried the chaplain. "I hope you will not regard yourself in the light of anything but a very welcome guest whom we should be truly sorry to part with yet awhile."

Mabel bowed, but her face retained its gravity for that night—nothing took away its thoughtful, almost sad expression. Angelo Salmon sneaked to her side after dinner, and woke her to a fleeting interest in friends and acquaintances in Boston, whom they both had known, but he did not extract a smile from her that was anything like the bright, unforced smiles which had been too much for him in the States. She listened to his anecdotes and his news attentively, but he discovered that her big grey eyes were awkward things to encounter that night.

Angelo Salmon was not a plain young

man; barring a certain puffiness of cheek, he might have been considered rather a good-looking fellow than otherwise. He was tall and slim, had very blue, doll-like eyes, a nose too small for him, and a curly mass of ginger hair that increased his cherubic aspect, and made one think of a pair of wings as fitting to his *tout ensemble*. Take it altogether, it was a fresh-coloured, trumpet-blowing kind of face, wholly lacking in any expression save that of perfect innocence. A child would have trusted Angelo Salmon at first sight; a promoter of Companies would have had hopes of him for "shares;" the man on the look-out at the corner of the street would have suggested "confidence" or skittles promptly; an unprincipled person, anxious to get rid of a bad half-crown, would have immediately and hopefully given it him in change; no living cabman could have looked him in the face without doubling his fare; dogs liked him, and cats rubbed their fur against his legs when he came into a room.

His intense meekness, and his unmistakable sense of discomfort, rendered Mabel more merciful towards him at the close of the evening, when a rubber of whist had been got through in spiritless fashion. Mr. Salmon, senior, had left the drawing-room to take a last look round for the night—and his last look included a walk round the quadrangle as a matter of duty, and when it did not rain. Mrs. Salmon was dozing in an easy chair after the excitement of trumping her husband's tricks and being scowled and growled at for her pains, and Angelo and Mabel Westbrook were lingering at the card table.

"Miss Westbrook," Angelo said, suddenly, in a thick voice, "I hope I have not offended you in any way. I should be very sorry indeed."

"Why should you think I am offended, Mr. Salmon?" asked Mabel.

"I don't know; but you are different—somewhat. You are scarcely the young lady who bid me good-bye at Boston. I—I think, if you will allow me the presumption to say so, that we—we were better friends in the New World than we—we are now in the Old," he stammered forth. "Of course, I—I have no right to say this, or to notice this; not in the least. But I should be very sorry, very sorry, to think I had given you offence."

"We were scarcely better friends in America than in England, of that I am sure," said Mabel, in reply. "Perhaps I was looking forward to my journey as to a long holiday, and lighter of heart in consequence. I hardly remember now."

"Has not England pleased you, Miss Westbrook?"

"I have seen little of it yet. I have already met disappointments and deceits in it," she added, with a sigh.

"Is it possible?"

"Hence I am dull to-night, and you have seen the change in me."

"I—I was afraid that my sudden return had something to do with it."

"Possibly it vexed me a little."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Angelo, rolling his white handkerchief into a ball and dabbing his forehead with it.

"Your parents did not tell me you were coming. I accepted their invitation in good faith, and believing that I should be very quiet and very much alone. And knowing of your return, as Mr. and Mrs. Salmon did," she said once more, looking steadfastly at Angelo, "I think the information might have been extended to me, so that I might have acted upon it as I wished. There, that is all," she added, frankly, "and it's not worth commenting upon further. It does not matter; only I feel more proud and fussy to-night than usual. Pray understand, Mr. Salmon, it does not matter to me in the least."

She said this very meaningly and very assuringly, but it did not tend to raise the spirits of Angelo Salmon in any great degree. He coloured, looked at her, and away from her, coughed once or twice, and rose.

"I am glad I have not given offence," he said ruefully; "thank you, Miss Westbrook; thank you very much indeed."

He did not say for what he thanked her; he could hardly have explained had she asked him, but she was far from curious concerning the motives for his gratitude. When Angelo's father reappeared, she bade them good night, and went at once to her room, wherein she locked herself, after dismissing her maid. The principal bedrooms of the Master's establishment were, like the drawing-room and dining-room, on the ground floor. As we have already remarked in an earlier chapter, several cottages of the brethren had been levelled, and this low-roofed,

substantial, rambling edifice built on the space, to the shame of the trustees and the glory of the Master of a century or so ago.

Mabel's bedroom window looked towards the quadrangle and the houses of the brothers; and pensively disposed that night, she sat down at the bedroom window and gazed out at the stars, and the dark landscape on which they shone. She was unhappy—it was very odd, but she was conscious that she was becoming unhappy in this England, where her grandfather had wished that she should spend the rest of her life. She had not a friend in the world here, unless Angelo Salmon was to be considered her friend; they were all to make; they were to come round her by intuition, or to be discovered by herself. She had letters of introduction, which she valued about as much as the one she had sent to Mr. Salmon. There was an old school-fellow in London somewhere, she believed, and that was all. There was a lonely life at present before her, and she had spoken that night of much deceit in it. Even these Salmons had tricked her into accepting an invitation to their house, so that she might meet a well-meaning booby who had been impressed by her, and much against her will, in Boston. He was the son of Mr. Gregory Salmon, of Pentonshire, and hence had attracted her notice; he had come across her life as a curious coincidence, not as a fate—certainly not as a man whom she could ever take to heart as a lover.

He was young and had hopes, and it would be her stern duty to crush them summarily forthwith. A lover, indeed! as if in all her life she should think of a lover! She did not believe the man existed for whom she should ever care a brass button. She was wholly heart-whole, and intended to keep so. Her task would drive all love nonsense out of her thoughts—and these Halfdays——

She looked towards the cottages, as her thoughts turned in the old direction—towards the deserted cottage of Adam Halfday in particular. During the day she had studied the place, and even tried the door, which she had found securely fastened, and wondered when she should enter and give the dead man's message to one member of the Noble Poor, whom she was anxious to confront.

She drew a quick breath of surprise, and leaned forwards, with her face pressed more closely to the glass. There was a light shining from the window of Adam Halfday's room—sure sign that human life, in some shape or fashion, had come back to the deserted house.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ALLY.

THE heroine of this history was a young lady who made up her mind very quickly, who dashed at results with all the natural impulsiveness of a girl of twenty years. She was courageous also; the unknown or the unforeseen did not daunt her at the outset. She snatched up her hat and mantle, put them on, drew aside the heavy curtains, and with some difficulty unfastened the old-fashioned lock of the window. The windows of Mr. Salmon's principal apartments consisted of double glass doors, opening upon the flower beds beneath, and Mabel stepped without difficulty from the room, closed the window behind her, and stood in the quadrange.

"I am nearer the truth to-night," she whispered to herself as she went swiftly along in the shadow of the brethren's cottages towards the light shimmering in the lattice casement of Adam Halfday's house.

The truth was there, the solution of the mystery of Adam's disappearance must be there, and she advanced without a thought of the danger that might follow her intrusion. She had not reached the cottage, when she discovered that she was very womanly and very easily frightened after all, for her heart bobbed suddenly into her mouth as a voice exclaimed at her side—

"Miss Westbrook, is that you?"

Mabel turned quickly in the direction of the sound, and discovered a tall, thin figure sitting in the shadow of the wall on one of the benches that had been provided for the accommodation of the brethren. The figure had been recumbent until Mabel's rapid progress had attracted its attention, when it had sat up with great haste, and with its hair on end.

"Mr. Salmon!" exclaimed Mabel, peering into the darkness, and distinguishing with difficulty the Master's son.

"Yes, it is I," said Angelo rising, and breathing with a little difficulty; "is anything serious the matter? What can it possibly be that——"

"That brings me here," concluded Mabel as he paused. "What has brought you out to spy upon me, I might ask with a better grace, Mr. Salmon?"

"Upon my word and honour, Miss Westbrook, I am no spy," replied Angelo in great perturbation of mind, "I had no idea you were out of doors; you have given me a terrible fright, I assure you."

"What are you doing?" Mabel asked peremptorily.

She was annoyed at discovering Angelo Salmon in the quadrangle; annoyed also at being discovered herself, and was "down upon him" accordingly.

"I could not sleep. I didn't feel very well. I have been smoking with father, and his cigars are dreadfully strong," he said with a shudder, "and so I came out into the fresh air to—to think a little."

"Has any one passed you?" she asked.

"Bless my soul, no."

"You have seen no one in the quadrangle since you have been here?"

"Certainly not, except yourself. Is—anybody expected?"

Mabel was excited by delay. She took Mr. Angelo Salmon by the arm, and walked him into the centre of the big grass plat, where the light in Adam Halfday's window was visible.

"Has not that light attracted your attention?" she asked.

"I have not noticed it before," was his reply; "one of the brothers is up late, against the rules. Or perhaps he is ill."

"You know a brother of the name of Halfday?"

"I don't trouble myself much about the brethren," Angelo answered, "I leave that to father. This is not exactly my home. I have chambers in town, if you remember."

"I do not remember," said Mabel almost fretfully; "don't talk, please. Let me think what is best to be done."

"What *are* you going to do?" inquired the perplexed Angelo.

"I am interested—deeply interested—in one Adam Halfday, a pensioner here," Mabel confessed; "he is absent with leave from the charity, his house has been locked during his absence, he has not returned, and yet there is a light in his room to-night. And see there, the shadow of a man's head upon the blind?"

"Oh, good gracious! so there is," cried Angelo. "The sooner we call for assistance the better, don't you think?"

"No, I do not."

"But you will never——"

Mabel interrupted him once more.

"I do not believe there is any one to hurt me in Adam Halfday's room, any one who would think of doing me harm," said Mabel, "and I am going to solve the mystery of that light."

"Alone?" said Angelo.

"Yes, alone. You may wait here, if you will."

"I—I really cannot suffer you to go alone," said Angelo, plucking up the small amount of courage with which nature had endowed him, and feeling very strongly that he must not betray any exhibition of fear to his companion. "I—I will accompany you, if you think we require no assistance."

"I am sure we do not."

"Very well, Miss Westbrook," said Angelo, "I hope you are right."

He was doubtful himself, but thieves were unlikely to intrude upon the precincts of the Hospital, unless they came after his father's plate, and at the worst, why he and Mabel would die together.

There was a faint consolation in that, he was inclined to consider, but it did not buoy him up in any great degree. Certainly he was not quite himself yet; he should have felt a braver man if he had not incautiously smoked one of the fattest and darkest cigars from his father's box of Larranagas. One cannot be wholly a hero when the stomach is sick.

Mabel passed to the cottage and Angelo walked by her side.

"When I am assured all is safe, I may ask you to leave me with the intruder," she said.

"I don't think it would be quite safe to leave you," Angelo replied.

"Adam Halfday is an old man to whom I bring consolation."

"Oh, indeed," said Angelo.

Miss Westbrook was in her right mind he had always fancied, but her actions were certainly extraordinary on that particular occasion.

They were at the common door of the cottages at last, an open gap of darkness which led under the building to a broad space of garden ground beyond, where the brothers raised fruit and vegetables for their

own consumption, and in their proper season, and where beyond the garden streamed a branch of the river. Right and left of the entry were doors—to the right that of Adam Halfday's. Mabel put her hand on the latch and pressed the door silently inwards, but it was as securely fastened as she had found it in the afternoon.

"Locked still," she whispered to Angelo.

"Yes, it's singular," was his reply.

"The man or woman in that room has entered from the back, has crossed the stream and garden ground, and will return that way again," cried Mabel, more excited now, "let us make haste."

Angelo Salmon did not see any pressing necessity for haste, but he followed her notwithstanding. He must have been very fond of Mabel Westbrook in his heart, for he could have followed no other woman or man on so hazardous an adventure. His own father might have gone down on his knees to him in vain,—not that the Master of St. Lazarus would have been likely to act in this fashion, we are disposed to consider.

They passed through the dark passage to the garden, and stood under the star-lit sky, in the rear of Adam Halfday's house, before a door that was ajar, and that opened to Mabel's touch.

Here Mabel paused, and her courage sank a degree or two, as was very natural, at the black little room beyond the door, and through which room she must pass to the front of the house.

"Keep near me, Mr. Salmon," she whispered.

"Certainly—but—but you are quite sure I had better not shout for the police?"

"What police?"

"I beg pardon, I mean for the porter, or anybody else who may be handy."

"Are you nervous?"

"Oh, not a bit! Not I, indeed!"

"We will see this out for ourselves, then."

Mabel Westbrook entered the dark room, and groped her way towards the opposite wall. Through the chinks of the door as she approached, the tell-tale light was seen again. Her heart beat rapidly, but she was nerved to action, and she dashed at the door, and pushed it open with both hands. It swung back noisily against a chair, and startled the inmate, who was sitting at an open desk, poring over many papers. He looked up quickly and fiercely at the doorway, and at the fair figure of the woman standing there and gazing in upon him.

"Miss Westbrook, you here!" he exclaimed in his surprise.

"Yes, it is I," answered Mabel.

And then she and Brian Halfday looked steadily at each other, as men crossing swords upon a point of honour might look before the first thrust was given.

CHAPTER X.

IN ADAM HALFDAY'S ROOM.

BRIAN HALFDAY was paler than when Mabel had seen him last, but the fright which he had had might possibly account for it. A door suddenly swung open in the middle of the night, when the house is quiet and the student absorbed in his task, is not a fair test of the strength of the student's nerves, although Brian had only pushed his chair back, and set his thin, white hands upon the papers, as if in defence of them. His hair and eyes looked darker than usual, Mabel thought, by contrast with the whiteness of his face. If he had been taken off his guard by Mabel's unceremonious method of entry, he was quick to assume his customary demeanour. He rose, placed a rush-bottomed chair at his visitor's disposal, and said, with great calmness—

"Pray take a seat, Miss Westbrook."

"Will you tell me why you are here in secret, Mr. Halfday—why you have all treated me so badly?" said Mabel, far from coolly, in reply.

"I have not treated you badly," he replied. "I hope I can say the same for the rest of my family."

"You have," was her flat denial.

"Pardon me," he said; "but you must allow me to repeat that I have *not*."

"What are you doing here?" asked Mabel, still angry and still bewildered; why do you not answer my questions fairly and straightforwardly? Where is your grandfather? Where is your sister Dorcas? Why——"

She paused as she detected a smile lurking at the corners of his mouth and cried—

"Is it possible that you see anything to jest at in this?"

"You have asked me five questions in a breath—which shall I reply to first?" he said.

"To any of them, so that you answer truthfully."

The smile vanished from his mouth, and the lips became hard and inflexible at once.

"I am not in the habit of telling untruths, Miss Westbrook," he replied.

"You have deceived me already—you have plotted against me from the first moment you became aware of my existence," said Mabel.

"I asked for time to think, and you would not give it me. And, Miss Westbrook," he added in a very earnest voice that impressed Mabel, despite her mistrust of him, "time was as important to you as to me."

"I had told you of the promise to my father."

"Which did not bind me in any way," answered Brian, "which—excuse me, but you have a companion. Who is that sneaking in the background?"

"It is Mr. Salmon, who has been kind enough to accompany me," said Mabel.

"The Master of the Hospital?"

"His son."

"Eavesdropping is fashionable at St. Lazarus," was the acrid comment here. "Come in, Mr. Salmon. You will catch cold in that scullery, I am afraid."

Angelo Salmon, somewhat red in the face, entered the room at this invitation. Brian stared at him for an instant, and then said—

"You will find a chair by the side of your friend. Sit down, please."

"I don't know that Miss Westbrook wishes me to remain," replied Angelo. "I think you said, Miss Westbrook, there might be business to transact with some one here. Is this the gentleman?"

"No, I wish to see this gentleman's grandfather."

"Then if you will allow me to remain as your escort I shall be obliged," said Angelo.

"Very well," replied Mabel, wearily; "I don't think it matters."

She did not think there were any questions or answers of moment to be made now, and it was no longer impossible to disguise her interest in these Halfdays from the outer world of which Angelo Salmon was an atom. Besides, she had learned to distrust Brian Halfday, and the forced lightness of his demeanour had rendered her trebly suspicious. Angelo Salmon was a protection, and a witness, if either were necessary.

Brian appeared to read part of her thoughts, and to smile at them again, as he put various papers in the breast pocket of his coat before locking up the desk.

"I fear this late visit has set me under a cloud, Miss Westbrook," he said, "but I am a patient man, and must wait for the clearer light that will come in good time."

"Have you any right, may I ask," said Angelo Salmon, "to enter this hospital without permission, and take papers from one of the brothers' desks? It appears to me a most extraordinary proceeding."

"What it may appear to you, Mr. Salmon, is of not the slightest consequence to me," was the sharp answer, "but I will correct one or two errors into which you have fallen. I have the permission of the owner of these rooms to be here, and he is as much the master of his own house, by right of charter of this place, as you are master of yours. There is nothing in the original rules by which this foundation was established that forbids a relative's entrance at any time, or in any manner; this place is Adam Halfday's freehold so long as he chooses to remain in it. As for the desk, it is my own property, and it contains papers far too valuable to be left here during the absence of my grandfather. Hence I have taken the first opportunity of calling for them."

"Where is Adam Halfday?" asked Mabel.

"You remind me that I have not replied to your questions after all," he said; "I owe you an apology."

"I would prefer your answers to your apologies, Mr. Halfday," said Mabel with severity. She was drifting into antagonism almost against her will with him, but she could not resist it. He had acted in opposition to her from the outset, and she was quick to resent it. More quick, because she could perceive no reason for his conduct, and it was opposed to the best interests of those for whom he affected to care. She had come as a benefactress, and he was too proud, or too obstinate, to allow benefits to be conferred on those who needed them sorely. It might have been a wiser policy to conciliate this man—to feign to be impressed by his arguments or excuses—but she was above all attempts at disguise, and it was as well that she was.

"I think I have sufficiently explained the motives for my presence, Miss Westbrook," Brian continued; "the hour is a late one. I had not another at my disposal, and I did not care to ask any one's permission to enter this house. That is a fair and straightforward answer, I hope."

"Go on, sir," said Mabel.

"Where is my grandfather, you inquire, and Dorcas?" Brian continued. "I can only reply that they have left the Hospital of St. Lazarus for good."

"You have taken them away?"

"On the contrary, they left of their own free will."

"And Adam Halfday will not return?" said Mabel.

"Not while I can work for him," replied Brian, "and find a home for him. This badge of the order of Noble Poverty has been on my conscience, and a brand on my pride, for more years than I care to look back at, and the old man returns here never again."

"It is an excuse," cried Mabel, indignantly, "a paltry excuse to keep your grandfather from meeting me. You dare not deny this to my face."

"Certainly, I do not wish you to meet my grandfather."

"I knew it!"

"Chance may set him in your way," Brian said, "but of my own free will, Miss Westbrook, I will not take you to him."

"You are more unjust and uncharitable to that old man than to me," said Mabel. "You stand in the way of his comfort and happiness, and, great Heaven! for what reason can it be?"

"I will tell you presently."

"Will you deliver a letter to him?"

Brian shook his head.

"No, I cannot do that."

"Then you and I are enemies from this day, Mr. Halfday, and I will baulk you in your scheme, if it cost me my fortune," cried Mabel, passionately; "you are cruel—you are a coward."

Brian Halfday regarded Mabel Westbrook attentively as she raved at him like a little spitfire, but he did not reply to her invectives. He buttoned his coat to his chin, left his chair, took his hat from a side-table and pulled it tightly over his brows. Angelo Salmon and Mabel watched him furtively. There were a hundred wild schemes revolving in the brain of the heiress, but Brian Halfday gave her no time for consideration.

"I have already written to your father," said Brian, turning suddenly to Mabel's companion. "Good evening,"

"Stay," cried Mabel, "I——"

But Brian had passed into the back room, and thence to the garden, unceremoniously leaving his visitors to put out the light, if they cared to exercise that degree of precaution.

"He is afraid of being detained," said Angelo; "those papers——"

"I have nothing to do with his papers," Mabel answered, "but he shall not go away like this. He must tell me more, or I must trust him more. Let me follow him."

She hurried after Brian Halfday, who, to her astonishment, was on the other side of the stream, which he had leaped like a cat. Yes, she was a terribly impulsive young woman, for she ran to the bank as if to attempt to spring after him, and he came quickly forward, and cried—

"Don't jump, for Heaven's sake, woman! The water is deep there."

"You are going away, leaving me to think the worst of you," she said, "not offering to help me in any way; not seeing that I am your grandfather's friend, your own, your sister's."

"It is for the best, Miss Westbrook," he said, mournfully.

"You war against a weak woman like me, and pride yourself upon a cunning which keeps me false to my word."

This mingled tone of entreaty and reproval might have had a greater effect upon Brian at an earlier period of their interview, for he seemed to waver for an instant, as if to assure her or console her. Then he caught sight of the tall figure of Angelo Salmon advancing to join the lady, and he turned suddenly and sharply away.

"Good night," he said, in a low voice, as he struck off across the fields at a pace with which it would have been difficult to keep up. He was merged in the darkness of the night before Angelo was at her side.

"Has he gone?" asked the chaplain's son.

"Yes."

"Shall I spring across and pursue him?" inquired Angelo, full of enthusiasm in Mabel's service now. "I am an excellent

runner; I won a cup once, and I fancy he has stolen something, do you know?"

"He has stolen away my peace of mind; yes," murmured Mabel.

"You don't mean——"

"I mean that I shall never rest till I baulk him, as he has baulked me," said Mabel. "I bring hope to Adam Halfday, and he prefers in his pride—I see it is all his pride, now—to keep that old man desolate. Oh! if I only had one friend in England!"

"Will you not consider me one?" said Angelo, beseechingly.

"Yes; if you will find Adam Halfday for me."

"I'll try. I'll find him," said Angelo; "I don't think it will be a very difficult task to discover him."

"I shall be very grateful to you," answered Mabel.

"Thank you," said Angelo. "I will begin my inquiries to-morrow. And, dear me, there's that light to put out, and the door to close, or we may have the hospital burnt down before the morning. One moment."

He was not more than two minutes, but Mabel Westbrook had not waited for his return. She had proceeded along the quadrangle to the window of her room, and it was only by running that he overtook her.

"Good night, Miss Westbrook," he exclaimed, somewhat puffily, as he came up with her. "I was afraid you were not going to say good night to me."

"I said that an hour and a half ago," replied Mabel; "still, good night."

"Is it worth while to mention this to—father and mother?" he suggested.

Mabel thought for an instant.

"Scarcely," she replied; "but you may do as you like. There is no secret in it."

"There is not!" he exclaimed. "Well, I can't make out——"

"You will understand me soon enough. Good night again."

"Good night, Miss Westbrook. Good night," he replied, in tenderer accents than she cared to hear. In the night-time, and under the bright stars, this farewell reminded Angelo of Romeo and Juliet, only Juliet was anxious to get rid of him, and it might have struck her that Romeo was hardly up to the mark.

Still Romeo had made wonderful running over the course of his true love that evening, and accident had helped him marvellously forwards in Juliet's confidence and friendship. He did not wholly despair now. He wished that he had done something to show how brave a fellow he was—if it had only been to go first into that dark room some time since; but it was too late to think of that. Presently, he hoped to have a stronger claim upon her gratitude.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DISCOVERY.

ANGELO SALMON, having a task to fulfil, began work in good earnest. Mabel Westbrook had wished, for some mysterious reason or other, to discover Adam Halfday, and he wished to be of service to Mabel Westbrook. He was not naturally of a persevering disposition; a legacy from a rich grandmother had done him all the harm that it could, taken away every incentive to study, quenched the few ambitions that he had ever had, and constituted him a gentleman with a fine capacity for ease. Until he had met this young, bright, energetic girl in the United States, he had manifested a torpidity of temperament and a dreaminess of idea that might have had its sequel in semi idiocy, had not love pulled him together and almost made a man of him. He had fallen in love, truly, desperately, and at first sight, with Mabel Westbrook, and it was as well for his moral and physical condition that the heiress had not fallen in love with him in return, but had, on the contrary, snubbed him and laughed at him. This had impressed him with the fact that life was not to be as he wished it, and had brushed away some of the cobwebs which had been collecting in the corners of his sluggish brain. Though there was not much hope for him, still there was a something to strive for, and Mabel was worth the pursuit. If she had been less clever, less independent, if she had had no money, he would have been glad, for Angelo was far from a brilliant man, and felt his inferiority terribly. He had read very little, and thought less, and there was no attraction in his banker's account to a lady who had money in her own right, and plenty of it. He was unselfish; he would have been glad to marry Mabel without a penny, and he knew how

the fact of her riches would bring round her in good time men who could talk his head off, men with good looks, men of high caste, men who could do everything better than he, except love her more truly and tenderly. Nevertheless, the world was brightening for him a little. Miss Westbrook was a guest in his father's house; she had no friends in England at present, and she had taken him into her confidence as regarded the missing Adam Halfday.

He would find that old man for her, to begin with. If he possessed any gift at all —and he was somewhat doubtful of the fact since he had travelled and met intelligent folk at every turn—it was in sifting little details and arriving at conclusions by the process. In a different sphere of life, and with a fair amount of training, he might have made an excellent detective, and his placid expression of countenance would have helped him forward in the business. As it was, he was simply inquisitive at times. At school he had been invariably called "the old woman;" his inquiring mind took such small turns and became interested in so little that was boylike or manlike. He had never known his lessons, but he could have answered any question about his washing bill, about other boys' bills also, and the exact number of their socks and collars.

This odd faculty—if it can be called a faculty—had fallen into disuse of late years. There had been nothing to excite his curiosity, and he had become so languid and torpid, that his father and his father's friends had grown nervous concerning him, and talked him into travel, with what results our readers can perceive for themselves. He had come back to England an improved version of the Angelo Salmon who had dawdled about Penton for years, oscillating between that ancient city and his lonely chambers in Clement's Inn, with a dreamy idea that he was a man of the world, fulfilling his allotted task in life with credit to himself and his family, and as became an honourable gentleman. And an honourable gentleman he was, without any vice in him, which his cynical acquaintance thought rather a pity, as it was difficult to get on with him in any way save one, and that was in the matter of loans on pressing occasions. Then Angelo Salmon came in handy, and was a blessing to his species.

Angelo became of service immediately upon his return from America, for he devoted himself wholly and solely to the task upon which Mabel Westbrook had set her heart, and he proved himself an invaluable aide-de-camp, He discovered Adam Halfday in a week.

Mabel was still a guest at the hospital: she seemed to have settled down there, and become almost one of the family, to the intense satisfaction of Mr. Gregory Salmon and his better half, who were anxious about their son, and knew very quickly the state of his feelings, which, by the way, and to Mabel's annoyance, he did not make any effort to disguise. He was not a great deal at the Hospital during the week; he was prosecuting his researches early and late. He had begun with Peter Scone, whom he discovered knew more of Adam's departure than Mabel had suspected, and had followed up various little clues with various results until the end was reached, and Adam Halfday and his grand-daughter were found to be living in a little cottage, in the wilds of Pentonshire, up amongst the hills some twenty miles away, where were moor-land and forest-land, and great stretches of green country, dear to the lovers of our charming English landscapes.

"I have found them, Miss Westbrook," Angelo said exultingly one Saturday evening, as he entered his father's drawing-room; "they are on the borders of the next county. They have taken a cottage for six months, at 3s. 9d. a week, and Brian Halfday is there on Sundays, and sometimes in the middle of the week."

"Thank you, thank you," cried Mabel, "you raise a load from my heart by the good news. How can we reach them? When can we go?"

"It is cross country."

"You will order me a post-chaise early to-morrow, please. I may rely upon you," said Mabel, feverish and impatient now, "and relays of horses on the road, at any cost, for time is valuable."

"To-morrow is Sunday," said the Reverend Gregory Salmon, with a faint cough.

"And Brian Halfday will be there, and in your way again," observed Angelo.

"No, we shall be there before him," said Mabel; "we can start by daybreak if necessary."

"He will not go down to-night, certainly,"

said Angelo; "I hear that he walks the whole distance from Penton on the Sunday morning, as a rule."

"He lectures on 'Our City Abuses' at the Penton Institute for Working Men to-night," said the Master of the Hospital, "and there is a debate afterwards in which he takes part. He is quite a firebrand at times, Miss Westbrook."

"I can imagine that."

"A red-hot man, with the most extravagant ideas of the rights of the people, and all those kinds of absurdities," continued Gregory Salmon; "you don't know what trouble we have with him."

"I can imagine him a man interfering with everything, and always disputatious and disagreeable," said Mabel severely.

"That is exactly his character," observed the senior Mr. Salmon.

"Intensely conceited, and allowing no man or woman, if possible, to have an opinion opposed to his own," continued Mabel.

"Precisely."

"A bad temper——"

"Oh! a terrible temper."

"Intolerant and unjust——"

"Decidedly."

"And a man universally disliked," concluded Mabel.

"Ahem—scarcely that. I don't like him myself," said the Master, "for he's disrespectful in his manner to me; but you will be surprised to hear the Penton people voted him a piece of plate last Christmas."

"Yes—I am surprised at that," replied Mabel; "why was the plate given to him?"

"Oh! there has been a fuss for years about the forest rights further inland, and Brian Halfday, who had spent his life poring over old charters and deeds, was the first to take a principal part in the movement, and upset the people's minds," was the answer; "however, his side got the day, and he, as honorary secretary, came in for a silver salver. I wish him joy of it. I hope he may find some use for it out of the pawnbroker's shop."

Mabel, who was thinking very deeply, looked up at this."

"Is he poor, then?"

"The salary at the museum is a hundred and thirty pounds per annum—there were ten pounds extra voted last Christmas by a majority of the trustees," said Mr. Gregory Salmon, "and that is a small sum for a man to give himself airs with, in a city like Penton."

"Ye-es," said Mabel, slowly and hesitatingly, "it is a very small sum. What makes him so proud a man?"

"Oh, like all self-taught individuals, he thinks he is more clever than anyone else—has read more, studied harder, and done more for the parish. You would scarcely credit it, but when one evening at the Institute, with Lord Swelter in the chair, I was delivering an address on the antiquities of this very hospital, he actually rose up in the body of the hall and contradicted my facts. You may imagine that I have not any great regard for a man who so grossly misconducts himself."

"Was he in the right?" Mabel asked.

"My dear Miss Westbrook, I declined to enter into any discussion with him, and Lord Swelter said afterwards that I had acted very judiciously."

"Yes, I dare say," said Mabel very absently. "Mr. Salmon," turning suddenly to Angelo, "will you go or send to the 'Mitre' at once? I will leave at an early hour to-morrow morning. I could not rest here all day in inaction and live."

"If it is a matter of grave consequence, of course I cannot urge you to remain till Monday," said Mr. Salmon, senior, "but it is exceedingly strange."

He waited for his visitor's confidence, as he had waited more than once before, but Mabel only replied—

"It *is* a matter of grave consequence. If I wait, this terrible Brian Halfday will foil me for ever. I am afraid of him."

"I will go to the 'Mitre' at once," said Angelo, rising.

"Thank you. I am deeply indebted to you, Mr. Angelo."

It was the first time that she had addressed him by his Christian name, and he flushed with pleasure. He departed on his errand with cheerful alacrity, and by eight o'clock in the morning of the following day an open postchaise and pair awaited Miss Westbrook's pleasure outside the entrance tower of St. Lazarus.

"When I return there will be no further mystery," Mabel said to the Master, who was at the gates to see her depart with Angelo as guide, "and I shall be very glad. I hate mystery—it has been the only shadow of my life."

"*Au revoir*, Miss Westbrook. Late this evening we shall hope to have the pleasure of welcoming you again," said Mr. Gregory Salmon, with a bow. "Angelo, you will take care of your precious charge, I feel assured."

"I will," said Angelo, radiant with happiness.

The post-chaise was driven rapidly away, and Mabel's face brightened with every mile away from St. Lazarus. She was excited with the journey, with the knowledge that she was approaching the completion of her task, the end of that mission which she had promised old James Westbrook faithfully to perform.

It was a hard task in many respects, but she did not feel its onerous duties now. She had got over that in America, when the truth was told her for the first time, and she had wept and wrung her hands and mourned over the weakness of human nature. Now it seemed like approaching the light, and bringing unto others a salvation from the darkness of their lives. Why Brian Halfday should have studied to thwart her in that task, Heaven only knew—it was unfathomable to her. He must have cruelly misunderstood her throughout, or, from the natural perversity of his disposition, seen in her only a disturber of the peace of mind of his family, instead of one who brought a blessing in her hands. She had imputed as much to him, but he had closed his ears and heart against her, and would not take her word. At all events he would brook no interference—and he had acted like a man afraid of her from the first. If the mystery vanished with her meeting with Adam Halfday—the mystery of the grandson's conduct as well—she would be very glad. Though she should never like Brian Halfday in all her life, she would be at peace with him, as well as with the rest of them, if it were possible.

It was a fair journey, and a bright warm day; the horses were fresh to their work, the postboy was energetic, and it was not eleven o'clock when they were winding up a steep, chalk, rutty roadway to a higher level.

"Three miles more, and we are at the end of our journey," said Angelo.

"Yes; we must be close to the end, now," murmured Mabel.

She had become very thoughtful, as though the excitement of the journey had worn off, and the grave nature of her mission was asserting itself at last, Once or twice Angelo noticed that her lips moved as though rehearsing a lesson or a speech, and that in her grey eyes was a far-away look that told of an utter unconsciousness of present things.

"Round the bend of this hill we shall see the cottage lying in the hollow," said Angelo Salmon, but Mabel did not answer him again.

CHAPTER XII.

FOUND.

AT the turn of the road Angelo Salmon pointed out the hiding-place of Adam Halfday—a little white cottage lying in the hollow of the land, with a belt of fir trees for a background. The steep carriage road diverged from here, and wound on across the hills, but the downs were level enough for the post-chaise to proceed some distance towards the cottage, over the close springy turf.

"What a glorious day it is!" exclaimed Angelo, but the remark failed as ineffectually to arouse his companion, as that of the preceding observation with which he had favoured her. She was too near to the truth; and her eyes took no thought of the day's glory, or of the beauty of the landscape which lay spread before her. Brian Halfday had chosen a fair resting-place for his grandsire in the summer weather; the cottage stood some three-quarters of the way to the summit of the Penton downs, sheltered from the east by the sudden dip in the land, and open to the warm west winds that came across from the sea which sharp eyes could perceive in the distance, an expanse of golden ripple touching the blue sky, and flecked by the sails of stately ships.

"We will get down here, if you please, Miss Westbrook," said Angelo, as the postboy reined in his horses; "the ground becomes broken and rugged in the descent."

"How far is that cottage from us?"

"Half a mile, perhaps."

"It seems as if we were never to get there," said Mabel, impatiently. "Now if it should be too late, after all!"

"That is not likely."

"Did you see him yesterday?"

"I inquired about him—he was in good health."

"And living with his grand-daughter, Dorcas?"

"Yes."

"That is well. Surely there is nothing now to stand between me and that old man," said Mabel.

"I don't think anyone can interfere," Angelo replied; "besides, Miss Westbrook, I am here to protect you. It is the greatest privilege of my life to——"

"Please do not talk so much, you worry me," said Mabel, and Angelo was immediately silent at this petulant appeal. He saw that she was not so calm and grave as she had been; he could almost fancy that there was an expression of regret, almost of irresolution on her face, as if at the last moment she were uncertain of the wisdom of her step, or undecided how to act now that the crisis had arrived.

Here was the end of the task to which she had looked forward during the process of the settlement of her grandfather's estate by the lawyers—that long, wearisome process of "coming into her rights," at which she had fretted and fumed in vain for months.

She and Angelo were silent until they were within a stone's throw of the cottage, and then her escort said kindly and considerately—

"I had better wait without until you have seen Mr. Halfday."

"Are you not curious to know why I have come?" she asked, almost satirically. "Your father is."

"I am not very curious," answered Angelo; "it is a good motive, I know."

"I thank you for believing in me," she said, "and now wish me God speed."

"God speed you on your task, Miss Westbrook."

"Why I have come—the broad, general principle of right which takes me to this house—I will tell you in good faith when we return to St. Lazarus," said Mabel.

Mr. Salmon bowed, and sat down on a rustic seat which had been placed a few yards from the cottage.

"I will wait here," he said; "it is a post of observation, and I can warn you if any one is coming."

"It is hardly necessary," said Mabel, in reply. She walked towards the cottage, which was planted on the downs itself, without any formality of fence or garden ground. Standing close to this humble edifice, a great deal of its picturesqueness vanished by proximity, and there was evidence of wear and tear on its weather-beaten walls, and in the ragged, time-worn thatch above them. The place had not been repaired or painted to suit the tastes of the new comer, and only a rough panel of wood in the centre of the front door was suggestive of alteration. It was the country retreat of one who had neither the inclination nor the means to be too particular as regarded his habitation, and who considered the pure air of the breezy downs a full and satisfactory compensation for domestic inconveniences and the absence of society. Mabel knocked twice at the door without receiving a response. No one came to admit her, no voice called to her to enter, and full of a new fear her hand went quickly to the latch at last. The door was unfastened, and yielded to her touch; it opened inwards upon a room thick with the smoke of a wood fire, which was crackling and spluttering on a wide old-fashioned brick hearth. The intruder found her way with difficulty through the stifling fog, and coughed as she advanced, until a deep, hollow voice by the fireside called out—

"Is that you, Dorcas?"

"No, it is a friend who has come a long way to see you," answered Mabel.

"If you're the woman who came before and read me silly, I'll throw something at you this time," was the exceedingly discourteous warning proffered here.

"Are you Adam Halfday, of St. Lazarus?" asked Mabel, advancing again.

"I am. Is there any reason why I should deny it?"

"Not any."

"And who are you, creeping in when Dorcas and Brian have deserted me?" he asked. "I have no right to be left like this at my age—I am too old—I shall have my throat cut one of these fine days, and nobody the wiser till the beastly chapel's over. Who are you?—are you dumb?" he growled forth, in even more dog-like fashion.

Mabel had reached the old man's side. The smoke had cleared away somewhat by the opening of the door, or her smarting eyes had grown accustomed to it, for she could see that it was the face of Adam Halfday peering from a coarse blanket in which he had enshrouded himself that summer morning. He was sitting in an arm-chair, almost half-way up the chimney, for the con-

venience of securing all the heat of which the wood-fire was capable.

"You do not recognize me, Adam?" she inquired.

"I haven't my glasses; you ought to see I have not my glasses on. Dorcas has left them on the drawers, upstairs—just like her," he mumbled, "always flying and tearing about, without any consideration for me."

"I will get them for you."

"Here!—hi! don't do that!" he screamed forth, "the house don't belong to you, and I can't have people——"

But Mabel Westbrook had found her way up a steep flight of wooden stairs to a room in the roof, secured a pair of glasses in heavy metal frames, which were on a chest of drawers near the window in the thatch, and was down again at the old man's side before he had completed his protest at her unceremonious behaviour.

"I want you to see me very clearly as I am—to make sure I am your friend, and not deceiving you," she said; "put on your glasses, please."

The withered hands into which she placed the spectacles began to shake with nervous trepidation, and Mabel knew already that he was conscious of her identity.

"Sit down, madam," he said, "I will talk to you in a minute."

Mabel sat down, and Adam Halfday put on his spectacles with difficulty, and finally peered at her keenly through them. With his dark, withered face, and with the blanket drawn closely round him, he looked not unlike an Indian chief over his camp-fire, wary, watchful and distrustful.

"Do you recognize me?" Mabel asked, quietly.

"No—not clearly."

"I am the lady who called at St. Lazarus the evening before you left the hospital," said Mabel.

"Indeed," he replied, in a low voice.

"You remember?"

"So many people call there—I can't recollect everybody."

"I was the only visitor that day."

"I don't remember," he replied again.

"Try and think?"

"I don't want to think," he said, in a fretful whimper; "will you wait till Brian comes?"

"I am here at this early hour to avoid Brian," said Mabel.

The old man turned away his head, and blinked at the fire.

"Brian can talk to you so much better than I can," he muttered; "I leave all business to him."

"Adam Halfday," said Mabel, drawing her chair towards the old man's, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, "you are on guard against the truest friend you have ever had in your life, although your grandson has warned you of me for reasons of his own. You are too old to attempt deceit—and too near Heaven, I hope, to lie to any one. Now tell me frankly who I am?"

There was a pause, and then Adam said, without looking at his questioner—

"You are James Westbrook's granddaughter."

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW ADAM HALFDAY TOOK THE GOOD NEWS.

ADAM HALFDAY acknowledged this with a great effort, and, with a timid, appealing look at Mabel, whose fair, bright smile at him in return perplexed him greatly. He looked steadily at the fire still, and said—

"I am a weak old man, and must not be excited too much. If you would only wait for Brian!"

"Still relying on him, then?"

"I have nobody else. He's very unkind to me, but there's no one else," was the reply.

"You rely on a man who has done his best to keep me from meeting you," said Mabel. "I am sorry to speak ill of him, but his has been a cruel and mistaken act."

"He always knows what is best, he says."

"I have come from James Westbrook in all good faith," continued Mabel, "to bring you good news—to raise you from poverty to riches—to render your last days as bright and happy as it is possible in this world, and at your age, they can be—to change the life of you and yours."

The blanket slipped from Adam Halfday's shoulders, as he leaned out of it in intense amazement.

"Brian never said anything of this," he cried; "not a word, not a single word has he told me of what you meant to do."

"I thought not," answered Mabel.

"And I don't see—I don't understand—why will you not explain before the boy enters, and interferes with us? Why will you not tell me what you mean, before Brian comes from Penton?" he exclaimed, with increasing excitement, and forgetting his past entreaties that Mabel should postpone her information until the arrival of his grandson.

Once more Mabel paused—for once more there stole across her mind a doubt of the wisdom of the policy she was pursuing. Words of warning that had been uttered by Brian Halfday on the first night of her meeting with him, came back to her as she sat facing this excitable, unamiable old man. Was she really acting for the best? Ought she not to consider this again before telling all the truth?

"You will listen calmly?"

"I swear to that," was Adam's answer. "Calmly! I should think so."

There was no time for consideration. It had been her grandfather's dying command—let her go on to the end without further hesitation. She could have wished that her listener had been a different man; she had pictured him as something like her own grandfather until he went to England; but if the painting had faded on the wall, it had been drawn by her own vivid imagination, and she had no right to shrink from the real portrait before her. Poverty had cast down and soured the disposition of this man, and Fate had been against him for many weary years—the fate of a hard injustice, which, late in the day, she had come back to atone for.

"The story of your partnership with my grandfather in Penton I need not dwell upon at any length," Mabel began; "it was not a happy alliance, and it was far from prosperous."

"Ay—yes, that's true," Adam Halfday murmured.

"There might have been prosperity, if there had been fair play given to the great business you two strove to create."

"Well, well, go on," he said, impatiently; "pass all that, and come to the end of it, and why you are here."

"You are not listening as calmly as you promised—your hands are shaking with excitement," Mabel warned him.

"You bring me close to an accursed past, and ask me to be calm. Great Heavens! young woman, how is it possible?" he shouted at her.

"I will be brief, but I require of you a greater patience."

"There, there—I'll try," said Adam; "see, my hands are not shaking now—but let me know the worst, or best, in a few words, and get me from the old days as quickly as you can. They were terrible days to me and mine."

"They were. In those past days, you and my father met misfortune, and the firm was broken up," Mabel continued. "There had been not only foolish speculations and gross mismanagement, but downright dishonesty. Warrants of value were not forthcoming, bonds and securities were missing, and there was never a trace of them from that day. Two ruined men, my grandfather and you, parted in bitterness of spirit with each other."

"We did. I hated him," said Adam.

"And distrusted his honesty. Ah, sir, at least that was unfair. Years afterwards James Westbrook learned a truth, and who had ruined you and him."

"Well?"

"It was my own poor father, God forgive him!"

Mabel bowed her head and pressed her hands before her face, but the old man was not affected by her grief. He was only anxious for the recital of the story, and in what way its termination affected his small lease of life. The troubles and griefs of the young were nothing to him; he had known troubles and griefs himself, and had had time to recover from them, as this child would do when he was lying in his coffin.

"Your father—Caspar Westbrook—our cashier," said Adam Halfday slowly. "Ah, I remember him. He went abroad—but all that is past and gone. I don't mind who brought me to ruin; it's too far back for me to care. What have you come for now? That's it!"

"You went down in position, step by step, until, in your poverty, it was necessary to claim the charity of St. Lazarus," Mabel continued; "whilst my grandfather, by degrees, amassed wealth in the New World. It is he who makes atonement from his grave to the man who was ruined by his son."

"Atonement, for such a wrong, comes awfully late!" whispered the old man to himself.

"He kept the secret for my father's sake."

"Whilst I was starving!"

"He had heard you were dead."

"He was always disposed to believe everything he was told—and that was the worst of the business," said Adam.

"I was to discover your children, or grandchildren, for it was only a few days before his last illness the news reached him that you were at St. Lazarus."

"And James Westbrook thought of me on his dying bed?"

"Yes."

"Strange that I should have come into his head after all these years," said Halfday; "and—well, well, well—what did he say about me? What did he think of doing for the old partner whom he had dragged from affluence to the workhouse—for that Hospital was not much better than the workhouse, or this infernal hole where Brian has stuffed me into. What are your instructions—what are you going to do for ME, at last?"

The blanket trailed upon the floor—a corner of it fell into the fire, where it scorched on unheeded, and the old man sat erect in his chair, with his large, veined, claw-like hands clutching at the wooden arms, and with a look of greed upon his face that Mabel Westbrook never afterwards forgot.

"My mission is to be your friend, to watch over you and yours, *as long as I live*," she answered; "never to let one man or woman of your race want help, money, friendship, anything, so long as it is in my power to assist. It is atonement for the past; it was my father's wish before he died—it was my grandfather's."

"Your father is dead then?" asked Adam Halfday.

"Yes. He died in Central Africa."

"A bad climate, that kills thieves as well as honest men," remarked Adam. "Did he go there with Brian's father?"

"I cannot tell."

"They were as intimate as I was with James Westbrook in my youth. I have no doubt they were together. But what are you going to do for ME?" he cried. "How is my life to be changed, and made all that you talk about? If I want money, can I have it?"

"Yes."

"Can I have it *now*?"

"Yes, if you wish."

"Without their knowing anything about it?" added the old man, with a new eagerness horrible to witness; "to do with as I like—just as I like! and no man or woman the wiser."

"Why should you wish that?" asked Mabel curiously.

"They would talk to me—tell me what to do with my money—interfere and harass me—drive me raving mad with their advice—poison me for it, Brian might, for he's fond of money, and works hard for it, and is not too particular."

"Great Heaven, do not say that!" cried Mabel.

"And I don't want them to know how rich I am," he said in a confidential whisper. "Can't you see, lady, how much better it will be for them not to know?"

Mabel shook her head.

"I shall be independent of them," he said. "I can thwart their plans against me at any moment. I shall feel stronger, prouder, younger, when I have some money of my own."

"You do not trust them?"

"In all my life I never trusted man or woman," he replied between his thin closed lips.

"I am sorry to hear you tell me this."

"There has been no one to trust," replied Adam; "in my own family, or out of it, nobody to trust."

"Or to love?"

"No, not one."

"Surely poor Dorcas, who has devoted her young life to you, who is your son's child, has a claim on your affection?"

"Dorcas," said the old man thoughtfully. "Well, no, I don't like her much, and I can't trust her at all. She's the best of them, I suppose. I don't know, I will not try to know at my age. How you wander from the subject! How you put me off, and keep me on the rack! You are as cruel as your father was."

"Ah, do not upbraid me!" cried Mabel. You are old and feeble, and I do not see how this money——"

"What money? Where is it then—how much?"

"I was commissioned to place at your disposal, and as an earnest of good faith, a certain sum, when I had told you all the truth," said Mabel; "when I had asked your forgiveness for my father's crime and

for my grandfather's hard thoughts of you, for all the past wherein you suffered much from man's injustice."

"Yes, yes, I forgive everybody—the whole lot of them, whoever they are. How much money is it?" cried Adam

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Good God!"

Adam Halfday sank back in his chair,—a man shot dead by the announcement; and the wasted form grew stiff and rigid as she gazed at him in horror. She sprang to her feet with a wild scream, as the head fell forwards on the chest, and a strange gurgling noise escaped him for a moment; she bent over him, and unfastened the buckle of his rusty stock with trembling fingers; she begged him to look up and take courage, and not give way at the last, at the very last, like this! she held him to her panting breast as though she loved him, and shed bitter and blinding tears over this poor wreck of all that had been human.

"Look up! do pray look up, for mercy's sake," cried Mabel, in her bewilderment and grief, "or I shall never know a happy hour in all my life again! Adam, my poor dear Adam, see here; your bank-book; a statement of the money lodged at the Penton Bank in your name, to do with as you wish. Do look at it; do look at me! O, Heaven, I have killed him!"

Adam Halfday never saw the great gift which Mabel had brought to him, though his eyes were open and glaring at the unhappy girl who still hung over him. He had passed from this world in the arms of his old partner's grandchild, and joy had killed him, though the poor, grief-stricken, impulsive woman, cowering in the presence of the dead, took the blame upon herself.

When the truth was patent to her, and hard to bear and awful in its suddenness, the room swam round with her, and the consciousness of all that happened struck her down with greater force. She gave forth a second scream of terror, that went echoing from the cottage to the ears of Angelo without, and to the ears of others who were toiling up the hill to meet the dead man waiting in his chair for them, and fell forwards on the sanded floor, at the feet of the old man whom she had come many thousands of miles across the sea to benefit like this!

(To be continued.)

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

AS shadows gather round life's day,
Thoughts saddened sometimes trace the lapse of years,
And call from Memory's tomb a ray
That seems a glimpse of Heaven, subdued by tears,
Or scan the blighted joys that strew the way,
And sorrow o'er departed hopes and fears.

Of all the thoughts that Memory holds in store,
"It might have been" is fraught with deepest pain;
Thank God, its gloom shall fade for evermore,
When death is past, and but our spirit lives remain—
Through Heaven's great amnesty allowed to share,
That love whose power through endless time shall reign.

J. B. B.

MONTREAL.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION;*

A REPLY TO PROF. TYNDALL ON "MATERIALISM AND ITS OPPONENTS."

BY JOHN WATSON, M.A.

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"THE present age is pre-eminently the age of *criticism*, to which all things must be content to submit. Not even religion need expect to escape investigation; for if she seeks to shelter herself behind her sanctity, she will only provoke a suspicion of insecurity, from which those branches of knowledge that invite the severest scrutiny are exempt." These memorable words, written by Immanuel Kant towards the close of last century, have since received abundant illustration. A restless spirit of inquiry has prevailed, and still prevails, which is impatient of anything, however venerable, that cannot at once show its right to exist; and, therefore, it was not to be expected that Theology should succeed in preventing intruders, reverent or irreverent, from invading any charmed circle she might draw around her. Assaults have been made upon her from various positions and by different engines, but it is probably from the vantage-ground of science, and by scientific artillery, that she has been exposed to the fiercest and roughest kind of battery. The progress of science has been so swift and sure that one can hardly be surprised that its representatives are intolerant of rival methods, and forget in their triumphant haste that super-sensible realities cannot be verified by sense or formulated by mathematics: not because they are illusory, but because they lie beyond the circle within which science is free to move. And thus it has come about that some of the most distinguished of living physicists claim for their own department of truth undisputed possession of the domain of real knowledge, reserving for religion the nebulous realm of untested belief and unverifiable conjecture. Wrong begets wrong. The almost insolent tone in which the splendid achievements and definite results of science are contrasted with the stationary attitude and doubtful claims of religion, is partly responsible for that distrust, perhaps even dislike, of scientific progress which many religious minds evince. It is not in human nature to remain passive and unconcerned when beliefs of superlative importance are, or seem to be, at stake; nor is it unreasonable to feel that if we are for ever debarred from knowing more of a Supreme Being than his bare existence—as a school of thinkers, who have now the ear of a large section of the thinking public, proclaim from the house-tops—religious truth is placed at the mercy of every freak of fancy and every change of sentiment, while there is more than a possibility that even this poor minimum of belief will not long escape attack. That this prevision of consequences is not due merely to nervous apprehension is sufficiently proved by the fact that, while such men as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer are convinced that there is a great but unknowable reality behind the veil of visible phenomena, there are others, less reverent or more consistent, who plunge with their eyes open into the cheerless abyss of Materialism and Atheism. The struggle for physical well-being, with which we in this country have hitherto been mainly occupied,

*[The present paper was received some time before the appearance of the article by the Rev. Mr. Martineau in our March number; but as Prof. Tyndall's "Materialism and its Opponents" had been directed mainly against Mr. Martineau, precedence was naturally given to that gentleman's rejoinder. We had intended to publish Mr. Martineau's concluding paper, but it is so long—occupying twenty-seven pages of the *Contemporary*—that it would encroach unduly on our space. Our inability is the less to be regretted, inasmuch as the two papers will very shortly be published in book form by Messrs. Putnam, of New York, and, moreover, the present article covers the whole ground occupied by Prof. Tyndall.—ED. C. M.]

has served as a breakwater to the tide of scepticism that has already swept over Europe; but the roar of its waters is now in our ears and its spray on our faces, and we can only hope to keep all that we most highly value from being torn from the grasp of the more cultured among us by calmly and manfully facing the emergency.

These remarks have been immediately suggested by the reprint, in a late issue of this Review, of the reply Professor Tyndall has thought fit to make to the critics of his celebrated Belfast address.† All who are interested in watching the direction in which the current of recent speculation upon the mutual relations of science and religion is flowing, will have turned with eagerness to the latest utterance of one of the acknowledged leaders of scientific thought. But those who have done so in the expectation of finding therein any substantial contribution to the settlement of this great question will have been disappointed; for while there is some freshness of illustration, and while that felicity of expression which never deserts the author is not wanting, no thought is advanced which has not been already expressed by him with at least equal force and clearness. At the same time, Mr. Tyndall perhaps owed it to himself to state, more explicitly than he had before done, the position he personally occupied in regard to Theism. For although it was evident from the first to any one at all familiar with the school of philosophical physicists, headed by Mr. Herbert Spencer, to which in the main he belongs, that Mr. Tyndall could not justly be charged with Atheism, the way in which he originally expressed himself was certainly calculated to suggest a different conclusion. The explanations that have now been made should be sufficient to dispel this false impression from the mind of all men of candour and charity, and to prevent the future repetition of so obnoxious a charge. It must, however, be confessed that a close and impartial estimate of the *tendency* of the views now distinctly expressed does not warrant quite so favourable a verdict; for the only conception of a Supreme Being ostensibly allowed is so purely negative, that religious thought, or even religious emotion, is rendered impossible. Nevertheless, the Theist who prefers to look at the latest vaticination of the scientific prophet in its nobler aspect, will be impelled to exclaim: "Behold thou hast blessed us altogether!" This is the spirit in which we propose to consider Mr. Tyndall's confession of faith; and if we should seem at first to be magnifying its sceptical side, a perusal of what we have further to say will show that we only seek to remove a morbid part, by sympathy with which an organism on the whole sound is in some degree impaired.

† See CANADIAN MONTHLY for January, p. 56.

In common with Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor Tyndall makes a broad distinction between that which the human intellect is capable of knowing, and that which is forever beyond its reach. The former is the realm of Science, the latter of Religion; as the faculty or organ of the one is the understanding, and of the other emotion. Besides this general opposition of the Knowable and the Unknowable, a further contrast is set up, within the sphere of the Knowable itself, between the phenomena of matter and the phenomena of mind, which are declared to be incommensurable and mutually exclusive. A close scrutiny of the language in which this doctrine is propounded will perhaps suffice to show, that the two-fold opposition it asserts is at once gratuitous and self-contradictory: that, on the one hand, a positive knowledge of that which is ostensibly maintained to be unknowable is covertly assumed, and that, on the other hand, the rigid antithesis of mind and matter is tacitly surrendered. In what follows we shall endeavour to represent our author's thought fully and accurately, and with the impartiality which the importance of the subject demands; to secure which, we shall in most cases confine ourselves to the article reprinted in the CANADIAN MONTHLY, to which the reader may refer to assure himself that we fulfil our promise.

1. In the address delivered before the British Association at Belfast, Professor Tyndall declared that "the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man." In the article now under consideration he adds in illustration: "I dare not, save poetically, use the pronoun 'He' regarding it [the "Power"]; I dare not call it a 'Mind;' I refuse to call it a 'Cause.' Its mystery overshadows me; but it remains a mystery, while the objective frames which

my neighbours try to make it fit, simply distort and desecrate it." This is a perfectly explicit denial of the possibility of any knowledge of a Supreme Power; but it is at the same time a less explicit assertion that this unknowable Power *exists*. We shall endeavour to prove that the denial and the assertion contradict each other.

When we are told that a "Power" exists, which is "absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man," we are apt to let the statement pass, because the word "Power" calls up a more or less definite object of thought, whereas that which is "absolutely inscrutable" can have no definiteness whatever. It is impossible to think of a "Power" without conceiving of it as something which *operates*, and which therefore may be known, at least partially, from its manifestations. Accordingly we are informed that the Power in question is "manifested in the whole process of evolution." It would seem then that we not only know that this Power exists, but also that the infinite energies of organic and inorganic nature, as well as the loftiest thoughts of man, are special modes of its operation. But a Power which pervades and sustains the whole universe can no longer be termed "absolutely inscrutable;" we are now warranted in speaking, with Wordsworth, of—

> "A Presence that disturbs us with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

If therefore we are consistently to maintain our first position, we must suppose that the Unknowable is called a "Power," and declared to be "manifested in the whole process of evolution," merely in deference to the exigencies of popular language, which is not always of the delicacy requisite for the expression of the ideas of subtle thinkers. We are confirmed in this conjecture by our author himself, who "refuses to call" the Unknowable a "Cause." This radically alters our conception of it; for we had supposed, erroneously as it now appears, that it was not only a Cause, but the Cause of Causes—the Absolute Cause, of which all modes of reality are the visible effects. We must then discard the use of the word "Power," which, when supplemented by the important addition, "manifested in the whole process of evolution," is naturally taken to cover the operation of all laws of nature and all processes of thought. We must be particularly careful not to "distort" or "degrade" the Unknowable by supposing that it is a "Power" that operates, or a "Cause" that acts; rather let us conceive it, poetically of course, after the manner of the gods of Epicurus, as somehow dwelling in a pure vacuum, altogether beyond the limits of the known or knowable universe; and let us cease to speak of it as "manifested in the whole process of evolution," since it has no connection whatever with any reality that can be known by us. How then shall we designate the Unknowable? "I dare not call it a 'Mind.'" Of course not, seeing that it is "absolutely inscrutable." "I dare not use the pronoun 'He' regarding it." No, clearly not; for that were to re-introduce the conception of "Mind," which has just been eliminated. What shall the Unknowable be called? for we are now left to our own resources, our guide having deserted us. We are assured that it *exists*, and we must try to attach some meaning to the assertion. Shall we say, "Something exists," or "It exists?" Assuredly not; for the Unknowable must on no account be identified with a material extended *thing*. Does the Unknowable exist at all? Baffled at every turn to attach any meaning to the proposition, "The Unknowable exists," this is the question that at last forces itself upon us. And for ourselves we answer: Yes, it exists, exactly in the sense in which *Nothing* exists—*i. e.* as a pure abstraction in the mind of its creator, but nowhere else. If any one will have the goodness to point out what remains after inorganic nature, organic nature, all living beings and all minds have been thought away, except the abstraction "Nothing," we shall be prepared to admit that the Unknowable has a real existence. It is no Power, no Cause, no Mind, Nothing. By simply holding fast by the notion of its "absolute inscrutability," and refusing to allow it to be brought into connection with, and thus receive a meaning from, that which is really known, we find that the Unknowable, being simply the absence of all knowledge, cannot be even held to have an objective existence.

Does this analysis do Mr. Tyndall any injustice? Is not the conclusion at which we have arrived the only one to which we can come, if we are thoroughly in earnest with the words we employ? If I am forbidden to apply to the Unknowable any predicate whatever; if I dare not call it "He," if I cannot call it "It," if I refuse to call it a "Cause," and must not call it a "Power," what possible account can I render to myself of what I mean? And if the Unknowable has no definite meaning, in what sense can it be said to *exist*? Here if anywhere the "*Vorstellungsfähigkeit*," which he well defines as "the power of definite mental presentation, of attaching to words the corresponding objects of thought, and of seeing them in their proper relations," might have come into play, and served to warn our author that the impossibility of realising in consciousness that which is asserted in words, and the complete absence of all relations, without which no object is even conceivable, conspire to prove that an "absolutely inscrutable" Power is an empty abstraction, about which nothing can be said because there is nothing to say about it. But instead of following out the doctrine of the Unknowable to its legitimate issue, Mr. Tyndall first weaves, out of a series of negations, an impalpable, unimaginable, unthinkable Idol, and then, covering his eyes and stopping up his ears, falls down before it, in true oriental fashion, adoring it as an absolute "mystery." But wherein lies the "mystery?" Is it not entirely self-created? If I sedulously sweep from my consciousness all definite objects of thought —granting that this is possible—and then protest that I am filled with humility and awe, feeling myself in contact with a Presence that overshadows and strikes me mute by its unintelligible wonder, am I not guilty of demonstrable self-deception? Will any mental attitude so readily predispose to the feeling of utterly baffling mystery, as the effort to extract something from nothing, the intelligible from the unintelligible? The darker the night, the more room there is to people space with ghosts; but darkness is simply the absence of light, and ghosts the projection of unreasoning fancy! The Hindoo priest, who believed that, upon shutting out all the sights and sounds of nature and purifying his consciousness of all trace of thought or emotion, he passed into passionless union with Brahma, was not more unreasonable than those who ask us to believe in the reality of a Power, that by definition can never be known. It is really astonishing to find that men who are utterly incredulous of the unintelligible, so long as they are moving in the realm of Science, relapse into sheer mysticism the moment they cross the border-line which ushers them into the domain of Religion! When Molière ridicules the mediæval schoolmen by putting into the mouth of one of his characters the pretentiously nonsensical remark, that "opium puts people to sleep by its soporific virtue," he strikes at the root of that deification of the emptiest of all abstractions—the abstraction of Nothing—which is at present in fashion. For it is as reasonable, to say the least, to account for the production of sleep by saying that sleep is produced, as it is to declare that "the whole process of evolution" manifests the operation of a "Power," of which no more can be said than that it operates.

It has been well said that no error is overthrown until its origin has been accounted for; a remark that is peculiarly applicable in the present instance. That there is a Supreme Power, out of all relation to the actual world, which no effort of human thought can in the least apprehend, is not a new thought: it was propounded shortly after the reception of Christianity, and has reappeared at intervals ever since. It determined the course of the theosophical speculations of Gnostics in the second century, and formed the central idea of mediæval Mysticism; it has been held by profound thinkers like Kant and Sir William Hamilton; it was countenanced by Goethe, and is pertinaciously advocated by Mr. Matthew Arnold.* It will therefore naturally be asked, how it has come that men of such diverse character and habits of thought, separated as some of them are by centuries of progress, should coincide in maintaining, as the fruit of mature and reverential investigation, a view which is declared to be not only untrue but intrinsically absurd. "Surely it is too much to suppose," it may be said,

*[Prof. Watson might have added that the "thought" is also "countenanced" by the Bible, in such passages, for instance, as Job xi. 7: "Canst thou by searching find out God?"—Job, xxxvi. 26: "Behold, God is great, and we know him not"; and many others.—ED. C. M.]

"that such men should allow themselves to fall into a blunder that appears to be of such easy refutation." The objection, besides being merely an appeal to authority, is much less formidable than it looks. For a careful investigation shows that, in all cases, what is denied to knowledge is brought back in some other equivalent form. The Absolute One of the theosophists was really taken out of its self-contained isolation, and brought into connection with the known universe, by the fiction of a series of emanations that were supposed to proceed from it, as successive waves of light go out from the sun. In the system of Kant, the possibility of an intellectual apprehension of the Divine is denied; but the moral law in the heart of man is held to necessitate the supposition of a Being, unchangeable, infinite, and eternal. The limitations of the human intellect are maintained by Hamilton to raise up an insurmountable wall of partition between the finite and the Infinite; but this wall is virtually taken away when Belief is invested with a power denied to Knowledge. Goethe, to whom reference is made by Mr. Tyndall, after making Faust utter a denial of any knowledge of God, allows him immediately after to make use of language that converts the denial into an affirmation:—

"The All-embracer,
The All-upholder,
Grasps and upholds He not
Thee, me, Himself?
Doth not the Heaven vault itself above thee?
Stand not the earth's foundations firm beneath thee?
And climb not, friendly looking down,
Up Heaven's slope th' eternal stars?
And feel'st thou not an innate force propelling
Thy tide of life to head and heart,
A power that, in eternal mystery dwelling,
Moves visibly invisible beside thee? . . . .
All places speak it forth,
All hearts, from furthest South to furthest North,
Proclaim the tale divine,
Each in its proper speech."*

And Mr. Matthew Arnold, in like manner, gives meaning to his negative conception of God by speaking of a "Power, not ourselves, *that makes for righteousness*." Knowledge of a Supreme Being has not, as we are asked to believe, been "denied to some of the greatest and noblest men in this and other ages," if we will only look at the implications of their statements, rather than at the superficial meaning of them; nor has it been refused to Professor Tyndall. Careful examination would show that the real difficulties that surround and obscure all speculations upon the ultimate origin of things, and the unconscious assumption of false and untested premisses, have caused the true proposition, that the human mind has only a *partial and incomplete knowledge* of a Supreme Being, to be confused or identified with the untrue proposition, that *no knowledge whatever* of Him is possible. It would lead us too far away from our present subject to remove the various disguises of language and association by which these two disparate judgments have been blended together, in the case of each of the writers named; but the source of confusion in the writer with whom we are at present concerned it will now be our aim to investigate.

It has already been remarked that Mr. Tyndall allows himself—inconsistently, if we are to take his assertion of the "absolute inscrutability" of the Unknowable in its strict and only legitimate meaning—to speak of a "Power," and of its "manifestation in the whole process of evolution." In this way a definite object of thought is gained, but at the sacrifice of logical consistency. For how can we say that we have *no* knowledge of that which the whole existing universe reveals? Follow Professor Tyndall in the onward sweep of his thought, from the moment when, as in a vision, he sees nothing but a nebulous mist, in which the world is as yet wrapped up and concealed; trace his course as he pictures this potential world coming forth from its obscurity and shaping into greater and greater definiteness, until at length the molten globe hardens and solidifies, and becomes a fit dwelling-place for living things; watch inorganic matter bursting forth into the organic life of the vegetable world, becoming by insensible gradations instinct with the sensitive life of the animal, and rising through myriad forms, until it culminates in man, the highest animal of all; add to all this, that this infinite variety and fulness are the manifestation and evolution of a Power, admittedly only partially revealed; and then ask whether in any intelligible sense it can be said that of this Power we know nothing, or that we are encompassed by an absolute "mystery." That in a certain sense mystery folds us round, and shuts out from our dim vision the unfathomable riches of the Divine nature, all men of reverential feeling will not only admit, but

* J. S. Blackie's translation of "Faust."

eagerly contend; but the mystery is one that takes its meaning and springs from the measure of knowledge we actually possess, not the sham mystery which arises from the futile effort to see something in a bald abstraction. Although Nature has unfolded the secret of many of its laws to the triumphant questioning of science, there are numerous phenomena that have not as yet arranged themselves in the well-ordered and harmonious system of the universe; and hence a perfectly intelligible and demonstrable ground for the assertion of mystery exists, that there are objects partially revealed, which must be capable of taking up their appointed place in the grand economy of things, when they are brought under the fuller light of advancing knowledge. But even although the continuous exercise of millions of human intelligences for countless millions of years shall not, as probably it cannot, bathe every spot in the whole universe in the light of reason; although human knowledge may never "orb into the perfect star"; the presence of spots of darkness, however vast, does not quench the light that is already shining. How then can the Power, which manifests itself in all created things, be termed an absolute "mystery?" We know, according to our author himself, that it exists, and that of it the whole system of things is a manifestation; we know that none of these, nor all of them together, exhaust its endless activity; surely then it is to affirm and deny in one breath to speak of the Power of which we know so much as "absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man!"

It almost seems to be forgotten that the only ground we have for asserting the reality of anything is our knowledge of it, and that if we try to put meaning into that which is defined as the absolute negation of knowledge, we gratuitously puzzle ourselves by self-created difficulties. Mr. Tyndall's misunderstanding of the nature and foundation of knowledge presents a painful contrast to his wonderful capacity of scientific generalization. And the reason is that he tacitly assumes, as a method of knowledge, what is in reality a method of ignorance. Perhaps a familiar illustration will make this clear. Picking up a stone and pressing it in my hand, I find it offers a strong resistance to the muscular energy I bring to bear upon it; looking at it, I see it is of a certain colour; letting it go, it falls to the ground. Here are three properties I have found the stone to possess: hardness, colour, and weight. If I say, this stone is not hardness, nor colour, nor weight, I assert what is undeniable; but at the same time these three attributes, taken together, really constitute the nature of the stone, although they do not exhaust its properties. But if I employ the method by means of which a Supreme Power is shown to be unknowable, I shall remove each of these known qualities in succession, and then ask what the stone is *in itself*, apart from its properties. And the answer will be that I know nothing whatever about it. "The stone in itself," I may say, "I can never know; it is absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man; its mystery overshadows me, and any attempt to apply predicates to it simply distorts and desecrates it." Is it not evident that we may create as many "mysteries" as we choose, by thus separating from an object all its qualities, and then attempting to find something in the bodiless remainder? And yet this conjuring trick has imposed upon the keenest scientific intellects of the present day! In his own sphere, Professor Tyndall would refuse point-blank to be juggled into the belief of his complete ignorance, where demonstrably he was in possession of knowledge. He would reply that he not only knew these properties of the stone, but many others; by chemical analysis, by tracing the relation of colour to the organ of vision, and investigating the nature of light, and by showing that weight involves an immediate relation to the earth and a mediate relation to other worlds, he would show that our rudimentary knowledge of any material object may be indefinitely increased. Now, we contend that there cannot be two fundamentally contradictory methods of knowledge; that as scientific progress consists in the discovery of new relations or properties, so the only way in which the Power which knowledge as a whole partly reveals and (not revealing fully) partly conceals, can be truly apprehended, is by seeking it in the whole of known existence—*i.e.* in the sum of relations by which the universe is constituted.

2. By a simple analysis of the language employed in regard to the Unknowable, it has been shown that what is taken away with one hand is restored with the other:

knowledge of a Power, declared to be "absolutely inscrutable," is denied; but as the surrender of such knowledge is only equivalent to an endorsement of the Lucretian maxim, "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*," no real prejudice is raised against knowledge of a Power which is "manifested in the whole process of evolution." Little surprise will therefore be felt that Mr. Tyndall likewise blows hot and cold when he comes to speak of emotion as the sole organ of Religion. He maintains the "mutual independence of religious feeling and objective knowledge;" Mr. Martineau, he says, "professes to *know* where he only claims to *feel*," and speaks of "organs of divine apprehension," not recognizing the "entirely *subjective* character of his creed."

Here there is a perfectly unqualified denial of any knowledge whatever of a Supreme Power, which is yet very strangely held to be "manifested in the whole process of evolution," and is at the very least known to *exist*. For ourselves, we confess our total inability to see how these contradictory statements may be even plausibly reconciled. If religious feeling entirely excludes "objective knowledge," the assertion that the supposed Power exists must be given up; and if the Power is known to exist there must be some "objective knowledge" of it —a knowledge of its real existence beyond the individual mind—in which case religious apprehension is not "entirely subjective."

But no doubt it would be replied that by "objective" knowledge is meant definite knowledge—a knowledge of the *nature* of the unknown Power. Here the admission that in the absence of all attributes no knowledge whatever is possible is unwittingly made; an admission that indirectly bears out the conclusion that the "absolutely inscrutable" is incapable of being either thought or expressed. Without at present further insisting upon the consequences of this admission, let us see whether, upon the exclusion of all knowledge, religious emotion is possible at all.

Now it will be at once admitted that no emotion of any kind is possible, unless the person who experiences it *believes* in the reality of the object towards which it is directed. This is, of course, very different from saying that the belief proves the object not to be "entirely subjective;" for it is self-evident that emotion may arise either when the object of it is very different from what it is supposed to be—as is perhaps usually the case in the amatory passion—or when there is no real object at all. But it is a universal law, to which religious feeling is no exception, that no emotion can be experienced without an accompanying belief in the actual existence of something that excites it. The fetish-worshipper picks up the first stick or stone that attracts his eye, and clothes it with superhuman attributes woven from the emotions of his own soul; but the moment he is convinced that the reality does not correspond to his belief, he casts it from him as a worthless thing. From the musical murmur of the fountain and the whispering silence of the forest, from the mysterious voice of the ocean and the infinite vastness of the overarching heavens, the poetic mind of Greece created a host of supernatural beings, to whom the tribute of incense and prayer was offered up; but the "dry light" of the understanding gradually banished the gods from the creed of the more thoughtful; a more artificial and corrupt age overlaid the sublime simplicity of the religious conceptions of an earlier time with incredible fictions; and at length even the devotion of the masses died out with the extinction of their faith. So in the later days of the Roman Republic, as in the period of the Empire, when real belief in the gods lingered only among the most illiterate and unthinking, not reverence and awe, but indifference and contempt were felt for the detected shams: the philosophers tolerated their worship from moral or political motives, the wits turned it into a jest, the very children and old women scoffed at it. And, coming nearer ourselves, the extreme difficulty we have of realizing that our English forefathers had a living faith in Woden and Thor shows how the decay of religious belief is surely followed by the extinction of religious emotion. Nay, does not the pity or contempt with which the Protestant of to-day regards the divine honours paid to the Blessed Virgin teach the same instructive lesson? Really, the inseparable dependence of feeling and belief is so manifest that some excuse almost seems needed for insisting upon and illustrating it. Our justification is that it is tacitly denied when we are called upon to admit that religious emotion may survive disbelief of the "objective" reality of a Supreme

Power. This concealment of manifest consequences is simply, as Carlyle says in a like connection, "an attempt to roof over the bottomless pit." The fabric of emotion cannot be raised upon the bosom of Nothing; it must have a foundation of some solidity to rest upon, or it will inevitably fall when the rains descend and the floods come, and great will be the fall of it! Convince people, as Mr. Tyndall labours to do, that religious feeling is thrown out at empty space, and you cut away the roots, and remove the soil, and extinguish the sunlight, without which the fruit and flower of religious life will never come into being. Nor does it in any way mend matters to say that, although we have no knowledge of the nature of the Power that underlies all phenomena, we may be certain of its existence; for even granting that this proposition is capable of being intelligibly stated—and that it is not we have already tried to show—the survival of emotion is not by this alteration rendered one whit more credible. Emotion demands for its production not only belief in a real object, but belief in an object *adequate to its production*. But if the Unknowable is to be conceived neither as a Power, a Cause, a Mind, a Person, nor as anything else that has meaning for us, how can the contemplation of it excite even the faintest trace of emotion, unless it be the emotion of intellectual bewilderment? How can it be either worshipped or reverenced, admired or loved? How can it produce either hope or fear, doubt or apprehension? The thing is incredible; and therefore to purchase the safety of Religion at the ignoble expense of rational comprehension, is to overreach one's self by giving up at the same time that emotion which we are told is "the only philosophic foundation on which it is possible to build religion."

Here, however, as before, we have to rejoice at the manifestation of a noble inconsistency. Even when he is maintaining that Religion is entirely "under the reign of Emotion," Mr. Tyndall informs us that "the scientific investigator finds himself overshadowed by the same awe" as moved Kant, when he contemplated "the starry heavens and the moral responsibility of man;" an awe that "associates him with a Power which gives fulness and tone to his existence," and which he "sees manifested in the universe." Here language is used which distinctly implies that the sphere of emotion somehow overlaps the sphere of knowledge. It is easy to understand how a Power, which is "manifested in the universe"—as *e. g.* in the starry heavens and the moral nature of man—should call out religious emotion of a pure and lofty kind; for it is difficult to see in what essential respects that which is revealed alike in the physical and moral world, while it cannot be identified with either, differs from the Creator and Moral Governor of the world, of whom the ordinary Theist speaks. That this Power is in reality that Supreme Being, who is neither unknowable nor unknown, an examination of the positive side of our author's theory, to which we now proceed, will, we believe, firmly establish.

3. Leaving the realm of the Unknowable, Professor Tyndall enters the sphere of the Knowable, and discourses upon the nature of "matter," which is said to contain "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." A preliminary word or two upon the relation of Science and Religion will prepare the way for the further remarks we have to make.

We may approach Nature with two very different objects in view: either to find out the special properties or relations by which individual things are constituted, and the laws which regulate the co-existence and succession of natural events; or to discover the ultimate nature of the universe as a whole—whether, for example, it is self-dependent and self-governed, or dependent for its existence and manifestations upon a Supreme Being. The former is a scientific, the latter a theological problem. It is of course quite legitimate for a scientific man to assume the role of the theologian, or for the professional theologian to decide upon a question of science, provided that he has competent knowledge and does not attempt to solve the one by a method that is only appropriate to the other. Now, when Mr. Tyndall informs us that "matter" contains the "promise and potency of every form and quality of life," he may be speaking either from the stand-point of science or from that of theology, according as he means that life follows and is, as a matter of fact, connected with inorganic things, or that all known phenomena, inorganic and organic, may be explained from themselves

without assistance from any higher principle. These two essentially different questions are, in the article under consideration, confused together, so that now the one and now the other prevails, and the conclusion at last reached appears to be established by scientific observation and experiment, when in reality it is the result of theological speculation. This confusion is concealed mainly by an ambiguous use of the term "matter," which is sometimes employed, in its proper scientific sense, as a general name for all phenomena *except* those of life and consciousness; and at other times in a theological sense, as identical with the Power of which all phenomena indifferently are the "manifestation." This charge has to be made good.

Mr. Tyndall begins with inorganic nature. "Let us," he says, "travel in company to the Caribbean Sea, and halt upon the heated water. What is that sea, and what is the sun which heats it? Answering for myself, I say that they are both matter." Certainly; but what is "matter?" Apparently (p. 64) it may at present be defined as a "homogeneous extended atomic solid," the atoms of which (p. 62) are "in motion, and of various shapes, and of as many kinds as there are chemical elements." This is undoubtedly a scientific definition of "matter," nothing being said as to its *ultimate nature.* Nor is the next step open to objection. The sun is supposed to act upon the surface of the sea, and the water, with the exception of a "solid residue of salt," takes to "itself wings and flies off as vapour;" reaching the Alps, the vapour condenses to "particles of crystalline water," which "coalesce to stars of snow." These crystals are claimed to be "matter," and the claim cannot be denied, since nothing is said as to the *ultimate nature* of "matter."

But we enter a strong protest against our author's next step. "A *formative power,*" he says, "has obviously come into play which did not manifest itself in either the liquid or the vapour. The question now is, was not the power 'potential' in both of them, requiring only the proper condition of temperature to bring it into action? Again I answer for myself in the affirmative." Here the passage from the scientific to the theological point of view is made, since the term "matter" is no longer applied to a *special object* having certain definite properties, but to the *universe as a whole.* See what is involved in the above reasoning. The water of the Caribbean Sea, like the sun, is "matter," *i. e.*, it is an "atomic solid," having certain sensible properties. Here there is nothing said of a "formative power," that is "potential," in either the "water or the sun;" a proof that the ordinary scientific conception of "matter" does not contemplate any explanation of the ultimate nature of a material thing. The water changes its form and becomes vapour; but how? Not of itself, nor from any "power" that it has potentially in itself, but by the action of the sun's rays upon it; in other words, we are now speaking, not of a special material thing, but of the operation of certain physical laws. Then we have to "compound the northward motion of the vapour with the earth's axial rotation" in order to account for the motion of the vapour to the Alps. We are getting far away from the material thing called "water," with which we started; for here is a greater complexity of natural laws introduced. The vapour *of itself* has no power of motion "potentially" in itself, any more than the water has the capacity of converting itself into vapour. Finally, the "cold firmament" has to be introduced to explain the condensation of the vapour to crystals; and hence it is not in the vapour that the formation of crystals must be sought, but in the general laws of the physical universe. What, then, does Professor Tyndall mean by telling us that in the "liquid" and the "vapour" there was "potentially" a "formative power?" Is it not at once apparent that these form the least important factor in the production of the ultimate result, the crystal, and that the "formative power" really lies in Nature *as a whole?* Suppose we discount the action of the sun's rays, the influence of gravitation, the coldness of the atmosphere, and, in short, the general laws of nature; and what becomes of the "formative power?" Evidently the "liquid" or the "vapour," *per se,* is no more competent to build up the symmetrical forms of the crystal than to extinguish the sun. When, therefore, we are told that "matter" has "potentially" a "formative power," we are not to understand by this that any individual material thing, such as a "liquid" or "vapour," has this power, but only that it is possessed by

the universe as a whole. And as the universe is not identical with any part of itself, so neither is its "formative power" the same as the sum of visible things; for these things are simply its manifestation. Thus we obtain the conception of a "Power," which is "manifested in the universe." In short, what Mr. Tyndall now calls "matter," he formerly called a "Power, absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man." Thus his "Materalism" turns out to be very innocent indeed, when it is properly understood. And it is very instructive to note how the assertion of "absolute inscrutability" changes into the claim of considerable knowledge, when the same thing is called "matter" which was before termed "Power." Such is the potent influence of a name, that we are now called upon to admire the "astonishing addition made to the power of matter," when contemplated as the artificer of crystals; an admiration which must now be extended to the "Power" which was formerly maintained to be "absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man," and thus defrauded "of an intrinsic architectural power, which the art of man, even when pushed to its utmost degree of refinement, is incompetent to imitate." Liberating ourselves from the confusing influence of ambiguous language, we have now the conception of a Power that is manifested, although incompletely, in the whole of "the things that are made." Such a conception does not of course coincide with the Christian idea of God; but so far from being antagonistic thereto, it involves the attributes of superhuman power and intelligence. And we shall have occasion to see that the conception must be widened and purified by the addition of other and loftier attributes.

Mr. Tyndall next passes to the organic world, and begins, as was meet, with vegetal life. "On the ground near a tree planted by Sir John Moore, little oaklets were successfully fighting for life with the surrounding vegetation. The acorns had dropped into the friendly soil, and this was the result of their interaction. What is the acorn? what the earth? and what the sun, without whose heat and light the tree could not become a tree, however rich the soil, and however healthy the seed? I answer for myself as before—all 'matter.'" Here the passage from the scientific to the theological conception of "matter" is made at one bound. The term "matter" cannot be here employed in the sense of an "extended homogeneous atomic solid," nor even in the sense of that which manifests the operation of mechanical and chemical forces; it must mean that which is also displayed in the higher phenomena of vegetal life. We are not concerned to defend the position that there is in the plant a "soul," distinct and separate from its organism; on the contrary, we maintain, as emphatically as our author, that such a "soul" is an unintelligible abstraction. Surely it was quite superfluous to prove to a man of Mr. Martineau's philosophic grasp of thought, that the "soul" of the plant is not externally put into it, as one would fill up a vessel with water! What we wish to point out is that Mr. Tyndall is gradually idealizing the conception of "matter" with which he started. To this we do not object, so long as it is admitted that the "matter" spoken of is not "matter" as first defined, but that which is manifested in the totality of natural laws. What we have to complain of is the very misleading language which is employed. Speaking of the Ceylon fern, our author asks: "Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaf—their form and texture—lie in the molecular structure of these apparently insignificant stems?" No, it certainly does not lessen one's amazement—it raises it to the height of incredulity! In the passage in reference to the oak, already quoted, it is pointed out that for the growth of the plant there are needed the heat and light of the sun, without which the plant could not become a plant, "however rich the soil and however healthy the seed." In plain terms, the whole of the dynamical and chemical forces of the universe must conspire to the production of vegetal life. It is not therefore from their "molecular structure" that the foliage of the oak and the fern proceed, but from the Power which is seen manifested in the whole universe. If we limit ourselves to the "molecular structure" of an individual plant, we shall never get beyond the conception of an "extended homogeneous atomic solid." "Matter," as that which is revealed in the phenomena of life, not less than in the phenomena of inorganic nature, is nothing that can be discerned by our senses; it is simply the "Power" which, we

are told, is "manifested in the whole process of evolution." We need not quarrel with our author's terms; so long as it is clearly understood that "matter" is, in the theological sense, synonymous with the so-called "Power," we are content. Now we know that it displays not only power and intelligence, but must in some sense possess life. We are approaching nearer to the true conception of a Supreme Being.

The next step will have been anticipated. The animal, as well as the vegetable, is a product of the power latent in "matter." And of course the origin of man is to be traced to the same source. "Were not man's origin implicated, we should accept without a murmur the derivation of animal life from what we call inorganic nature." We must figure the babe "growing in the womb, woven by something not itself, . . and appearing in due time, a living miracle, with all its organs and all their implications."

How "matter" has gradually transformed itself! We have simply to make explicit what is implied in these words, to have the conception of God in its fulness and completeness. We are told indeed that life and consciousness are "derived from what we call inorganic Nature." This, however, we must regard as a loose and popular way of speaking. "Inorganic nature" is definable as an "extended homogeneous atomic solid" of certain sensible properties; and from that which is so conceived nothing can be derived except "inorganic nature." Professor Tyndall is here taking advantage of the ambiguity that lurks in the term "matter," and asserting of it in its scientific sense what is only true of it in its theological meaning. Life and consciousness are no more the product of "matter," regarded as another name for "inorganic nature," than the "Power, manifested in the whole process of evolution," is dependent upon that process. Not "inorganic nature," but "matter"—that which is revealed in the inorganic world, as well as in the world of consciousness and of life—contains "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." Suppose, then, that we eschew the confusing term "matter" altogether—the disuse of the mere word cannot in any way affect our conceptions—and ask how the results which we have now obtained are to be formulated, what shall we have to say? We must say that the Unknown is that which works through the laws that keep the stars in their appointed places, guide the planets in their orbits, regulate the motions of all visible things, and control the incessant vibration of invisible molecules. Is this all? No; it is that which, acting mysteriously, separates or draws together the countless atoms of which each thing is made up, and manifests its handiwork openly in the mathematical regularity of the snow crystal. Does the power of the Unknown end here? No; it is that which, essaying a higher feat, impels the sap through the veins of the tree, forms its minute cells, weaves the whole into a texture "wonderful even to the naked eye," and superintends the ever-ending, ever-renewed cycle of changes of vegetal life; that which stirs in every nerve of the animate being, flashing sensation from periphery to centre and impulse back again from centre to periphery. Has the Unknown further capacity? Yes; rousing itself from the death-sleep of inorganic nature and the sluggish life of plant and animal, and gathering itself together for a last triumphant effort, it awakens to conscious thought and feeling in man; informs the song of the poet and guides the intellect of the scientific discoverer; embodies itself in languages, laws, institutions; originates moral and religious conceptions; and rolls on, in an ever-deepening and ever-widening stream of civilization, through the ages, enlightening, purifying, and elevating. Is this all? No; for the Unknown is still "working and weaving in endless motion," in inorganic nature, in plant and animal, and in man; and what its final manifestations will be no man can tell. The Unknown is all that has been said, and more; it is not to be identified with any of its embodiments; its glory is only partially revealed, and no limit can be set to its creative activity. What is this Unknown? Is it "matter?" Its nature cannot be altered by any name we may choose to give it; but at least it is an omnipotent, omnipresent, infinite Being, which surely it were no misnomer to call by the high name of *God*.

4. At this point we are reminded that we have been assuming much more than Mr. Tyndall is willing to allow. Swept along by the current of his speculation, we have been carried beyond the point where he stops, and have been led to suppose that consciousness, not less than inorganic na-

ture and living things, is a manifestation of "that mysterious something called matter." Nor have we been altogether deserted by the apparent countenance of our guide. For not only does he reject the supposition that there is in man a "soul" distinct from his body, and therefore remove all legitimate grounds for isolating consciousness from sensitive life, but he uses expressions that in their natural sense seem to mean that there is no break in the continuity of man's animal life and his intellectual and spiritual nature. What, for instance, are we to understand when we are told that "no line has ever been drawn between the conscious and the unconscious," if not that consciousness is an efflorescence of "matter?" What is the meaning of the statement that the babe "is woven by something not itself, . . . and appears in due time, a living miracle, with all its organs and *all their implications?*" And how are we to interpret the assertion, occurring in the Belfast address, that "the doctrine of evolution derives man *in his totality* from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages past?" When an author allows himself to use language so loosely as to suggest unbroken continuity, when he means to affirm an absolute rupture, he need not be surprised should his meaning be misapprehended.

We must, however, accept the explicit statements that "the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable," and that "the chasm between the two classes of phenomena is intellectually impassable." Physical and mental phenomena thus, like two parallel lines that never meet however far they may be produced, have no point of contact, although they are of equal certainty.

The first reflection that suggests itself in regard to this doctrine is that the supposed opposition of mind and matter cannot be so absolute as it is said to be, since it must be by a *mental* process that material phenomena are known. If these phenomena lie entirely beyond the circle of consciousness, they must be for ever unknowable. How then was the impossible feat of crossing a "chasm" which is "intellectually impassable" ever accomplished? It must be by an intellectual process that we are enabled to affirm that there are two isolated realms of existence; and if only by an intellectual process the existence of the non-intellectual is discovered, must not consciousness in some sense enfold material as well as mental phenomena? This difficulty is not met by the explanation of Mr. Herbert Spencer, which our author seems to favour, that modes of consciousness are merely *symbols* of an external reality; for the "physical processes" that are maintained to differ *toto cælo* from the "corresponding facts of consciousness" are material phenomena as they are actually known. There must be some radical misconception at bottom when it is held, in the teeth of facts, that the phenomena of inorganic nature, which cannot be shown to have any existence apart from consciousness, yet absolutely exclude consciousness. There is evidently a sense in which mind comprehends the material world, as the atmosphere surrounds and embraces our globe; while the converse proposition, that matter comprehends mind, cannot be even intelligibly stated, unless consciousness is first presupposed. For what is "matter," or "atoms," or "physical powers," or the "molecular structure of the brain," apart from consciousness and thought?

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not advocating the absurd theory that the material universe depends for its reality upon the consciousness of the individual; this no man in his senses ever did or ever will believe, however he may affect to do so. The world does not vanish when I shut my eyes and reappear when I open them. What we claim is that, if it were possible for *all intelligence* to be removed, the natural world would at the same time fade away for ever, leaving not a wrack behind. Try to conceive of anything that is entirely dissociated from consciousness, and the utter futility of the attempt will at once become manifest. There lies before me certain printed matter, which upon inspection I find to be an article entitled "Materialism and its Opponents." By a necromancy a thousand times more wonderful than the evolution of the umbrageous foliage of the oak from the interaction of the acorn, the earth, and solar light and heat, gross matter is converted into a magic glass, in which the partial outlines of a great mind are mirrored. But had there not been intelligence in the conceiving mind, and intelligence in all the intermediate processes by which Mr. Tyn-

dall's thoughts have been visualized, the printed words would have been to me as unintelligible as was the Sphinx's riddle to her hapless victims. For the communion of mind with mind, there must be common intelligence on both sides; and however extreme may be the divergence in the relative capacity of teacher and taught, essential unity of nature must pervade both, or no result will follow. Is this law inoperative when the communion is no longer between man and man, but between man and nature? Do we read into nature a meaning that is not there? Shall we not rather say that we discover in it a depth of meaning that but suggests to us how much more might be found if only our intelligence were strengthened and purified? We hold that if Reason were not present in the natural world, no effort of the most splendid intellect could extract one jot of coherent meaning from it. The whole aim of the man of science is to spell out the words that are written in its mighty pages; and in doing so he is perpetually reminded that its laws are unchangeable; that no single atom in the whole great universe stands alone; that above, below, afar, there stretch invisible cords by which all things are bound together. Chance has no counterpart in the world of reality; and what is chance but another name for unreason? Professor Tyndall asks that the claim to knowledge of a Supreme Being should be "verified," and here is the answer: That which is comprehensible by an intelligent being, such as man, must itself be the product of an Intelligence. And the same Intelligence which manifests itself in nature also reveals itself in the human mind. For the laws of thought are, after all, the necessary condition of the laws of nature. If therefore nature must be an embodiment of reason in order to be intelligible, the human mind must also be rational, or nature would be a "book with seven seals." Whence come the laws of thought? It will not be seriously contended that each mind creates itself, and hence they must be derived from a higher source. Can intelligence proceed from anything but intelligence? And if not, are we not necessarily led to find, in mental laws—which are at bottom necessary and absolute, however imperfectly they may be comprehended—the presence of a Lawgiver who prescribes them? Moreover, it is impossible to separate the human intellect from the human conscience, both being united in one person, whose nature they together constitute. But moral distinctions can neither be altered nor destroyed; they are as inviolable as the laws which control the motions of worlds. Thus the same Supreme Power, which is manifested in nature, also reveals itself in the mind and conscience of man. The supposed "chasm" between nature and consciousness is removed, when it is seen that all forms of existence are united in Him, who comprehends them all, while exhausting Himself in none.

Our aim in the foregoing remarks has been to show that in the scheme of the universe sketched by Professor Tyndall, contradiction enfolds contradiction, as ball lies within ball in a Chinese toy. Perhaps things have been said that to some may appear untrue, and to others doubtful; but we are not conscious of having advanced any proposition that does not admit of justification. If our reasoning has been sound, the following positions have been established:—First, that an "absolutely inscrutable" Power, as it cannot be known, so it cannot legitimately be held to exist; secondly, that the foundation of religious emotion is taken away, when knowledge of a Supreme Being is denied; thirdly, that "matter," not being identifiable with any finite existence, but being partially manifested in the whole of existing things, is synonymous with the "Power" otherwise declared to be unknowable, but here admitted to be eminently knowable—in one word, God; and finally, that this Supreme Being, the source and essence of all finite existence, is intelligent and moral. In conclusion, a word or two may be said in reply to the objection that the claim to knowledge of God is and must be Anthropomorphism—a favourite charge of those who insist that the Infinite is unknowable. Mr. Matthew Arnold, it is well known, maintains that the popular conception of God is that of a "magnified and non-natural man in the next street;" and Professor Tyndall, in the article before us, speaks with some contempt of Gassendi and Mr. Clerk Maxwell, who present Him "under the guise of 'a manufacturer of atoms.'" That either form of presentation is exceedingly imperfect it were vain to deny; but, just as "absolute inscrutability" has been affirmed when "partial ignorance" would have been the

fitting expression, so we may be sure that neither of the definitions objected to is at all adequate as a symbol of the conception in the mind of its framer. In any case, Theism is not responsible for the imperfections of its advocates. A God who is vacillating, capricious, changeable, or who watches from a distance the independent movements of the world-machine He has constructed and set in motion, is certainly not calculated to call forth the highest reverence or the purest love of man. But this is not the conception which a contemplation of nature and of consciousness suggests. In the one, we discover, and are discovering more and more, the presence of a Power, whose majestic movements are regulated by the faultless rhythm of self-prescribed and inviolate law; the other, with its two facets, the intellectual and the moral, leads directly to that Spirit "in whom we live and move and have our being." Although we are hemmed in by the restrictions of our short human life, mystified by the vagaries of our human minds, and misled by the aberrations of our human hearts, there has not been denied to us a real knowledge of Him whose ineffable splendour shines into the sphere of our earthly existence, and whose infinite perfections are fitted to satisfy our noblest emotions. If to hold this is to give way to Anthropomorphism, we are content to merit the taunt. Out of the fulness of his heart, Professor Tyndall speaks, in apt and beautiful words, of the humility and awe that a contemplation of the universe evokes; and these emotions he feels, because his whole spiritual nature is responsive to Him who is infinitely Intelligent and unchangeably Good.

THREE GENERATIONS.

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THREE generations ago carry back the imaginations and traditions of living men into a wonderfully different world from the present. By such few steps we get away from our Victorian era to a time when young George the Third declared himself proud of the name of Briton; and having made John Stuart, Earl of Bute, his Prime Minister: Smollett started the *Briton* as his organ, Wilkes and Churchill set the *North Briton* a-going in ironical antagonism to that ministerial broad-sheet; and by-and-bye there followed Grenville, Chatham, Junius, Lord North, with Lexington, Bunker's Hill, the surrender of General Burgoyne, and the Declaration of Independence which made such a new world of this western hemisphere.

The present is undoubtedly, in some sense or other, a product of all the past. But according to one class of modern evolutionists, there is an actual transmission of mental and moral characteristics from generation to generation. Mr. Francis Galton in his "Hereditary Genius," and M. Theodore Ribot in his "Heredity," aim at showing that statesmen and philosophers, artists, poets, scholars, and orators, are all begotten in a succession of generations, like so many prize short-horns. From Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, have come Robert Pitt, of Boconnoc; William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; and then the younger William Pitt, the real ruler of England during very memorable years of the 18th and 19th centuries. Again, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of "The Botanic Garden," of "Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life," &c., had a son, Robert, a physician of note, and in due course a

grandson, Charles, known to all men as the author of "The Origin of Species," "The Descent of Man," and, in short, of Darwinism. Evolutionists, therefore, claim some show of reason in looking to the third generation for the harvesting of whatever seed-times of promise the men of mark of an elder time may supply. We do not, however, propose at present to discuss the bearing of the supposed "laws of heredity" in relation to "the bright particular stars" of that elder time when George III., a young and promising prince, revived the sentiments of loyalty among the descendants of the old English cavaliers and jacobites; and, as the great Whig historian says, with profane levity, "The Tories—who had always been inclined to King-worship, and who had long felt with pain the want of an idol before whom they could bow themselves down,—were as joyful as the priests of Apis, when, after a long interval, they had found a new calf to adore!" But, apart from all other reasons for not following down Smollett, Wilkes, Churchill, or "Junius" to their third generation, it may suffice as an adequate one that they never got so far. We propose, therefore, to glance at the working of this assumed law of transmission of mental and moral characteristics, and the consequent propagation of breeds of philosophers, economists, artists, and orators, in a humbler line of exemplars of this "survival of the fittest,"—to see, in fact, whether there is any prospect of begetting a breed of first-class preachers, of which we are as much in want at present as of any other intellectual commodity.

Among the characters that figure in Burns's "Ordination," "The Kirk's Alarm," "The Holy Fair," and others of his satirical poems, one of the heroes of "The Twa Herds"—the Rev. John Russell, of Kilmarnock,—was a man of local celebrity and unwonted force of character. He was a native of Morayshire, trained at the University of Aberdeen; and Hugh Miller is good authority for the fact that the race of Welches, Pedens, and Cargills of the old covenanting times was perpetuated to the north of the Grampians long after they had become the heroes of a past history in the south. Whether it was due to his northern birth and training, or solely to personal characteristics, certain it is that John Russell belonged to the same type of stern, Calvinistic preachers, in whom the uncompromising spirit of the confessors of the times of the persecution survived into the eighteenth century. Buckle, who sought to reduce the phenomena of history to very simple laws, and brought them to bear in no very flattering manner on Scottish national story, nevertheless disbelieved in the possibility of perpetuating a race of Scottish puritans by hereditary succession. It may be of some interest now to trace out the evolutionary process as it has manifested itself in successive generations sprung from the vigorous stock of the Kilmarnock divine, whom Burns assailed with the bitterest shafts of his satire.

Hugh Miller furnishes, in his "Autobiography," a lively picture of the Grammar School of Cromarty, as it flourished in his own juvenile days, with a scholarly licentiate of the Kirk as parish schoolmaster, who "could appeal to the fact that no teacher in the north had ever sent more students to college, and that his better scholars almost always got on well in life." The building devoted to such excellent training was a long, low, straw-thatched school-house, looking out from the sea-shore on the Cromarty Firth, whither it had been removed from the vicinity of the parish church and the laird's pleasure grounds, because of sundry school-boy raids on the manor. While the parish school still occupied its older sheltered site, another licentiate of the Church of Scotland, John Russell, came from Moray to assume its mastership; and when Hugh Miller was still working as a mason on the Old Red Sandstone of Cromarty, he communicated to Allan Cunningham a vivid portraiture of the elder incumbent of the Parish Grammar School. There, as in the later spheres of his labour, his character was that of a stern disciplinarian, in whom the genial social elements by no means predominated. The traditions of the Cromarty Parish School sufficiently prefigured the character of his later career as a preacher and parish minister.

"There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in the morning's face."

But though, so far, the Auburn schoolmaster of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" may serve as a prototype of the Cromarty

dominie, the later touches of his portraiture seem to have been wanting. The busy whisper did indeed "convey the dismal tidings when he frowned," but we hear of no laughing with counterfeited glee at any of his jokes. "He was," says Hugh Miller, "a large, robust, dark-complexioned man, imperturbably grave, fierce of temper, and had a stern expression of countenance. It is said that a lady, who had been one of his pupils, actually fainted when she heard him, many years afterwards, speak of transgressions, from the pulpit;" and an unfortunate youth who had incurred his ire by the loss of the school door-key, with consequent suspicion of conspiring to secure an enforced holiday, is reported, when he grew to manhood, in all cases of mental perturbation, to have groped in his pocket as he did on that fatal morning for the missing key.

As with many another probationer of the Church, the Cromarty Grammar School was only a temporary resting-place for its master. Like Dominie Sampson, he was beset with the ambition to "wag his pow in a pulpit," and with better aptitude for success. With a powerful voice, ready fluency of language, and a thorough mastery of the points of Calvinistic theory, he found opportunities for exercising his gifts as a preacher to such good purpose that his fame extended far to the south of the Grampians; and, as Hugh Miller says, "it was not an unwelcome call, to some of the citizens of Cromarty, which took him from the parish Grammar School to a chapel of ease in Kilmarnock." Nevertheless, their interest in him was not wholly at an end. One of his pupils, when, at a later date, in the west of Scotland, walked to Mauchline on learning that his old schoolmaster was to preach. The occasion was one of those sacramental gatherings commemorated in Burns's "Holy Fair." On such celebrations of the Holy Communion in rural Scottish parishes, the people gathered from far and near, as at a modern camp meeting; and although the communicants partook of the sacrament within the church, the preaching was carried on in the open air, where a succession of ministers occupied the "tent," or movable pulpit, and preached often to thousands gathered from the surrounding parishes, or attracted from greater distances by the fame of some popular preacher. But such assemblages, like those with which we are familiar in Canadian and American camp meetings, naturally attracted many more than those who came devoutly bent on sharing in the religious services. It was common for servants to make a special provision for liberty to attend the fairs and sacraments of the district; and hence such assemblages were apt to partake of features little in harmony with the solemnity of the rite which gave rise to them.

The scene of Burns's "Holy Fair" is laid in the church-yard of Mauchline; and on the special occasion described by Russell's old Cromarty pupil, the proceedings appear to have fully realized the poet's satirical depictions of the rivalry between "The Holy Rostrum" and "The Change House." "There was" he says, "an excellent sermon to be heard from the tent, and excellent drink to be had in a neighbouring ale-house, and between the two the people seemed much divided. A young clergyman was preaching, and Russell was nigh him. At every fresh movement of the people, or ungodly burst of sound from the ale-house, the latter would raise himself on tiptoe, look sternly towards the Change House, and then at his younger brother in the pulpit. At last his own time to preach arrived: he sprang into the pulpit, closed the Bible, and without psalm, prayer, or other preliminary matter, burst out in a passionate and eloquent address upon the folly and sin which a portion of the people were committing. The sounds in the ale-house ceased; the inmates came out, and listened to the denunciation, which some of them remembered with a shudder in after-life."

For effective open-air preaching, under such circumstances, a powerful voice was indispensable, and all reports confirm the truth of the satirist's allusions to this special qualification. An Ayrshire correspondent of Dr. Robert Chambers says, "He was the most tremendous man I ever saw. Black Hugh Macpherson was a beauty in comparison. His voice was like thunder." In the satirical allegory of "The Holy Tulzie," where he figures as one of the "twa herds," "his voice was heard through muir and dale;" and in "The Holy Fair" it is represented as bursting forth like the warning blast of a trumpet, on just such a scene of dissipation as that which his old pupil witnessed:

"But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts
Till a' the hills are rairin',

And echoes back return the shouts—
Black Russell is na sparin'.
His piercing words, like Highland swords,
Divide the joints and marrow;
His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell,
Our very souls does harrow.
A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Filled fou o' lowin' brunstane,
Wha's ragin' flame, and scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardest whunstane!"

Hugh Miller, when referring to the sojourn of Mr. Russell at Cromarty, speaks of him, in his earlier capacity, as "one of those who mistake severity for duty;" and Dr. Chambers has embodied the unfriendly portraiture of their old minister by Kilmarnock correspondents in curt description, as "a huge, dark-complexioned, stern-looking man, of tremendous energy in the pulpit, of harsh, unloving nature, and a powerful defender of the strongholds of Calvinism." By more friendly traditions, and the reminiscences of his own family, his manner of preaching is described as strong and energetic, and his style enlivened by homely but effective illustration. He was obviously no commonplace man: a rousing preacher of the genuine old Puritan type, well suited to his own day, whatever might be thought of him now. The dark times of persecution and devout self-sacrificing piety were being replaced by the new lights of Bolingbroke and Hume. The Moderate party was supreme in the Church, and the seeds were already sowing which ripened into secession and final disruption. Against the backslidings of such an age Russell protested with honest zeal, and dwelt upon the eternity of future punishment—so much cavilled at in our own day,—as a doctrine best fitted for the evil generation in which his lot was cast.

The stern old preacher was none the less acceptable to the austere and grave, God-fearing admirers of his doctrine, because of the satire to which its uncompromising proclamation subjected him. He was translated from Kilmarnock to the High Church of Stirling, where he lived to a great age, and was always the same dauntless and intrepid man. Some of his sermons have been printed; they are mostly of a controversial nature, written in a bold, rugged style of rough eloquence, which depended for its full effect on the speaker. Hugh Miller adds this reminiscence of his latter days: "When seventy years old he saw a Cromarty man beaten down in the streets of Stirling. Russell elbowed the crowd aside, plucked the sufferer like a brand from the burning, saying: 'Wae's me that your father's son should behave like a blackguard in the town where I am a minister.'" It is added that he mellowed with time, grew temperate in his preaching as he advanced in years, and became a great favourite with the more grave and staid portion of his people. His name was long had in remembrance in Stirling as the venerable and eloquent preacher of an elder generation.

John Russell had a son, who was educated at the University of Glasgow, entered the Church, and obtained the presentation to the parish of Muthil, in Perthshire. There, in our own younger days—too young to retain much more than some general impression of the scene,—we have heard him preach in the old Norman parish church, long since superseded by a more convenient but less attractive edifice. He, too, was a tall, robust, dark-complexioned man, of grave, austere manners, and a preacher possessed of unwonted powers of oratory. He was accordingly selected to succeed Dr. Chalmers in St. John's parish, Glasgow; but before he could be inducted into his new charge, his death—followed soon after by that of his widow,—left three sons and a daughter as the orphan wards of an uncle and aunt. Of those, the second son, James M. Russell, manifested rare ability. As a student at the University of Edinburgh, he greatly distinguished himself, and was just finishing his course with the highest honours, when he fell a victim to consumption, within a few months after completing his twenty-first year. Among the remains which served to illustrate the promise of genius, and the facility of his versatile pen, was a collection of pieces in verse, copied for the most part into a MS. volume of his own and his cousins' productions, and adorned by one of them with grave and humorous crow-quill etchings. Subsequently, on the death of his cousin, a volume of poems was privately printed, with the title, "Memorials of Cousins," and a brief preface, in which it is stated: "Many years ago it was the desire of George Wilson that verses written by his cousin, James Russell, should be printed along with some by himself, and that the volume should bear the title given to this one. The long-cherished project has now been carried out." It might, perhaps, have

added an interest to the little memorial volume, printed only for a select circle of friends, if the fact had been recalled that the sweet and graceful verse of one of the cousins was the sole memorial of a youth of rare promise—gentle, kindly, and full of humour, the grandson of the stern old preacher of Mauchline "Holy Fair," and of the High Kirk of Stirling,—who, had he survived, gave promise of adding to the vigorous eloquence of two generations of preachers, the tenderness and genial humour in which they were deficient.

One living representative of the younger generation still furnishes to such evolutionists as M. Ribot and Mr. Francis Galton a plea for their assumption of the hereditary transmission of mental as well as physical attributes. The youngest of the third generation in descent from Burns's theological *bête noire*, the Very Rev. Alexander Russell, is now Dean of Adelaide, South Australia. It is to be feared that, could the venerable incumbent of the High Kirk of Stirling have looked down the vista of the future, and realized the evolutionary processes which, after the lapse of only one generation, were to bring forth from the loins of the stern old Calvinistic preacher, to whom Prelacy and Popery were alike ahhorrent, a full-blown Dean of the Anglican Church, it would scarcely have diminished his wrath to know that his descendant was to reproduce, at the antipodes, not a little of the hereditary powers of an eloquent and popular preacher. In thus seeking to follow up such inherited relations between "the dead and the living," the following piece, selected from the privately printed volume of "Poems: Memorials of Cousins," may have an additional interest, apart from its own merits, as the product of the grandson of the famous old preacher against whom Burns directed his roughest satire; and who, it is scarcely to be doubted, regarded verse-making as one of the many follies by which the profane are wont to abuse the precious gift of time:—

THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

* * * * *

We make them a hidden quiet room
Far in the depth of our spirit's gloom,
There, oh there, do the loved abide,
Shadowy, silent, sanctified!
Thither, oh thither, wrung with woe,
In yearning love we often go!
We see their face in its living grace,
And the dear old look of its kindness trace.
We hear the words of their tender breath,
(Are they in life or we in death?)
But the beauty bright they were wont to have,
Is damp and dim as with the grave;
And each form a funeral garment wears,
And our eye is blind with a mist of tears.
There is piteous wail amid our meeting,
We sigh and sob our words of greeting,
  We feel their arms around our heart,
    In a fond and heavy twining,
  And clinging so they may ne'er depart
    From the gaze of our tearful pining;
  And so by night and through the day
  Wailing and death are ours alway.—

And is it so? is it God's decree,
That we can have only misery?
We thank Thee, O Lord! for the mercy given,
In the hopes of the better life of heaven.
We praise and bless Thy holy grace,
Our dead are alive in a pleasant place;
That while *our* hearts are sore with weeping
They are safe in Thy kindly keeping,
That Thou hast told us how blest they be
In the fold of Thy great felicity.

Do we weep for them? Do our spirits mourn
They shall ne'er to our eye, to our arms return?
It is they who live, those souls alone,
Holy and happy around the Throne;
It is they should lament for us that are
From the Eternal Life so far;
With souls of sin and a feeble breath,
It is we, it is we who pine in death.

Let us then no more muse sadly back,
To the ancient times of our earthly track,
As if death like a deep and dreary river
Had drowned the joy from our hearts for ever;
Let our souls look on—and if eyes are wet,
Be it not the tear of a vain regret—
But started and lit by an earnest faith
In the blissful words which the Scripture saith
Of the excellent joys that crown the head
Of every one of the Faithful Dead!

CHARITY.

DRESSED in robes of purest white,
Round her head a silver zone ;
In her hand she bore a light,
Through the darkness of the night,
Seeking out the lost and lone.

Through the city's noisome lanes
Onward speed her gentle feet,
Till at length a spot she gains
Where in all its direness reigns,
Poverty in dark retreat.

Softly doth she ope the door
Of a chamber filled with grief ;
On the cold unmatted floor,
Lieth one who nevermore
May in this world find relief.

O'er the widow's corse she bends,
While her cheeks are wet with tears ;
And her prayer to heaven ascends,
Unto Him who ever lends
Strength to guard the young in years.

Fondly pressing to her heart
A little girl in deep distress,
She doth of her means impart
Aid to mitigate the smart
Of cold hunger's bitterness.

And, ere she departs, her voice
Is heard in sweet and soothing strain ;
She bids the weeping child rejoice,
Since God, of whom He loves, makes choice,
And lifts the burden of their pain.

Thus doth Charity pursue
Ever thoughtfully her way—
All her mercies hid from view,
Empty praise she doth eschew,
And vainglorious display.

Ottawa. WILLIAM MILLS.

THE LATEST GOSPEL OF PROTECTION.

BY ROSWELL FISHER, M.A., MONTREAL.

VERILY has the gospel of Protection found an apostle worthy of the creed. Mr. Phipps, in an article on the advantages of Protective Tariffs, in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for April, blows its trumpet with no uncertain sound. No incidental Protection; no policy of compromise; but good sound Protective Tariffs are what Canada needs.

After reading the speeches, in and out of Parliament, of the members of the Party who generally avow themselves Free-traders on principle, but think *a little* Protection is best under the circumstances, it is quite refreshing to come upon a downright old-fashioned Protectionist. With what enthusiasm, with what eloquence, are pictured the miracles which Protection is to work in Canada! Let us listen to the voice of the charmer: "Protection is a science built up by the observations, the discoveries of many philosophers. Its adoption has benefited many countries; but never any as it shall benefit Canada, and all who make Canada their home." "Are you a farmer?—it shall lighten your labour, double your sales, and quadruple the value of your land. Are you a lumberer?—by its aid Canadians shall pay you better for pine and oak than ever did foreigner. . . . Have you a family to settle in life?—it shall give your sons a choice of lucrative employment—your daughters [mark this, mothers of Canada], of eligible suitors. Are you a patriot?—thence shall come national power and honour, men and means, fleets and armies, and the public spirit without which they would be useless." Here is a list of benefits enough to take away the breath even of a Greeley. Is it possible that all these good things are enjoyed by the countrymen and women of that eminent economist, and we not know of it? What a bad joke those inveterate humourists, the American editors, must be palming off on the world, when they represent all kinds of business and manufactures at a standstill in that much-protected country. But this is in the United States. Canada, our apostle assures us, will benefit more than any other country by Protection. It is well to know from inspired sources that if we will only adopt Protection, Providence will take particular charge of our economical progress. Does the magician tell a benighted public how Protection is to work these marvels? Yes, in eloquent paragraphs, alternated with figures—most potent spells—and quotations from authority, the whole mystery is made clear—at least we are told so. Alas! after reading the article many times over, I feel as I was wont to feel after listening to the explanations of the conjuror of how he did his tricks—just as wise as I was before. Perhaps, however, a short review of the arguments and assertions of the Protectionist conjuror may yield the writer, and possibly some other equally benighted readers, some light on the subject.

We are first reminded of the thrice told tale, how perfidious Albion, by centuries of Protection, gradually gained such a position that she could undersell the rest of mankind, then unclosed her gates and poured her goods on the world, simultaneously heralding the gospel of Free-trade—the whole to her own great advantage. But England is a small island full of people, and Canada is not. How surprised dear old John Bull must be to find that the nations of the earth, his own children in the colonies too, credit him with so far-sighted and Machiavelian a policy continued for centuries. He is, indeed, quite unconscious of having possessed any such uncanny cleverness. But Mr. Phipps seems to think better of the admission that Free-trade has benefited even Great Britain, and assures us that it has ever failed elsewhere, and has been tried only a short time there, and that many other causes have helped England during this short time. These other causes seem to be the expenditure of a great deal of money in

Great Britain. Had then Free-trade little or nothing to do with the creation and expenditure of this enormous mass of money, or rather of capital, in Great Britain? If the Corn Laws had not been repealed, could she have possibly supported her growing manufacturing population? By no means. If the price of food had continued to rise in England as it did before Free-trade, very different would be her position to-day in wealth and population. Mr. Phipps cites instances of Belgium and other countries selling manufactured goods in England, to show that Free-trade is breaking down even there. These, however, rather tell the other way, as the great cause of this successful foreign competition is the protective action of the English Trades' Unions.

A great authority is brought upon the scene, and the father of Political Economy is made to write down international trade. He is quoted to the following effect: "The capital which sends Scotch manufactures to London, and brings back English manufactures to Edinburgh, necessarily replaces by every such operation two British capitals which had both been employed in the industries of Great Britain." On the other hand, "the capital which sends British goods to Portugal and brings back Portuguese goods to Great Britain, replaces by every such operation" one British and one Portuguese capital. Therefore, in the latter case, the capital employed will only give half as much encouragement to the industries of Great Britain, as in the former case. But, further, capital employed in foreign trade makes much slower returns than that employed in the home trade; therefore, the encouragement to the industries of Great Britain by capital employed in the home trade, may be many times as great as by that employed in the foreign trade. Is it argued that Adam Smith would have asserted that, of equal capitals, the one employed in a foreign trade carried on between St. Catharines and Buffalo, would make much slower returns than would the other in home trade between Halifax and Vancouver's Island?

Let us, however, carry on the illustration, as quoted in favour of Protection, and see where we are landed. Starting on the assumption that exchanging London produce for Edinburgh produce gives more encouragement to the industries of Great Britain than exchanging London produce for Portugese produce, then, by a parity of reasoning, to exchange London produce for London produce will give more encouragement to London industries than to exchange London produce for Edinburgh produce. Nor does the argument stop here: to exchange west of London produce for west of London produce will encourage west of London industries more than to exchange for east of London produce; to exchange produce of my street for produce of my street will encourage the industries of my street more than to exchange for the produce of the next street. Let us not stop short of the goal: to exchange the produce of my house for the produce of my house will encourage the industries of my house more than to exchange for the produce of my neighbour's house; lastly, to exchange produce of my right hand for produce of my left hand will encourage my industries more than to exchange produce of my right hand for produce of my neighbour's right hand; therefore, every man his own universal producer is the true principle; which indeed it logically is, according to the gospel of Protection. Adam Smith, however, could hardly have meant to enunciate such a doctrine, or, indeed, to condemn international trade; therefore, it is not clear what value the quotation possesses as a Protectionist argument. Perhaps, however, it was only brought in for the benefit of the next paragraph, where Mr. Phipps explains what is meant by replacing capitals. The replacing capitals by exchange is illustrated by a dollar which goes all round the country, leaving all its possessors in turn with a profit, till it leaves the country, when, it seems, its usefulness to us is finished. In answer to the natural question, whether we do not get its equivalent, Mr. Phipps says that goods come back, but there is loss by consumption and delay. Most of us probably suppose that the consumption and delay are taken into account in the price of the goods, which are, delay and all, the equivalent of the dollar. If not, we must have made a bad bargain. This export of cash seems to trouble Mr. Phipps, for he complains that the dollar does not come back, as our imports exceed our exports, and we have to pay the balance in cash, which is a drain on our labour. This is awful. On the other hand, if the balance were the other way we should rapidly

grow rich, for we should be paid a large balance in cash. Well, what are we to do with the cash when we have it? keep it, like the misers of old, in strong boxes and gloat over it? What other need can we have for it, on Mr. Phipps's own showing? for in the next paragraph he seemingly dispenses with gold as a reserve, informing us that a country can issue *money* on the security of its real and personal estate. This, he says, is the real security for Bank notes. So some French philosophers thought at the time of the great revolution, and tried the experiment—with somewhat unfortunate results, as the world knows. I would, however, modestly ask Mr. Phipps how the nation would issue money on its real and personal estate? Would the form of the issue run as follows?—"The Dominion of Canada promises to pay on demand 10 acres," or 5 barrels of flour; or some equally simple form of note.

Mr. Justice Byles is next cited as an authority, not on Bills of Exchange, but on exchange of national produce. This is the conclusion of the quotation from the learned Judge in his character of economist: "Suppose Canada can produce an article for $100, and can import it for $99. By importing it instead of producing it, she gains $1; but though she pay for it with her own manufactures, she loses (not, indeed, by the exchange itself, but by the collapse of the superseded industry) $100 of wealth which she might have had to spend by creating the value at home. That is to say, on the balance she loses $99, which she might have had in addition, by producing both articles at home. Nor can it be said that what the producer loses, the consumer gains. The producer loses $100; the consumer gains $1. The nation, moreover, loses the markets which that *superseded* industry supported." This argument applies only to the case where the consumer buys abroad, for a little less, an article which is already produced in the country, thereby superseding an already existing industry, but has no bearing at all as to the advantages of creating a new industry by Protection. Let us illustrate the difference: If I wish to get a certain article, and I can do so in one of two ways, either by spending $100 to make it in the country, or by spending $99 by buying it abroad; then, if I buy it abroad, I and the country are both one dollar richer than if I had it made in the country at the cost of $100. If, on the other hand, the article is already made in the country at the cost of $100, and I buy a similar article abroad for $99, then I am richer by $1; the country is poorer either by an unsaleable article to the good or $100 to the bad. As Mr. Phipps has not gone into the question here considered by Justice Byles, as to how far it may be advisable to continue to protect exotic industries already in existence, I need not argue the point.

Having finished with Mr. Justice Byles for a time, Mr. Phipps gives rein to his imagination and paints for us a glowing picture of a Protectionist paradise. In this, one is first struck by the pleasure the eloquent writer seems to take in the idea that little or no money leaves the country, but circulates at home—if money can be said to have a home—making thereby a profit for everybody. The great feature, however, is the future promised to our agriculturists. Listen, O ye farmers! No longer are you to be worn out by raising unprofitable cereals, but all finding yourselves in the neighbourhood of towns or large manufacturing cities, your farms, if they are not wanted for building lots at fabulous prices, will be of immense value for growing roots, garden stuff, and fat cattle, with light work and much profit. Mr. Phipps clinches the argument running through his picture by the remark that every farmer knows the value of land close to a town. Doubtless, especially when he wants to buy. But Mr. Phipps has not drawn his picture bright enough; possibly thinking it might dazzle the farmers too much. Let me endeavour to complete the prophecy. Cultivating roots and market gardens, and raising fat cattle are, I am told—at least in Lower Canada—quite as great drudgery as raising cereals or lean cattle; therefore it will be well to leave all this to Californians, Texans, and others. Let us decree by Act of Parliament, that for the future the whole of Canada shall be laid out as a huge city, built, like Babylon of old, in open order; the hills shall be parks, and on the plains and in the valleys the factories and dwellings of the busy mechanics and their princely employers, the overflowing warehouses, the mansions of the merchants, the villas of professional men of all classes, shall alternate with fruit and flower gardens, vineries and conservatories, cultivated and

tended by our present ill-used and down-trodden cereal-growing farmers. If one sceptic asks why Protection has not produced this elysium in the States; if another asks how this great city is to be supported, how the cereals are to be bought and paid for; Mr. Phipps has not revealed the secret. Perhaps he is in the position of a young Protectionist friend of the writer's, who triumphantly demanded if the presence of a Montreal in Manitoba would not greatly enhance the value of farms and agricultural produce in that infant colony; but when he in turn was asked how Montreal was to get there, or its people be supported when there, the oracle was dumb. Mr. Phipps himself seems, after his eloquent flight, to be a little doubtful of the truth of the picture; for in his desire to show that Protection does not raise the price of commodities in consequence of competition, he acknowledges that manufactories are not flourishing in the States—nor are they in Canada. Then it seems the much-protected and the little-protected country are much in the same plight. Surely there is something wrong here. Passing over some statistical paragraphs, we again meet Mr. Justice Byles, who tells us that most countries of the world possess no special facilities for the production of any one commodity, and consequently can in every single article be surpassed and undersold by some other country. He supposes such a case. "It can grow wheat, but not so cheap as Poland; it can grow wine, but not so cheap as France; it can manufacture, but not so cheap as England. Imagine that country under a system of Protection. . . . It creates wealth at both ends of the exchange, . . . industry and plenty reigns," and all is sunshine. "Now, imagine that country under a universal system of Free-trade." "It cannot grow wheat, for Poland will be able to undersell it, not only in foreign markets, but in its own." The same thing will happen in regard to wine manufactures and all other products. It is then in this truly wretched plight that it can neither send its products abroad nor sell them at home. This is a black picture indeed. As it can sell its products neither abroad nor at home, it is not probable that it will go on raising them. Then it could hardly buy anything, and consequently, as people have not yet found the secret of living on nothing, it is probable the population would emigrate or starve. As a fact, there is no inhabited country in the world that is, or could be, in the supposed condition; therefore the illustration is useless. Before leaving Mr. Justice Byles, let us suppose his idea of the existence of such a country carried out, and imagine 100,000 people conveyed to Greenland, which probably as nearly as possible satisfies the conditions. How high a tariff would it require to make it an Arctic Lancashire? It would be well for some of our enthusiastic Protectionists to set up a colony there, or perhaps the United States Government would sell them Alaska for the interesting experiment.

Having followed Mr. Phipps so far pretty closely, it will not be necessary to review the rest of his article, which is, more or less, a varied repetition of the foregoing arguments, with some fresh statistics in detail. I may, however, refer to two paragraphs. Mr. Phipps thinks that trade returns—exports and imports—are a most fallacious test of prosperity, and illustrates his contention as follows:—"Suppose you sell a million dollars worth of wheat to Europe for a million dollars of iron-work. Ah!—that sounds well. Imports and Exports, two millions." But "suppose you had Canadians who could make the iron stuff, and had sold it to Canadian farmers for the million of wheat," then we should have had both millions left in the country. Our author here seems to fall into a confusion. If we export a million's worth in exchange for a million's worth, though Exports and Imports show a trade of two millions, we have only created the one million's worth of something, which we exchange for the same value of some other commodity which we want more. To say that, if we did not exchange that million out of the country, we could have had both the millions worth, is as much as to say that if I have an orange which I want to exchange for an apple, I had better not, for then I shall have both the orange and the apple. This conjuring is more extraordinary even than making cities by Act of Parliament. The other paragraph sketches how inter-Provincial trade would be benefited by Protection, and closes with the suggestion that we might protect the carrying trade of the Maritime Provinces by bounties. This reminds me of a letter written to a Protectionist journal in Montreal, by a great phi-

losopher called Kuklos, who advocates the abolition of custom-houses altogether, and proposes to protect all our infant industries by direct bounties. Let me commend this scheme to Mr. Phipps's consideration.

And now we come to the conclusion of his lively and remarkably interesting article. Here the gift of prophecy becomes very evident. Not contented, as before, with general promises of the great cities and the teeming gardens which are to spring up by magic through the agency of Protection, our author gives us some definite information as to the immediate means to be employed, and even indulges in figures. It is to be feared that he will be betrayed by these latter, like many prophets before him. It is, indeed, cheering in these dull times to know from inspired authority that, if we only impose a permanent twenty-five per cent. Tariff, in one year we shall obtain from Great Britain and the United States one hundred million dollars, and one hundred thousand men! This is good news; but why not have more? If twenty-five per cent. will secure us one hundred millions of money and one hundred thousand men, will not, by a parity of reasoning, a fifty per cent. Tariff secure us, in the same time, double as much money and double as many men? What Tariff, then, we are tempted to ask, will enable us to get the whole capital and population of—let us be modest—the British Isles transported here in one year? But, alas! if the whole capital and population of the British Isles were spread over Canada, our farmers would still be far from having each a large town in his neighbourhood, to say nothing of being ages away from the fruit, flower, and green-house state. Therefore I am regretfully forced to the conclusion that, in spite of Mr. Phipps's explanations, he has not yet shown us that Protection can work all the miracle which he so eloquently depicts in his entertaining and well-written article.

HIDDEN BLESSINGS.

BY J. A. ALLEN.

OH, are there not ties that God never would sever,
If life were intended to last, dear, for ever,
And we were meant only for happiness here?
But He, the All-wise, checkers life with a tear,
And, distilling from evil an essence of good,
Converts e'en the poison of pain into food.
For He, the best guardian of man, knows the need
To harrow the nature, while sowing the seed,
To deepen the feelings that else were too light,
To strengthen the root in the damp and dark night
Of fear, pain, or sorrow; enhancing the joy
Of those from whose natures the slag of alloy
Hath been purged in the furnace, which He who knows best
Hath kindled for each, ere he enters his rest.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A., TORONTO.

THE intellectual world is at present the scene of a great revolution, one of the most dangerous features of which is that the clergy, an order of men specially set apart as Ministers of Truth, are rendered incapable of performing the intellectual part of their functions properly by the pressure of creeds, which the authority of the several Churches continues to impose, but which, traced historically to their origin, will be seen at once to be without sufficient claim to our present allegiance. Among the consequences of a fettered clergy, perhaps, is a rather undue predominance of the men of science, whose minds are entirely untrammelled by the shackles of the past.

Recent occurrences among ourselves, comparatively secluded though we are in Canada from the sway of the vast controversy, is sufficient to show that even so fundamental an article of belief as the Immortality of the Soul requires to be reconsidered and placed in some degree upon a fresh basis in view of the new revelations of science. We have hitherto been accustomed to think and speak of the soul as something distinct from the body—inserted into the body at birth, confined in it during life, and liberated from it at death. Our conception has in fact remained pretty much the same as that of Homer, who depicts the soul of the warrior slain in battle as mournfully departing from its lusty tenement and passing with a wail to the sad nether world. Such a notion would scarcely have been proof against very rigorous examination even in the days before Darwin. What was the "soul," and where was the line to be drawn between it and the intellect or the appetitive part of human nature? What was its condition during sleep, mental malady, or intoxication? Was one of these ethereal denizens consigned by Divine decree or universal law to everything that bore the human form—to the idiot, to the embryo? But however great before, the difficulties of the popular view have been immensely increased by discoveries which, though perhaps not absolutely complete, are so far complete and supported by such a body of various and concurrent evidence as to be borne in upon all the most advanced and instructed minds with the force of irresistible conviction. Natural history and embryology have now stripped the human form of its mystic prerogative; they have shown that it is only the highest development of the common animal type, and at the same time that human nature as a whole is the offspring of evolution, which excludes the idea of a separate and inserted soul. Such at least is the present aspect of the case. If some links of the Darwinian evidence are still missing, few reflecting men would like to think that man's hope of a destiny higher than that of the brutes rested on the probability of their never being found.

Doubt is no longer locked in the bosom or only whispered in the ear. Men of the highest scientific attainments, and men whose intellectual honesty and purity of purpose are above suspicion, however we may recoil from their conclusions, openly and positively deny the existence of any proof or even presumption that any part of us survives physical death. But scepticism on this and other theological questions extends, as all men who have mixed in the intellectual world must know, far beyond the number of its open professors, and the effect begins to be visible in conduct, both intellectual and social. For no fanciful theories of a "subjective immortality," to be enjoyed merely by exerting an influence, as an historical antecedent, on the future progress of humanity, will much affect ordinary minds, or prevent them from eating or drinking, if to-morrow they are to die and there is nothing beyond the gate of death.

Nor will such arguments as those employed in the address of Principal Caven,

clear, able, and interesting as the address itself is, be of much avail in removing the general uneasiness. While science has been at work with the Mosaic cosmogony, criticism has been at work with the Bible generally, and, without destroying or really diminishing its religious or moral value, has constrained us to use it in a different way. Among other things, we have been made aware that the great and varied body of Hebrew literature, in the course of its composition by successive writers through a series of ages, was not exempted from the ordinary laws of the human intellect, any more than the general history of the Hebrew race in its progress from the family to the tribe, from the tribe to the nation, and onwards through the subsequent phases of national development, was exempted from the laws of history. To settle a modern problem by quoting a primeval writer, as our forefathers used to do, is no longer open to us, because however gifted the primeval writer may have been, however high an organ of religion and morality he may have been in his day, we know that the very elements of the problem were not present to his mind. It is important to observe, however, that the doctrine of the New Testament respecting the relations of the soul to the body is less at variance with modern science than both modern science itself and Christian antagonists of modern science are apt to assume. The New Testament does not divorce the soul from the body at death. It teaches us to expect a resurrection of the body transmuted and glorified under the influence of spiritual life.

The evidences of the Immortality of the Soul may perhaps be ranged under four heads: The Physical, the Metaphysical, the Theological, and the Moral.

1. *Physical.*—Under this are included the alleged apparitions of persons after death. It is difficult to speak of such fancies seriously in the present day, yet every observer of opinion must be aware that the belief in ghosts, like astrology, is still rooted not only in the minds of the uneducated, but in those of many educated people. Johnson's credulity as to ghost stories has been exaggerated by the antithetic rhetoric of Macaulay; but there is no doubt that he cherished a craving for evidence of this kind. The writer once had the curiosity to examine some of the more notable ghost stories, and in all cases the evidence appeared to him utterly to break down. Among the most circumstantial and imposing of these stories are Clarendon's account of the warning apparition of Sir George Villiers before the murder of his son, the Duke of Buckingham; and Isaak Walton's story of the appearance of Donne's wife, at the moment of her death, to her husband, then in a distant country. Both Clarendon and Walton evidently believe the stories. But when you come to the evidence in Clarendon it amounts to no more than this, that Buckingham's mother was not so surprised as might have been expected at hearing of the murder of her son; while Walton admits that his informant was not Donne himself, but "a person of honour" unnamed, and who, for aught we know, may have been, in spite of his "honour," one of the most credulous and exaggerative of mankind. The story which held its ground the best, was that of the apparition which warned the profligate Lord Lyttelton of his approaching death; it was beyond doubt that Lord Lyttelton had recounted the apparition to his friends, and that he died at the appointed hour. But the hypothesis of a suicide, masked by a pretended warning, fully accounts, without supernatural agency, for the occurrence, and it fits the character of the man and all the circumstances of the case. Perhaps the best thing ever said about ghosts was the answer of Coleridge to a lady who asked him whether he believed in them—"Believe in ghosts! No, madam, I have seen too many of them." In the highly sensitive man ghosts are freaks of the overwrought imagination; in the savage they are one of the coarse shapes taken by the nascent consciousness of a destiny and a responsibility extending beyond the grave.

If it is difficult to speak seriously of ghosts, it is not less difficult, in one point of view, to speak seriously of Spiritualism; while, in another point of view, thoughts, serious indeed, are suggested by the existence, in this century, of so widespread and portentous a superstition. The exposure of Katie King will probably check the growth of this belief, though nothing can be expected at once to cure people who can be deluded by such hideous absurdities as table-turning, necromantic rapping, and planchet. Surely no savage can have a lower or

more degrading notion of the spiritual world and the Father of Spirits than those who believe that the spirits of the just commune with the living through the legs of prancing and gyrating tables. Mesmeric trances and clairvoyance, whether real phenomena or not, obviously belong to a totally different category, and have nothing to do with apparitions or spiritualism in the proper sense of the term. No first-rate man of science has professed himself convinced by the spiritualistic performances; such first-rate men of science as have given an opinion, treat the performances with scorn. The most important of them are carried on in darkened rooms, and under conditions which, if required by a professed conjuror, would be held to betoken inferiority in his art. But in the case of the mediums, the audience, for the most part, are unconscious confederates. Fascinated and daunted by the manner and pretensions of the performers, they shrink from the scrutiny on which in the case of a common conjuror they would insist. The writer was once assured by a party of very intelligent and trustworthy people, that in a sitting held the evening before, in that very room, they had seen a heavy arm-chair to which they pointed, at the bidding of the medium, advance from the corner where it stood into the centre of the room; and he was asked whether he would believe that fact, attested as it was by eye-witnesses. He replied that upon credible testimony, such as that offered in the present instance, he would believe this or any other fact, however novel and foreign to his own experience; but that, while accepting the fact, he was entitled to account for it, if possible, by a natural rather than by a supernatural explanation. He then asked, first, whether the chair had moved away from the medium as well as towards him; and secondly, whether there had been any one between the medium and the chair when it moved? Both questions were answered in the negative. It was obvious that a common conjuror, or even one who was no conjuror, if gifted with a little natural dexterity, might have performed the feat with a horse-hair line, especially in an imperfectly lighted room. But in the case of the common conjuror, the party, instead of standing with their faculties suspended by awe, would have told the performer to make the chair move the other way, or have placed themselves so that there could be no physical communication between him and the chair when it was moving.

In the twilight caused by the temporary eclipse of Faith, physical or semi-physical superstitions are apt to abound. Astrology, as well as the mystic worship of Isis, and other thaumaturgies, abounded under the Roman Empire. Astrology, necromancy, the trade in charms and spells, abounded in the interval between the decline of medieval Catholicism and the development of the new religion. Freemasonry and Cagliostro flourished with Voltaire. All that these phenomena show is the existence of a craving which must in some way be satisfied—of a void which must in some way be filled.

Under the head of physical evidences should perhaps be ranged those of a negative character, such as are relied on by Butler in that chapter of his "Analogy," on a Future State, which, unsatisfactory as all must now feel it to be, has hardly been superseded as yet by anything more satisfactory. Butler argues that because the mind and the moral feelings sometimes remain unaffected by a disease, even a mortal disease, there can be no reason for believing that the body is essential to the existence of the intellectual and moral man. But assuming the fact, the reply is obvious, that the brain is the seat of the intellect, and that while a brain disease overturns the intellect at once, there are other diseases which leave it comparatively unimpaired up to the moment of general dissolution, without affording the slightest presumption that the immunity will continue beyond. Equally invalid are the inferences which Butler draws from the supposed "indiscerptibility" of the soul. To his mind, powerful as it was, the conception of the human organization which results from modern developments of embryology and natural history was not present. He evidently, like the medieval philosophers, conceives of the soul as something inserted from without; a heavenly sojourner in the flesh, of the organs of which it makes use for the purposes of its present existence, in the same manner in which we employ wholly foreign matter, a tool or a telescope, as an auxiliary to the organs themselves. He fails, therefore, to grapple with the presumption that the functional activity will end when the organization is dissolved.

The existence of a disembodied spirit must be supersensual; and of anything supersensual it is impossible to produce sensible evidence. This remark seems to affect the reasoning of such a work as the *Unseen Universe*, though otherwise most interesting, as well as the reasoning of Butler. It is, in fact, a sufficient confutation of ghost stories that the ghosts are not spirits, but films of matter, evading the touch perhaps, but visible to the material eye, and audible, when they utter their warnings, to the material ear.

2. The name *metaphysical* may be applied to the evidences supposed to be derived from the possession by the soul of certain immutable ideas or principles, such as the ideas or principles of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, which are taken to be in their nature immortal as well as immutable. Perhaps *poetical* would be a fitter name than metaphysical for an argument which is little better than a philosophic reverie. To give it any substance we must be assured that Universal Ideas have an existence independent of the soul which participates in them, and by that participation is supposed to possess a gage of its own immutability and immortality. It is true that under the form of the metaphysical argument there lurks an argument really moral which is not destitute of validity, and which will appear in its proper place.

3. By the *Theological* proof is specially meant that deduced from the character of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who, it is said, must, in virtue of His perfect justice, redress in a future state the inequalities of this, and mete both to the good and the wicked hereafter the measure of justice which both often manifestly fail to receive here. We are now speaking, of course, only of the evidence afforded by reason, and such as will be accepted by those who take reason alone for their guide. Looking at the question from this point of view, it must be said, first, that there are many men in the present day, and men not wanting in mental capacity, in moral purity, or in apparent willingness to accept any truth, who, though they do not deny the existence of a Supreme Ruler of the Universe, do deny that sufficient evidence, or any evidence, of His existence has been produced. They say that beyond the Known, that is, the sensible, Universe, lies the Unknown, which can be at most an object to us of indefinite awe. They contend that what we call design, and cite as proof of a creative intelligence, cannot be shown to be anything more than the adaptation without which things could not have existed at all; that the hypothesis of Creation is excluded by the proof of Evolution; and that Nature, when honestly interpreted, so far from revealing a reign of perfect beneficence, reveals something very much the reverse. Mr. Herbert Spencer is perhaps the most eminent exponent of this doctrine, which in him also assumes a milder form than in other writers of the same school. But even Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, one of the oracles of British Conservatism, in his "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," treats the existence of a Deity as an open question, while, if his picture of Deity were true, humanity in general would not have much reason for desiring that the question should be answered in the affirmative. Those who are not assured of the existence of a Supreme Being will, of course, not allow us to draw conclusions from His character. But suppose we were left to draw conclusions as to the character of the Ruler of the Universe, and the probable course of His government, simply from what we see by the light of reason here, should we have any very strong assurance of compensation and retribution hereafter? Should we have such an assurance as would restrain appetite and passion, or even make it prudent to forego any enjoyment which may be permitted us by our condition in this life? We have, no doubt, in the midst of all the confusion and evil around us, a general impression of progress, of improvement, of the gradual prevalence of good over evil; but it is doubtful whether this impression has any other immediate source than human effort, of which we are conscious in ourselves, and its effects in ameliorating the character and lot of man. It is true that virtue brings with it temporal advantages, and probably in an ever-increasing degree, but these advantages are human, and the result of the human effort to which reference has just been made. As to Nature, she seems not to discriminate between virtue and vice; her suns shine alike upon the just and upon the unjust; her tower of Siloam falls, in the effects of pestilence, storm, and earthquake, alike upon the most valuable and the most worthless, the most beneficent and the most noxious life. That there is in all we see a purpose overruling everything for good, and guiding

creation towards ultimate happiness, is, so far as the evidence of Nature herself is concerned, a surmise welcome, but unproved, upon which therefore no further belief can be built.

The question will arise, too, if future compensation is the law, what constitutes the claim to compensation? Unmerited suffering? It is the portion not only of innocent men but of innocent animals; and not merely by way of accident, but as a necessary consequence of a system in which one order of creatures subsists by hunting and devouring another, so that Supreme Justice seems in their case specially bound to make amends. When Butler finds himself encountered by the objection that his arguments would prove animals to be immortal as well as men, he calls it "invidious as well as weak." But invidious or not, such an objection will be felt to be practically grave; and its gravity is not diminished since scientific discovery has effaced the impassable boundary line of creative fiat between the physical origin of man and that of the other animals, on which Butler probably in fact relied, when he treated almost with indifference any misgiving arising out of the possible identification of the destiny of man with that of the lowest types of life.

To the same unconsciousness of facts disclosed by modern science may perhaps be attributed Butler's freedom from misgiving in his employment of analogies drawn from animal and vegetable life. Had he known the probable relations of all the germs of life, not only animal but even vegetable, to each other, he would have seen that instead of merely suggesting an illustration he was mooting a question of terrible significance and perplexity. Is it to be taken for granted that a future state will redeem and perfect all the failures caused by infant mortality in this state, as well as compensate all the unmerited suffering? And why is this to be assumed in the case of the germs of human life any more than in the case of the germs of other life, animal or even vegetable? We are speaking, we repeat, simply of the inferences which reason can draw from the phenomena before us as to the government of the world. In that point of view there seems to be great difficulty in proving the immortality of the human soul by the sort of argument which we call specially theological.

4. The evidence upon which the belief in the Immortality of the Soul, or, to use a much more correct expression, the belief in a Future State, has practically rested, and to which the influence, stimulating or restraining, of the belief is due, is probably that which we call moral. It is the universal and ineradicable conviction that our moral account is not closed by death. Stronger than all Butler's philosophical arguments for a Future State is the single sentence in his sermon *Upon the Character of Balaam*— "How much soever men differ in the course of life they prefer, and in their ways of palliating and excusing their vices to themselves, yet all agree in the one thing, desiring to *die the death of the* RIGHTEOUS."

We call this conviction universal. It does not exist in infants; nor does it exist in savages or degraded races, except in a form corresponding to the general lowness of their conceptions. But in the higher grades of humanity, those which we take as in every sense the best specimens of the race, would it be possible to find a man who at the approach of death thought it would make no difference to him whether his life had been virtuous and beneficent or the reverse? To put the same thing in another way, would it be possible to find a man who, upon the death of any one with whom he had been in intimate relations, thought that those relations were at an end when the grave closed upon the corpse, and that it was of no consequence thenceforth whether he had done good to the dead man or evil? May we not also ask whether any one has ever been tempted like Hamlet to fly from the ills of existence by suicide without being like Hamlet plucked back, whether effectually or not, by fear of the "dreams" that may disturb the sleep of death.

Ineradicable the conviction seems to be, since even the Comtists are unable to get rid of it, though they most positively repudiate the belief in a God and everything commonly denoted by religion. They have invented an immortality which consists in the posthumous influence exercised by the dead on the course of human events and the indefeasible interest which they conceive everyone to have in Humanity; though an interest without consciousness seems as little real or intelligible as a religion without a God.

But supposing the conviction of a future state to be universal and ineradicable, on

what ground are we to pronounce it an illusion? What, after all, is Truth? Can it be otherwise defined than as that which, when put before us, we are by the constitution of our nature under the necessity of believing, whether it be a fact of sense, the conclusion of a practical syllogism, or a proposition in geometry? Of course, the evidence of our conscience is of a different kind from the evidence of our senses or the evidence of our reason; but why is it less trustworthy? Do not all our beliefs equally rest upon our faith in the veracity, so to speak, of our nature, and of the Power which we suppose to uphold it?

Mr. Mill seems to think that the belief in a future state might be accounted for by the agreeableness of life and the tendency of men to cling to it, combined with tradition. But the mere agreeableness of life and the tendency to cling to it could not suggest a retributive state of future existence. They could not produce the anticipations of conscience; and as to tradition, whence did the tradition arise?

Mr. Mill in his "Logic" is inclined to Necessarianism, though under a verbal disguise; and Necessarianism would, of course, strike at the root of the proof here tendered; because to him who holds man's actions and character to be the mere result of antecedent circumstances, moral responsibility and conscience are illusions. But the Necessarian theory will have a stronger claim on our attention when a single adherent of it is found for a single hour acting on his principles and treating those with whom he deals as automatons destitute of independent volition, and therefore not rational objects of gratitude or resentment, of praise or blame. To say that the whole scheme of things is necessary, is no more than to say that the scheme of things exists in the order and sequence in which it does exist; in fact, to say nothing, since nobody can pretend that the term necessity, of itself, affords any account of existence. To say that an adult man has no more independent volition than a stone, is to say what no one can by any effort of mind force himself for a moment to believe.

But supposing that the anticipations of conscience as to a future state are in themselves deserving of attention, there seems to be nothing in science which can put a bar to their fulfilment. How our existence can continue beyond death is a mystery, no doubt; but a mystery is not an impossibility, as science herself at every step of her progress has reason to acknowledge. Mill has put this part of the case with his usual candour and clearness. "The relation of thought to a material brain is no metaphysical necessity; but simply a constant co-existence within the limits of observation. And when analysed to the bottom on the principles of the Associative Psychology, the brain, just as much as the mental functions, is, like matter itself, merely a set of human sensations either actual or inferred as possible, namely those which the anatomist has when he opens the skull, and the impressions which we suppose we should receive of molecular or some other movements when the cerebral action was going on if there were no bony envelope, and our senses or our instruments were sufficiently delicate. Experience furnishes us with no example of any series of states of consciousness, without this group of contingent sensations attached to it; but it is as easy to imagine such a series of states without as with this accompaniment, and we know of no reason in the nature of things against the possibility of its being thus disjoined. We may suppose that the same thoughts, emotions, volitions, and even sensations which we have here, may persist or recommence somewhere else under other conditions, just as we may suppose that other thoughts and sensations may exist under other conditions in other parts of the universe. And on entertaining this supposition, we need not be embarrassed by any metaphysical difficulties about a thinking substance. Substance is but a general name for the perdurability of attributes. Wherever there is a series of thoughts connected together by memories, that constitutes a thinking substance. This absolute distinction in thought and separability in representation of our states of consciousness from the set of conditions with which they are united only by constancy of concomitance, is equivalent in a practical point of view to the old distinction of the two substances Matter and Mind. There is therefore in science no evidence against the immortality of the soul but that negative evidence which consists in the absence of evidence in its favour."

Science is nothing but the perceptions of

our senses collected and methodized. And what reason have we for believing that the perceptions of our senses—our sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell—even with the aid of the telescope, the microscope, and all other possible inventions, give us anything like a full account of the Universe? An account they give us, which is real so far as it goes, and the guide of our life under our present conditions; but what reason is there for believing that they give us anything like a full account? Is it not reasonable, on the contrary, to surmise that what they tell us bears no appreciable proportion to the whole sum of truth. Around us we see animals, some of them probably representing our immediate physical progenitors, passing their lives within the narrow circle of their own impressions, which is the universe to them, in total unconsciousness of that larger universe which a more developed reason and the appliances of science have opened to us. Is it not probable that we ourselves should present the same spectacle to beings of a higher order? Is it not probable that by an enlargement of our faculties perfectly conceivable, and even involving no total departure from the course of mental development by which we have been brought from the level of the ape or the savage to the highest present level of intellectual and moral man, the difficulty which we now have in understanding the continuance of existence after death might be completely removed, and the anticipations of conscience at once seen to be real? At all events, before a man commits himself practically to the belief that they are illusions, he will do well to find some stronger assurance than the mere inability, with the present limits of our faculties, to understand how a thing can be brought about, against the occurrence of which in itself there is no rational presumption whatever.

To refer absolutely to the authority of the senses, and reject as necessarily baseless anything which they do not confirm, has become more unreasonable than ever since science herself has proved that the nervous organizations on which the senses depend are, like everything else, in a state of flux and development. If they are in a state of flux and development, how can their present decisions be final.

We have inklings of a universe beyond the present range of our perceptions, which the physicists deride as not supported by experience, as though each successive phase of evolution had not been beyond the experience of the preceding phases. We have the ideas of eternity and infinity; we have them as strongly and ineradicably as we have any ideas whatever; and until we can get rid of them, we shall never be able to believe that physical science, which presents to us everything under the conditions of time and space, is any considerable approach to a complete knowledge of the universe.

It will be observed that the evidence here offered is not liable to the *reductio ad absurdum* to which evidence of the kind offered by Butler is liable, as tending to prove not only the immortality of the human soul, but the immortality of animals. If animals could be shewn to have the same inherent conviction of responsibility extending beyond this life that men have, the same presumption would no doubt arise in their case. But there is no symptom of anything of the kind, or even of their having the powers of reflection necessary to frame such an idea. Their lot, and the amount of unmerited and apparently needless suffering often inflicted on them, are mysteries, as to a great extent are our own being and the whole universe. One day, perhaps, light may be cast on all. At present we can only hold fast to that which is certain, and wait in patience for the explanation of the rest.

Nor have we here anything to do with ghosts or apparitions of any kind, which the anthropologists seem to regard as inseparably connected with the belief in a future state; though in fact, they are merely the primeval modes of presentation, traces of which linger long among the uneducated or the superstitious, but of which the belief itself runs clear as men ascend intellectually and morally to a higher level.

Nor again do we commit ourselves to any special view as to the relations between the soul and the body, the existence of a soul apart from the body, or the effect of that visible dissolution of the human organization which we call death. Nothing is maintained but that we have an assurance of continued existence, an existence the character of which will be determined by our moral state; and that this assurance may be fulfilled, notwithstanding that to the eye of sense nothing survives our corporeal dissolution.

Spiritual life need not be represented as

the life of a disembodied spirit or of a spirit distinct from the body and struggling for emancipation in the fashion imagined by the monks; nor as anything the reality of which can be affected by proofs of the soul's sympathy with the body and the effects of disease or sleep on the whole human organization. It is a life the aims and motives of which are beyond the world of sense; of which the mainspring is a faith in things unseen; which consists in a constant effort to realize an ideal of character fitted to a higher state of being than this, and looks for the reward of present self-denial and self-sacrifice in the state of things to which that ideal is fitted. It is perfectly conceivable that such a life, in its progress through periods of time at all proportioned to those which elapsed before the appearance of a being capable of spiritual life upon this planet, might completely transmute humanity, and this without reversing any known law of science, or causing any breach in the continuity of evolution.

It seems certain as a historical fact, apart from any question as to revelation or miracle, that a great movement or development did commence upon this globe at the period marked by the first preaching of Christianity. Not that it commenced abruptly: there had been a dawning, and one of increasing brightness as the daybreak approached, in Hebrew history and literature; there had been dawnings in the life of Socrates, in the teaching of Plato, in the lives and the teaching perhaps of other precursors, Greek, Roman, and Oriental: but the commencement was distinct. From the appearance of Christ, humanity dates a new era and a new order of things. Since that time the distinguishing feature of history has been the constant effort of all that portion of humanity which has fallen under the influence of Christianity to realize an ideal of character, both individual and collective, much in advance of any existing type, though conformable to the pattern embodied in the Gospels. This effort pervades every production and manifestation of humanity. It pervades not only Christian temples, liturgies, and books of devotion, but Christian art in contrast with heathen: Phidias is a greater artist than Michael Angelo, but the Christian possesses, while the Greek lacks, the interest of a spiritual ideal. It pervades Christian fiction, in which, if it be any way worthy of the name Christian, the interest consists, in some degree at least, in the development of character, while in the Arabian Nights there is no interest but that of adventure. In the social and political sphere, Christendom constantly struggles to produce a community on the basis of human brotherhood, identical with the Church of the Gospel; and it finds itself constrained to persist in this struggle, notwithstanding all the disappointments consequent on the collapse of Utopias and the failure of social revolutions. Christendom cherishes an undying hope for the future of humanity. We shall look for the expression of such a hope in vain—as vainly as for any expression of Faith or Charity—in any Greek or Roman writer; in its place we shall find a despondent regret for the lost happiness of the Golden Age. But Christianity at its birth pours forth in the Apocalypse a rapturous prediction of the final triumph of good over evil and the glorious transformation of humanity. It seems to be partly in virtue of this hope, and of the self-devotion which it excites, that Christian communities show a peculiar vitality, and a power of recovering themselves from the lowest state of depression, while the histories of nations outside the pale of Christendom have more resembled the lives of animals developing into a sort of physical perfection, and then sinking into irretrievable decay.

The writer is fully prepared to accept Evolution, nor does he shrink from the new view of Moral Philosophy which it seems likely to bring with it. Suppose it proved that our vicious propensities are the traces of our animal origin, not yet worked out of us, and that virtue, individual and social, is the effort by which the grosser element is gradually eliminated. This would no doubt render it necessary to rewrite our manuals of Moral Philosophy; but it would not alter our notions of what is higher and lower in morality, or confuse our perceptions of right and wrong, while it would render Ethics more practical and relieve us of much superstition. But the Evolutionists must be called on to accept the fair consequences of their own theory; or rather we, in accepting the theory of Evolution, must accept it as a whole. There can be no reason for believing that the law ceased to operate, and that the series of ascending phases of existence was closed, just at the point at which man emerged from the animal, however natural it may be that

the views of a pure physiologist should be limited to the physiological development. It is conceivable that as from the inorganic was evolved the organic, and from the organic, humanity, so humanity itself may pass into a higher phase, such as we denominate spiritual life. In tracing the descent, we must not overlook the ascent of man.

The lifting of the veil which shrouded the physical origin of man has inevitably given thought a strong bias in the direction of primæval research; and evolutionists are apt to speak as though the genesis of a being were finally decisive of its nature and destiny. Yet the similarity of the embryo Newton to the embryo Diamond seems to preach the opposite lesson. Conscience is treated by this school as merely the principle of tribal self-preservation subtilized into etiquette. That the principle of tribal self-preservation subtilized may be the rudiment of conscience is possible; but that conscience, as now developed, is something more than the principle of tribal self-preservation is surely a fact which everyone may verify. Any one may now satisfy himself by reflection that the mere approbation or disapprobation of his tribe, his nation, or men in general, is not sufficient to assure him of the righteousness or unrighteousness of his conduct, but that he is also judged by an Unseen Power, under whose government it will be well with the righteous and ill with the unrighteous in the sum of things. Conscience is the great and hitherto unskaken proof at once of the immortality of the soul and of the existence of God.

As conscience is identified with the principle of tribal self-preservation by writers of the class of which we have been speaking, so religion is treated as nothing more than mythology. But mythology is merely the coarse primæval matrix of religion. Of mythologies there are as many as there are primitive tribes; the religious principle is one. We can observe the religious principle gradually disengaging itself from mythology, as when Hector, in the Iliad, defies the power of omens and casts himself upon the Power which upholds those who are fighting in a good cause; and far more clearly and signally in Plato's Ideas, which are in fact, under a metaphysical garb, the Supreme Power, independent of ourselves, which upholds righteousness. Since the coming of Christianity, as we have said, the history of all the nations under its influence has been marked by a continual effort to realize an ideal of character distinctly religious and fitted for a higher state of being: that this tendency of all the more advanced portion of humanity is mere illusion, may possibly be proved, but cannot lightly be assumed. That the traces of the mythical era, and of the era of political religion, when all the gods were national, and each nation had its own god, long hung and still hang about Christianity is perfectly true; but Christianity is entirely distinct from ecclesiastical miracles, hagiologies, and state churches; and if the Christian spirit disengages itself from these remnants of the preceding phase of history, not at once, but slowly and gradually, there is nothing in this repugnant to the theory of evolution.

Why the destiny of man should be wrought out by evolution and effort, not decided by fiat, is an inscrutable mystery; as are the relation of the individual to the race, and the manner in which justice is to be done, as we divine that it will be done, to such as fail only through want of gifts and opportunities. But in spite of these and other doubts, which, it is vain to deny, at present rest in heavy clouds upon human speculation, there seems to be enough, apart from Revelation, to make a man reflect seriously before he finally determines to act on the belief that there is no hereafter, and that if he can only prosper and secure the good opinion of men, which very often waits on mere prosperity in this life, he need not fear any consequences in the life to come.

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

BY W. P. DOLE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

YOU see that now Soracte steep
Resplendent stands, enveloped deep
In shining snow;
Nor struggling woods the load can bear,
And sharp frost stays the rivers where
They used to flow.

O, Thaliarchus! kindle mirth;
Heap high the logs upon the hearth;
Dispel the cold;
From Sabine jar more freely draw,
The rigorous season's chill to thaw,
Wine four years old.

To the Gods leave the rest; when they
Once will the warring winds to lay
And boiling seas,
Tall cypresses no longer quake,
Nor, bending their strong branches, shake
The aged ash trees.

Ask not—What may to-morrow give?
Each day that Fortune grants to live,
Count it as gain;
Nor spurn the sweet delights of love,
Nor through the merry dance to move
In youth disdain.

While sour, hoar age your bloom yet spares,
Let now Mars' Field and public squares
Be your delight;
And at appointed evening hour
Let whispers soft have gentle power
Still to invite.

Now, too, enjoy in romping plays
The pleasant laughter that betrays
The maiden hid
In closest nook, and the pledge caught
From arm or finger that scarce sought
Theft to forbid.

CHURCH AND STATE IN QUEBEC:

A REVIEW OF SIR ALEXANDER GALT'S PAMPHLET.

BY QUEBECENSIS.

WHEN, in the year 1851, the Legislature of Canada embodied in a Statute* the principle of the legal equality of all religious denominations, and declared that to be a fundamental principle of our civil polity, it was supposed that all questions concerning the relations of Church and State were permanently settled; and the country, relieved from the discussion of so difficult a subject, turned with satisfaction its undivided attention to those measures of practical utility which preceded and accompanied a long career of material progress and peace. The pamphlet recently published by Sir Alex. Galt† warns us that these pleasing anticipations have not been realized; but that there is now existing in the Province of Quebec an organized determination to assert, on behalf of the hierarchy of the Church of Rome, a pre-eminence and an authority unsanctioned by the law of the land, and contrary to the genius of the people of both races who dwell therein.

That such questions should again come up for discussion will no doubt be distasteful to the mere politician. They embarrass all his party alliances and disturb all his deep-laid plans. But the fault is not with such men as Sir Alex. Galt. If, as he attempts to show, it be true that gradual and insidious encroachments are being made by the hierarchy upon the civil power in Quebec, then, upon the principle of the motto, *Qui tacet consentire videtur*, which he has chosen from Pope Boniface's Maxims of Canon Law, he is bound, as a citizen who has acted no humble part in the politics of his country, to utter the words of warning which are contained in the pamphlet before us. There are certain principles of civil liberty which long ages of struggle have engrained so deeply in the very nature of Anglo-Saxon peoples, and certain principles of the independence of the civil power, which centuries of contest have instilled into the minds of Frenchmen, that they cannot be tampered with to any great extent without causing great convulsions of society. It is better to recognise such encroachments in their beginnings, in the hope that timely remonstrance may prevent those disturbances which would inevitably result from a tacit acquiescence at the first.

The task which Sir Alex. Galt has taken up for this Province is in some respects similar to that of Mr. Gladstone for Great Britain: it is to show that new claims have of late been put forward on behalf of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Mr. Gladstone treats these chiefly as bearing upon civil allegiance; Sir Alex. Galt as bearing specially upon the peculiar circumstances of his own Province, and as weakening certain rights of the Protestant minority which were guaranteed at Confederation. The writers do not cover the same ground. If, however, Mr. Gladstone apprehends danger to civil liberty from these recently put forward claims of the Roman Church, how much more anxiously should we scan them, living in a Roman Catholic Province like Quebec?

Mr. Gladstone traces in clear outlines the progress of Roman Catholic emancipation in Great Britain. He shows that it was in a great measure obtained by means of the testimony given by all the prelates and representatives of the Roman Church in England and Ireland. Protestant prejudice gradually gave way before the earnest and sincere assurances of good and learned Roman theologians that Protestant notions of Papal claims were utterly false, that Papal infallibility was a Protestant fiction,

* 14–15 Vic., cap. 175.

† Church and State. Montreal, 1876.

and that the claims of the Pope to coercive power, or to any authority over the State, were obsolete.

In Quebec the case was different. By the liberality of the British Government, the Roman Catholic religion was, from the very first, established in the fullest freedom. By virtue alone of the Imperial Act, 14 Geo. III. cap. 83, the Catholics of Canada obtained privileges not enjoyed by their English co-religionists. We are aware that upon this point a wide-spread misapprehension exists now in Quebec, even in the highest quarters, and we regret to read the following in a pastoral of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal:

"Le Canada était donc vaincu, mais le patriotisme Canadien ne l'était pas. Car nos pères, avant de mettre bas les armes, se souvinrent qu'ils n'étaient venus peupler le pays, que pour en faire un pays religieux. Ils capitulèrent donc avec les vainqueurs; et, forts de leur patriotisme, ils demandèrent hardiment, pour tous les habitants de la colonie 'le droit d'être conservés dans la possession de leurs biens;' pour tous les Catholiques 'le libre exercice de la religion'; pour leur clergé et leurs communautés, des sauve-gardes, les dîmes, et tous les droits accoutumés; et pour les Evêques, le libre exercice de leurs fonctions episcopales. Voilà comme nos religieux ancêtres pensèrent et agirent, dans les circonstances si critiques pour eux, puisqu'ils étaient sur le point de passer sous une domination étrangère, et de toucher au pouvoir d'un gouvernement qui, à cette époque, faisait mourir ses propres sujets pour cause de religion."*

A reference to the Articles of Capitulation, Nos. 28 to 35, will show that the right to tithes and accustomed dues to the clergy was distinctly refused; and that the right of the Bishops to exercise episcopal functions, in Article 31, was also refused by implication, for it was classed by General Amherst with Article 30, which was expressly refused. Lest, however, there should be any doubt as to this misapprehension of the exact facts, we quote from another pastoral dated the same day: "En passant sous la domination Anglaise, nos pères demandèrent *et obtinrent* à la capitulation du pays pour leur clergé le droit de percevoir les dîmes et autres oblations accoutumées."†

It will be evident to any one reading the documents, that the free exercise of their religion was alone granted, and that is defined by the treaty of cession, which expressly states that the inhabitants of Canada shall have the free exercise of their religion *so far as the laws of Great Britain permit.* We purposely abstain from any comment upon the statement that at that time (1760) the British Government was putting its own subjects to death for the sake of their religion. It remains to be observed that, at that time in Canada, the Church of Rome was Gallican. This Sir Alex. Galt shows was decided by the Privy Council in the Guibord case; consequently, even if there had been no further enactment, the King of England became possessed of all the rights of sovereignty held by the French monarch.

Returning, however, to the subject of Roman Catholic Emancipation in Great Britain, it is important to remember that during the whole agitation Rome kept silent. Still the rule *qui tacet consentire videtur* did not bind her. We find, from the replies of Cardinal Manning, Monseigneur Capel and others, that all the Roman Catholics at that time were mistaken, and did not really know the principles of their own Church. Even Dr. Newman thinks that Bishop Doyle's evidence needs a little "pious interpretation," and adds that these representations of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Great Britain had no real value, because Rome was not a

* Fioretti Vescovili, p. 105, Pastoral, dated May 31, 1858, and reprinted in this collection in 1872: —"Canada was then conquered, but Canadian patriotism was not. For our fathers, before laying down their arms, bethought themselves that they had come to settle in this country only that they might make it a religious country. They made terms then with the conquerors; and, strong in their patriotism, they boldly demanded for all the inhabitants of the colony the right of being established in the possession of their property; for all Catholics, the free exercise of religion; for their clergy and their religious communities, safeguards, tithes, and all accustomed dues; and for the bishops the free exercise of their episcopal functions. This is how our religious ancestors thought and acted in circumstances so critical for them, since they were then on the point of passing under a foreign domination, and were touching the power of a Government which at that time was putting its own subjects to death for the sake of religion."

† Fioretti Vescovili: Pastoral on Tithes, p. 106, May 31, 1858:—"In passing under the English domination, our fathers demanded and obtained at the capitulation of the country for their clergy the right of collection of tithes and other customary oblations."

formally consenting party. Protestants are often, with justice, reproached for misrepresenting Roman doctrine; but in this case, at least, they would seem to have been nearer the truth than those learned men who had made a life study of Roman theology. If Barré and Maseres, who resisted the Quebec Act of 1774, or those statesmen who so long resisted Catholic Emancipation in Ireland, were now alive and could read Cardinal Manning's assurances that Rome had never withdrawn one jot or one tittle of her extremest claims, how would they exult over the easy credulity of their opponents!

Among the many replies to Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning's is distinguished by its uncompromising tone, reminding us, in its boldness, of those men who in Lower Canada are pithily said to be "more Catholic than the Pope." He declares that the civil power is in no way affected by the Vatican decrees more than it ever was, and yet admits that the whole mass of Papal decrees, from the earliest times, must now be held as of binding force. It now for the first time clearly appears that this really was the state of the matter all the while, only it was not generally known; certainly the good Bishop of Kildare did not know it, or he would not have described as "odious" such dogmatic utterances as the *Unam Sanctam*. Pity it is that we could not have had a few centuries more of happy ignorance. To revive upon us the whole mass of the Canon Law, and yet maintain that civil liberty is not touched, seems a contradiction. The claims of the Roman Pontiff to exercise coercive power over kings and kingdoms are too much slurred over, however, even by the Cardinal. In explaining away this claim, he quotes the bull "*Novit*" of Innocent III., and purports to give the text in full in his Appendix. But Mr. Gladstone, in his second pamphlet, supplies an omitted portion of that Bull, which asserts that the Pontiff is able and bound to coerce, and is appointed over the nations and the kings that he may tear up and pull down, and scatter every mortal sin. Still the Cardinal indicates, by the words "*et infra*," the omitted passage, the fact being that passages supposed to be of no special importance are relegated to the end, in smaller type, their place being indicated by the words "*et infra*." Now, however, that these documents are of increased importance we presume such liberties will no longer be taken, and no such device will be permitted. As for the question of coercive power, the present Pope, in the Encyclical *Quantâ Curâ*, condemns all those who declare that the Church has no right of restraining by temporal punishments those who violate her laws. Upon these and other changes of Roman Catholic teaching in England Mr. Gladstone dwells, in both his pamphlets, at great length; and Sir Alexander Galt shows that a similar change has taken place in Quebec. To establish this he quotes largely from pastorals and other official utterances of the Bishops. But what is especially of importance to us is the danger, under these new doctrines, of collision between the Church and the Civil power. We have recently seen over one thousand men under arms to enforce a decision of the Privy Council. How slight an error on the part of the magistrates, or of the officers commanding troops in such an emergency, might cause the streets of a city to run with blood, and destroy for a generation the peace and harmony of this Province!

With regard to the precise *locus* of infallibility, it is not a subject with which Protestants have any business to deal. It is no concern of theirs whether infallibility resides in a Council or in the Pope. If Catholics choose to hold the latter doctrine, they have a right to do so. Protestants do not believe in infallibility residing in any person or persons. The question for Protestants is, that absolute and entire obedience is now demanded where it was not before. It is, that indirectly, by the Vatican decrees, the whole body of the past jurisprudence of the Roman Church rises into startling importance, and becomes matter of faith binding on the conscience. Hence, living in a Province where the majority are Roman Catholic, they must ask what is this Canon Law—what is this which Popes have decreed, and which now binds, and did not bind before (that is, which was not generally thought to bind before), and they find there everything which their forefathers resisted, asserted; and that liberty of conscience which is the breath of their life, denied. True, Dr. Newman and Bishop Fessler minimise these decrees to an almost harmless degree; but when may they not be maximised, as they were in the olden times of strife, and be again brought to bear upon civil liberty, by a majority acting through constitutional forms?

It is here that the extracts which Sir Alexander Galt has given from Bishop Fessler are specially to be borne in mind; for they show the dangerous bearing of the principle of minimising. During the Emancipation agitation Rome kept quiet. At the present time Bishop Fessler and Dr. Newman are minimising, but those in Quebec who are "more Catholic than the Pope" are probably right after all, and may at any time be justified in their interpretations. It is hard for Protestants to sit silent when the whole foundation of their civil rights is being sapped by dogmatic decrees which at one time are explained one way and at another time are explained another way by scientific Roman theologians. These ultra Romans are the *avant courriers* of public opinion. Let such doctrines go unchallenged—let the public mind get familiar with this once foreign language—let the youthful mind be imbued with it in the schools, and it will soon reach the Bar, the Bench, and the Senate, and we shall wake up one day to find that we need all our safeguards, and that we too have been overcredulous in listening while *scientific* theology placed a meaning upon words which their ordinary sense would not justify.

This restlessness on the part of the Roman hierarchy is the more inexcusable, because the Bishops admit, in the decree quoted by Sir Alexander Galt, that their Church is freer here than in any other part of the world. Yet they are not satisfied; they hope to attain still further (*deinceps*) to an ideally full and perfect freedom, by means of the favour of our civil rulers. Now this full freedom of the Roman Church is the complete subordination of every other Church, or sect as they would say. Not only is the Roman Church now free, but it has this advantage over the State Churches even of the Empire, that the sword of the civil power collects its tithes. O, Reverend Prelates of the Council, why seek to bind upon this country burdens which neither we nor our fathers were ever able to bear?

During the superficial discussion lately elicited in the House of Commons and in the press, it seemed to appear that all Roman Catholics are Ultramontanes. We venture to think that a fallacy underlies the use of this word. They are doubtless Ultramontane in the sense that they accept the recent definition of the infallibility of the Pope. The word is used evidently in opposition to the word Gallican, which has now become almost a term of opprobrium. But it does not follow that in giving up the most salient of the Gallican doctrines, that they give them all up. They may cease to be Gallicans, and yet may not—and we believe most of the laymen do not—hold to the power of the Pope in temporals, or even in mixed matters. It is true that the position is logically difficult. Cardinal Manning shows that an infallible authority must define its own limits. In any conflict between Church and State, the fallible State must yield to the infallible Church, from the very nature of the terms employed. The latent premiss once admitted, the logic is irresistible; and for all who value civil liberty the outlook is gloomy. When we see, as Sir Alexander Galt has shown us, that infallible authority has made its first appearance on our Statute Book, we can only hope that our civil rulers will carefully remember in the future that the rights of conscience are superior to the rigid deductions of scholastic logic; for it is in the wielding of the temporal sword, under the dictation of the spiritual sword, that the conflict is likely to arise. If Sir Alexander Galt's pamphlet does no other service, it will compel the politicians to turn their attention to this question, and to form definite ideas as to the true relations between Church and State in Quebec.

The liberties of the Gallican Church, concerning which so much has of late been said, are summed up by Fleury under two maxims: 1st. That the power given by Jesus Christ to His Church is purely spiritual, and extends neither directly nor indirectly over temporal matters; 2nd. That the fulness of the power which the Pope has, as Chief of the Church, should be exercised conformably to the canons received by the whole Church; and that the Pope himself is subject to the judgment of a General Council in the case pointed out by the Council of Constance. These propositions, with the addition that the laws, manners, and customs of the Gallican Church should be preserved inviolate, were proclaimed as "maxims received from their forefathers," and embodied in four Articles drawn up by the hand of the celebrated Bossuet. These Articles were unanimously adopted by the Bishops in 1682, homologated by the Parliament, and sanctioned by

the King. They were included in a Royal edict, commanding that they should be everywhere taught, and declaring them to be general law in all the dominions of France. They were in force in Canada, as is clearly shown in the Guibord judgment. Under the French law before the Revolution, "appels comme d'abus" to the King's Courts extended to all the relations between the civil and the spiritual powers.

That these liberties are not now upheld generally by the clergy of France is one of the results of the Revolution of 1789. That stupendous political convulsion broke up every institution of the country, civil and religious. The churches were closed, and the clergy either put to death or driven into exile. Finding it difficult, however, to get along without religion, Napoleon, at that time First Consul of the Republic, made, in 1801, a Concordat with Pope Pius VII. The Pope then issued the Bull *Qui Christi*, in which he "annuls, suppresses, and extinguishes in perpetuity, the status of the ancient Churches, Archiepiscopal and Episcopal, with all their chapters, rights, privileges, and prerogatives of whatsoever sort they may be, and notwithstanding the statutes, customs (even though immemorial), privileges and indults of these same Churches." By the same Bull, all the legitimate Bishops and Chapters were deposed, and even the boundaries of the old dioceses changed. The First Consul named, and the Pope instituted, the new Prelates. There was, consequently, an absolute historic break in the continuity of the Church of France, and the foundation of the present Church dates only from the year 1801. To do the Pope justice, he was driven to this act of *outré* Ultramontanism (we quote the words of the Archbishop of Paris, in 1845) by Napoleon, who threatened to make France Protestant unless it were done. The Pope signed the Concordat and issued the Bull, but in order to save the rights of the State, and such of the Gallican customs as did not conflict with his government, the First Consul took care that neither Bull nor Concordat was promulgated until what were styled "the Organic Articles" were attached. These were not signed by the Pope, but rest on the authority of the State alone, and were purposely made to go over much of the subject-matter of the Bull in another form. He then published all these together as one legislative act. It would be difficult to say whether the Pope or the Consul more exceeded their powers—and indeed that question has been disputed ever since in France; but, together, they succeeded in dealing such a blow at the ancient privileges of the Church of France, that these have maintained but a sickly existence ever since. Radicalism is potent to destroy but powerless to create, and the Revolution, in destroying the continuity of the institutions of France, entailed upon her Cæsarism in the State, and Absolutism in the Church.

We come now to the consideration of the Bull of Boniface VIII., *Unam Sanctam*, issued in 1302, which Sir Alexander Galt shows us is re-affirmed in a decree of the fifth Provincial Council of Quebec, held in 1873, confirmed by the Pope the following year, and consequently in force in this ecclesiastical Province as far as such decrees can have any force. Cardinal Manning holds this to be an infallible *ex cathedra* Bull. Newman has considerable doubt upon that point, and Bishop Fessler maintains that the last sentence alone is an infallible utterance. That sentence is hard reading—it runs: "And this we declare, we say, we define, and we pronounce, that it is necessary to the salvation of every human creature that he should be subject to the Roman Pontiff." If the Pope had added "in spiritual matters," Protestants would have no right to complain, because, as far as their salvation is concerned, they are content to go wherever their fathers have gone; but when the doctrine of the two swords is reaffirmed, that at once clearly trenches upon the declaration of the Canadian Act of 1851, which, as we have seen, affirms that the equality of all religions is a fundamental part of our constitution. The text of a portion of the Quebec decree is given at page 21 of Sir Alexander Galt's pamphlet. In substance it is: that the Church is a perfect society, independent of and superior to the civil power; and that the political power of the Christian ruler is, not only negatively but even positively, subordinate to the religious authority of the superior society which resides in the Sovereign Pontiff. Not only, then, must the civil power abstain from hindering the superior society in attaining its supernatural end, but, when called upon, it must aid it; for the temporal sword is under the spiritual sword (*gladium*

sub gladio), and is to be wielded by the civil ruler for the Church, not against the Church—that is, of course, the Roman Church. The decree then goes on to urge that this doctrine should be taught in all colleges and schools, and impressed upon judges, advocates, members of Parliament, and newspaper writers, at every opportunity.

Now, in this doctrine of the indirect temporal power lies the kernel of the controversy. It has been fought over age after age, and whenever asserted by Popes promptly repudiated by Governments. For a long time it had lain dormant, and now it comes up again, necessarily to fail once more. A similar doctrine had been put out by Innocent III., who, in a rescript still forming part of the Canon Law, says that God made two lights in the firmament, the greater to rule the day and the lesser the night; and as the light of the day—the Pontifical power—is greater than the light of the night—the temporal power,—so is the power of the Pontiffs superior to that of kings. From Innocent III. to Boniface VIII. the power of the Papacy remained at its flood. The issuing of this Bull (*Unam Sanctam*) marks the commencement of its ebb. Philip the Fair was then King of France, and was engaged in a violent quarrel with the Pope, which was exasperated by the arrogant bearing of one of the French bishops, acting for the Pope, to Philip in person. Him the king sent to prison. Boniface shortly after wrote in the following strain:—"Boniface, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to Philip, King of France: Fear God and keep His commandments. We would have you to know that you are subject to us in spiritual and in temporal matters," &c., &c. The King publicly burned the Bull and replied: "Philip, by the grace of God, King of France, to Boniface, calling himself Sovereign Pontiff: little or no greeting. Let your great extravagance be informed that we are subject to no one whomsoever in temporal matters," &c., &c. In November of the same year the dogmatic Bull *Unam Sanctam* was issued, followed by the excommunication of the King. The point worthy of special note is that the Pope utterly failed; for, in 1303, he was seized by an agent of the King, and died of chagrin shortly after his release. The following Pope revoked the excommunication, and the next, Clement V., issued the Bull *Meruit*, which Cardinal Manning says *explained*, but which Bishop Bossuet and Bishop Doyle said *recalled* the offensive Bull. This latter effect it was at the time supposed to have had, and it is not easy to read it in any other sense. This is in few words the history of the famous Bull, around which so much of the Gladstone discussion revolves. Many attempts are now made to explain it away; but Boniface and Philip must be supposed to have had an advantage in ascertaining its real meaning, even over the scientific theologians of 573 years later.

In France, as we have seen, the doctrine of the indirect temporal power met with no success. In England, coming up under various forms, it caused incessant collisions with the civil authority. Kings and Parliaments kept a jealous watch upon it. No more devout Catholic ever sat on the throne than William the Conqueror; but he, when even Hildebrand was Pontiff, compelled all the Pope's letters coming into England to be brought first to him, in order that he might see before publication that they contained nothing derogatory to the rights of the Crown. The perfidious John alone bowed the neck, when his tyranny had alienated the nation; and, in recompense, Pope Innocent anathematized and annulled Magna Charta utterly to no purpose. The struggle was renewed under Edward I., and resulted in the first Statute of Provisors, 25 Edward III., caps. 5 and 6. Then followed the first Statute of Præmunire, 27 Edward III., cap. 1; then 38 Edward III.; 12 Rich. II., cap. 15; 13 Rich. II., caps. 2 and 3; and the Statute, still in force, of Provisors and Præmunire, 16 Rich. II., cap. 5. Many others followed, but this last declared "that the Crown of England hath been so free at all times; that it hath been in no earthly subjection, but immediately subject to God in all things touching the regality of the same crown." So the quarrel went on until the time of Henry VIII. Now, if all these Catholic princes and kings violently repudiated the doctrine of the indirect power of the Roman Pontiff in ages supposed to be dark and enslaved, how can it be possible to revive it with success in times such as these we live in?

But why go over such ground as this, which is patent to every reader of history?

Because, if these old Bulls and Constitutions of the Roman Church are to be revived—if, as Cardinal Manning says, such Bulls as *Novit* and *Unam Sanctam* are infallible—if, as Cardinal Cullen testified on the O'Keefe trial, every Bull is of binding force when published at Rome—if, as Bishop Moran testified on the same trial, the whole Canon Law is in force in Ireland—if one of our own younger Judges can sit in a Royal Court and receive the "Corpus Juris Canonici" as of superior authority to the statutes of the realm—if Suarez, and Scavini, and Schmalzgroeber, and the Syllabus can be quoted in a judgment of one of the Queen's Judges, instead of Blackstone and Stephen and Coke—and, especially, if in a Statute passed at the last Session of the Quebec Parliament, the Canon law is recognised as regulating Roman Catholic cemeteries in Canada—it is time to go back and look into this new body of law and see what is in it. Over these dead bones of history the Vatican decrees have breathed the breath of an ephemeral life. Once more, all these haughty forms of proud and imperious churchmen threaten us with menacing gesture. Shall we not then be allowed to invoke to our aid those kings, warriors, and statesmen who resisted them *a l'outrance*, and conquered them along the whole line of combat? But why, after all, speak of kings, when we can read the burning words of the eloquent Bishop of Kildare, in his letters to Lord Liverpool? "If," says he, "we declare in all the forms which language can assume, that the Church has not defined anything upon the subject about which I treat—if, in opposition to the doctrine imputed to her, we adduce the concurrent testimony of the Lord Himself, of His Apostles, and of the Holy Fathers—if we even show that the conduct and doctrine of the most eminent of the Popes themselves are opposed to it, with what colour of justice can it still be imputed to us? If we do not stop here—if we point out the source from which this hateful doctrine has originally flowed—if we show its origin, its progress, its decline and fall, is it not, my Lord, uncandid, ungenerous, and unjust to overlook our statements, to reject our proofs, to condemn us for that conduct in others which we ourselves abhor? If the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, in which Boniface declares that every creature is subject to the Roman Pope, without at all specifying whether it be in spiritual or temporal matters—if this Bull be objected to us, is it not reasonable to attend to us whilst we say that no Bull of any Pope can decide our judgment, if it be not received and assented to by the pastors of the Church—an assent which this Bull *Unam Sanctam* never has received? Should we not be allowed to add, that so far from being received by the Church, it was violently opposed, and by an opposition so successful that it was recalled by Clement V., between whom and the author of that Bull only one Pope, Benedict XI., intervened? If the one, which was rejected by the world, be of such mighty moment, is not the other, which was admitted by all, entitled to some respect?"

We have no desire to underrate the many benefits which civil society owes to the Canon Law, and to the influence of Rome in the ages when society was slowly reorganizing after the barbaric invasions. In relation to this, Monseigneur Capel, in his reply to Mr. Gladstone, gives an extract from Arnold's "Lectures on Modern History," which must meet with the concurrence of every reasonable man. But upon taking up the passage at the very word where Mgr. Capel left off, we find the very qualification which renders so large a part of the Canon Law repugnant to the present age. Dr. Arnold continues: "But conceive, on the other hand, the Papacy to become the representative of superstition and of spiritual tyranny, while the Imperial power was the expression and voice of law; that the Emperor stood in the place of the Church, and the Pope was the mere priest, the Church's worst enemy;—and this was actually the form which the contest between the sacerdotal and regal powers assumed at a later period;—then our sympathies are changed, and we become no less zealously Ghibelin than we before were Guelf." It would have been fairer for Mgr. Capel to have given the whole passage. Be that, however, as it may, it is extremely dangerous to a free people to allow such a mass of jurisprudence to acquire by degrees any authority whatsoever; and lest our readers may not be familiar with it, we shall quote from the evidence of Dr. Slevin, Professor of Canon Law in 1826 at Maynooth, the following account of it: "The Canon Law, or common law of our Church, is contained in a work known by the title of 'Corpus Juris Canonici.' It was published by Pope Gregory XIII., and is composed of several parts or

collections of Canon Law made at different times. The body of Canon Law is composed of texts of Scripture, decrees of Councils, decretals of Popes, extracts from the holy fathers, and even some from the Civil Law. The different collections making up the body of the Canon Law are: the Decretum Gratiani; secondly, the Decretalia Gregorii IX.; thirdly, the Sextus Decretalium; fourthly, the Clementinæ Constitutiones; fifthly, the Extravagantes Johannis; and sixthly, the Extravagantes Communes; and the sources from which the different laws contained in these collections are taken are those that I mentioned. To have a complete body of Canon Law, we must add the decrees of the Council of Trent, and the different Bulls that have been issued by Popes since the time of Pope Sixtus IV., as none of a more recent date are included in the collection of Gregory XIII., which was published towards the end of the 16th century. The Bulls that were issued after Sixtus IV. down to Clement XII. have been included in the 'Bullarium Romanum.'" When we say that this law, so far only as the Extravagantes Communes, extends over a huge folio volume of 1,000 pages of small type in double columns (we refer to the edition of Pithoeus, 1779), and when we reflect that the "Bullarium Romanum," down to 1757, includes 19 vols. folio, and, moreover, that the continuation, publishing at Rome, comprised a few years ago 15 folio volumes more, down only to 1821; when we remember also the immense literary activity of the present Pope, the mind sinks in despair before the mass of reading matter which has of late received so great an additional authority. Surely, for a while, the world might have a respite from Encyclicals and Syllabuses, until it could have time to digest one thousand years of back reading.

It seems to us that the parting line of opinion cannot be drawn by creeds and races. It ill becomes Protestants, bearing in mind the supreme law of conscience and personal responsibility upon which they fundamentally rely, to attempt to interfere with any doctrines of the spiritual order which Catholics may choose to hold; but, upon the principle of the indirect power of the Roman Pontiff in temporals, a line may be drawn which, we believe, would include, at present, not only Protestants, but the large majority of lay Roman Catholics over 30 years of age—men who could say, with Bishop Doyle in 1826: "We consider the constituted authority in every State, whatever form it may assume, as derived from God, and totally independent of the Pope or any other authority whatsoever, except only such authority as the constitution itself of any State may recognize as the immediate basis or source of its own power. We are warranted in this opinion by the Word of God Himself;" and who could say with Dr. Crolly, of Maynooth, before the Royal Commission in 1854—"I teach that it is our duty, as Catholics, to be as loyal subjects of the Queen in temporal as of the Pope in spiritual matters. I firmly believe that nothing could be more pernicious to the Church herself than any attempt to revive the obsolete, the false, and, as I had fondly imagined, the universally abandoned pretensions that the Pope, as head of the Church, possessed any direct or indirect temporal power."

Upon such principles no quarrel can arise; but it is the doctrines of the Neo-Catholics which we dread. Such, for instance, as those which Cardinal Cullen put out on oath as a witness on the O'Keefe trial in 1873: "The laws of the Catholic Church, when they are published at Rome, bind all over the earth, just as the laws published in London bind in every part of Ireland, England, and Scotland, as I am informed;" and again: "The Canon Law was made for the whole world, and of its own force it extends all over the world;" or such as are embodied in a series of propositions, put forth originally in Belgium, copied in the *Osservatore Romano*, and published in the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* in 1874, under the heading of "Our Catholic Creed:" "We firmly believe and profess that it in no degree belongs to the State to define what are the rights of the Church or the limits within which it may exercise them." "It belongs to the spiritual power to establish the temporal power, and to judge it if it be not good;" and again: "We firmly believe and profess that liberty of conscience and of worship, understood in the sense of theological equality, and indifference in matters of religion, is in itself a principle contrary to the good of souls and to the rights of the Church. And if the Church supports it in certain countries, it is through necessity and through fear of greater evils."

Such principles as these Sir Alex. Galt

shows are spreading in Quebec, and he reminds us that Protestants are in a minority, and that the safeguards devised at Confederation are not so strong as they were supposed to be. To this it is no answer to say that Sir Alex. Galt did, or did not, devise those safeguards—that he did, or did not, think them sufficient a year ago. Such statements may, or may not, be important to Sir Alex. Galt; but to the Protestants of Quebec they are unimportant. Nor is it an answer to say that the Roman Catholics are in a minority in Ontario; because no one in Ontario is proposing to revive the obsolete intolerant statutes of England there. Nor is it conclusive to ask, with that triumphant air of utilitarian politics which is not to be confounded with political wisdom, "What are you going to do about it? You cannot help yourselves." To this we reply: 1st, That the calm and thorough discussion alone of these new and radical doctrines is their sure defeat; and 2nd, That it is not the custom of free people to sit quietly down and await any fate, no matter how inevitable it may seem to be.

While the attacks of the Neo-Catholic school in Quebec are incessant, and their productions, in pamphlets, editorials, letters, &c., are innumerable, the old tolerant school of clergy with whom Protestants have lived so quietly are fast passing away. And what is worse, those who survive do not reply to their more active and vigorous assailants, for the epithets "Liberal" or "Gallican" are not now lightly to be incurred. As specimens of this new Quebec style, we give extracts from a pamphlet published in 1872, violently attacking the Grand Vicar Raymond for liberalism. "Proof, if you please? Proof? It is that there is in Canada liberty of conscience, liberty of worship, liberty of speech, and liberty of the press—all liberties inscribed in our laws as rights, and applied every day in our society as facts; all liberties forming the balance of our social state, the protocol of our political existence; all liberties condemned and reproved by infallible Popes." And again: "We answer still that the Catholic Church has alone the right to liberty, because she alone possesses the truth." The writer indignantly asks, "Does prudence then demand that we should wait until the good dispositions of our politicians are changed with regard to the Church, before demanding the reform of those of our laws which are not in harmony with the Syllabus? It seems to us quite the contrary." And again: "Ought we, we Christians, to exercise more circumspection in regard to the impious and to the Protestants of the 19th century than our brothers of the Primitive Church did to the impious and the pagans of their day?" This is rampant Neo-Catholicism, and there is abundance of it in the recent issues of the Roman Catholic press of the Province. In Laval University, which has been so much attacked for its liberal opinions, the lectures of the Professor of Theology, the Abbé Paquet, have been published under the sanction of the Archbishop. Upon the subject of toleration we read: "A Government cannot proclaim the civil liberty of worship without usurping a right which it has not got. It is not judge in the matter of religion, and in declaring the civil liberty of worship it arrogates to itself a right which belongs only to the spiritual power—it substitutes itself for the infallible tribunal of the Church." Again: "Absolute liberty of worship, set up as a principle, is then a chimera, an error, and an impiety. Always and everywhere the principle of religious or dogmatic intolerance will remain master of the position, because it is the truth, and truth is indestructible, because it is eternal." The Abbé explains the principle of toleration thus: "The rulers of nations, although they may grant civil liberty to false religions for the purpose of avoiding great evils, yet with regard to God and society are always under the obligation of promoting the true religion within the limits of their powers." He quotes Monseigneur Audisio ("Droit Public de l'Eglise") as stating that the civil liberty of worship may be tolerated, and as even citing Rome itself under the Popes as a crucial instance of that toleration on a pretty large scale. Now, such toleration as that would never suit the Protestants of Quebec, although they may kindly thank the good-hearted Abbé for straining his authorities to make it out. Here is the danger of the doctrine of the two swords when it comes firmly to be believed in by the majority.

Sir Alex. Galt has been reproached with endeavouring to stir up religious strife. On the contrary, we believe that open discussion at this period, will tend to prevent it. His style is quiet, though forcible. There

is nothing, for instance, in his pamphlet like the following extract from a pamphlet—"Letters to a Member of Parliament, by Monseigneur the Bishop of Birtha"—published at Montreal in 1874. The Bishop writes to a member at Ottawa in this strain: "This is a battle *a l'outrance*, and without quarter. This battle cannot be fought with white gloves and with snowballs; there must be iron and fire; for it is the salvation of society as well as the salvation of souls which is at hazard, according as the victory shall rest with truth or with error—two irreconcilable enemies. Moreover, upon whomsoever teaches error, says the Church, let there be anathema. She makes no distinction of persons; she strikes without distinction, according to the rules of Justice; like God Himself, she never pardons without repentance. If the guilty man remains obstinate and dies in his revolt against the Church, anathema follows him even to the grave, where they throw his corpse deprived of the honours of Christian burial." Truly here is a Bishop militant of the good old stuff. Pity that he does not reside in his diocese, *in partibus infidelium* though it be, so that the Birthites might be speedily brought to a knowledge of the truth. Bismarck used to say that "blood and iron" were the essential requisites; but "fire and iron" are more canonical. Oh, that Birtha were in Germany, that the Bishop and Bismarck might compare their views! But in Quebec we are not going to fight even with snowballs. The Queen's writs will answer for bullets, and, failing the Federal Parliament, the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain, with the appeal to the Queen in Council, are our all-sufficient safeguards.

The Protestants of Quebec are not a helpless minority, if they will only master this question of civil rights, and cling to it, without confusing it with the religious doctrines of the Roman Catholics. They are only dividing themselves if they attack doctrines of the spiritual order which Catholics have a right to hold, and which, under true Protestant principles, should remain unassailed. They are undermining the basis on which they themselves stand. The Abbé Paquet, who has read Rousseau (we have not—is he on the Index?), cites him with disapproval as saying that "it is impossible to live in peace with people whom one believes to be eternally lost." We concur in his disapproval. It is possible for people to live in peace so long as all religions are equal before the law, no matter what gloomy anticipations we may cherish as to each other's future welfare. When we shall all escape into a happier region, far from the interminable folios of the Canon Law, we believe that many agreeable surprises will be in store for those, Protestant and Catholic, who in the necessary relations of this sublunary life have learned to know and respect each other.

In the third division of his pamphlet, Sir Alex. Galt treats of the special guarantees of Protestants in Quebec. He shows—1st, That the education of Roman Catholics has now fallen entirely into the hands of the clergy; this cannot be changed until the Roman Catholic majority so will it. 2nd, That the English and Protestant constituencies are fast being settled by French Roman Catholics, and that the present English minority representation will be very greatly weakened; this also cannot be helped, for it is contrary to true notions of freedom to dream (even if the power existed) of disfranchising any one on account of his religion, who chooses to settle anywhere in Canada. Our author sees and admits this, and therefore turns to the Federal veto as the sole palladium of the civil rights of the minority.

But the Protestant position is stronger than that. Its strength consists in the fact that Quebec forms part of the Protestant empire of Great Britain, and that the supremacy of the Crown is a fundamental part of the constitution of that empire. The very privileges of the Roman Church, by which its tithes and dues are still collected by law, rest upon a clause of an Imperial statute (the 14th Geo. III. cap. 83, Quebec Act) embodying a recognition of the royal supremacy. The clause thus reads:—"His Majesty's subjects professing the religion of the Church of Rome, of and in the said Province of Quebec, may have, hold and enjoy the free exercise of the religion of the Church of Rome, subject to the King's supremacy declared and established by an Act made in the first year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth over all the dominions and countries which then did or thereafter should belong to the Imperial Crown of this realm; and the clergy of the said church may hold, receive and enjoy their accustomed dues and rights with respect to such persons only as shall

profess the said religion." Now, the 16th section of the 1st Eliz. cap. 1, which has never been repealed, reads thus :—" And to the intent that all the usurped and foreign power and authority, spiritual and temporal, may for ever be clearly extinguished, and never be used and obeyed within this realm, or any other of your Majesty's dominions or countries, may it please your Highness that it be further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, spiritual or temporal, shall at any time after the last day of this Session of Parliament, use, enjoy or exercise any manner of power, jurisdiction, superiority, authority, pre-eminence or privilege, spiritual or ecclesiastical, within this realm or within any other of your Majesty's dominions or countries that now be or hereafter shall be; but from thenceforth the same shall be clearly abolished out of this realm and all other your Highness's dominions for ever; any statute, ordinance, custom, constitution, or any other matter or cause whatsoever to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."

Here, then, is the real stronghold of Protestants. Before these statutes the Quebec Government is powerless; and at any moment the Imperial Government might strike out of its own Act the clause under which the Roman Church collects its dues. If, on the other hand, the Quebec Government should pass any Act which trenches on the civil rights of Protestants, or infringes the royal supremacy — if, in short, the doctrine of Boniface VIII. should in any way attain legislative recognition in Quebec, —and if ever the Federal Government chose to concur in it, the Governor-General, with his instructions before him, could not let it pass without incurring certain disgrace from the Imperial authorities. The strength of the empire then is behind the Protestants in a just cause, but they should remember that this strength will never be exercised upon matters in the spiritual order; and also, that those who seek to do away with the appeal to the Queen in Council seek unwittingly to destroy their most important safeguard.

In going over this wide and important discussion within the limited space of a magazine article, we are painfully conscious that much has necessarily to be passed over which might have been considered with advantage. A great deal bearing upon the subject has appeared in the English newspapers, but, so far, the discussion has been carried on rather as a party question than on its own merits. From this remark we should, however, except a series of articles on the Routhier judgment which appeared in August, 1874, in the Toronto *Nation*. These showed a very complete and exceptional knowledge of the subject, evidently the fruit of careful study. It remains now briefly to consider whether there is any common ground in this matter upon which Protestants and Catholics can stand together. Again we turn to the Maynooth professors, and again we find principles of peace and charity laid down upon which all can unite. We cannot do better than quote the words of Dr. O'Hanlon before Lord Harrowby's Commission in 1853. He distinguishes between the spiritual and temporal in this wise :—" Those matters are spiritual which have been instituted, commanded or recommended by Christ. All those matters must be deemed spiritual which were regulated by the Apostles and their successors in the ministry, from the death of Christ to the conversion of the Emperor Constantine. During the first three centuries of the Christian era, the Church possessed no temporal power. She did not possess it in virtue of any concession from Christ; for we are agreed that Christ communicated no temporal authority to His Church. She did not derive it from the concession of secular princes; for during this period they were all enemies of the Christian religion and persecutors of the Christian people." In like manner Dr. Crolly, before the same Commission, propounds the following principles :— " 1st. The State possesses supreme independent power in all civil affairs—as supreme and independent as when the Gospel was first promulgated. 2nd. The Church, by virtue of her Divine institution, has neither more nor less power now than she had during the first three centuries. 3rd. The sanction by which the Church enforces her commands is purely spiritual, whilst the penalties inflicted by the State are of a purely temporal nature."

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turies of burial, will be as mischievous in the 19th century as it was in the 13th, when both princes and people were Roman Catholic. In the days when the Papacy was at its zenith, in the troublous times of Henry III., the assembled Barons at Merton had the courage to declare to the Bishops, who were pressing on them a canon of Pope Alexander III., their determination not to alter the laws of England, and they used a phrase, celebrated in after years, with which we may fitly conclude this paper—*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Session of the Dominion Parliament for 1876 was brought to a close on the 12th ult., having lasted two months and two days. During the Tariff discussions there was some liveliness apparent, but, on the whole, the proceedings were insufferably dull. It has pleased the party organs to give *ex parte* summaries of the events of the Session, and we suppose there are some people who read them, or they would not have been written. Be that as it may, there is no special reason for following their example. To judge from the general expression of opinion outside the walls of Parliament, people were wearied out long before Black Rod appeared to summon the House to attend His Excellency in the Senate Chamber. In looking over the dreary list of bills which received the Royal assent, one fails to perceive anything of even passing interest. Every legislative thoroughfare of the Session seemed to be a *cul de sac* leading nowhither. The trade debates excited considerable attention, and many groundless hopes; the distinguished Committee on the Depression of Trade—the bantling of Bothwell, as we may call it—wound up its labours by presenting the House with a treatise on political economy, as some philanthropists give a tract to him who is begging for bread; and as for the Pacific Railway, all we know is that it is to be built sometime, in some direction, and with steel rails. The genius of dulness seemed to pervade the legislative atmosphere, and all paths seemed to converge upon the dark mountains. Without guide or compass, our rulers stumbled on—*ibant obscuri solâ sub nocte per umbram.*

Of the legislative work actually placed upon the statute-book, Mr. Blake must be credited with the lion's share, which, after all, is not an excessively large one. He is not a demonstrative Minister, and takes no delight in giving form and shape to "burning questions" while in place, however he may dally with them when out of it. The gyves of office seem to gall him somewhat; for he is not the same Edward Blake as he who went scampering joyously about the country from Aurora to Walkerton, and flying constitutional kites during the summer recess. He appears rather as a subterranean worker, a sort of tentative human mole, boring in all directions, but shunning the light of public attention for the most part, and only emerging now and then from the soil, to cast up his little mound of legislative earth. Although he has not yet accomplished anything worthy of his great abilities and solid acquirements, much may be anticipated, for the material is there and well under control, and it is apt to appear on the surface at strange and unexpected places. Not that Mr. Blake's political views are capricious or changeful; on the contrary, they are always, we believe, the results of careful examination and solitary reflection, thought out by himself and for himself. Even those enlightened opinions which, in a happy moment, he revealed to the public, were no scholarly vagaries, but, on the contrary, sound constitutional principles which were all the more valuable because they had no savour of that political cant which is the small change of hustings declamation. The alarm which conventionalism always feels at any practical

suggestion out of the ordinary rut is natural, and perhaps excusable; time must elapse before novel ideas can percolate the crass and compact mass beneath; but they always persist, until at length they become the commonplace maxims of trading politicians. Mr. Blake's originality is further observable in his relationship to public opinion. Attached nominally to a party, whose prime weapon is popular flattery, he really belongs to none—standing apart and disdaining to court the favour of the crowd. Not that, like the poet, he hates and repels it; but because his instincts are those of the statesman, and not of the demagogue. In entering or retiring from the Government, he has never done so at the bidding of the House or of the country—*nec sumit, nec ponit secures arbitrio popularis aurœ.* On the contrary, his maxim appears always to have been to assume or resign office when the essential good of the community or the chances of his personal usefulness seemed to dictate the step. On these grounds we believe the country has substantial reason to expect greater things from the Minister of Justice hereafter.

Mr. Mackenzie is the working-bee of the hive, and has been compelled to suffer for his improvident use of energy. A day of labour extending from half-past nine in the morning until midnight, and sometimes to one or two o'clock on the following morning, cannot be repeated long with impunity. The Premier, as we had occasion to remark before, is essentially an administrator, and the work he performs in his Department would of itself task the physical powers of any average man. These duties are not discharged under the public eye, and are to a large extent self-imposed, with little hope of appreciative acknowledgment from those who reap the benefit. This should be borne in mind when the nervous tension proves too severe, and shows itself outwardly in brusqueness and irritability of manner. Mr. Mackenzie's Pacific Railway explanations were, perhaps, as satisfactory as could be expected, although they do not make it plain that we are much nearer the goal than we were a year ago. It is true that the works from Fort William and from Pembina are under way, but, on the other hand, the Georgian Bay Branch has been thrown back, and British Columbia remains unsatisfied. Although essentially a party man, the Premier has done service to the national cause by boldly avowing that the Tariff and the Pacific Railway are not, and ought not to be, party questions. With this view the leaders of the Opposition concur, and what remains then, we should like to know, about which parties, as such, can be at variance? These are the two great questions before the people—the only ones in which they feel an absorbing interest; and if party machinery is incapable of dealing with them, what is it good for? When people speak of party as something essential to effective government, they mean, at least in this country, the grouping of politicians about leaders who adopt a common name and pronounce the same unmeaning shibboleth. They are cliques and not parties, except in the same lax sense as the word is applied to hostile Highland clans or Irish factions. And now, having abandoned the only subjects of serious importance to the Dominion, why do they continue to exist at all? When these are eliminated from the party struggle and openly cast *in medio*, how may the political combatant ascertain whether to aid or assail his neighbour, but by the buff or blue rag which hangs from the lappel of his coat?

The Charlevoix Committee, as we expected, found M. Langevin's charges not proven. The whitewashing of that particularly black sheep, the President of the Council, was a foregone conclusion from the moment of its appointment. Now the evidence distinctly established several ugly facts. M. Cauchon had applied to the Department of Marine and Fisheries for the services of the Quebec Water Police, and had met with a rebuff. Nothing daunted, his election agent got a number of the men together and sent them down to Charlevoix under the charge of one Trudel. Senator Price, about whose evidence the Committee preserves a discreet silence, was present when they arrived. They bore a note, signed "J. C. per J. Archer," recommending them to a tavern-keeper, and stating that they were, not conservators of the peace, but "our friends," that is, men ready to do "our" dirty work. Boniface, nothing loth, primed them so well with liquor that some of them got drunk, flourished revolvers, and threatened to shoot somebody on the morrow. M. Frechette stated, in the House, that the local authorities could not supply the police force necessary to preserve peace at the polls. The

evidence proved that this was incorrect; the police protection was quite adequate to the purpose, and there was no breach of the peace at all. The water-police did not affect to afford any assistance whatever, and did not go near the polls, contenting themselves with roaming about the country on special service for M. Cauchon. On their return to Quebec, they received four dollars each "per J. Archer;" although as he certainly did not pay the money, it must have been ultimately drawn either from "J. C." or much more probably from the public treasury. The whole proceeding may be understood at a glance, and we contend that it is entirely without excuse. These men were not at the time on public duty; but they were trained and disciplined at the public expense and for the public service. They did not go down officially and by order of the Department, but in defiance of its instructions; yet those who sent them knew well enough that, they would enjoy the prestige and authority of the force in the country. They could overawe opponents in the name of law and order, although they were in fact nothing but a gang of hired bullies sailing under false colours—pirates, with the black flag concealed in the cabin. Yet the partizan committee had no word of censure for M. Cauchon or the other government officials concerned in the affair. We do not care to ask Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake what they think now of their new President. It is at least presumable that they knew M. Cauchon's *penchant* for devious and miry ways, and received him into the fold with the greatest reluctance. This is not the last trouble into which they will find themselves involved by their unfortunate choice of this representative Lower Canadian. The best intentioned Government in the world will have to swallow its peck of dirt before its official term is spent; but there seems no object in gulping it down at a mouthful. Sooner or later the Privy Council will discover the truth of the old French proverb: —"*Il ne faut qu'une brebis galeuse pour gâter out un troupeau*,"—it needs but one scabby sheep to taint a whole flock.

The Report of the Select Committee on the depression of trade fills about three closely printed columns of the *Globe*, and, we presume, is looked upon by its author with all the pride of paternity. Having every respect for Mr. Mills's industry and intelligence we cannot understand why he penned this rambling dissertation *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. It is in fact not so much a summary, and that by no means a fair one, of the evidence collected, as an argument elaborated to establish a foregone conclusion. Like some dogmatists in another sphere, Mr. Mills starts with a pre-conceived opinion and then proceeds to find authority for it, a species of ratiocination which is always successful, both in theology and economics. But do not even the ultra-protectionists the same, and what then, after all, is the value of this *ex parte* method of demonstration? In the first clause of the Report, the objects for which the committee was appointed are distinctly stated, but it seems quite evident that the writer had not gone far before he forgot all about the point from which he had set out, or the goal he was expected to reach. That object was "to enquire into the *causes* of the present depression"—nothing more. They were not commissioned to draft a treatise made up of digressions, compared with which those in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* are strictly relevant. Occasionally there are faint glimpses of the purpose for which the Committee was appointed, but they are speedily hidden from view by mists of economic disputation. No one asked for the opinion of Mr. Mills and his colleagues on the abstract controversy between free-trade and protection; for every man of average intelligence who cares to have an opinion on the subject, may form one for himself. No advocate of incidental protection is at all affected by Mr. Mills's laboured argument against the American system because no one proposes it for adoption except Mr. Elijah Ward, of New York. If there were any supporters of an American Zollverein in Canada, this reasoning might be of use; as it is, Mr. Mills is merely setting up a man of straw, for the pleasure of demolishing it.

Mention is made in the report of "a national policy"—so termed, we suppose on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—which utterly ignores the wants, the capabilities, and peculiar environment of the nation. The true "national policy" for Canada has been enunciated by Sir Alexander Galt, in words that cannot too often be quoted:—"Free Trade and Protection, as abstract principles, are both alike inapplic-

able to Canada, from its situation and circumstances. * * Though a Free Trader theoretically myself, I have always recognised the necessity and advantage of adapting the application of principles, in themselves sound, to the circumstances of our country, the habits of our people, the condition of our climate, and our relations to Great Britain and other countries. My views on this subject have ripened, but have in no respect changed since, in 1859, I then arranged the Tariff and subsequently modified it in 1866. The policy adopted then, and which to a large extent remains in force still, was popularly known as Incidental Protection, though it might more appropriately have been termed Modified Free Trade. Under this system of revenue, it is well known that our manufacturing interest has grown to its present considerable proportions; and it is in the same direction I consider a re-adjustment of the Tariff should now be made."

As against a comprehensive and statesmanlike policy like this, the pellets from Mr. Mills's doctrinaire pop-gun are perfectly innocuous. His clamour about "a highly restrictive tariff" is nothing to the purpose; nor have his apprehensions about the carrying trade any greater relevance. Throughout the Report the fallacy is apparent of confounding a "national policy" with the crude and indefensible creed of ultra protection. We have used the word "fallacy," but it is not altogether clear that Mr. Mills and those who adopt similar tactics are not consciously and of set purpose resorting to a very paltry rhetorical artifice. It is in fact only the old chimera of the "Chinese Wall" tricked out in a more deceptive garb; but it is not the less a mere figment of the imagination. The member for Bothwell knows this very well, for he must have read Sir A. T. Galt's letter and had ample opportunities of ascertaining the actual position of his opponents, and yet this is the windmill at which he tilts:—"They (the Committee) do not consider the results which have flowed from the trial of a restrictive policy in the United States of such a character as to justify its adoption here." Pray, who advocates its adoption? Is it Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Workman, Mr. Irving, or Mr. John Macdonald? Certainly not, and Mr. Mills must have been fully aware of it when he concocted the string of irrelevant paragraphs of which his report is mainly made up. The imposing array of statistics, with which the latter part of the document bristles, is nothing to the purpose; they would be powerless against the national policy, even if they were trustworthy. A great English statesman, whose son was about to relieve the tedium of the sick chamber by reading, laid upon him this injunction:—"Do not read me history, for that I know to be false;" and the same may be said of figures, which, if not in themselves false, are too easily made deceptive, under the manipulation of theorists and doctrinaires. The member for Bothwell has improved upon the general practice by first propounding a policy which no considerable number of Canadians has ever adopted—and then hurling statistics at it compiled out of his own imagination. The system, against which the Report contends, is that of protection amounting in fact to prohibition, so far as imports are concerned, and it states, with refreshing assurance, the net results. It sets down exactly the number of millions which would be lost in customs' revenue, the precise cost which would be entailed upon the consumer, and the number of inhabitants which might be attracted by the protected manufactures. This is the merest trifling, and worse than trifling, with a subject of vast and increasing importance; and its only practical effect upon the people must be an abiding suspicion of all *quasi* appeals to facts and figures. A legislator who could deliberately pen that fanciful balance sheet with twelve millions and a half on the debtor side and a quarter of a million on the other, is equal to any demand that may be made upon his inventive powers.

Another strange feature in the Report is its method of dealing with economical phenomena in the United States. The argument tersely stated would run in this way:—The United States enjoy a highly protective tariff; now the failures in the Eastern States amount to $11 *per capita* whilst those in the agricultural regions of the West amount only to $2 70; therefore a protective tariff is injurious. It will be observed that no account is taken here of any of the other considerations which must be weighed in accounting for the phenomenon. Like most men of one idea, Mr. Mills takes hold of one of many complex agencies to the exclusion of all others, and rears his

tottering edifice upon that narrow and insufficient foundation. Certainly if there were any validity in it, we should have found sufficient reason not merely for neglecting manufactures and commerce—for both are involved in financial disasters—but for improving them off the face of the earth. If Mr. Mills will compare the cities and towns with the agricultural portions of Canada, at any time and under any tariff, a similar difference will be apparent in the matter of insolvency. Trade may be as free as you like or it may groan under a burden of sixty per cent., and yet the advantage will in all cases remain with the rural districts.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in speaking of the obstacles impeding the progress of sociology, mentions the extremely complex nature of the phenomena, and the difficulty of finally "establishing relations of cause and effect among social phenomena." Let us quote one or two sentences :—"In a society living, growing, changing, every new factor becomes a permanent force; modifying more or less the direction of movement determined *by the aggregate* of forces; never simple and direct, but, by the co-operation of so many causes, made irregular, involved, yet always rhythmical, the course of social change cannot be judged of by inspecting any small portion of it." Of any such impediments, Mr. Mills is blissfully unconscious. He is quite content to get hold of some single factor in the calculation and term it the cause of any number of effects, and hey, presto! all difficulties vanish at a flourish of the economical wand. Provided one phenomenon is antecedent to, or even synchronous with another, the relation of cause and effect is thoughtlessly assumed. The maxim is, *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, or else, to put it in another way, of two parallel lines, one must be the efficient cause of the other. The fallacy of this assumption becomes evident, when one's opponents take advantage of it. If Mr. Mills's *rationale* of insolvency be sound, why may not Mr. Carey point to the ease with which the United States have been paying off their debt, or M. Thiers to the astonishing power of recuperation displayed by France, as fruits of protection?

Most of us have some notion that the westward movement both of the Semitic and Aryan races indicates some general law of human progress, manifesting itself under many diverse conditions, overcoming the most serious obstacles and yet always proceeding with sure, though intermittent flow, through all the ages. Mr. Mills has a short, though not a royal, road to knowledge. Give him the law of supply and demand and the maxim which bids us buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, and he has found the fulcrum upon which the social forces operate. The true secret of migratory movement is found in commercial policy; so that to be once informed of the rate *ad valorem* imposed at the Custom House is to possess the key to that and every other social problem. The emigration from New England to the Western States is gravely accounted for, by this easy method. No doubt also the dispersion of the race on the plains of Shinar, and the successive irruptions, so distasteful to Mr. Lowe, of those barbarians who swept down like an avalanche upon the effete Roman Empire, were caused by a "highly restrictive tariff." Indeed it seems to be a question whether the Deluge may not have been designed as a providential enforcement of the law of supply and demand and of the Rev. Mr. Malthus's theory of population.

Thus even when occupying the strongest position he can assume, Mr. Mills is vulnerable, because of the untenable lines of circumvallation within which he entrenches himself. If the stronghold of American protectionism had no weaker points than those indicated by him, it would be practically impregnable. It is in vain that he marches, as the hierophant of economic orthodoxy, about the Chinese walls of this modern Jericho; they still stand, so far as he is concerned, not by reason of their strength, but because the blast of his penny trumpet has no destructive efficacy in it. Instead of overthrowing even the ultra-protectionism of the United States by his impotent assaults, he only exposes the weakness of his pretentious dogmatism in economics, and affords the common enemy an easy and unexpected victory. Not being the champions of the American system in any sense, we can afford to take our stand upon the serener heights, and view, with calm complacency, the futile conflict in which Mr. Mills has thought fit to engage. The arguments, sound or fallacious, which he chooses to employ against the policy of our neighbours, do not concern or affect us; as against the United States, they may or may not be valid and effective, but

certainly they are pitifully impotent as against the only system we care to advocate or defend. Mr. Lewes speaks of "a common tendency of disputants to caricature the opinions they oppose, and thus appear to gain an easy triumph over an adversary shown in an absurd light." Mr. Mills goes further; he not only betrays this tendency, but deliberately substitutes for the policy he is ostensibly combating another which is widely different, and has no one, within sight or hearing, to defend it. In short, to travesty a *bon mot* of Sheridan's, he manufactures an enemy and then relies upon his imagination for facts and figures to refute him. Sooner or later, he will discover that he is bombarding the wrong fortress, and that, even as against it, his antiquated artillery is wofully out of range.

As we have already remarked, the Report dignifies the *laisser faire* system, by the name of "national"—a mistake which surely must have struck even the Committee with a sense of incongruity. "Liberal" and "enlightened" are attributes which may be applied to anything, for they are the small change of political rhetoric; but to style a policy patriotic, which ostentatiously neglects the interests of the nation, is the height of absurdity. Perhaps the member for Bothwell would have preferred the word "cosmopolitan," if it had not fallen into disrepute of late. The only policy worthy the name of national is one which takes into account all the factors, and adopts only with the necessary qualifications and modifications the rigid maxims of the economist. The reasons why "the hard science" has made so little way in the world are: first, because it is founded upon a contracted and inadequate view of human nature; and secondly, because it proclaims its doctrines to be universally applicable at all times, and to every conceivable state of society. As Mr. Bagehot has shown, by numerous examples, there is not an axiom of political economy which may not, under some circumstances, be overturned by the inexorable logic of facts. Even so ardent a Free-trader as Professor Cairnes makes the following admission: "They (the American Protectionists) ask how can we, with our high-priced labour, compete with the pauper labour of Europe? I must frankly own that, accepting the point of view of the current theory of cost, I can find no satisfactory reply to the question." Mr. Mill might have found an answer, but even he would never have advocated absolute free-trade in Canada, after a careful survey of its position. Whilst, therefore, free trade may be theoretically sound, it must, like all other human agencies, submit to adaptation as the conditions vary, upon which alone it can be applied. Many years ago it was the fashion, not only in England, but also on the Continent, to worship the British Constitution, and prescribe it as the panacea of all political ills; and perhaps some Americans even now regard republicanism in a somewhat similar light. It is not otherwise with economical principles, when they are blindly adopted and crystallized into so-called truths for universal use. The attempt to apply, without adapting them, to all communities, is as vain as the effort to trim the forest to the dull, geometrical regularity of a Dutch garden. As Mr. Blain remarked in the Commons, no nation on the face of the earth has committed itself unreservedly to a free-trade policy, and there can be little doubt that if ever England loses her commercial and manufacturing supremacy, if the German or American workers in steel or iron, and their cotton or woollen manufacturers succeed in underselling her in the home market, the standard of protection will be raised, and be victorious beyond question. The patent defect, therefore, in Mr. Mills's fiscal theory lies in its inability to shape itself to national needs; and this defect is fatal to it.

Abstract principles have their value, as starting points, both for the economist and philosophical statesman; but their concrete application to particular communities demands unlimited elasticity. To frame a constitution or a tariff for a nation, without taking into consideration all the peculiar circumstances of the case, is like planning a house without regard to the dimensions of the lot upon which it is to be erected. So far as Canada is concerned, these circumstances are of the utmost importance and cannot be overlooked with impunity. As a colony, attached by sentiment and interest to the mother country, we do not desire to initiate a policy avowedly, or even constructively, hostile to her; but we cannot ignore the fact that we are much nearer to another nation, powerful in population and resources and not too friendly to the Dominion or the Empire. The United States, partly from necessity, partly, perhaps

mainly, from choice, has maintained a hostile commercial attitude for ten or twelve years past. Those who talk idly of a "Chinese wall" seem to forget that it has been already erected by our neighbours, and it even appears necessary to remind them that a wall has two sides—the inside and the outside. Canada occupies territory without the sacred enclosure, and her rivals not only guard the sally-ports so as to prevent her going in and out and finding pasture, but also make unceasing sorties and raids upon her domain, destroying in their first growth the fruits of her manufacturing and commercial enterprise. We have a suitable climate, abundance of water-power, and no lack of native energy for manufacturing industry. But labour is scarce and high, capital scanty and fastidious, the one to be reinforced by immigration, the other to be attracted by security of investment and the assurance of an adequate return. If Canada were placed on equal terms with her old-established rival, there is no reason why she should not come up with him in the race. As Mr. Mill observes, the advantage remains with one country, solely because it entered the field before another. Those who advocate a national policy desire to secure something like fair play in the struggle between the older and greater nation and the less. They are unwilling to consent to the perpetuation of a fiscal system which would virtually prohibit the rise and growth of native industries. So far from desiring to injure the consumer, they propose to give him an enlarged market and higher prices for the commodities he himself can produce for sale. The prosperity of the manufacturing interest is not incompatible with the prosperity of all the interests in the country; on the contrary, it will be at once a cause and an effect of the general progress. Temporary burdens, even if they were appreciable, may be cheerfully borne in consideration of the secure and preponderating advantages which would follow in the future. Ricardo noticed long ago "that a commodity may be systematically imported into a country which has greater natural facilities for producing it than are possessed by the country from which it is obtained." Mr. Mill sanctioned this dictum and laid it down, by way of application, that in any such case, protection became not only defensible, but an obvious duty. The member for Bothwell, on the contrary, being the slave of a crotchet, desires Canada to cast away her opportunities, neglect her resources, leave unimproved her vast capabilities, and remain a nation without manufacturing industries for all time to come.

It will soon be apparent to every intelligent Canadian, if not to every intelligent Englishman, that a time is fast approaching when the colonial relationship must be placed on a stable and more satisfactory footing. Not to speak of the ignorance displayed at home about colonial affairs, or of the impatience of Parliament whenever they are made the subject of discussion, there still remains the perceptible want of any cordial understanding between the Imperial and Colonial Governments. That the bulk even of the governing class should know little of the wants, resources, or inner life of the colonies, is almost inevitable; and that the House of Commons, already overtasked with work, should grow restive under fresh burdens, is at least pardonable. Canadians, for that matter, know little or nothing of their brother-colonists beyond the seas and perhaps care less, and therefore as we are theoretically, and, for the most part, practically our own rulers, there seems no reason why we should complain of ignorance or heedlessness at home, concerning ourselves. The real "rock ahead" is of another description altogether. It first became apparent when Lord Carnarvon began his energetic policy at the Colonial Office. There is always a danger that an administration which begins by talking vaguely of drawing closer the ties which bind together the various members of the Empire, should ultimately descend from the stilts and end by endeavouring to effect its object in an arbitrary and unconstitutional way. Mr. Disraeli's dream of an Imperial Confederation remains, where it had its origin, *in nubibus*, and although Lord Carnarvon is entitled to the highest praise for his efforts to group federally the various clusters of isolated Provinces, the net result of the whole appears to be a settled determination to interfere with the internal affairs of self-governing dependencies. Hence, notwithstanding their boasted intention of drawing the colonies into more intimate connection with England, the Conservatives have only succeeded in

straining the tie already existing by persistently and vexatiously meddling in colonial questions. Practically their notion of a consolidated Empire appears to resolve itself into ordering all things by a peremptory fiat from head quarters. Mr. Gladstone's Government was censured for its disintegrating policy, which tended, it was alleged, to estrange the colonies and to culminate in a disruption of the Empire. But there are worse faults than mere carelessness as to the relationship between Britain and her outlying possessions, and of these the worst is an uninstructed and officious disturbance of established constitutional maxims.

Through mere heedlessness, no doubt, Lord Carnarvon, in one short paragraph, smote a deadly blow at the Canadian system of responsible government. If he had acquired even a superficial knowledge of our political past, he would have been aware that he was touching the Dominion, from Halifax to Toronto, in its most sensitive part. The despatches, it may be remembered, had reference to the disallowance of the New Brunswick School Act. The House had passed a resolution praying for the exercise of the veto power, and the Home Government, rightly we believe, declined to interfere with the constitutional privileges of the Local Legislature. Then followed a sentence penned in all lightness of heart, perhaps merely to round off the despatch: "That this is a matter in which you (His Excellency) must act on your own individual discretion, and on which you cannot be guided by the advice of your responsible Ministers of the Dominion." That this position is at variance with the plain wording of the British North America Act of 1867 is obvious to the commonest understanding. The statute provided for two kinds of veto—the first, of Dominion Acts by "the Queen in Council;" the second, of Provincial Acts by "the Governor-General:" and as if to close every opening for Lord Carnarvon's arbitrary construction of the clause, sec. 13 states that wherever the words "Governor-General" are used in the Act, they shall be construed to mean "the Governor-General acting by and with the advice of the Queen's Privy Council of Canada."

Mr. Blake, in a very able and convincing state paper, examines the subject in all its bearings; but the points we have noticed sufficiently demonstrate the untenable character of Lord Carnarvon's interpretation. It is perhaps undignified in a Colonial Secretary to retract his *ex cathedrâ* utterances, even when he is convinced that they are wrong; therefore they remain, ostensibly because "there is no necessity for an authoritative or conclusive determination of the question." Perhaps, should such a necessity arise, the popular mind in Canada may not be found quite so indifferent about this novel and wanton assault upon the constitutional right of self-government under responsible ministers as it now is.

This discussion, being one of national concern, has, like everything else of importance, been excluded from party politics, and therefore Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake are supported by Sir John A. Macdonald in resisting the pretensions of the Colonial Office, and both parties are reinforced by a minute of the Privy Council of Great Britain. It is not improbable that we have heard the last of this absurd dictum; still the officious meddlesomeness which prompted it may easily find or make opportunities for its future employment. The danger to the self-governing power is infinitesimal, but the frequent recurrence of this ministerial "zeal without knowledge" may exhaust the patience of Canadians, and seriously impair the cordial relations between Crown and Colony. If the Governor-General can, *proprio motu*, without or contrary to the advice of his responsible Ministers, sanction or veto an Act of the Legislature of Ontario or Quebec, the axe has been laid at the root of our whole constitutional system. His Excellency, as an Imperial adviser, has a perfect right to tender his personal counsel on any matter coming before "the Queen in Council;" indeed it is exceedingly proper that, being on the spot, he should communicate all the information in his possession to those who are generally so ill-informed; but public acts in Canada can only be performed through the medium and on the advice of a Government possessing the confidence of Parliament. As Mr. Blake forcibly puts it: "That His Excellency's Ministers (whose recommendation is essential to action) are responsible not merely for the advice given, but also for the action taken; that the Canadian Parliament has the right to call them to account, not merely for what is proposed, but for what is done; in a word, that what is done is practically

their doing." Any other theory of self-government would "deprive the people of their constitutional security for the administration of their own affairs;" it would be "to yield up the substance, retaining only the shadow of responsible government."

A trouble of another kind has arisen at the antipodes from the perverse action of the Home Government. All the Australian colonies, except Queensland, have enacted laws sanctioning and legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Whether they were right or wrong in so doing is beside the present question. Mr. Gladstone's Colonial Secretary vetoed these Acts, as he had a perfect right to do, because he foresaw the inconvenience of giving the royal assent to marriages in Australia, which are illegal in England. But no sooner had Lord Carnarvon begun his work of drawing the colonies closer to the Crown than this policy was reversed. The Acts were confirmed in London, and then the difficulty began. As matters now stand a couple who are by law man and wife in Victoria are, when they come to England, living in concubinage. Some of our papers make the mistake of supposing that the same marriage may not, at present, be legal in Australia and void in England. This is a mistake; because the grievance of which the colonists complain is stated to be that "they do not consider it just that their children should be considered as legitimate in one part of the Empire, and as illegitimate in another." If there were anything morally wrong in these marriages, there was a valid reason for vetoing these Acts; but this cannot be contended, because they have received the Royal assent on Lord Carnarvon's advice. Surely the general rule that every marriage should be held valid which has been legally celebrated in the country of domicile ought to prevail here, and nothing could be easier than to pass an Imperial Act recognising the validity of the Australian marriages for purposes of inheritance and otherwise in England. This is another instance of muddling on the part of the Imperial Government, and a very annoying one. When Mr. Disraeli was objecting to the introduction of the colonies into the Royal title, he said that colonists were Englishmen and were constantly returning to England to end their days. The conceit was scarcely worthy of the Premier, because it is nonsense; but were it otherwise, with what sort of satisfaction could an Australian retire to the mother-land after a life of toil, to find himself unmarried and his children *filii nullius?*

Let us now turn back to a grievance purely Canadian, and we shall find matter for complaint more serious than an eccentric construction of the British North America Act. To state it tersely, the Home Government deliberately sacrifices Canadian interests to Imperial interests in the negotiation of treaties and in their subsequent enforcement, and a deaf ear is turned to every request for protest or remonstrance against the systematic violation of treaties by the United States. The entire blame here does not rest upon Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet alone, but must be shared about equally between them and their predecessors. The Washington Treaty and its results have been a series of wrongs against the rights of the Dominion. It was bad in its inception, bad in its negotiation, bad in itself, and bad in its effect on Canadian interests—in every way bad. There is no pleasure in recounting the history of that disgraceful business, and fortunately there is no occasion for it. Nominally we had a representative in the Commission appointed with too ostentatious a pretence of deferring to Canadian wishes; in reality we had only an Imperial delegate there, fettered by instructions, ruled by cable from the Colonial Office, and bound, as an American journal gleefully remarked, "to do as he was bid." The Fenian claims were ruled out, and properly so, because they were not covered by the terms of reference; but they should have been pressed independently and on their own merits by the Imperial Government. Instead of that, Canada was obliged to suffer the injuries inflicted upon her through the connivance of a *soi-disant* friendly power in silence, receiving instead a guarantee or endorsation of her Pacific Railway loan, which it was the duty of England to give at all events. During the negotiations the British Commissioners surrendered every Canadian right or interest the American Government coveted. In exchange for the navigation of our magnificent canals, we were fain to content ourselves with a promise that the President would use his influence with the State governments to secure

us the navigation of theirs—for a term of years. The free use of our great water highway was made a set-off to the streams of Alaska. The fisheries were given up on a promise that they should be paid for when it suited Brother Jonathan's convenience, and we were to be graciously permitted to enter our fishery products at United States ports free of duty. Yet bad as all this was, worse remains behind. The use of the American canals has been practically denied us, not by the State governments, but by the Washington Customs Department. The Alaska rivers are not freely opened to us, if we may trust the representations of British Columbian members of Parliament. The fisheries remain unpaid for, because the Washington Government does not care to ascertain the amount of money it owes. And finally, even the free importation of canned fish is evaded by an Act of Congress which merely transfers the tax from the lobsters to the can.

Thus, the Washington Treaty which was wofully one-sided in itself, has been practically torn into shreds by the United States, so far as it imposes obligations upon them. They enjoy our fisheries, make use of our canals, navigate our "magnificent water stretches," and give absolutely nothing in return. The Dominion was cheated by the Treaty, and is being systematically cheated out of the paltry advantages it secured her.

To what particular subterfuge Secretary Fish has had recourse in the matter of the fisheries, we are not informed; it seems that it is irregular to enquire into the subject, "while negotiations are pending." But we are completely in possession of the controversy about the free use of the canals, and we venture to say that any one who has waded through the voluminous correspondence, must be satisfied that it is a settled maxim with the American Government to evade, in every possible way, the fulfilment of treaty obligations. A more contemptible record of diplomatic quibbling and tergiversation has never before been submitted to the world. The result of it is that Canada, in exchange for the free navigation of the St. Lawrence and the use of the St. Clair, Welland, St. Lawrence, and Ottawa Canals, is to enjoy the Sault St. Marie Canal—so long as the State of Michigan chooses to permit her to enjoy it. The Erie Canal, actually, and the Champlain canal, so far as any serviceable purpose is concerned, are closed against us, on the strength of an old Statute of 1799, passed three-quarters of a century before the Treaty was signed. Moreover, as our Government has shown, the faithful observance of the Treaty rests with the Washington Government, because the Secretary-Treasurer is specially authorized by Statute "to permit vessels of the British North American Provinces to load and unload at such places in any collection district of the United States, as he may designate."

It may be asked, what steps is the Imperial Government taking to enforce our rights under the Washington Treaty? The reply is that they are negotiating, higgling with the United States over the insignificant results of a bad bargain. It is just five years since the treaty was executed, and the Fishery Commission has not yet been constituted; four years have elapsed and over, since the Canal correspondence opened, and our just claims are as far from being acknowledged as ever. The Foreign Office is negotiating, and will be kept negotiating till the crack of doom, if the Washington authorities can keep them at it, and meanwhile it is content to sit still under a grave injustice—*sedet, æternumque sedebit infelix Theseus.* The firm and incisive words in which Mr. Mackenzie indignantly protested that it was useless to expect from the Americans an enlightened fulfilment of treaty obligations, reached England by cable; but they failed to arouse the Imperial Government to a sense of duty. On the contrary, the Under Secretary administered a rude snub to Mr. Jenkins, and, through him, to the Government of Canada. The member for Dundee enquired whether the hon. gentleman had noticed the report of Mr. Mackenzie's speech, and whether it was true that the Washington Government were "interposing difficulties" in the way of the execution of the Treaty? Mr. Bourke had read the speech, and all the reply he condescended to give to the second question was, that the very mild expression we have quoted was "not fitting language to be applied to a friendly Government with whom negotiations were pending." In other words, the Government which set out with a plan of Imperial consolidation has already landed in gross neglect of colonial interests. Canada is told in effect that she must be ready to accept whatever the American Government may concede to her; and that Treaty stipu-

lations are not so important as cordiality towards the wrong-doer. The Dominion must submit, without protest, because England does not desire to have any controversy with the United States; having humiliated herself, she is predisposed to any further sacrifice, especially when it is made at the expense of others. Livy has said that that State alone can be called free, which relies upon its own strength, and depends not upon the arbitrary will of another—*non ex alieno arbitrio pendet*; and the same remark holds good of international claims solemnly guaranteed by compact. Canada is, in this respect, doubly unfortunate; she is helpless in the hands of a grasping and unscrupulous neighbour, and boasts of an Imperial protector who withholds all protection, and is too timorous or too self-absorbed to care whether she is wronged or not.

To those who, like ourselves, desire the maintenance of British connection, this disdainful and supercilious disregard of Canadian interests is exceedingly painful. The only remedy seems to lie in the direction of something like a Colonial Council. It is not necessary that representatives of all the colonies should meet in London at fixed periods; for that would be of little use except for mere talking purposes. It might suffice that when any important step is being taken, which affects a colony, or when its claims are in danger of being ignored or trifled with, authorized exponents of colonial opinion and colonial interests should find their way to the Imperial capital. Minutes of Council are well enough in their way; but they may be thrown heedlessly aside, glanced over cursorily, or perhaps misconstrued and ill understood. We cannot believe that Lord Carnarvon carefully weighed Mr. Blake's argument on the disallowance question, and we are quite sure that it would have had greater effect, had it been stated, explained, and defended by word of mouth. The Washington Treaty, if even the wretched scraps which were promised are to be secured for us, must be the subject of personal contact and conference between our rulers and the crass and indifferent authorities at home. To perpetuate the present state of heedless *nonchalance* on one side, and growing discontent on the other, is to strike a mortal blow at the integrity of the Empire.

It seems scarcely necessary to refer here to the proposed malappropriation of the monies paid by Great Britain on account of the Alabama claims. Mr. Bourke has stated in the House of Commons, that Her Majesty's Government "have no intention of taking any action in regard to the appropriation of the award among the American claimants" and, therefore, there is no reason why Canadians should concern themselves with the matter. Still it is instructive in two ways. It serves, first, to demonstrate the completeness of the surrender at Washington and the depths of humiliation and self-abasement to which a great Empire may descend. And secondly, to prove beyond dispute the lubricity and want of good faith manifested by the Republic. Taken in connection with all the other circumstances of the negotiations and their results, it is clearly evident that the American rulers are destitute of even a rudimentary moral sense, and hopelessly afflicted wtth a sort of ethical Daltonism—*fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum discernunt avidi*. The Geneva arbitrators awarded compensation to the owners or insurers of all property destroyed or captured by three confederate cruisers, the *Alabama*, *Florida*, and *Shenandoah*, and to them only. All other claims, real or constructive, were deliberately excluded, and when England paid her millons to the United States Government, the latter became a trustee for the recognised claimants. All the legitimate demands upon the fund are not yet satisfied; but it is certain that there will ultimately remain a considerable surplus, which, by the laws of common honesty, belongs to Great Britain. What the Americans propose to do with it, appears from a Bill now before Congress. It seems hardly credible, but it is nevertheless true, that this Bill provides for a division of the spoil amongst three classes of claimants to whom the Geneva Board refused to award a dollar —those who lost uninsured property by exculpated cruisers, those who insured property lost in the same way, and even those who paid a war risk and did not lose their property at all. In the case of Japan, our neighbours intend to return the balance remaining after the payment of damages; but they are so confident Britain may be gulled and cheated with impunity, that they do not hesitate to commit an indefensible breach of trust in the face of the whole world.

The disputes about the Extradition Treaty touch Canada more nearly. Many attempts have been made by successive Governments to induce the United States to enlarge the scope of the Ashburton Treaty, by increasing the number of crimes coming within its purview. The Washington authorities have always discovered some objection, clinging to the sacred number seven as tenaciously as our Roman Catholic brethren cling to the seven sacraments. Originally the reason they assigned was a fear lest they should be called upon to surrender political offenders, who might, when once in English hands, be tried for treason or desertion from the army or navy. Indeed, there can be no doubt that if an Irish refugee, or a Fenian murderer at Manchester or Clerkenwell, had been demanded of the United States they would have refused to surrender him on precisely the same grounds as those now maintained by Great Britain in the cases of Winslow, Gray, and Brent. Their sensitiveness on this point, however, like their treaties, is partial and one-sided, and they have lately fallen into the bad habit of demanding the extradition of alleged criminals on colourable charges which are only intended to secure a hold upon them and bring them within the jurisdiction of American courts. There being no difficulty in procuring evidence, of a vague and inconclusive kind, "sufficient to warrant a magistrate in committing the prisoner for trial," the extradition naturally followed. On arriving in the United States, the accused, confident perhaps in his innocence of the felony, sometimes found to his surprise that he was not to be tried on that charge at all, but for some breach of the revenue laws or other misdemeanor. So the British Government had in effect surrendered him to take his trial for an unextraditable offence, and the spirit, if not the letter, of the Treaty was consciously and deliberately violated. In 1871, one Richard B. Caldwell was surrendered by the Canadian Government on a charge of forgery; but no sooner was he within the grasp of American justice, than that charge was quietly dropped as untenable, and he was tried for the serious, but not over-difficult, achievement of bribing a United States officer. This year, another man, Lawrence by name, was given up to the United States accused of the same offence. In order to make the trumped-up charge plausible, an indictment for forgery was drawn up in the United States and it would be curious to know who swore to the information, for when he arrived at New York, the forgery was metamorphosed into silk-smuggling.

Now it would be monstrous to demand that any Government, having the slightest shred of self-respect, should submit to these repeated jugglings with its legal machinery and with the dignity of its chief magistrate. There is a difference of opinion amongst writers on international law as to whether one state is or is not bound to surrender criminals independently of treaty stipulations. Wheaton tells us that Grotius, Vattel, and Burmalaqui maintain the affirmative, whilst Puffendorff, Voët and others contend that it is a duty of "imperfect obligation." Be that as it may, it is obvious that extradition treaties define and limit that obligation. When the United States restricted the number of offences to the magic seven, they, in effect, proclaimed their unwillingness to surrender for trial a prisoner accused of any other. Therefore, to obtain the extradition of a man upon one charge, made *pro hac vice*, and then try him upon another, not within the scope of the Treaty, is to trifle with the compact and to violate it in spirit.

Judge Benedict, who gave the ruling now contended for by Secretary Fish, urged that any inquiry into the "circumstances under which the offender came within the jurisdiction . . . would seriously embarrass the administration of the criminal law." Why so? Certainly if there were an express stipulation to the effect that he could not be tried for any offence other than that for which he was surrendered, the Court must take cognizance of it, and would do so without any embarrassment. Legal sophistry could hardly go further than it does in this decision, and it has been well remarked that the Treaty cannot, without straining, be restricted to the extradition, irrespective of the subsequent proceedings against a prisoner. The only case cited by the learned judge was Scott's, but it lacks relevance, for, in the first place, Scott was arrested in Brussels and taken over to England, but not upon requisition to the Belgian Government; and, in the next place, there was no Treaty of Extradition existing at that time between Great Britain and Belgium.

In 1870, the Imperial Parliament passed an Act, providing that, in future, no prisoner

claimed under an extradition treaty should be surrendered, unless an assurance were given that he should be tried for the offence alleged and for no other. All similar treaties concluded since have contained a special clause guaranteeing that provision. The law officers of the Crown have advised the Government that they are expressly forbidden to surrender any criminal unless that assurance be given. Therefore, as the *Times* remarks, any Secretary of State who should surrender a prisoner without it "would commit a grave breach of the law." On the part of the United States it is urged that this Act imposes a condition not stated in the Treaty, and therefore cannot be construed as a qualification of the compact of 1842. In order to see how far Secretary Fish is entitled to press this objection, let us revert to the canal controversy, and it will be seen that the Americans have an entirely different opinion about municipal law when it makes for themselves. Secretary Bristow alleged the Customs Regulation Act of the United States as limiting and restricting the operation of the Washington Treaty. Sir Edward Thornton replied that "as the Treaty is posterior to the law, the provisions of the former ought to overrule the enactments of the law." Nothing daunted, the Secretary cast about him for some legislation posterior to the Treaty, and he found it in section 4,347 of the revised statutes, under which "Congress *defined the limits* within which British vessels could, under the Treaty of Washington of May 8th, 1871, carry merchandize from port to port." In other words, Congress, by a municipal law, withdrew privileges solemnly guaranteed by the Treaty. If then the United States may virtually abrogate an important stipulation after the ratification of a treaty, with what face can they object to England when she requires, by statute, some assurance that another treaty shall not be perverted from its original purpose? If one power may *limit* the provisions of an international compact by *ex post facto* legislation for sinister purposes, why may not another power take precautions against the abuse of a treaty in a similar way?

The case of the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell was again before the Presbytery of Toronto on the 18th ultimo, but we do not propose to review the proceedings at any length, for two reasons. In the first place, nothing new in the way of argument was adduced; and in the second place, the decision of the Presbytery will not be final, and the matter has yet to be passed under review by the Synod, and ultimately by the General Assembly. It is true that a committee has been appointed to renew the conference with Mr. Macdonnell, and also that his explanation has been formally declared unsatisfactory. Still the former is not likely to answer any purpose but that of delay; and the latter seems to have been a foregone conclusion. The division list shows that a number of members abstained from voting, but if they have not "the courage of their opinions," those opinions are not likely to be of much service. The explanation of Mr. Macdonnell comprised a concession and a pledge. He was prepared to admit that the words "eternal torments," in the Confession, although not scriptural, may be taken as equivalent to the expression "everlasting punishment" in the New Testament, and he promised not to hold out any assurance of a hope he still believed himself entitled to cherish. The concession, in fact, removes the battle-ground from the Standards to the Scripture, and thither Mr. Macdonnell's opponents do not propose to follow him. It is, of course, open to the Rev. gentleman to take the broad ground that, as no one affects to receive the Confession in its entirety, or without material qualifications, the appeal must eventually lie "to the law and to the testimony." That he should even assign his doubt on this and other points dogmatically asserted in the Confession, as a reason for the thorough revision and abridgement of that work, is at least supposable; and if he did so, the argument would ultimately rest, not upon the Standards but upon the Scripture. The advocates of dogmatism are not prepared to enter upon so wide a field. Having a system of theology as rigidly logical and coherent as they of the seventeenth century could make it by the prevalent method of eclecticism, they are loth to part with that middle wall of partition between themselves and Biblical controversy. It is certainly more convenient to quote from a book upon which you may rely for incisive definitions, rather than upon another, however high its claims, which furnishes missiles for your opponent as well as yourself.

So far as the pending struggle is a mere battle of the Standards, it is no concern of ours. If any Church chooses to deck herself in the faded frippery of the past, she is, of course, at liberty to do so, and to beat the drum ecclesiastic whenever doubts arise or hopes tremble upon the lips. Theology would not be theology if it were not repressive. From the earliest times, it has shunned examination, reprobated intellectual activity, and constrained the individual conscience. And it will no doubt continue to do all these until it sinks gibbering back among the ghosts of obsolete devices, before the brightness of pure and undefiled religion. Our only object in commenting upon this controversy has been, not to follow its vapid course, but to point out the obvious moral. If "private judgment," "Christian charity," and "religious freedom" are anything more than senseless claptrap, as the high-priests of platitude tell us in defending dogmatism, they are worth more than all the creeds and confessions that were ever penned by the perverted ingenuity of man. If every man should be fully persuaded in his own mind, he must have liberty to doubt, liberty to differ, liberty to think for himself. By no process of sacerdotal devising can this individual liberty be successfully and permanently restrained. It is indestructible, because it is commensurate with individual responsibility and inseparable from it.

It is said that every Church must have a defined scheme of doctrine. If by that is meant that faith must have a creed, it is a truism; but if, as is sufficiently evident, the words stand for a wire-drawn, dogmatic scheme, congealing truth into frigid crystals and professing to know all mysteries and define the precise character of everything in heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, there are insuperable objections. If the Churches had been content to rest upon the foundation of the Apostles, Standards would never have been invented. What did the primitive Christians know about schemes? Nothing, for they had never heard the word from Apostolic lips. A simple profession of faith in Christ and a pure and devout behaviour made the sum total of their Christianity. It was, in short, a religion and not a theology. Such symbols of the faith as have come down to us from early times, before its simplicity was overlaid with human inventions, are singularly free from dogmatism. The so-called Apostles' Creed still exists and is acknowledged by all Churches—the only remaining bond of union which connects them together. The Nicene Creed is more elaborate, but no Christian is even there compelled to profess a faith in eternal punishment; he is at liberty to "doubt" then, and to "hope" also. But from the fourth century the descent is rapid. In the sixth we come upon the pseudo-Athanasian Creed, dealing damnation upon intellectual errors or incomprehensible propositions. And so on to the articles and confessions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The history, from first to last, of that descent, is the history of systematic theology. Not content with the light of truth as it is, men set themselves to work to analyze it, selected their favourite rays from the spectrum and bottled them away in elaborate formularies. So long as a clear and consistent "scheme" could be secured, the dogmatists were satisfied. They had improved upon Christianity, they supposed, by making a science of it. As the Rev. John Hunt remarks:—"God's method of dealing with us in regard to revelation is not the method which we would have chosen had the choice been given us. Our plan would have been to make the whole so clear that no one could raise a difficulty or suggest a doubt. * * It (Christianity) takes possession of the heart, speaks to the conscience and gives the sense of a supernatural life—that is a life above mere nature. It comes to men as a religion, and not as a philosophy. The heart perceives, knows, and rests, even when the intellect but partially understands, or it may be misapprehends. Dogma is concerned with the intellect, and takes different forms in different ages. To stereotype the forms of one age as absolute truth is to do despite to the spirit of Christianity, and bring it into collision with itself as well as with the Divine progress of the world."

It is the inevitable tendency of dogmatism to construe the word "belief" in an intellectual, rather than in a moral and spiritual sense. Orthodox opinion is the great virtue in theology, intellectual error and doubt the most heinous of sins. Hence precision or rigidity in definition has always been the parent of persecution and intolerance. Of the three abiding Christian characteristics, dogmatism claims absolute authority over

two, constituting itself the arbiter of faith and the jailer of hope. With charity it has no concern happily, save to contemn it; and that grace remains behind untainted—the greatest of them all. The Westminster Confession does not stand alone, and it has only assumed prominence in this controversy from the circumstances of the case. Those who desire to ascertain what a broad-minded and large-hearted Presbyterian thought of it and its authors should peruse the interesting and instructive "Life of Dr. Norman MacLeod." We venture to make room for one paragraph, purposely selecting it from the earlier part of the work. He is speaking of a collection of the Lanark Presbytery records from 1632 to 1701:—"The Church then wished to make the Church the State and the State the Church. The men in those days had no idea of true liberty. Toleration is a modern idea. Their maxims were:—You have liberty to think what is right, but none to think what is wrong. *We* (the Church) are to judge what is right; *ergo* you can think only what we permit you (see also 'Confession of Faith,' chap. xx., last clause). They were a grossly superstitious set. The above Presbytery frequently incarcerated witches, and sent for a great ally of theirs, a certain 'George Catley, Pricker,' to riddle old women with pins to find out the mark of Satan. And yet to those men we must go for wisdom to guide us in 1841!" (*Canadian Edition*, p. 103.)

The Centennial Exhibition opens at Philadelphia during the present month and we earnestly hope that it will prove as successful as its projectors desire. Canadians have many faults to find with the American Government; but they have none but the kindliest feelings towards the American people. The motive which has prompted the people of the Dominion to appear at their best, is not entirely the fruit of selfishness or love of display. The Canadian court will be a tangible evidence of Canadian sympathy and good will. Our people understand their neighbours better than foreigners generally can possibly understand them. They appreciate their many estimable traits of national character, smile goodnaturedly at their foibles, and make allowances for their shortcomings. Sometimes, and notably at present, we are shocked at revelations of fraud and corruption, and seriously angry at the duplicity and unfairness of their dealings with England and with us; but we know where to touch the tainted spots, and our sorrow and indignation vanish when we come in contact with the honest heart of the nation. In Canada, therefore, there are no gleeful anticipations of failure; on the contrary, we have the deepest and sincerest interest in the complete success of the Philadelphia Centennial.

The *Fortnightly Review*, in its monthly survey of puplic affairs, remarks that "people have mocked the old idea that only an austere life and Spartan habits are suited to the republican system, because the example of the United States may be cited in disproof of it. Circumstances are showing that the ancient philosophers were right and the modern economists wrong. We shall see it more and more clearly established that a democratic system cannot last without great equality of material conditions." This appears to be a strange admission coming from a champion of republicanism; for if there be no method of securing this essential equality, and none is suggested by the writer, the doom of democracy is sealed. The moral of extravagance and corruption in the American Union, if it be complete and legitimate, as drawn in the passage we have quoted, is fatal to the system of government prevailing there. The validity of the reviewer's conclusion, however, is open to serious question. It is, at best, an inadequate explanation of social phenomena which are grieving all who admire free institutions. If the great mass of the people were tainted with dishonesty, if the restraints of morals and religion had indeed ceased to exert their normal influence upon the nation as a whole, then the case would certainly be hopeless, whether the government were monarchical or republican. Even those who are by no means enamoured of the American system, will deny that this last stage of national decay has been reached. The great Republic is in a transition state, enjoying, or rather suffering from the legacy bequeathed it by the war, and not yet fixed again in the healthy ways of peace. The unrest, the feverish struggle for wealth, impatient of delay, the vulgar love of ostentatious display—are all fruits of the war. History teaches that sometimes the canker first takes root in the governed and ascends to the rulers. In the

United States, the parvenu and the politician, the government official and contractor, are at once the dupes and the knaves of the nation, whilst the toilers who are making the country great, remain industrious and comparatively pure. The peccadiloes of men in station attract attention from the world, and are naturally made the subjects of moralizing homily, whilst the virtues of the unobtrusive classes below them are passed unheeded by. Fortunes gained by shoddy contracts, gold speculations, or any of the other numerous short-cuts to wealth have, no doubt, excited envy and emulation. The unscrupulous classes, when suddenly possessed of means are vain and fond of meretricious show, and those who are climbing the social ladder behind them are not slow to imitate, being unscrupulous as themselves. But he must be a superficial critic of the nation as a whole, who sees nothing there "from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores." It is even now, in the midst of the scandals and partly by their agency, undergoing salutary discipline. The great body of the American people have the desire to lead back their country into the old paths, and they will not fail to manifest that desire so soon as they are conscious of their power and resolute in exerting it.

Moreover, the sins of politicians and their allies are not the legitimate results of the governmental theory, but merely of the excrescences which have been allowed to encumber it. Of these the party system, with its intricate machinery, is by far the worst. From the ward committee up to the national convention, the whole system is a putrid mass of intrigue and corruption, and so long as it endures, the vast majority of the people will lie perfectly helpless at the feet of huckstering politicians. If it were required to devise a scheme by which the people might be beguiled into the belief that they were self-governed, whilst they were really the slaves of a party oligarchy, a better could not be found than that which obtains in the United States. Both parties, hostile to each other in every other particular, agree in enslaving and robbing the people. From time to time, efforts have been made to break the yoke, and in 1872 they had some promise of success, and might have succeeded but for the unfortunate nomination made at Cincinnati. At the present time there are far stronger reasons for party recalcitrance. The second term of General Grant has been worse than the first, and although he has cleared his own skirts, the awkward fact remains, that he has been a bosom friend and often a relative of the worst enemies of their country. Mr. Clymar, and the Democrats generally, enjoy the advantage, and are profiting by it. They have had no power since 1861 at Washington until now, save during the shady Presidency of Andrew Johnston; but their proclivities may be easily measured without going further than the city of New York. Both parties, that is those who direct and manipulate the parties, are hopelessly discredited, and nothing remains but a determined and uncompromising war upon both of them. An effort is now being made in New York, and we wish we could hope that it may prove successful, to break loose from the fetters which weigh so heavily upon the nation. The names of William Cullen Bryant, Carl Schurz, Horace White, and Governor Bullock, are a guarantee for the honesty and earnestness of the movement. The "platform" is a simple one, for it consist of only three planks, of which the first two have reference to "the wide-spread corruption" and "the grave economical questions" which affect the credit of the country. The third recognises the danger, of which even Canadians have, as yet, only a faint impression, "that an inordinate party spirit may, through the organized action of a comparatively small number of men who live by politics, succeed in overruling the most patriotic impulses of the people, and in monopolizing political power for selfish ends." This is the real danger in all free countries—in Canada as well as the United States—and the sooner a people rends the bonds of cliqueism, with its machinery of caucus, convention, and cabal, the better for itself. The Centennial year may have memories in store for the American Republic, more glorious than the glittering pageant of Philadelphia; and if the honesty and probity of the nation succeeds in making itself permanently dominant at Washington, the year 1876 will be a landmark in its history.

There appear to have been only two matters of the first interest to Englishmen during the month, the Royal Titles Bill and the imposition of an additional penny in the pound to the Income tax. It is unnecessary

to enter upon the former subject here at any length; for it has been discussed *ad nauseam*. As affording material for declamation, burlesque, quip, and epigram, it has been a godsend to the scribbling race. After all that has been urged in favour of the new title, the fact remains that there is only one substantial reason for it, and that is, Her Majesty's wish or, perhaps we should say, command. Mr. Disraeli's course during the discussions has been a wayward combination, exceedingly offensive to the country, of mystery and *badinage*. At first, he professed to be unauthorized or unwilling to reveal the precise title the Queen proposed to assume. Upon being hard pressed, he let the Imperial cat out of the bag, and then, so soon as the storm out of doors began to menace the Government, he came down with the futile assurance, that, under no circumstances, would Ministers advise the Queen to use the title of Empress in England or sanction the adoption of Imperial Highness by the other members of the Royal family. In the former case, the guarantee, besides being in itself worthless, is merely of temporary value; and, if itbe true that the dominant motive which determined Her Majesty was a desire to settle disputed points of precedence in her family circle, the latter assurance rests on a still more precarious footing. The Premier's reasons were as changeful as his tactics. The first basis on which he grounded his Bill was public opinion in India. It was asserted, though never proved, that the rulers and people of India desired to have the title of Empress, as a new badge of servitude; but when the *savants* began to examine the subject, it was discovered that there was no appropriate word in the native tongues to express it, and that the very same term must be employed, whether Victoria be called Queen or Empress. As an English writer puts it, England is to "stimulate the loyalty and confidence of our Indian fellow-subjects, by conferring a title on the Sovereign which will be translated by the same word as that which translates her present title."

Some of Mr. Disraeli's points were sufficiently puerile to suggest the suspicion that he is rapidly passing to dotage. Otherwise, it was the bitterest of mockeries to quote the opinion of a school girl's parent, or the ascription of the title of Empress in Whittaker's Almanac. The reason he finally assigned was a gratuitous insult to Russia and to common sense besides. The bare suggestion that the Imperial title will serve as a hint to Russia, that she must not continue her Central Asian policy, was at once an impotent menace and a mischievous piece of folly. During the progress of the Bill, Messrs. Gladstone and Lowe asserted that the colonies would consider themselves slighted in the new Royal style. Mr. Disraeli's rejoinder, which will be fresh in the reader's memory, was of a piece with the rest of his Brummagem rhetoric on the subject. Both Mr. Lowe and he, however, might have saved themselves the trouble of concerning themselves with "the English beyond seas." The colonies, especially Canada, regard the matter with the supremest indifference. The only aversion they feel to the new title is a reflex of the repugnance of their brethren in England. The only apprehension likely to arise in their minds at present is not that they may be neglected in the Royal title, but that they may be unnecessarily meddled with by the Colonial office. If Secretaries of State and English public men would take the trouble to learn more about the feelings and interests of Canadians and display less of the arrogance of self-conceit and ignorance, they may ignore us by name as much as they please, and heap upon the Sovereign every conceivable title of authority, if they choose to do so. Jealousy of India would be about the last feeling likely to rankle in the Colonial breast; but want of appreciation, negligence in enforcing treaty obligations, and a supercilious indifference to Colonial interests will, if persisted in, have bitter fruit in the not remote future.

The "Egyptian Plague," as newspaper men in England have not inaptly called the *furore* in favour of the Khedive, appears to have spent its force. Mr. Cave's report is not reassuring, because it merely amounts to this, that if the Egyptian Government were a wise and economical one, it might weather all its financial difficulties. But as we know that nothing can implant a grain of prudence or the first glimmering notion of economy into the Mahommedan brain, the report is practically useless. Retrenchment must begin with the Khedive's personal expenditure, and if he persists in neglecting

the noble structures of the older and better days and substituting palace after palace of hideous unsightliness, and if he clings to his quixotic military expeditions and unremunerative public works, there can be no hope for him or his dynasty. What can be done to relieve the financial embarrassments of a ruler, who has nine hundred wives, concubines, female slaves, and attendants? He is about to put himself into the hands of a set of Levantine sharpers and they will finish his career, if they have full swing.

Nothing on the Continent of Europe demands special attention this month, if we except the black cloud which is rising threateningly above the Eastern horizon. The Turkish Empire, people may disguise it as they may, is falling to pieces, and must collapse finally at no distant date. Andrassy notes and Rodich interviewings cannot arrest the inevitable doom of a wretched empire, tottering upon the verge of the grave. The three Emperors may agree, fall out and make it up again, but whether their relations are cordial or the reverse, they cannot effect the rejuvenescence of the Porte. The revolted provinces will not consent to temporary compromises, and they remain now masters of the situation. Neither Austria nor Russia can persuade them to lay down their arms, and they dare not attempt to coerce them. Every delay is not only dangerous, but pregnant with a mass of possible troubles, problematical perhaps, but not the less terrible to the view. Turkey cannot conquer the Slavonic Provinces, and whenever the crisis comes, the *entente cordiale* between Austria and Russia will vanish away like the morning dew. The prominent position to be occupied in future by the Czarewitch is ominous; and the death of the Kaiser William would set in motion the rooted hatred and antagonism between Germany and Russia. Amidst the deceptive and contradictory telegrams that reach us from day to day, we may discern, reading between the lines, most serious fears of a terrible wide-spread conflagration, and we may be sure that the torch will be applied when Nemesis has inscribed upon the palace walls of Constantinople the tardy sentence—"Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin—God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it; thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

BOOK REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF CANADA. For the use of Schools. By J. Frith Jeffers, B. A. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

A HISTORY OF CANADA. For the use of Schools. By Andrew Archer. Prescribed by the Board of Education for New Brunswick. London: T. Nelson & Sons; St. John: J. & A. McMillan.

It is not so easy a task to compile a history of Canada as might at first sight appear; and that for several reasons. Two of these lie on the surface, and arise from the nature of the material to be handled. In the first place, unless the Dominion is to be always without an historical record, the annals of the various Provinces must in some way or other be welded together, or at least so far presented side by side, with their occasional points of contact carefully noted, as to present something like a homogeneous whole. Then, again, there are large tracts of the domain which are perfectly barren, from the historian's point of view. The French period is full of matter of the deepest dramatic, often tragic, interest, and this holds good both of Canada proper and Acadia. No pages in the world's history afford richer openings for one or even two great prose epics. After 1760, however, there only remains the American Revolution and the war of 1812; all the rest is of importance to the constitutional historian or to the student of sociology alone. Three works at most—The history of Canada proper, from Jacques Cartier to Montcalm; the history of Acadia, from 1600 to 1763; and what may roughly be styled Canada under George III., *i. e.* from 1760 to the peace of 1815—would exhaust all the material we can muster for public history. After that, with the exception of the "scrimmage" of 1837-8, if we may so term it, there is nothing to record except political struggles and material progress. There are

still two further obstacles besides the scattered character of the material, and its scantiness. We have to deal with three races, each a study in itself—the French, the English, and the Indian; and then there is also that crucial test of impartiality—the subject of clerical influence from Laval downwards. French Canadian historians err here in one direction, and Mr. Parkman quite as egregiously in another. The former will see nothing amiss in the political meddlesomeness of Laval and the clergy; whilst the latter, although he fairly narrates the history of the Missionary Fathers, seems rather to grudge their due meed of praise to those intrepid soldiers of the Cross.

All these difficulties beset the path of those who undertake similar work, "for the use of schools," with others peculiar to itself. There is need of compression and yet of comprehensiveness, and this is apt to lead on the one hand to dryness, and on the other to diffuseness of style. If the writer tries to be terse and compact, he is almost sure to be dull and jejune; if he strives to be graphic and interesting, he usually indulges in a sprawling verbosity and degenerates into the story-telling groove. Perhaps the political and statistical stumbling-blocks are the most serious in his way. With a laudable desire to bring down history—where there is any to bring down of interest to school children—he is prone to lug in by the head and shoulders a mass of utterly useless information. Of what advantage is it to the pupil to be informed that Lord Elgin recommended the abolition of differential duties in his speech from the Throne; that Mr. Hincks improved the quotations of Canadian Securities on the London Stock Exchange; that the Province guaranteed £3,000 sterling per mile to the Grand Trunk, and that the Company's indebtedness to the Government amounted in 1866, principal and interest, to twenty-three millions of dollars; or that the Welland Canal was enlarged so as to admit the passage of vessels of 400 tons burthen? Yet to such shifts are even the authors of the two able little volumes before us obliged to resort in order to fill up the adequate number of pages.

It must be admitted that, for some reason or other, school-books have been regarded by critics much as frogs are by school-boys—as fair marks for sportful, perhaps we should say spiteful, attack. Perhaps this literary vivisection has been sometimes carried to unjustifiable lengths. The works before us are certainly superior to any of their predecessors; and if we venture to indicate their errors and weak points, it is because we believe that, after careful revision, they will be found to possess sterling merit. They are both written in an easy style, although Mr. Jeffers is the least trifle dry; and Mr. Archer, although his narrative is graphic enough, seems to treat the muse of history as cautiously as if she were mounted on stilts. "Malodorous" eggs, for example, is worthy of the London *Telegraph*.

Mr. Jeffers's volume is a careful and well-digested record of Canadian history, and its accuracy is for the most part unimpeachable. He confines himself to the old Province, if we except some brief notices of the Maritime Provinces printed in small type at the ends of some of the chapters. The chronological table of contemporaneous history appended to each of these is exceedingly useful; but we cannot imagine why Smith O'Brien and the Young Ireland party of 1848 should find a place in the text of a Canadian history (p. 271). Moreover there is no index to his work—a defect which would have brought down upon him the wrath of Archbishop Whately. He begins, of course, with traditions concerning the early discovery of America, much as the old English chroniclers set out from Brut, the son of Æneas. In tracing the path of modern discovery, Mr. Jeffers tells us (p. 15) that Columbus was cheated of his honours by Vespucci; and in another place (p. 17), he admits that neither of them deserved the credit of prior discovery, because John Cabot visited the continent a year before either. The errors into which Mr. Jeffers falls relate chiefly, it is strange to say, to very recent times. It is not true that Mr. Galt retired from office in 1867 on account of the "blame thrown upon" his financial policy (p. 306). On page 283 we read that, in 1858, Mr. J. A. Macdonald's Ministry was "forced to abandon the double majority principle," which "it had never conceded"—an Hibernicism which reminds one of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Attorney-General who retracted the words he was about to utter. On the same page we are told that the Reform party at once "began" to advocate Representation by Population (in 1858), which is an entire mistake. There are other errors of a somewhat similar character which should be obvious to a reviser. On the whole, however, the book is a valuable and trustworthy text-book for school purposes. It is also well printed, and generally unexceptionable in its material get up.

Mr. Archer's book is more comprehensive in its design. As we might have expected, the history of the Maritime Provinces is fully given, and its connection with Canadian history proper is so carefully indicated that an air of compactness and homogeneity is imparted to the whole. The work was, no doubt, compiled specially as a New Brunswick text-book, and therefore we are not surprised to find that Province exhibited to patriotic blue-noses as the Paradise of the Dominion—a sort of *multum in parvo* of all material resources. The typography is admirable, and the introduction of heavy lettering to attract the eye exceedingly useful. There are eighteen useful little maps illustrative of the text, questions at the end of

each chapter, a comprehensive index, and a good chronological table. The appendices also contain a considerable amount of valuable information, social, constitutional, and statistical. The work as a whole is admirably conceived and executed. Indeed, we have so high an opinion of this history that it seems worth while to lay some stress upon the mistakes we find in it. It is written with an easy and flowing pen; but, as we have already hinted, it is slightly grandiloquent at times, and the effort to be picturesque occasionally causes trouble. For example, it is stated (p. 212) that at the attack on Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the river, "amid the boom of cannonade, the rattle of musketry," &c., "was heard the muffled roar of the mighty Falls"—which we take leave to doubt. This passage, taken in connection with another (p. 304), would seem to indicate that proximity to the cataract does not add to the roar, for we read that, even at Lundy's Lane, it was only heard "distinctly." Nothing need be said of the "fitful gleams" shed "through the rifts" by the moon on the latter occasion, because our readers will not fail to understand, from the passages given, the perils of fine writing.

The omissions in Mr. Archer's work are noteworthy. No mention is made of the heroic resistance of Daulac des Ormeaux; and although Mr. Jeffers mentions it, he does not inform the reader that the Long Sault referred to is on the Ottawa, and not the more celebrated rapid of the St. Lawrence. Mr. Archer gives an account of Beaupré and the expulsion of the Acadians thence, without referring to Evangeline. He omits all mention of Col. Moodie's death, which had great weight at the subsequent trials, although he mentions the murder of Lieut. Weir, between Sorel and St. Charles, also during the time of the Rebellion. He knows nothing of the Orange Demonstrations during the Prince of Wales's visit, or the Fenian Raid at Fort Erie. These are not all the omissions, but we pass on to errors of fact, giving a few examples. There were fifty-seven rectories, not fifty-six (p. 344); the Governor is *not* appointed "by the King *and Parliament* (p. 359); the *Caroline* did not go "in a flaming mass" over the Falls (p. 371); the League was held at Kingston, not Montreal, and although Mr. Archer does not intend to represent it as originating the idea of Confederation, since he had previously assigned that honour to Chief Justice Sewell, in 1814, yet his words convey that impression (p. 395); finally, Abraham Lincoln was *not* an abolitionist (p. 426). Mr. Archer gives a strange version of public matters in 1858. In the first place, the assertion is made (p. 421) that "the Reform party gained a small majority at the general election," which was not the case, and the "double shuffle" is explained in the following singular way: "Its members (*i. e.* of the Cartier-Macdonald Administration) did not go back to the people, according to the established practice, but resumed their duties as if the few days of Brown and Dorion were not worth reckoning."

The mis-spelling of proper names is something wonderful, and nearly all the "Macs" are wrong. We have M'Donald, M'Kenzie, M'Dougall, M'Pherson instead of Macdonald, &c.; Taché, without an accent; Sliddel, Rolphe, Rideout, Bolton, Sanfield, Langeoui (Langevin) and Renny (Kenny); a comma is inserted so as to make two persons of Dominic Daly, and Louis Victor Sicotte appears as A. Sicotte. Then again we have the *Hon.* Mr. Cardwell and the *Hon.* E. Bulwer Lytton, as if they were the younger sons of peers. Most of these blunders, if not all, were doubtless caused by want of knowledge on the part of the English proof-reader.

But we must pause. There are some general defects in both these works which we should like to have noticed, such as the want of skill in fixing definite pictures of historical characters upon the mind, the absence of any broad general conclusions upon events, and the tendency to degenerate into mere chronicling. Still, each of them is worthy of high commendation as a step in advance, and possesses peculiar and distinctive merits of its own.

SPEECHES OF THE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, during his recent visit to Scotland, with his principal Speeches since the Session of 1875. Toronto: James Campbell and Son.

This is a timely addition to our permanent political literature, which is at present scanty enough. There are many who do not preserve files of the papers or keep scrap-books, like the late Mr. W. L. Mackenzie, or the living Messrs. Bowell and Rykert, and who yet have occasion, at times, to refer back to the *ipsissima verba* of a party leader. It has often surprised us that collections, like the one before us, are so seldom published. The authorized Debates are, of course, exceedingly valuable for reference, but they necessarily exclude out-of-door utterances, which are often of equal or even greater importance. Mr. Mackenzie's Sarnia speech, for example, contains a better comprehensive exposition of the policy and aims of his Administration than any delivered in Parliament. *En passant*, we may express the hope that the Government will assume the responsibility of continuing the "Hansard," as it is absurdly, but conveniently, termed. Individual complaints about the style and length of the reports ought not to outweigh the general convenience, especially where the only alternative is a resort to partisan versions of the Parliamentary debates.

It is unnecessary to enter into any detailed examination of these speeches, because they

have appeared in the papers and have formed the subject of much criticism, favourable and adverse. Mr. Mackenzie, though not a finished orator, is an effective and forcible public speaker, and his remarks are always practical and incisive. His personal and, we may add in no invidious sense, his national characteristics are stamped upon every utterance. He is notably an earnest worker of the most conscientious type—honest and industrious by instinct, and above all things open and "above board." We do not see him at his best on the floor of the House, because the impatience, born of strong convictions, as well as the harassing duties of his department, sometimes makes him appear tetchy and irritable. It is on this account that the Scottish speeches are so well worth reading. The Premier was making holiday in his birth-land, amid the scenes and friends of his youth, and he unbends himself and displays his native humour there to great advantage. It is needless to remind the reader that although Mr. Mackenzie is ardently attached to his native Scotland, he proved himself a staunch champion of the Dominion and one of the most capable expositors of its progress and resources. The Canadian speeches include those delivered at Ottawa, Sarnia, Montreal, and in the Maritime Provinces, and, of course, are almost exclusively political. The volume contains an excellent photograph of the Premier by Messrs. Notman & Fraser, and a brief memoir which originally appeared in the *Weekly Globe*.

THE RELIGION OF LIFE; or Christ and Nicodemus. By John G. Manly, Toronto: Methodist Book Room.

Mr. Manly, as appears from the heavy dedication, with which this little work is somewhat over-weighted, was originally a Methodist, and after being some years a Congregationalist, returned again to his first love. He is well-known in Toronto, as he was, for some years, pastor of Zion (Congregational) Church. We cannot, of course, undertake to examine critically a work of this character, but we may safely recommend it as a comprehensive survey of the fundamental principles of religion, particularly on the practical side. As the second title intimates, it is founded upon the earlier part of John's Gospel, and, of this, Mr. Manly prefers to give Dean Alford's revised translation. The writer's views are, of course, Arminian, and his views regarding the extent of the Atonement may be judged by one remark: "In all this world of ours, there is neither spot nor moment, neither a man nor a fragment of his earthly life, beyond the scope of redeeming grace. In this world, no man is, or was, or ever will be, outside the range of restorative rule" (p. 70). Although these words may be construed in that way, Mr. Manly does not appear to be a "Restorationist" in the polemical sense, for elsewhere he lapses into a limitation—"Christ died to save every believer" (p. 143). The work is ably written, and displays no small amount of originality, in a field where originality is rarely found.

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENTARY COMPANION, for 1876. Edited by Henry J. Morgan, Barrister-at-Law: Ottawa.

Mr. Morgan's handy book of reference, which has now reached its eleventh year, needs no recommendation from us; it is simply indispensable to the politician and the journalist. The present issue shows the same steady advance in comprehensiveness and accuracy which has characterized it from year to year. The editor reminds us that two general elections have recently taken place—those of Quebec and Manitoba—involving a large amount of extra labour and inquiry, in addition to the changes which are required from ordinary causes. The section devoted to Political Addresses and Party "Platforms" contains election addresses by Mr. John Macdonald, M.P. (Centre Toronto), Mr. Irving, M.P. (Hamilton), Mr. E. Blake, M.P. (South Bruce), Mr. Workman, M.P., and Mr. Thos. White, jr. (Montreal West), and Mr. P. White, M.P. (North Renfrew). In addition to these, we have Sir Alex. Galt's letter on the Tariff, Mr. Cartwright's speech at Napanee, Mr. Huntington's Argenteuil speech, with his letter to Mr. Power, and the correspondence between Archbishop Lynch and Mr. Mackenzie. This feature of the *Companion* adds greatly to its value, and might well be extended in future years, so far as it can be done without making the work unwieldy.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Contemporary Review* opens with an article entitled "The Latest Theory about Bacon," by his most competent biographer and editor, Mr. Spedding. The theory of which the writer speaks is a singularly incongruous one, advanced by Dr. Abbott in his edition of the Essays. Bacon's character, as portrayed by the historians, and notably by Macaulay, is a medley of contradictions. The poet, in that view, would have been right when

he characterized Bacon as at once the noblest and wisest, and the meanest and basest of mankind. Dr. Abbott's effort to reconcile this *duo juncta in uno*, has resulted in some ethical confusion. According to him, Bacon had but one single aim, "the advancement of truth," and he snatched at worldly influence merely as an instrument to that end. His nature being "unique," his mind "unworldly," his purposes so "divine," the proposed benefit to mankind so "stupendous," and his confidence so "sublime," the ordinary rules of "commonplace morality" were too "petty" to engage his attention. Hence his fall was caused by a sort of duality within him, not so much in conflict as working together to attain light by the aid of darkness; in short, it is a crucial exemplification of the end justifying the means. That the actions of Bacon the Attorney-General were criminal, Dr. Abbott strongly affirms on Macaulay's authority; his "pursuits were low" also; but, on the other hand, those of Bacon the philosopher were "pure and lofty." Mr. Spedding, after dealing somewhat unmercifully with Macaulay, proceeds to examine the charges against Bacon, the present instalment of the essay taking us as far as his appointment as Lord Keeper. We can only indicate the charges here—his conduct towards Essex, his "prosecution of St. John," his "torturing Peacham," and lastly, his "courtly servility," as contrasted with Coke's "manly independence." The essay is at once instructive and useful, because it enables the ordinary reader to form something like a fair judgment of a great character which has hitherto seemed to be a hopeless historical enigma. Mr. Sedgwick's paper on the "Idle Fellowships," although primarily of home interest, is suggestive; and there is much which Canadians might glean from it of immediate advantage. His remarks on competitive examinations and the prize system are well worth considering. Mr. Grant Duff contributes one of his discursive ramblings over a great field. "1847-76," as a title, is eminently suggestive. The contrast between the two years is well marked, and a sketchy description of the political condition of each European State at the beginning and end of the period will be useful to any one who can strip off the effects of a writer's bias. The moral is for the rising generation:—"Let it be English first of all, and last of all; but be European—not to say cosmopolitan—into the bargain." Last year the President of the Philological Society—Dr. Morris, we believe—remarked that "now that the *bow-wow* and *pooh-pooh* and *ding-dong* theories of the origin of language had lost their attractions of novelty, it was reserved for the Rev. Mr. Sayce to start what might be termed the *jelly-fish* theory of speech." Mr. Sayce, therefore, proceeds to vindicate this theory in an able, though we cannot say conclusive, essay. It is, in fact, Darwinism applied to language after a somewhat speculative and baseless fashion. The attempted demonstration is exceedingly ingenious, and must be studied as it appears, and not through a summary. The theory itself may be stated almost in the writer's words—that as all the animal creation is evolved out of a primæval mass of gelatinous matter of infinite potentialities, so too the jelly-fish theory of language evolves the manifold creations of speech out of the unformed and primitive sentence; and hence sentences were chronologically antecedent to words.

Mr. Oxenham completes his essay on "Eternal Punishment and Universalism" in the current number, and we must confess that we are disappointed. When reproving Protestants for abandoning the doctrine of Purgatory, and distorting the doctrine of Justification by Faith, Mr. Oxenham stood on the sure Roman Catholic position of Church infallibility. But when he adandons that and casts himself adrift upon the sea of Biblical exegesis, he is weaker than any Protestant scholar. He makes the most of the word αιωνιος, and that is very little; and when he is confronted with the cognate word in Hebrew, which confessedly applied to indefinite but terminable duration, and which the LXX. translate by the same Greek word, he has nothing to say but that the meaning was not then so "definitely fixed," nor "the idea of the eternal world" so prominently put forward. If any lingual change took place between the fourth century B. C. and the first A. D., where is the evidence of it? The writer mentions the passages from St. Paul making against his thesis, but does not even quote the words. Even if he had demonstrated that the adjective which is usually, but not necessarily, made the bone of contention, indubitably and invariably signifies endless, it would not help him unless he believes that eternities can be heaped upon eternities. If the adjective means "eternal," the substantive αιων must mean eternity; but it does not, being merely an intensive form of the simple substantive, and yet we read of æons of æons, translated "for ever and ever" in the English version. The reader must not look to Mr. Oxenham for the resolution of "doubts;" but in the matter of "hope," he is there with purgatory, and such help as that may afford the perplexities of the student.

Long centuries of oppression have stamped their effect upon the Slavonic literature. "Russian Idylls" are, as Mr. Ralston observes, "a great many of them, most melancholy." Many of the songs are serious, because they are ritual; and even in celebrating marriages the epithalamium is gloomy and dirge-like—a reminiscence, the writer thinks, of the rude times when wives were gained by capture. At the same time, it may be observed that in its high-

est civilization Rome respected such a reminiscence in the departure of the bride, without venting traditional sorrows in song. The extracts from Nekrasof, a living poet, are rudely impressive, sometimes Ossianic in tone, but they are not of the highest style, and if the national muse moves at its ordinary pace, many centuries must elapse before Russia produces a Chaucer, not to speak of a Shakespeare or a Milton.

Mr. Hunt's monograph on "Dr. John Henry Newman" is notable for the same characteristics as have made his contributions to English ecclesiastical history so valuable. His tone is throughout judicial, and if he ventures to stigmatize the "non-natural interpretation of the Articles as the purest piece of jugglery ever practised in ecclesiastical polemics," it is his only sin in that direction. As "a psychological study" this paper deserves attentive perusal; as a corrective to reactionary dogmatism, Catholic or Protestant, it is invaluable. "The Bases of Morals," by the late James Hinton, is an ingenious effort at eclecticism in the department of ethics. The writer saw, distinctly enough, the futility of the materialistic and Benthamite theories, not to speak of Prof. Clifford's tribal hypothesis of ethics, which he easily refutes. But, on the other hand, he strives to erect a bridge across the gulf between physical science and its method and the science of ethics. He contends that as the one is governed by the law that "intellectual consciousness should correspond truly" to external facts, so our emotional consciousness should correspond with the facts which have a relation to it. He denies that right or wrong pertains, or can pertain, to "things" or external deeds. This is substantially identical with Square's "eternal fitness of things," except, perhaps, that it regards the correspondence as within rather than partly within and partly without the man. "The stress of right," he says, "lies upon the emotions, and not upon the deeds," which is only the old truth that it is the motive —the heart—which is to be judged rather than the act. On the whole, it seems that a system which resolves vice into a mere want of correspondence, punished by nature or conscience, much as intellectual error is in its way, tends to weaken the moral sanctions. Mr. Brassey's paper on "Our Naval Strength and Policy" is a practical survey of England's power at sea, and contains some valuable hints for securing and extending it at the least possible expense. Mr. Gladstone continues his "Homerology," treating in this number of chariots and horses.

Those who have read any of Mr. G. H. Lewes's writings, and especially the "Problems of Life and Mind," will be prepared for the views expressed in a paper on "Spiritualism and Materialism," in the *Fortnightly Review*. He believes that both sides in the controversy have a partial glimpse of the truth, and attaches himself to a third, "which rejects the theories of both, or rather disengages what seems valid in each, and, by a new interpretation, reconciles their differences." According to this view, "the broadest of all distinctions—that of Object and Subject, or of Matter and Mind—does not demand a corresponding opposition in their substrata, but simply the logical distinction of aspects; so that one and the same group of phenomena is objectively expressible in terms of Matter and Motion, and subjectively in terms of Feeling." In short, the old theory of the dualism of Matter and Mind is resolved into a dual aspect of objective and subjective. The Spiritualist theory, he complains, separates an abstraction from its concretes and calls it a soul; just as Berkeley's predecessors supposed that there was another abstraction apart from the concrete qualities which they called matter. His theory, therefore, regards the soul as an imaginary substratum for a congeries of emotional qualities, and he denies that consciousness testifies to the contrary, or, indeed, tells us anything at all about itself. Mr. Morley contributes a brilliant essay on Lord Macaulay. It is not a review of Mr. Trevelyan's biography, but an estimate of the historian's character written in anticipation of it. He fully concedes Macaulay's great power and prodigious memory, as well as his immense influence upon the tone and literature of the time. His style, which was perfectly natural and appropriate to him, has, Mr. Morley believes, had a mischievous effect upon our literature. Comparing him with Mr. Mill, he remarks that "our public writers owe most of their vices to the one and most of their virtues to the other." The latter taught people to reason, the former tempted them to declaim; the one set an example of patience and tolerance, the other encouraged "oracular arrogance, and a rather thrasonical complacency," and so on. He objects to Macaulay's tone as lifeless and cold even when he might be expected to glow with ardent feeling. His wide influence is attributed to several causes—his delight in magnificent commonplace, which, however, dazzles rather than warms; his freedom from obscurity of style; his unanalytic cast of mind; and the fact that "he was in exact accord with the common average sentiment of his day on every subject on which he spoke." Mr. Morley compares his style disparagingly with Carlyle's, Clarendon's, Bolingbroke's, and Southey's, and points to his want of depth and fineness of intonation, his "gross excess of colour" frequently descending to "vulgar gaudiness," and, above all, to "the grave faults in the region of the intellectual conscience." As a specimen of Mr. Morley's trenchant style, we may quote a passage (p. 506)—"We have spoken of Macaulay's interests and intuitions wearing a certain air of superficiality; there is a feeling

of the same kind about his attempts to be genial. It is not truly festive. There is no abandonment in it. It has no deep root in moral humour, and is merely a literary form, resembling nothing so much as the hard geniality of some clever college tutor of stiff manners entertaining undergraduates at an official breakfast-party. This is not because his tone is bookish; on the contrary, his tone and level are distinctly those of the man of the world. But one always seems to find that neither a wide range of cultivation nor familiar access to the best Whig circles had quite removed the stiffness and self-conscious precision of the Clapham Sect." Mr. Palgrave's "Dutch Guiana" is concluded in this number; it winds up with a very favourable estimate of the full-blooded negroes of the colony. Prof. Max Müller's paper on "Spelling" is a laboured plea for Pitman's phonetic system; and Mr. Greville Chester's forcible revelation of "Some Truths about Egypt" comes just in time to check English exuberance about the Khedive. The writer recommends Great Britain to annex at least the Delta, as the only hope for the ancient seat of empire in Africa. Mr. Marshall vindicates "Mill's Theory of Value" against Prof. Cairnes and other economists, and he appears to do so successfully. The *Fortnightly* concludes with the first instalment of a vigorous monograph on "Madame de Maintenon," by Mr. J. C. Morison. It closes with her marriage to Louis XIV., and its aim is to show that Scarron's widow was neither a model of pure and lofty piety nor a scheming and far-seeing *intriguante*. The paper deserves an attentive reading, for it is lucid and entertaining, as well as accurately instructive.

FINE ART.

MR. J. C. FORBES, of Toronto, has painted a large marine picture for the Centennial Exhibition, and as a work of art, original in design and bold in execution, it cannot fail to add largely to his already well-earned reputation as an artist, and to take high rank among the noted marine pictures of the day. The picture, the subject of which is *The Foundering of the Steamship Hibernia*, is eleven feet by six, and it represents a disabled steamship lying at the mercy of the waves in mid-ocean, while the passengers and crew are being transferred to the life-boats—five in number.

Mr. Forbes was a passenger on board the ill-fated steamer "Hibernia," of the Anchor Line, which sailed from New York early in November, 1868. On the 22nd of the month, during a violent storm, her screw propeller worked loose, and knocked a hole in her stern, in such a position that the damage could not be repaired. After many hours of heroic endeavour on the part of the officers and crew to save the ship, over which the seas were making a clean sweep aft, orders were given to take to the life boats. The accident occurred some seven hundred miles from the coast of Ireland, and as the storm, which had lasted for three days, had lashed the ocean into fury, the situation of those on board the doomed ship was indeed appalling.

The scene was indelibly stamped upon the artist's memory, and he has reproduced it with surprising realism and power. The difficulties which beset an artist who attempts to paint a marine piece are great, even when a shore can be introduced to relieve and give variety to it; but when the ocean alone surrounds the central idea, nothing short of a gift approaching genius can make the attempt a success. To represent happily life and motion, depth and strength, form and colour, in the sea during a storm, is a task few undertake, and fewer succeed in mastering. The sea is always interesting, always a subject for study—in calm or storm, in sunlight or shadow—and to catch the turn of a wave-crest, and represent it on canvas in all the varied beauty of its living motion has been the ambition of many, the realization of few.

Mr. Forbes has chosen an ambitious subject, a most difficult one; and yet he has succeeded in producing a picture of undoubted merit. He has surrounded the foundering of an ocean steamship with all the terrible vividness with which the scene must have been stamped upon his memory as he gazed upon the noble ship, as helpless as a toy in the remorseless fury of the waves.

The time of the scene is the early morning, just as the lurid disk of the sun appears above the horizon. The steamer is lying, with the wind over her quarter, held in her course by the fore and main-topsails; the latter "aback," so as to prevent her swinging into the trough of the sea. The white signal light from the main-topmast, and the pale hue of the green starboard light from the deck, pierce the surrounding gloom with strangely weird effect. The ship, both in outline and in minute detail, is admirably drawn. A great billow has just swept over her partially-submerged stern, car-

rying away pilot-house, companion-way, bulwarks, hatches, skylights, and every movable thing on deck. The huge wave rolls into the foreground, bearing on its crest an overturned life-boat, which it has torn from the davits in its resistless sweep; while the on-coming breaker in the background, meeting the broken "backlash" from the former swell as it tore over the steamer, towers like a quivering mountain of water above the deck, in an instant to fall with crushing force upon it. This wave is in itself a study—it almost moves, so masterly has it been rendered. The effect of the water dashing over the rail of the ship forward is also very striking; while the smoke from the funnel, driven downwards by the wind spilling out of the main-topsail, is well represented. The engines of the ship continued to work to the last, as the engineers were driven from their posts by the waves, and the lights in her cabins and engine room, gave her the appearance of a staunch steamer being abandoned by her crew. This phase of the wreck has been portrayed with great success, and will deeply impress every intelligent critic.

In the right foreground, on the incline of a sweeping wave, is a life-boat partially swamped, containing several seamen, who are straining every nerve to head her to, so that the next breaker, just upon them, may not capsize her. A passenger clasps in his arms a little child whom he has just rescued, and her dripping auburn hair falls over his shoulders. A couple of men are struggling in the water to reach the boat almost within their grasp. This part of the scene has been carefully elaborated, and is very touching. Nearer the ship are a couple of life-boats crowded with people; while still another is receiving the last of the passengers, close alongside the wreck. The motion of the water, the form and colour of the sea, and the general character of the scene, are remarkably natural; and the general impression is one of sublimity and awe. Among other prominent features of the work are the angry glow produced by the sun just appearing through films of haze far over the bosom of the ocean; and the great distance in the background over a shoreless sea. The soft light falling on the water and across the wreck, illuminating the terrible scene, has been treated with great poetic beauty. Over all there hangs an unfathomable mystery. As the cold mists of the November morning are gathering in clouds, veiling the chilling waves as they dash over the doomed ship, one can imagine ere many moments pass the abandoned vessel, in her last struggle, heaving in the air, quivering for a while, and then plunging out of sight, leaving the frail boats alone on the broad ocean. No description, however minute, can convey any adequate idea of the effect produced by this painting. The scene stands out in awful reality, illustrating the oft-told tale of the perils of the deep, and teaching how helpless human expedients are when man is left to the mercy of the sea.

The picture is worthy of a place in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and as it is the work of a Canadian artist—one as modest and unassuming as he is enthusiastic and devoted to his art—we hope that steps will be taken to secure it for this purpose.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

IN the past month lovers of the drama were indebted to the enterprise of Mrs. Morrison in procuring the engagement of two admirable exponents of the legitimate drama. We refer to Miss Agnes Booth and Mr. Barry Sullivan, whose successful performances here were gratifying evidence that the best traditions of the stage have not lost their influence upon our playgoers, but that the public taste really discriminates between dramatic art and mere amusement. Miss Booth's reappearance was hailed with lively satisfaction by those who had recognised her talent, and appreciated her acting, on a previous visit this season. Mr. Sullivan's engagement was one of long expected promise, and its fulfilment elicited a genuine enthusiasm which marked it for enduring remembrance. Of Miss Booth's merits as an actress we spoke in our February issue; and the high opinion we then expressed of her ability has been amply confirmed by further opportunities of forming a judgment. Endowed with qualities necessary for effective histrionic display, Miss Booth possesses many of the characteristics which the ambitious artiste is too apt to overlook in the effort to make a powerful impression. She has grasp and expressiveness, intensity and verve, and in passages requiring declamatory force and tragic passion, the resources of her art are always at her command. She has also the gift of naturalness and moderation, a quiet, impressive dig-

nity of demeanour, and a subduing influence of manner which lend an added charm to every personation. Other features of attractiveness are to be found in the graces of face and form, a voice adequate to the expression of nearly every shade of emotion or passion, and an elocution that gives suitable effect to every meaning to be conveyed.

Miss Booth's extensive *repertoire* bespeaks the range of her ability; and in none of her impersonations did she fail to satisfy by her thoroughly careful, intelligent, and thoughtful performances. The first three evenings of her engagement were devoted to Shakespearian representation :—"Romeo and Juliet," "As you Like it," and "King John." We have previously noticed her impersonation of *Constance*, in "King John," and it was repeated with gratifying result to the large audience which witnessed it. In the other two plays we had all the movement and animation that belong to them—the mingled sentiment and tragedy of *Juliet*, first in the tender scenes of the ballroom and balcony, and afterwards in the tragic ones of the bedchamber and at the Capulets' tomb. In the delightful comedy of love and dissimulation, in the forest glades of Arden, as the fair *Rosalind*, the actress presented to view the arts and *naiveté* which feminine sweetness can throw into the part, and gave colour and bloom to one of the most delicious creations that Shakespeare has bequeathed to us. Of the two characters, Miss Booth does herself more justice in *Juliet*, which part she personates with charming effect, being most happy in her conception and rendering of it. In *Rosalind* the true conception sometimes eludes her, and one or two of the finest scenes lose the soft richness of colour which Miss Neilson imparts to them. Much of the effect of the representation of "As you Like it," was also lost by Miss Booth's indisposition on the evening of the performance —the result, no doubt, of the undue ventilation of the Opera House, of which we have heard many complaints. Of the support given to Miss Booth, we are sorry that we cannot speak with unqualified commendation. With a good deal that was painstaking and effective, there was much that was slip-shod and indifferent—to be explained, perhaps, by the near approach of the end of the season. A very noticeable cause for complaint was the unhappy assignment of parts in the cast. Among instances of this may be mentioned Mr. Sambrook's *Orlando*, in "As you Like it," and *Mercutio*, in "Romeo and Juliet;" and Mr. Davis's *Friar Lawrence*. We must except Miss Carr, as the *Nurse*, and to a certain extent also, Mr. Grismer, as *Romeo*, from these strictures. The rendering of their respective parts was exceedingly creditable and very satisfactory to the audience, except that Mr. Grismer's performance was marred by a very imperfect acquaintance with his lines, a piece of carelessness the more inexcusable as he had played the part previously during the season. Moreover, it must be admitted that he was, perhaps, a little mawkish in the tender parts of the play, and that his unfortunate mannerisms detracted in this, as in other appearances, from the enjoyment we might otherwise experience from his acting. In several other members of the company defects in gesture and manner are obvious which a little pains would easily remove. Mr. Curtis's impotence of speech, and a habit of infusing the spirit of low comedy into parts in which it is out of place, may be cited as an instance of what we mean. Miss Davenport's frigidity of manner, and the incessant blinking of her eyes; and Mrs. Vernon's rapid and mincing gait, and her affected utterance may also be referred to. Miss Booth concluded her engagement with "Camille," "La Femme de Feu," and "Oliver Twist" and "Katharine and Petruchio." In "La Femme de Feu," Miss Booth personated *Diane Berard*, the heroine of a story which, though much modified in its translation and adaptation, is, with "Camille," a delicate one to interpret to an English-speaking audience, so as so keep within the confines desirable to be observed nowadays. The tragic earnestness of the character of *Diane Berard* was effectively brought out, though we found it difficult to sympathize with her hopeless passion for so insipid and indifferent a husband as *Lucien D'Aubier*. But in more respects than this the play was a puzzle to us; and so sadly did it lack in coherence, that we gave up the riddle long before the curtain fell upon its closing scene. It often phapens in plays adapted from the French, that the details necessary to the explanation of certain situations are, for obvious reasons, omitted; and probably this was the case in the present instance. But in "La Femme de Feu," as in "Camille," we have a type of plays which, however much scope they afford for strongly-marked acting, and however much opportunity they present for scourging vice, it were better and more wholesome to refrain from representing on the stage. It is to be wished also that repulsive dramas such as "Oliver Twist," should be consigned to the limbo of contraband plays, never to reappear on the boards of any theatre. As *Katharine*, in the "Taming of the Shrew," Miss Booth bade a second farewell to Toronto, and left us with a high opinion of her manifold resources as an actress, and a pleasing memory of one of the most accomplished and attractive artistes to whom we have had the pleasure of bidding welcome at Mrs. Morrison's theatre.

The engagement of Mr. Barry Sullivan, which followed, was a dramatic treat which drew the most thronged houses we have seen, with but one or two exceptions, at the Grand Opera House. Rarely have Toronto playgoers indulged in such

enthusiastic applause as that with which they greeted Mr. Sullivan, not only at the fall of the curtain at the close of each evening's performance, but as each act-drop fell upon an exhibition of histrionic and dramatic talent rarely given us in Toronto to witness. Mr. Sullivan's genius may fairly rank with that of any of the tragedians of the day; and though he fails to satisfy us in all his personations, he is possessor of those gifts that place him among the most eminent of his profession.

The characteristics of his acting are those of the old school of tragedians, and his plays are those with which a previous generation are most familiar. A veteran actor is at some disadvantage in appearing before a generation younger than his own, as the characteristics of the old plays in which he finds himself most at home are not such as modern audiences appreciate. In such dramas as "The Gamester" and "The Stranger," for instance, it is hard to find material to attract the playgoer of to-day; and it appears to be equally difficult to obtain the kind of support necessary to give flavour and acceptability to their presentation. It is otherwise, of course, with the perennial works of Shakespeare and with those of modern dramatists; and an intellectual pleasure of no ordinary kind was anticipated in witnessing Mr. Sullivan in "Richard III.," "Hamlet," and "Richelieu." The first-mentioned play was presented in the well-known version of Colley Cibber, which is now universally substituted on the stage for the original drama by Shakespeare. Some of the most telling points in the acting play are Cibber's, and so considerable a proportion of the dialogue belongs to him that it would be only just to connect his name with that of Shakespeare on the playbill. As *Richard III.* Mr. Sullivan achieved a conspicuous and enviable triumph. His personation of the wily and hateful Plantagenet is a living embodiment of the character created by the dramatist —for a creation it is, quite unlike the historical Richard—and we have him before us in all the lineaments, physical and mental, with which the author has endowed him. The impersonation was one of extraordinary fidelity and vigour: the deformity of the man, his cruelty, his cunning, his impetuosity and resolution, and his moods of momentary compunction and swift recovery of himself, were all vividly and powerfully realised. Every phase of thought and every impulse were exhibited to view. And as each mental feature was perfectly given, so every action was swift and immediate, every word stirring and emphatic, and every look stern, relentless, or hypocritical. There was no possibility of trifling with the man; no impeding him in his purpose, no softening his heart, no cajoling him or making him less implacable. His repulse of Buckingham :—

"Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein,"

is the key to his character as interpreted by Mr. Sullivan. In the courtship with Lady Anne his bluntness and determination are made plainly apparent beneath his hypocritical mask. As the drama unfolded itself and grew in interest the realization naturally became more striking; and the ascendancy of the actor over his audience increased until the death scene, which came at a fitting climax, and brought the enthusiasm of the house to a culmination. Altogether there can hardly be a doubt that Mr. Sullivan's Richard III. is the finest now on the stage.

In his conception of *Hamlet*, Mr. Sullivan has also been influenced by old stage traditions, and the successive phases of mental perplexity and vagary which the melancholy Dane exhibits found expression in the grave tones and sombre colours of a school of acting rapidly passing away. The performance, though a fine one, was not so completely satisfactory as that of Richard III. The principal defect was a superabundance of "stage business." It is a grievous fault to impart even the slightest air of artificiality to so natural and truthful a character as Hamlet. Mr. Sullivan's *Richelieu* was another fine performance, and may be fairly placed on a level with his *Hamlet*. It was, however, altogether lacking in that element of grandeur which was so conspicuous in Mr. T. C. King's wonderful impersonation of the great Cardinal, to which it was also inferior in other respects. The contrast between the two is suggested by a passage in the play itself. Richelieu appropriates to himself a *mot* of Lysander's, that "where the lion's skin fell short he *eked it out* with the fox's." In Mr. King's personation the lion predominates; in Mr. Sullivan's the fox. The words which we have italicised show that the former conception is the true one. Mr. Sullivan's *Beverley*, in "The Gamester,' was, we are constrained to say, a failure, being false in both conception and execution. The play is a terribly lugubrious one, without a spark of wit or humour to light up, even for a moment, the pervading gloom. To make it acceptable to a modern audience, the performance must above all things be realistic. Mr. Sullivan, however, is melodramatic throughout, a fault which, in the death scene, culminates in the merest rant. The cause of Mr. Sullivan's failure here is probably not far to seek. He has been acting for so many years in *heroic* tragedy, that he imports, no doubt unconsciously, the tone and manner appropriate only to that branch of the drama into *domestic* tragedy, where they are quite out of place. As *The Stranger*, Mr. Sullivan was more natural, but the part is a poor one at best, and calls for little acting of any kind.

We are unable to speak favourably of the general support given to Mr. Sullivan by the Opera House Company; but as it would over-

task the powers of any Company to get up four new plays in one week, we shall refrain from unfavourable comment. Among the parts deserving note may be mentioned *The Duchess of York*, acted by Miss Carr with dignity and feeling; *The Prince of Wales*, a part for which Miss Delmar's graceful figure fitted her, and which she looked admirably; and the small but pleasant part of *Francois* in "Richelieu," played with much spirit by Mr. Roberts. Miss Davenport also deserves commendation for industry, in getting up the three important parts of *Lady Anne*, *Julie*, and *Mrs. Beverley*. Mr. Farwell's wardrobe is apparently of the scantiest. His costume as the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," was surely the most remarkable with which any unearthly visitant ever astonished the gaze of a denizen of the upper world. It possessed one merit, however—serviceableness—as was proved by its being made to do duty on the succeeding night outside the anything but ghostlike form of *Huguet* in "Richelieu." Nor can we congratulate Mr. Sullivan on the assistance he received from his *fidus Achates*, Mr. Cathcart. The style of acting which this gentleman affects was doubtless familiar to "old, old men," in their youth, but we thought there was not left upon the modern stage any such archaic embodiment of stilted elocution, stage strut, and attitudinising. The constant necessity Mr. Cathcart finds for the pressure and warmth of his hands over the region of his pericardium creates more amusement than sympathy, and the spectator is relieved when they are turned to much better account, as they are in the fine fencing scenes with Mr. Sullivan.

The summer season at this theatre commences on the 1st May, when we understand some changes will be made in the stock company. On May 22nd, Mr. Edwin Booth, the great American tragedian, will appear.

Among coming musical and dramatic events may be noted the following:—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will give two concerts on the 5th and 6th May, the first in the evening and the other as a *matinée*; Mr. Sothern and Company will give three evening performances and a *matinée* at the Royal Opera House, on the 18th, 19th and 20th May, appearing in "Our American Cousin and "David Garrick"; and Mdlle. de Belocca, the youthful Russian contralto, who recently created so great an impression in Paris, is expected to give a concert in Toronto at an early day. Herr Bulow, who was to have appeared in Toronto on the 24th and 25th April, has postponed his visit indefinitely.

LITERARY NOTES.

Few men of the present day have more successfully laboured on the side of virtue, manliness, independence of thought, and charity towards their fellowmen, than the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, whose biography has just been given to the world. The record of his life and labours, and the transcripts from his journals and correspondence, give us glimpses of a character too rarely to be met with among the clergy of our day. For a time, standing almost alone among his brethren in the Scotch Church—misconceived, misunderstood, misinterpreted—he long maintained his ground, fighting for toleration, catholicity, brotherhood, and that freedom of thought and opinion that his large soul ardently desired should characterize the National Church of his fathers. Meeting opposition and discouragement on all sides, the alienation of friends, the jibings of enemies; regarded with suspicion, branded as heretical, latitudinarian, and apostate, he struggled on, "lived down" the detraction, won back his friends, commended himself to the Church and his brethren, was honoured of his Sovereign, and became the idol of the people. Such was the life history of Norman Macleod; and of such is the material for the memoir now before us. Not to his countrymen alone is the story of such a life attractive. Its lessons are for all; and its examples are never unworthy of imitation. Here in Canada there is need of just such men—devout minded, large hearted, free from fanaticism, bitterness, illiberality, and cant, zealous but for the essentials of Christian faith, and loyal only to Catholic truth. Much of the controversy to which the memoir introduces us, belongs to history; but history is ever repeating itself, and we have here similar contests to go through, and much the same battles to fight—the same emancipation from unreasoning prejudice, from tyranny of tradition, the fetters of dogma and creed, and the yoke of hyper-orthodoxy. The stimulus which a perusal of Dr. Macleod's memoir will produce must be great, and, to all fair minds, in the direction we have indicated. Purposing to notice the work at greater length in our next issue, we meantime call attention to its publication. Messrs. Belford, the publishers of the authorized native edition, have given us a worthy sample of their enterprise in producing the work for Canadian readers in so handsome yet inexpensive a style, and they deserve hearty thanks for the service rendered, which, doubtless, the large sale the book will meet with will satisfactorily express to them.

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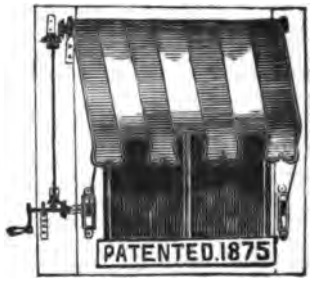
THE BEST IN 

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Brooklin
Brussels
Buckingham
Campbellford
Cannington
Carleton Place
Cayuga
Chambly Canton
Chatham, West
Chelsea
Chippawa
Clarksburg
Clearville
Clifton
Clinton
Coaticook
Cobourg
Colborne
Coldwater
Collingwood
Compton
Cookstown
Cornwall
Creemore
Danville
Dresden
Drummondville, W.
Dungannon
Dundas
Dunnville
Durham
Elora
Embro'
Erin
Exeter
Fenelon Falls
Fergus
Fingal
Fisherton
Font Hill
Forest
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Leamington
Leeds
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Levis
Lilley's Corners
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Listowel
London
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Lucknow
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Madoc
Manchester
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Mesford
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Milton, West
Mitchell
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Osceola
Oshawa
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Owen Sound
Paisley
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Paris
Pembroke
Penetanguishene
Perth
Peterboro'
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Picton
Plantagenet
Point St. Charles
Portage du Fort
Port Burwell
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Preston
Prince Albert
Princeton
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St. Roch de Quebec
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146,112 more Machines than any other Company sold IN THE WORLD.

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TRADE MARK ON ARM OF MACHINE.

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SEWING MACHINE SALES FOR 1875.

	MACHINES		MACHINES
The Singer Manufacturing Co. - Sold	**249,852**	American B. H. &c., S. M. Co. - - Sold	14,406
Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co. "	103,740	Gold Medal Sewing Machine Co. - "	14,262
Remington Empire S. M. Co. - - "	25,110	Wilson Sewing Machine Co. - - "	9,508
Howe Sewing Machine Co., estimated "	25,000	Victor Sewing Machine Co. - - "	6,103
Weed Sewing Machine Co. - - "	21,993	Florence Sewing Machine Co - - "	4,892
Domestic Sewing Machine Co. - "	21,452	J. E. Braunsdorff & Co., Ætna - - "	1,447
Grover & Baker S. M. Co., estimated "	15,000	Secor Sewing Machine Co. - - - "	1,307
Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Co. "	14,522	McKay S. M. Ass'n - - - "	161

—o—

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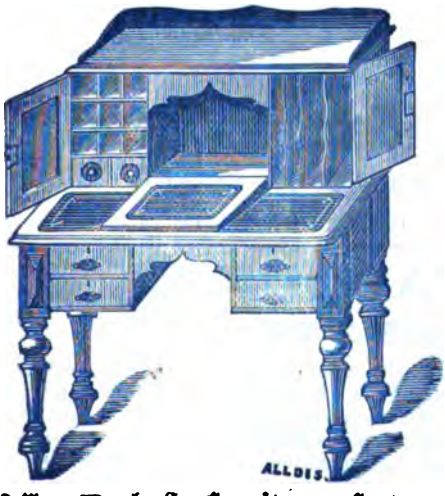

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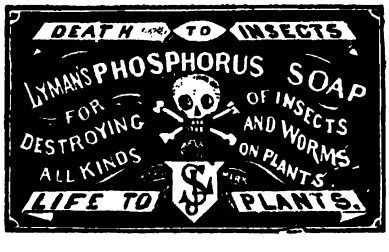

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Partially cleared Farms and Buildings may be bought at reasonable prices.

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In consequence of the great demand for Farm and other Labourers in Canada, the Dominion Government issues through its Agents Passenger Warrants, whereby approved Emigrants in the United Kingdom may obtain passages to Canada at the following rates:

Adults £4 15s.; Children under eight years £2 2s. 6d.; and Infants under one year 14s. 2d.

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Adults £2 5s.; Children under eight years £1 2s. 6d.; and Infants under one year 7s. 6d.

☞ These Special Warrants are only available from the ports of Liverpool, London, and Belfast.

☞ The above arrangements remain valid during the coming season.

☞ All information relating to Passenger Warrants, in the United Kingdom, may be obtained either personally or by letter, from the AGENT GENERAL OF CANADA, CANADA GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, KING STREET, WESTMINSTER, S. W., LONDON, ENGLAND.

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Halifax, N.S.—E. Clay.
St. John, N.B.—R. Shives.

And in Manitoba:—*Winnipeg*,—W. Hespeler.

These Officers of the Government will meet every Steamship, Sailing Vessel, and Train bringing Immigrants. They will afford to all who apply to them the fullest advice and protection, and all complaints should be immediately addressed to them on arriving. They will also furnish information as to lands open for settlement in their respective Provinces and Districts, farms for sale, demand for employment, rates of wages, routes of travel, distances, expense of conveyance, and will receive and forward letters and remittances for Immigrants, &c.

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L. LETELLIER,
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DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 9.] JUNE, 1876. [No. 6.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK I.

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NOBLE POOR."

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER THE SHOCK.

MABEL'S life was a restless dream to her for three days following the death of Adam Halfday. She saw nothing real or tangible; she remembered nothing; she believed that she was in America, that her grandfather was living, that she was a child at school, and fifty other vain beliefs born of the fever from which she suffered.

When she came back somewhat to herself, and to the fact that she was Mabel Westbrook, lying ill and weak in a capacious bed, and in a room that she had never seen before, it was early morning, and the birds were singing outside the window in their gladness at the dawn. Mabel lay still and tried to marshal her thinking forces into order, but the effort was far from successful, and the real world to which she had returned remained exceedingly confused. Still she was Mabel Westbrook, she was certain; she had been ill, she was sure; her brain had been in a bad way, and something terrible had happened to reduce her to this pitiable extremity, but she was hardly certain what it was, and she did not wish to recollect too suddenly lest the knowledge should collapse her. She remembered dreaming of a long ride over a rough country to a white cottage, nestling in the shadow of the hills, and of an old man dying while she looked at him and assured him of the better times. That was an awful dream—if it were a dream; and if the grim and terrible reality, who was the old man to whom Fate had grudged prosperity so cruelly? Not Adam Halfday! not the man with the black gown and silver cross hanging on his heart! No, that was at the Hospital of Lazarus, and the Brotherhood of the Noble Poor, where she had found him in the twilight, and spoken to him, and——, and then all was confusion and a greater density, and she drifted into

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an unknown world wherein there was nothing like unto life, save the martial music with which that world seemed full.

Presently she came back again to clearer thoughts. There was a stout lady at the window blind yonder, and she had drawn it aside to peep into the garden, or the street, or whatever lay beyond that white strip of calico with the ivy-leaf pattern, which had worried her to death's door, it had had so many faces grinning from the leaves at her.

"What is the time?" asked Mabel, in so clear and loud a voice, that the lady gave a little jump, dropped the blind, and came rapidly towards the bedside, radiant with smiles.

"My poor girl, I am so glad to hear you speak again in this way."

"What is the time?" asked Mabel, pertinaciously.

"It is half-past eight, my child. Do you know me?"

And the broad, good-tempered face of the lady was lowered very close to the coverlet.

"Yes," said Mabel, confidently.

"Who am I, then? What is my name?"

The grotesque approaches closely to the grim, and there are the elements of the ridiculous even in brain-fever.

"Mrs. Codfish," answered Mabel confidently.

"Oh! good gracious, no," exclaimed the lady; "not Codfish, dear, but Salmon."

"Oh, yes, Salmon," said Mabel, dreamily regarding her, "that is the name—I know now. Where am I, did you say?"

"At the Inn at Datchet Bridge, at the foot of the Downs."

"The Downs—ah, yes."

"And you are so much better to-day. The doctor said you would be if you had a quiet night," said Mrs. Salmon.

"Where is——"

Here Mabel paused and looked ahead of her, and tried to recollect another name.

"Angelo?" suggested Mrs. Salmon.

"No. The man with the pale face and long black hair."

"Mr. Brian Halfday?"

"Yes, yes; that is the one. Where is he?"

"He was here last night inquiring about you; he will be here to-night again, I dare say," was the reply.

"Please don't let me see him," said Mabel, shuddering.

"Certainly not, my dear—it is the last thing I should think of allowing."

"I am very much afraid of him, you know."

"You should not be, Mabel," replied Mrs. Salmon; "there is nothing to be afraid of. He has been very constant in his inquiries, and has done everything that——"

"Where's Dorcas?"

"His sister?"

"Yes."

"In the next room."

"I should like to see *her*," said Mabel. "I have been thinking a great deal of that child, left alone in the world as she is. Left completely alone! Call her for me please."

"Ahem!" said Mrs. Salmon, "she has been sitting up with you all night, and yesterday and the night before, and would not let anybody come near you, and I have only just persuaded her to let me take her place."

"Poor Dorcas," said Mabel; "why did she want to nurse me?"

"I can't tell. She has been almost insolent when anybody—but there, there, I will say nothing against her," cried Mrs Salmon; "a better nurse you could not have had, Miss Westbrook."

"Don't wake her," murmured Mabel; "let her sleep."

"And now if you will sleep a little, or rest a little without talking any more, you will get strong more quickly," was the good advice proffered at this juncture.

"I will try," said Mabel; "but I do not think I shall ever be strong again. I am so weak, so like a little child."

"Patience, Mabel; you are young, and these are early days."

"How long have I been ill?"

"Three days."

"So long as that," said Mabel, dreamily; "what was it that——"

"Here, my child, take this," said Mrs. Salmon, adroitly distracting attention with something in a tea-cup; "you want to eat and drink now as often as you can, and the roses will soon be back upon your cheeks. Here, take this, and then rest a little while again."

"Till Dorcas comes?"

"Why, yes—till Dorcas comes."

"I seem to miss her," Mabel murmured. "I feel now that she has been my nurse,

and that you are strange, and—a little clumsy, perhaps. You don't mind my saying this?"

"Not at all."

"It is very rude, I know," continued Mabel, thoughtfully; "but you must forgive me till I know exactly what I am saying."

"Certainly I will."

"Thank you," said Mabel; "what band is that playing outside the house now?"

"I'll see in a minute. Try and rest."

"Yes, I shall be glad to rest," answered Mabel, wearily.

She closed her eyes and drifted into dreamland, and thence to a deep refreshing sleep which added one more item to the strength she had been near losing for ever. She woke up clear and inquisitive, if a little sharp in her method of asking questions, and when Dorcas entered noiselessly in the evening and approached her bedside, she smiled, and tried to reach her hand towards her.

"I am glad to see you, Dorcas," said Mabel.

Dorcas turned to Mrs. Salmon with a face full of light and pleasure.

"She is much better—she is getting well."

"Yes," was the reply, "I think she is."

The next day Mabel was stronger, but sadder. The truth had come back; she remembered the whole story now, and how it had ended with the death of Adam Halfday, the man whose good luck had come to him with the last breath in his body. The world became very grey and dim to her, and her heart sank with her coming strength. She had failed in her mission—she had killed Adam Halfday instead of raising him from the poverty of his life to independence. She had completely failed in all that she had undertaken to perform. Adam had died rich without touching a penny of his money, which was lying in his name in Penton Bank. What had become of his bank-book, she wondered; she had taken it from her pocket, and then had fallen with it to the ground. It was of no great consequence: the Halfdays that were left in the world would come into their rights, and there would be no one to dispute them.

The day that followed this saw Mabel on a couch, by permission of the doctor, who had allowed leave of absence from bed for two hours; on the next day she could walk across the room, leaning on Dorcas Halfday's arm. From that time there set in convalescence steadily, and Mabel Westbrook was soon looking something like her old bright self.

The invalid was enabled to make use of a small sitting-room, adjoining the bed-room to which she had been taken after Adam Halfday's death, and here she made arrangements for the future, and received, by cautious degrees, those friends who had been anxious concerning her safety. The Reverend Gregory Salmon congratulated her very profusely on her recovery. Mrs. Salmon shed tears of joy over it, being a feeling woman, but watery; and Angelo gesticulated in dumb show for a while, and expressed all his rejoicings by pantomime, until a lump in his throat melted by degrees.

Mabel was grateful for their interest in her; they seemed to have become her friends, these Salmons, in spite of herself, and she did not feel so entirely alone in the world to which she had returned as she did before her Sunday morning's ride. She was well enough to decline, very kindly, the further friendly services of the chaplain's wife, whom she was keeping from her husband's home and sundry small duties connected with the Hospital of St. Lazarus; she parted with many thanks and kisses, and promises to make the Master's house her home again for a few days, and she insisted upon Angelo's returning with his parents. She asked that as a favour, when Angelo announced, somewhat timidly, his intention of remaining at Datchet Bridge and escorting her to Penton when she was strong enough for the journey.

"I am coming back with Dorcas Halfday," said Mabel, "and your parents have scarcely seen you since your return from America."

"But——"

"I would greatly prefer your not remaining, Mr. Angelo," she said, interrupting him very kindly and firmly; "people will inquire for what reason you wait for me, and I should dislike that exceedingly. Therefore," she added, still more kindly, "you will go to oblige me, I am sure."

"To oblige you, Miss Westbrook, I am willing to do anything;" and then Angelo arose with a sigh, shook hands with her very heartily, and went home with his father and mother.

"I hope I am not ungrateful to him for his interest, but I did not want him here," said Mabel.

She had uttered these thoughts aloud, but was unaware of the fact, until Dorcas's voice in reply startled her.

"It's a good job he is gone with the rest of them. There was no peace with that lot," said Dorcas, bluntly.

Mabel looked at her companion, who was sitting by the window in her black dress, and had been so still there, that Mabel had forgotten her.

"I did not know you were here, Dorcas," said Mabel, "or I should not have commented on my friends."

"Is Mr. Angelo Salmon a very great friend of yours?" asked Dorcas, in her old abrupt way.

"Not a great friend; but he has been very kind."

"You did not want him to stay?"

"No, Dorcas. Why do you ask?"

"I hardly know," was the evasive answer; "but I have been thinking lately a great deal—I have had so much to think about, you see."

"And I have been thinking—of you," said Mabel.

"Of me? I am sorry you have not had something better to think about," she replied, looking intently out of the window.

"Of all those who have been kind to me, you are the kindest," Mabel said.

"I make a good nurse, they say; that is all I am fit for," was the answer.

"No, something better and higher than a nurse presently, and with me to take care of you in my turn," said Mabel.

"With you," exclaimed Dorcas, "to take care of me!"

"Yes—why not?"

"Ah! you don't know what a dreadful, hard-tempered, ill-grown girl I am. Ask Brian!"

"No, I shall not ask your brother anything about you," replied Mabel, "save to ask his permission to let me see whether I can make a friend of you, as I hope and think I can."

The girl's head shook in dissent, but it was turned more closely to the glass, and away from Mabel Westbrook.

"A rash act of mine took from you a protector and a home," Mabel continued, "and constituted you in my illness a dear nurse and friend. Without your care and gentleness, the doctor tells me that I might have died, without showing you my gratitude, or keeping my old promise."

"What promise?"

"To see to you as long as I lived."

Dorcas regarded her with amazement.

"You promised Brian that!" she exclaimed.

"I promised an old friend in America; but I will tell you the whole story presently, when I am stronger. You must not ask me now."

"When then?" said Dorcas, looking from the window again.

"After the inquest; it has been remanded for my evidence, I hear."

"Yes."

"But I may say," Mabel added, "that it is not for the sake of the promise I wish to take you to my home—ah! Dorcas, and to my heart if you will come there."

The head of Dorcas Halfday pressed heavily against the glass now, and her hands trembled as they clutched the window-frame.

"Oh! you don't know—you can't guess!" she cried, and then a torrent of passionate tears escaped her, and alarmed the delicate woman listening to her.

"Dorcas, Dorcas, what is it?" she exclaimed, springing to her feet; "tell me what it is—trust in me always from to-day!"

She was advancing to her, when Dorcas sprang up, and led her back to the easy chair she had quitted.

"Keep your seat, Miss Westbrook," said Dorcas, speaking very hurriedly, and don't think of me. I trust in you—there—and God bless you for your loving words and kindly thoughts; but let me be, please, for a while. You have yourself to study, not me, and you are not strong yet."

"Oh! I am quite strong now!" said Mabel.

"And see, I am calm," answered Dorcas, returning to the window; "I give you my word not to be foolish and childish any more. I should have known better, with you so weak; but you took me off my guard."

"Still——"

"And here is Brian coming over the hills towards us," said Dorcas; "he will be very glad to learn you are better."

"I shall be glad to see him this time," said Mabel.

"Are you strong enough for *his* company?" asked Dorcas; "he may be in one of his hard moods."

"He will not be hard with me, I think."

"Perhaps not," replied Dorcas; "I know he is very anxious to see you about some book or other."

"About a book?"

"Yes; he picked it up in the cottage where you lost it, he told me. Have you not missed it?"

"It was not mine," said Mabel Westbrook, in reply.

CHAPTER XV.

BRIAN EXPLAINS.

A FEW minutes afterwards, the curator of Penton Museum was announced as the last arrival at the inn at Datchet Bridge.

"Show Mr. Halfday upstairs," said Mabel. As the servant withdrew, she added—

"I hope he will not be too hard with me, Dorcas."

"Not now," was the confident answer.

"And that he will let me have my own way," added Mabel naively.

"Ah! that's another matter," replied Dorcas, shaking her head. "He was in a nice temper, certainly, when that book was found, and it does not belong to you, you say."

"It was your grandfather's bank-book," answered Mabel.

"My grandfather's?" exclaimed Dorcas.

"Yes."

"I didn't know he had one, and why it should have put Brian out so much I don't quite see. And—Oh! here he is."

The door opened, and Brian Halfday came with his old, brisk step into the room, and walked across to Mabel, to whom he held his hand in friendly greeting.

"I am glad to find you better and stronger, Miss Westbrook," he said. "I am very glad."

"Thank you," answered Mabel, placing her hand timidly in his, and being surprised, as on the evening of their first meeting, by his quick clutch at it, and his warm clasp before he let it go.

"Ah! Dorcas," he said, turning to his sister, and stooping down to kiss her lightly on the cheek; "and you are well, too?"

"Yes, thank you," answered Dorcas. It was a cold and passive answer enough, but there was lacking all evidence of anger and of opposition, which Mabel had noticed at the Museum some weeks since. Here, at least, was a truce between brother and sister, and the death of Adam Halfday had bridged over for a while the difference between them.

"You will not take offence, Dorcas, at my asking you to leave me for a quarter of an hour with Miss Westbrook; that is," he added, turning to Mabel, "if Miss Westbrook considers herself strong enough for a few business details this evening."

"I am not aware of any business——" began Mabel, when he stopped her by holding up a vellum-covered pass-book. "And—and I would prefer that Dorcas remained with us."

"You are afraid of me still?" said Brian curiously. "You distrust me?"

"No, but there is no mystery, and Dorcas should share in the explanation which I wish to make," said Mabel.

"Yes, when the time for explanation comes," he said, with his customary and even aggravating quickness of reply. "Till then, my sister will leave us, for your sake and my own."

Neither Mabel nor Dorcas understood him, but the latter rose, and said to our heroine—

"I would rather go."

"Very well," said Mabel, not caring to fight the question, and distrustful of herself and her own wisdom altogether now. She had made a great mistake and a cruel failure in acting on her own judgment in this matter; let her see for once what giving Brian Halfday his own way would do.

When Dorcas had retired, he drew his chair close to Mabel, and looked earnestly and searchingly into her face, with an expression on his own which was difficult to define, and which might mean doubt, admiration, anxiety, or all three together, for what Mabel could make of it.

"You are a good young woman," he began; "quixotic and generous, but very much in the wrong."

"It is possible I am in the wrong," Mabel murmured submissively; "but before you reproach me——"

"I have no intention of reproaching you."

"I was too rash. In my eagerness to make atonement for the past, I killed Adam Halfday," said Mabel, shuddering. "I did not think of his age, his weakness, anything. I knew he had been wronged, and I strove to set things right in my own feeble way."

"God took him out of this life, not you, Miss Westbrook," was Brian's answer. "For years we have been prepared for his passing away thus suddenly and sharply."

"That is why you and Dorcas warned me not to interfere. But why were you not explicit? You would have saved me many an after hour of tribulation," said Mabel sadly.

"I had more reasons than one for keeping you apart from my grandfather," said Brian. "Your coming was a terrible surprise to me."

"Terrible?"

"Ay," he assented; "or I should not have acted as I did, and taken the old man from St. Lazarus, for fear of you. Sometimes," he added very thoughtfully, "I wish you had never come to England; that you had lived and died away from it."

"Will you tell me what you mean?" Mabel entreated; "or will you ever speak in riddles?"

"I am bound in honour to tell you everything," he answered; "and a few words, fortunately, can do that. They will not distress you in the telling, and they will give some joy to you at a late hour."

"How is that possible?"

"In the first place," he said, "you brought to Adam Halfday the sum of twenty thousand pounds—restitution money?"

"Yes."

"Believing he was wronged to that extent in past business transactions between him and your grandfather?" he went on at his usual quick rate of speech.

"Yes."

"Wronged by whom?"

"My father, Caspar Westbrook, who confessed to his crime before he died."

"Then he died mad," was Brian's emphatic answer, as he slapped the pass-book on his knee.

Mabel looked at him now in real earnest.

"What do you mean?—what can you mean?" she cried.

"That your father never robbed the firm of a penny," he replied; "that to him and my father passed the shame and horror of a crime which they never committed. It is a pitiable story, which I would have kept to myself for my pride's sake, for a short while longer, but you would not let it rest. You came to Penton and balked me. Your presence demanded the truth. Adam Halfday was the robber!"

"Old Adam Halfday," said Mabel, still trembling beneath the shock of the revelation which had been made to her.

"Bit by bit, Miss Westbrook, have I traced the history of the fraud. Bit by bit, and link by link, until that miserable mortal now lying dead in his cottage on the Downs found that I had tracked his sin out. He knelt to me for pardon for the blight he had made of my father's life, but I could not forgive him my share."

"So hard as that!" replied Mabel, as he rose and walked up and down the room in his excitement.

"He was never repentant; his regrets were only for the money wasted. He had sacrificed his own son to his greed; he was without one pitiful thought for the misery he had created," said Brian; "and he died without a single virtue, or a single thought for another in the world. There is the fitting epitaph for Adam Halfday's tombstone, if any one care to set it over his grave," he cried indignantly.

"But the news which reached my grandfather—my own father's confession——"

"We will not inquire concerning it," said Brian; "that is a miserable trick which can probably be traced to an old man's cunning. Let the dead Adam rest! He was not a man for you to seek out with money in your hands, and faith towards him in your woman's heart. I would have saved you from meeting him if it had been in my power, but I was a poor man whom you could not trust."

"You would not trust me with this story before," said Mabel; "you forget."

"I should have broken my word to one whom I would have spared in his old age. Until his death I was helpless. Afterwards——"

"Afterwards?" repeated Mabel interrogatively, as he paused.

"I should have come to the great country across the sea in search of the Westbrooks, and told them all the truth," he concluded.

"What a strange truth it is," said Mabel thoughtfully; "it influences and alters my whole life."

"From darkness to light—as it should do," he muttered.

"The fact of the missing bonds was never known to the world?" said Mabel.

"The secret was kept for reasons not difficult to guess at. For credit's sake, rather than for honour's," Brian answered scornfully.

"Let it remain a secret," said Mabel; "there is no one's heart to make light beside my own by the truth. They are all gone."

Mabel was weak still, for her voice faltered, and the tears rose to her eyes. Brian paused in his perambulations, and came and stood before her.

"I have been as brief as possible," he said apologetically; "but I fear I have distressed you, and overtaxed your strength"

"No, no," she replied. "You have been very kind to tell me this."

"I have been simply honest," answered Brian; "and in waking you from a delusion I have done my duty. And that brings me round to business, which I will postpone till to-morrow, if you wish."

"I would prefer hearing all you have to say to-night."

"You are quite strong then?" he asked.

"Quite."

"And quite certain that you are not my enemy for life—bitter and unrelenting—and that I am a coward, and so forth?" he asked, with a smile that changed his whole aspect at once.

Mabel blushed. She remembered her angry attack upon him in his grandfather's house at St. Lazarus.

"I am your enemy no longer, Mr. Halfday," was her reply.

"Some long day hence, Miss Westbrook," he said in a deep voice, "it may be my happy privilege to call you friend. When I have deserved your friendship, of course," he added quickly; "and that will take time."

"I shall understand you without much difficulty now," answered Mabel.

"Not you," was the flat denial proffered here; "nobody understands me without difficulty. I am a hard man, exacting, irritable, proud, discontented, and suspicious, and with all those faults uppermost, it is not easy to get at my motives, if I have any. But this is not business, and we are keeping Dorcas out in the cold."

"But what business?"

"The business of the money—a great and awful business in this life, Miss Westbrook," he replied.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

MABEL did not like the tone with which Brian Halfday addressed himself to business. She glanced furtively at him. The smile had left his face, and he was looking stern and thoughtful.

"Is there anything very serious to follow?" she asked nervously.

"No. But the fact is," he said, opening the pass-book, "you have made a nice mess of this, and no mistake."

It was an inelegant phrase, but to the purpose. Mabel Westbrook was already conscious of the fact, though unwilling to concede as much to begin with.

"Had you been a man—somebody I could rave and swear at—I should have been more quickly relieved," he muttered, staring at the first page of the open book meanwhile; "for oh! the trouble and annoyance in store for us through this stupid mistake."

"I am very sorry," was the humble response.

"Do you know what you *have* done?"

"Paid twenty thousand pounds, as my father wished, to the credit of Adam Halfday," said Mabel.

"And deposited it in his name in Penton Bank?" added Brian

"Yes."

"Said it was a debt?"

"Yes."

"And being a fair balance, knowing the name of Halfday, and keeping an account with you, there were not many questions asked by the bankers?"

"Not many," replied Mabel.

"How do you think that money is to be got back to your hands, for take it back you must," said Brian. "It is not for the Westbrooks to talk of restitution to the Halfdays; but rather for us to work for the money of which old Adam robbed your family."

"Oh pray do not think of it," cried Mabel in alarm. "Let us have no further complications. It is all over for good!"

"It strikes me that it is only just beginning," said Brian drily.

"There is no atonement to be made to me, and I am the only one left," replied Mabel. "Your grandfather's crime drove James Westbrook to America, where he made his fortune. What harm did Adam Halfday do to him, after all? I will have no further talk of this," she cried passionately.

Brian regarded her with evident interest.

"You are irritable at times, I fancy," he remarked.

"Oh, I am a dreadful temper," Mabel confessed.

"That is all right," said Brian coolly; "it will enable you to make a little allowance for me, should I say something in a rude or careless fashion presently."

"Have you much more to say?" asked Mabel quietly.

He looked hard at her again.

"You are getting impatient, and yet you will not let me begin," he said.

"You talked of restitution to me. Why, it would drive me mad," replied Mabel.

"Very well. As it is probable that a quarter or half a century will elapse before the chance of restitution presents itself, it is a supererogatory proceeding to discuss the question further this evening," said Brian. "Now, let me explain the present position. I have been to Penton Bank, and there is only one way of getting this money into your hands again."

"I have too much money already. I promised my grandfather——"

"Who was an idiot, and believed anything," said Brian unceremoniously.

"What!" cried Mabel.

"And who would have been the last to send Adam Halfday a halfpenny, had he known the truth," Brian continued. "Hence Adam obtained his money under false pretences. All this we could not explain to the banker; neither would the banker listen to us. Therefore, I am compelled to take out letters of administration as joint heir with Dorcas to the estate, and the money shall be paid back to you when the law allows me, as trustee, to receive it. I say shall be paid back, every atom's worth of it," he added fiercely and firmly.

Mabel gave way before this stronger nature. It was impossible that she could argue with Brian Halfday, and it was evident that there was no atonement to be made to the man who had died on Penton Downs. He had been no sufferer. From the beginning to the end he had worked all the mischief in that selfishness which had only died out with himself. James Westbook had been the victim of a mistake, and this man before her was more honest than his grandfather. She must accept the position, marvelling at it all, but rebelling not against it, and biding her time to be of service in a different way. The promise which she had made a dying man did not seem to grow fainter because it was based on error, and she would be very watchful still, she thought.

All she said at present, however, was "Very well."

"That ends the business between us," said Brian, closing the pass-book, "and we arrive at an amicable settlement for the first time in our lives. There will be much delay, and the funds will not be readily forthcoming; but you will have patience with me."

"I shall not be in a hurry," answered Mabel calmly. "Pray take your time."

"My own time would be to-morrow," cried Brian. "To get rid at once of this money incubus which hangs round my neck and chokes me, I would give a year of my life willingly."

"Because——"

"Because my mind is distracted from its natural work," said Brian; "because at a time when I would be clear, there is this miserable complication to distress me."

"It need not distress you. Don't think of it."

"But you don't know that——there, there, we will say no more about it," he cried, stamping his foot upon the carpet; "only, it is all your fault—you will allow that?"

"Yes."

"You have played a noble, but a thankless part," he continued; "and in striving to do good, you have approached harm very closely. That is the way with us all, at times, and a weak woman is no exception to the rule."

"Yes, I did harm. That old man's death will shadow all my life," said Mabel.

"I did not mean that," cried Brian quickly. "For heaven's sake, do not take any blame

on that account. You stood before him as a ministering angel—but he died. That was God's will, I say again; not yours."

"What harm then——"

"I think it was arranged that all business was at an end," said Brian rising.

"You have no more to tell me?"

"No."

"You imply I have done harm to you," said Mabel, still persistently.

"You have given me much extra trouble," answered Brian; "but I am not quite certain I was altogether in the right as regards my mode of action."

"Indeed!"

"And I shall not mind the trouble," he added. "On second thoughts, it is even probable I shall like it."

"You are speaking in riddles again, Mr. Halfday."

"Am I?"

He looked intently at her once more, and then broke into a hearty little laugh that was pleasant to hear. Mabel regarded him with astonishment.

"These are scarcely laughing days yet," he said by way of half apology; "but I am lighter of heart than I have been for weeks. True, there is an old man to bury; but I cannot say I mourn for him, despite the closeness of my kinship. My respect for him died out on the day the truth showed me what he was, and there was only duty left me. And duty without love is hard work."

He took one more turn the full length of the room before he came back to his place on the hearth-rug. It was very odd that he could not stand still for a few minutes, thought Mabel.

"The inquest is to-morrow, Miss Westbrook," he said suddenly; "and you will not be asked many questions. It is a mere formality, for the doctor has already explained the cause of death."

"I shall be ready to-morrow. But you will remain in Penton?"

"Till after the funeral.

Mabel felt relieved in mind. She seemed to want this strong man's support and presence; and yet it was only a day or two ago that she had been afraid of him, and almost hated him.

"And now concerning Dorcas?" she said.

"No, no," he replied very gently; "concerning no one else to-night, if you please, Miss Westbrook. You are paler than when I entered this room, and the business of the day is ended."

"Still I wish you to consider one thing before you go," she urged; "to reflect upon it, and let me know the result."

"I would prefer not reflecting upon anything more at present," said Brian; "but if you wish it, I am at your service."

"Concerning Dorcas, then. It is my wish to take care of one who has been a faithful nurse to me; to constitute her my friend and companion from this time," said Mabel.

"To adopt her?" he asked.

"If you like the phrase."

"To take her from me, her natural guardian?"

"You and Dorcas are scarcely happy together—at all times."

"Neither will you and she be—or Dorcas and any living man or woman," was his uncomfortable answer.

"Will you let me try what I can do with her?"

"I am to think of this," he replied cautiously; "not answer at once, if you remember."

"Yes, but it would please me very much if you would answer now."

"If I were to answer to-night, I should say No," he said very sternly again. "No, to a heart-weary, profitless task which you would take upon yourself. No, to all the bitterness of disappointment which you accept with Dorcas Halfday. No, to the spasmodic affection you might gain, and the ingratitude which would follow, unless a miracle change her."

"You are uncharitable," said Mabel.

"I am a hard man. I have owned it already," he replied sorrowfully.

"We will speak of this again."

"If you please," he said, bowing over the hand extended to him. "Good night."

"Good night," said Mabel. "Do you remain at the inn this evening?"

"No; it is a mile to my home."

"To—to the cottage on the Downs?" she said, turning pale at all that it suggested.

"It is my own place, and I must get all out of it that I can," he said lightly. "I rent it for three months."

"But——"

"But Adam Halfday lies there in his coffin," he added, "and I am not afraid of him. Good night."

Brian made another bow, and walked briskly from the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MAN ON THE DOWNS.

BRIAN HALFDAY lingered under the ivy-covered porch of the inn at Datchet Bridge, as though loth to exchange its friendly shelter for that of his own cottage on the Downs. It was a fine summer evening in June, and there was every temptation to a man city born and city bred, for a ramble under the bright stars, but Brian hesitated on the threshold. It was striking nine by the clock in the old church as he stood there. The scanty life of the village had died out, and the lights were few behind the window blinds. Even the inn was destitute of customers, and the waiter was reading the "Penton Guardian" in the best seat of the bar-parlour without a dream of business.

"Poor woman," was Brian's sudden comment upon something that was oppressing his mind, as he stepped at last with evident reluctance into the roadway, but whether his sister, or the lady whom he had recently quitted, was the object of this sympathic outburst, was not clearly apparent.

Having once started, Brian seemed disposed to make up for lost time by his rapid strides in the direction of home. A short cut across a meadow, and the churchyard, taken anglewise, would lead at once to the Downs, and then the flinty, broken road, or the close, green turf would become a matter of choice to the pedestrian. At the churchyard gate, with her arms folded across in such a manner that her figure swayed with it as it swung backwards and forwards with her weight, was Dorcas Halfday, uncloaked and unbonneted as we have seen her last in Mabel's room. She had been waiting for her brother, and he was not surprised in any great degree to find her there. She stood erect as he advanced.

"I thought you would come this way," Dorcas said.

"I was told you were not in the house," answered Brian.

"I have been waiting here lest you should think I had been listening," said Dorcas. "It struck me that I had better get out into the air away from you both. We can speak in this place, too, without much chance of being overheard ourselves, although there are queer customers abroad to-night."

"Queer customers?" repeated Brian.

"A man asked me five minutes since where the path over the Downs would take him to if he kept to the right. I said it would lead him to my dead grandfather," Dorcas remarked.

"Not a wise answer," said Brian.

"Ah, but I am not wise, Brian, and you know that as well as anybody," was the reply.

"You have not been waiting here, Dorcas, to talk like this to me?" asked her brother.

"No."

"I thought you and I were learning to become better friends at last," he said, more gently.

"Oh! the less we see of each other, the better friends we shall be," replied Dorcas recklessly.

"I am sorry to hear that."

"I can't forget, and I can't forgive!" she added passionately.

"There is nothing to forgive, nothing for me to ask forgiveness for. You know that as well as I do," said Brian.

"I know how you have stood between me and the one hope of my life," she cried. "How you had no mercy, how you might have saved him, and would not move."

"He was a scamp."

"He was the man I loved."

"Yes, unfortunately," said Brian; "that is the whole misery of it, and we need not discuss the question again."

"I have been waiting to ask if you have told Miss Westbrook anything about me," said Dorcas; "that is why I speak of it to-night."

"I have not told Miss Westbrook."

"Have you heard that she has offered me a home?"

"Yes."

"What did you say?"

"That she had better reconsider the idea; that you were not fit for her friendship or

her patronage, and would pay her back with affection for a while, but most probably with ingratitude in the long run," said Brian.

"What did she say to that?" asked Dorcas eagerly.

"That I was uncharitable."

"She reads you well, Brian," said Dorcas; "that is the right word, 'uncharitable.' She is a clear-headed woman; she sees everything; she's as sharp as a needle, and yet as good as gold. I say, God bless her!"

"It is because Mabel Westbrook is as good as gold, that I would spare her trouble, Dorcas," said Brian; "and there must follow trouble with you, unless you have the strength to keep down all that is unjust in your nature. You will love this lady doubtless, but you will distress her very much."

"Yes, yes, that is true," Dorcas confessed slowly; "though I don't care for you to tell me."

"At all events do not let her take you to her heart without knowing the truth. Conceal nothing from her."

"I have nothing to be ashamed of, but I will not tell her everything."

"Then keep away from her," said Brian.

"It is best," said Dorcas mournfully; "but it is losing the one chance in my life—the last chance left. Where am I to go? What am I to do for the next three months?"

"Why do you mention three months in particular?" asked Brian sharply.

"After that time I see my way," was the reply. "What am I to do till then?"

"Come to the Museum and take care of my home."

"Brian," said Dorcas, between her set white teeth, "you know I would rather starve in the streets than do it—rather die. Did I not take an oath, long ago, that I would never share your home again?"

"It was a foolish oath," answered her brother; "and now the grandfather is dead, it is you who are uncharitable. We will talk of this to-morrow."

"Yes, but ——"

"Miss Westbrook will wonder what has become of you."

"Let her wonder!" was the abrupt reply to this.

"And you have her good opinion to consider," added Brian.

"Ah! that's true. But she will not think any harm of me for talking to my brother for a while. There's nothing strange or wrong in that, I suppose?" she asked satirically.

"No, but we shall have time to-morrow, and I want to get home."

"You will find pleasant company waiting for you there," said Dorcas. "I am not a coward, but I would not go up to that cottage."

"The dead are harmless, Dorcas," said Brian; "it is the living that make one's heart ache."

"Do you mean that for me?" cried Dorcas, resentfully again.

"I was not thinking of your troubles just then, or of my own."

"Of Miss Westbrook's, perhaps?" said the sister.

"She has sailed by them into the open, I trust," answered Brian enthusiastically, "and a bright young life spreads out before her. Neither you nor I must help to mar it, Dorcas."

"We can agree about that at least," said Dorcas; "but why did she come to England in search of grandfather?"

"I will tell you to-morrow; it is too long and complicated a story to relate at this hour. Still, Dorcas," he said, "it may be as well to know that she came in error, and of that I have assured her. It was the Halfdays who had done harm to the Westbrooks, and not the Westbrooks to us."

"Yes, that is more likely," answered Dorcas readily.

"It was a cruel wrong, which you and I may help to right some day. You will be glad of the opportunity."

"Yes," said Dorcas, "I should be glad."

"Frankly spoken," said Brian, laying his hand upon her shoulder, "in so good a work what a good woman may be made of you yet."

"Oh! I'm good enough," she answered in her old, sullen way. "What is there to say against me?"

"Nothing," replied her brother, "so keep good—and keep strong. Good-night."

"Good-night," she echoed moodily.

He passed through the gate, and she stood aside to allow of his egress from the churchyard, looking away from him as he regarded her steadily and sorrowfully. He glanced back when he was a few yards on

the higher ground, which rose at once from the churchyard wall, but she was walking slowly in the direction of the inn, and did not turn again in his direction.

"Poor woman!" he muttered, as he had done before that night, under the ivied porch; and then he set his face homewards, and went at a fair steady pace up the big sweep of grass land, where a man less observant than he might have been easily lost till daybreak.

One man was lost on the Downs that night it was shortly evident. He had left the track, and was wandering towards a steep series of hillocks, which were said by the wise men of this world to be the graves of dead Romans, when a cough of Brian Halfday's assured him of human life in his vicinity. He called out at once, and Brian, coming to a full stop, called back in answer. Here was a man lost on Penton Downs, and Brian might be of service in putting him in the right path again. Every turn of the country was known to Brian, and this was probably a stranger wandering helplessly along in the night. The man called again, and once more Brian answered, and the echoes of their voices reverberated amongst the dark and solemn hills around them. Thus these two approached each other, and Brian became aware at last of a tall, thin individual standing before him with his hands in his pockets. The stranger was smoking a short clay pipe, and the sparks from the bowl were caught by the wind, and drifted past his face. It was a thin and haggard face, Brian could perceive, and there were two sharp eyes glaring towards him, as if doubtful whether friend or foe had been encountered on the Downs that night. This was not a man well-to-do in the world, Brian thought, and therefore a suspicious character to be lurking on the hills. The outline of his hat was evidently crooked and bent, as though rough hands had "bashed" it at an earlier period of its career, and there was the fluttering of much ragged fringe in the breeze that had met him on the higher ground.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger politely, and in a wiry tone of voice, "but will you oblige me by some information as to my whereabouts? I am new to these parts."

"You are on Penton Downs, and within half a mile or three-quarters of the village of Datchet Bridge, which lies yonder, and as straight as you can go."

"Thank you very much—but I have just come from Datchet Bridge."

"Where do you wish to go?"

"I am anxious to find the cottage of Mr. Brian Halfday, which is somewhere on the Downs, I think."

"I will take you to it. I am going in that direction," said Brian, looking hard through the shadows at the inquirer.

"Thank you very much indeed," said the man again, as he turned and kept step with his companion, until Brian's rate of progression fairly "winded" him.

"One moment, if you please," he said, coming to a full stop, "you are a younger man than I, and more accustomed to hill work."

"Probably," said Brian, pausing also.

"Well acquainted with this part of the world also?"

"Thoroughly acquainted with it," was the reply. "Most of my leisure has been spent in exploring the country."

"A native of Penton?"

"Yes."

"A man should study his own land before he ventures to another," remarked the seedy stranger. "Do you know Mr. Halfday?"

"Very well indeed."

The man took his pipe from his mouth to cough feebly behind his hand, and then said—

"He bears an excellent character in Penton, I hear."

"Have you come from Penton?" asked Brian, as they went on again.

"I have walked every step of the way—being too poor a man, I must humbly confess, sir, to afford to ride."

"You have important business with Mr. Halfday to take you to him at this hour of the night?"

"It is important business to me. How it will be received by him, it is impossible to say. But," he said again, "I hear he is an excellent young man."

"Who told you Mr. Halfday was at the cottage to-night?"

"A flippant youth at the Museum, in Market-street, said he would be there this evening. I am glad to hear of Mr. Brian Halfday's prosperity. I rejoice in it, with all my heart."

"What prosperity?" said Brian, very sharply now.

"There is a country house of his, up here," said the stranger, "and a man must be well-to-do to keep his villa on Penton Downs. Mr. Halfday is clever, and has made his way in the world. I am glad to hear it. I rejoice to hear of men with brains making their way, so many gaping idiots get the advantage of them, for wise reasons, known only to the gods. A friend of Mr. Halfday's, sir?" he inquired, stepping more closely to our hero's side to ask the question.

"Yes, I may say his friend."

"It is a proud privilege to be the friend of a clever man. I envy you the honour."

"Have you kept company with fools all your life?" asked Brian bluntly, as the man's manner irritated him more.

"Upon my soul, I think I have," said the other heartily.

"I don't think you have quite a fool at your side now," Brian continued, "or one who believes that you are unacquainted with him. Why do you talk this nonsense to me? You know I am Brian Halfday well enough. What is your business?"

"Brian Halfday!" cried the other, in well-affected surprise. "Now, upon my word—upon the honour of a gentleman who has seen better days, I—"

"That will do," said Brian interrupting him. "I am Brian Halfday at all events, and this is my country villa."

The man turned, looked at the cottage shut in by the trees, and flung up both hands in his surprise.

"This hovel!" he cried.

"Yes. Will you step in?"

"Thank you. With great pleasure. I shall be glad to rest awhile," he replied with a change of tone again.

"It is not a cheerful house to ask a visitor into, at the present time."

"Why not?"

"The dead waits burial within it," said Brian.

"What do you say—what's that?" cried the man recoiling. "Who is lying dead there, then?"

"My grandfather, Adam Halfday—late of Saint Lazarus," was the answer.

"God bless me! Then that girl in the churchyard was not laughing at me—and she was Dorcas. And you," turning to his companion, "are really Brian?"

"Yes—who are you?" was the abrupt rejoinder.

"A broken-down man, who hopes he is not wholly friendless," was the reply. "A man who has come back poor and penniless, but may find a welcome yet. One William Halfday!"

"My father!" Brian exclaimed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FATHER AND SON.

IT was a strange meeting between father and son. Superstitious people might have seen much that was ominous in it as well as singular. The time and place were both against it.

William Halfday had emerged from the darkness of some sixteen years, from the silence and mystery of his lost life, to the foreground, and at a period when his son could have spared him away a little longer. Brian was a dark-eyed boy when the father had seen him last, and had talked of seeking his fortune, of settling abroad and sending for wife and children presently; and, until the meeting on the Downs, William Halfday had been neither seen nor heard of by those who had had a claim upon him.

"You are my father, then?" repeated Brian half-incredulously.

"Yes," said the other, in a voice that quivered a great deal, "your own father. You will not cast me off because I have come back poor and helpless after all these years?"

"Years of a cruel silence, and a crueller neglect," said Brian, sternly.

"Ah, but you don't know what I have suffered! You can't imagine, my dear boy," he added, with a gush of affection at which Brian recoiled, "what I have gone through."

"No, I can't."

"You have no idea—" he began again, when Brian cut him short in his address.

"Wait a minute," said his son.

Brian went to the door of the cottage, unlocked it, opened it, and passed in. Presently a match was struck, a small oil-lamp was lighted within the room, and then the son's voice called out for the wayfarer to enter. William Halfday knocked the ashes from his pipe, which he put in his waistcoat pocket, before he sidled, in a cat-like fashion, into

his son's house. In the light both men looked hard at each other, as if to read what was passing in the mind, what was expected, and what each was like. And each was disappointed, possibly disheartened, and saw opposition and discomfiture to follow very speedily. It was not a happy meeting between father and son.

The father did not admire the white, stern face of Brian, and its determinate expression was hardly what he expected to confront. The keen dark eyes were embarrassing already, and devoid of sympathy and love; there was curiosity, even suspicion in them, but no pleasure at the sight of him, he was sure of that! And Brian, steadily regarding his sire, saw before him what was clearly the wreck of a man—an attenuated, poverty-stricken being, with hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, and hands that shook as with a palsy, or with fear of him, or drink, he could not tell which, at that early date of their reunion.

There was no mistaking him, however—he was a close copy of the man who had died a week ago, in height and figure, even in the droop of his shoulders and the contraction of his chest. The eyebrows were shaggy, if not white, and hung in the same way over the eyes, which were small and set close together, and as dark as Brian's. He was feeble for his fifty years, but hard times and hard travelling had helped towards his debility, and there was wholly lacking in him one atom's worth of that stern, strong self-reliance which Adam Halfday had shown, and which Adam's grandson assuredly possessed. Yes, it was the wreck of a man, Brian thought, with a hundred other incomprehensible unnatural thoughts, born of their first meeting, not the least of which was the uncharitable and unfilial one, that if this man had kept away for all time it would have been better for those who bore his name.

"Sit down," said Brian.

"Thank you; I had better shut the door first, as the draught is keen," replied William Halfday. "Shall I shut the door, Brian?"

"Yes, do," answered the son moodily.

His thoughts were too many for him; they were troubling him too much, and too soon, but he had no power to control them. What was to follow his father's return to life? What was to be the end of it? How would his coming affect the futures of the two women whom he had left at Datchet Bridge? Mr. William Halfday closed the door, shuffled to a chair by the side of the empty firegrate, rubbed his hands together, and began a small shivering fit on his own account.

"It was horribly cold upon the Downs, Brian," he said, between his chattering teeth.

"I did not notice it."

"It cut at one like death—it—" he was reminded of something which he had almost forgotten, and there was a shade more of pallor in his face at once.

"Where is the—the body, Brian?"

"Upstairs," was the moody reply. "You shall see it presently."

"God bless me," exclaimed William Halfday, "not for worlds! I haven't the nerve, Brian. I have not a scrap of nerve in my whole constitution, which is completely shattered. Oh, no!" he added, as he shivered with a greater violence, "I am much obliged to you, but I would rather not look at *him*!"

"As you please."

"I thought poor father had been dead years ago," said William; "a fortnight since, and I should have seen him alive then."

"Yes," replied Brian.

"Did he ever—wish to see me, now?"

"Never," was the response.

"Yet father and son are close ties. And he died—"

"In a fit. There is an inquiry to be completed to-morrow."

"Indeed. I arrive at a sad time, but in the midst of a sorrow in which I can participate. How dreadfully cold this hole—this establishment is. Are there any more doors open?"

"No."

Mr. Halfday, senior, was daunted at last by the short replies of his ungracious offspring; he glanced at Brian furtively, clasped his hands more closely together, licked his dry lips in a nervous fashion, and finally relapsed into silence. He was not welcome. There was no love for him in the son's heart—he had outlived affection everywhere. As his shaking hand went up to his eyes, Brian's quick voice startled him by its change of tone.

"I should be a liar to say that I am glad to see you," he said; "but if you had come a month later, you might have had a warmer welcome. Always supposing," he added, "that you are back again in good faith, of which I am not certain."

"You don't trust me," responded the father plaintively.

"Not yet. Why should I?"

"You are my only boy," said William Halfday.

"You have kept away for sixteen years—my mother flung herself into the river in despair of human kindness; your son and daughter have grown up without a thought from you; your father has died without seeing you. There has been much misery amongst the Halfdays, and you have kept away from it."

"Yes, yes, don't torture me, please," replied the father; "all this is very true, but what good could I have done? I have been unlucky all my life—I have not had one gleam of sunshine on my path from the beginning to the end."

"You did not deserve it," was the sharp reply.

"Oh! Brian," exclaimed the other, bursting suddenly into tears, and rocking himself to and fro upon the chair, with his hands before his face, "this *is* cruel of you. Your own father, too! My God, what will become of me, now you turn against me?"

Brian Halfday was not prepared for this outburst of emotion; he sat back in his chair, with one clenched hand on the table, surprised in his turn. He was a suspicious man, as he had owned that evening to Mabel Westbrook, but he was naturally observant, and he read no affectation of grief in the emotion of this castaway before him. Here at least was no sham; the man was weak and childish, but there was real life in his despair.

"I have come back," William Halfday continued, "to the workhouse or the gaol. I have come back without a penny in my pocket. I have not tasted food or drink since it was given me in charity this morning. I have been a careless, useless wretch, with as little thought for others as myself, but I did not look for this reception from my child. Let me go back to the inn at Datchet Bridge, and ask where Dorcas Halfday lives—there may be some grain of feeling in that girl's heart for me, when I tell her who I am."

He rose to go; he tottered slowly towards the door, until Brian stood by his side and led him back to his seat.

"There is no hurry, father," he said in a deeper voice; "sit down again, and let us understand each other clearly, if we can. A man cannot disappear for long years from his kindred, and expect to find them full of love for him on his return—cannot neglect them utterly, and yet hope that they will hold him in affectionate remembrance."

"Quite right," whispered the father, "but don't reproach me any more. I deserve all you say of me."

"I will give you some bread and cheese and beer," said Brian. "You are hungry?"

"By Heaven, Brian, I am starving."

"I am sorry to hear it."

It was starvation that had brought him to Pentonshire, and not his natural affections, but Brian did not say so. He opened a cupboard, spread a white napkin on the table, set bread and cheese and a bottle of ale before his father, pushed the table to his side, and then sat and watched him consume his food with a ravenous eagerness, that was as devoid of acting as his grief had been. William Halfday did not speak again for several minutes; he seemed to forget his position and his sorrow in his appetite, and it was Brian who broke silence at last.

"Why did you not write to us?" he asked curiously; "if you were poor, and wanted money, it might have been worth the experiment of a letter."

"I did not know where to write."

"The address of 'Halfday, Penton,' would have found your father or your son."

"I thought of it," he said without looking at Brian, and pinching the corner of the napkin with his fingers nervously; "I thought of it, and put it off, time after time, till I was ashamed of letting any one know anything about me. I thought it better to die on the quiet somewhere!"

"And you altered your mind—for what reason?"

"I couldn't die," was the response; "I tried, Brian, and failed!"

"Do you feel better now?" was the next inquiry.

"Thank you—much better. I must compliment you, Brian, on a very excellent cheese," he said, with his old airiness of manner suddenly predominant.

"You are stronger now?"

"Yes. Altogether stronger."

"Then I have a few more words to say," Brian remarked. "Don't look alarmed, sir, there are no more reproaches for you to-night."

"Thank Heaven—I mean, thank you, very much, my son."

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. HALFDAY HEARS THE NEWS.

BRIAN drew his chair so close to his father's that their knees touched, and William Halfday leaned back, as if away from him and afraid of him. The son was a mystery, a something that he had not expected to find, a being who had thrown him out in his calculations for the future. He was weak himself—he had been always weak and fretful and irresolute—where did this pale-faced, beetle-browed young man get his iron will from? For this son was of iron, and therefore merciless. Still let him hope on to the last, and put up with his son's reproaches and exordiums; he was wholly helpless and must bear the burden, and if Brian would not stare so fiercely at him, he should get on better in good time.

"I don't know what you are, or what your life has been, or what it is likely to be," Brian began, more sadly than sternly now. "You sit before me a riddle hard to guess at, and the past sheds no light upon you."

"We have the present to consider, Brian," William Halfday delicately hinted, and without returning his son's gaze. He could not look at him, he could not do anything but evade that uncomfortable stare which seemed endeavouring to read his life in spite of him—to read through him, and get at all the history of his unprofitable existence—as if that would do any good—as if it mattered—as if the days ahead of them both were not the most important!

"I will tell you my share of the past," Brian continued; "and we will leave to times more fitting, the explanations which I have a right to demand from you. I will say now, that years ago, when I began too early in life to act and think for myself, it was you who troubled me. Your character was at stake, and your own father attributed to you and one James Westbrook the ruin of his career. After you had left England, it was supposed by one or two in the secret—for it was always kept a secret—that you and Westbrook had decamped with various securities that were negotiable abroad, and which the firm—always a weak one—was unable to replace. It seemed a fair and noble story as regarded the partners, the history of two men preferring ruin to the acknowledgment of their sons' dishonesty, but as I grew up I doubted it, for your sake."

"Thank you, Brian," said the father, extending his shaking hand towards his son, but with the same averted gaze; "you did me justice. I never saw the securities."

"Neither had Caspar Westbrook stolen them," said Brian, lightly touching his father's hand, and then setting it aside, "or James Westbrook, or any one save that poor warped mind above there."

"My father!" exclaimed Mr. Halfday; "was it the old man then?"

"Yes—God forgive him!"

"I say that too, with all my heart, Brian," said the father. "And let me add, it is a comfort to me to see a pious vein running through your discourse. It speaks well for your character."

"I am not a pious man," cried Brian. "Don't interrupt me."

"I beg your pardon. Excuse the liberty I have taken, Brian; but I thought you possibly might be," replied his father. "Pray, proceed."

"I grew up with a suspicion of foul play, and I planned and schemed for years to solve the mystery. I succeeded. I proved at least your honesty in the matter, and I was very glad."

"Thank you," murmured William Halfday again.

"If I could have done it before the mother's death, I should have been happier," said Brian. "But that was not to be. I proved, at least, that you left England an honest man. What you have come back, Heaven only knows. But I believe you honest still, and will do the best for you that my means allow."

"You will not send me to the union; you will take care of me; you *will* do something for me, after all?" the father cried with excitement.

"Did you doubt my helping you, then?"

"You did not meet me kindly," was the answer. "I could not make out what you thought of my return to England."

"I suppose not."

"And I am honest, Brian," he said, speaking with great volubility now. "I have been an unlucky fool all my life; but I have never done an action of which I am ashamed. I have been horribly honest; I have resisted no end of temptations to be-

come rich; and here I am, a man broken down before his time—a ruin—a catastrophe!"

"Do you drink?" asked Brian, suddenly.

William Halfday started at the question, and shrank back still more in his chair. It was a leading question, which unnerved him, and set him shaking again.

"What makes you ask such a question as that?" he murmured, and with a faint effort at dignity.

"Your hands tremble, your eyes are blood-shot, and I have seen so many men like you reeling in the streets. *You do drink*," he added sharply.

"Never to excess. Don't misjudge me, my son, too quickly," cried Mr. Halfday, "or pain me with unnecessary questions. It is hardly fair."

"This is not an unnecessay question at the present time. It is a most important fact to elicit or disprove; because," said Brian thoughtfully, "I must keep the drink away from you."

"Oh, you need not fear me, or keep anything away from me. You may trust me implicitly," the father replied.

"I hope so."

"I know so."

"That is well," said Brian, still deep in reverie.

"And I don't want to be idle," added Mr. Halfday; "but to be of service to my country. I am not an old man. I have life and vigour in me, or soon shall have again, if I could find any one to set me up in business—in a little shop, for instance, where I could turn a penny or two, and be less of an incumbrance to you, Brian. I should be independent and happy and grateful."

"I am a poor man, but I will do something for you in the way you wish."

"God bless you, Brian—God bless you," and Mr. Halfday began to cry again.

Brian watched him closely still, but he made no attempt to console him in this second hysterical outburst of tears. He waited till he had recovered from his emotion, with his broad forehead knit in grave perplexity. Beyond the hour he did not see his way yet; and the mists were thick about him. There was much to be done—much to explain yet to this weak being, cowering and shaking before him in the chair; and Brian feared the effect of a revelation which it was not possible to delay for a single night with safety.

"I will help you in every way in my power," said Brian; "but you must let me trust you in return."

"You may trust me with untold gold."

"You must prove yourself a just and unselfish man."

"Of course I will."

"You will let me be your counsellor and guide from this day?" said Brian.

"I will not have a thought of my own, or a wish of my own, if you will only take care of me," said the father, abject and servile in his protestations.

"Your first and greatest task begins tomorrow."

"The sooner the better."

"And I require all your faith now," added Brian.

"It's yours; I have said so."

"Then I have something more to tell you."

William Halfday looked scared at this announcement, and the hands upon his knees began to increase in that tremulous movement which had already attracted his son's notice.

"James Westbrook, your father's partner, left England a poor man, but he made a fortune in America, and died rich," began Brian. "On his death-bed he was, for some reason or other which is hard to understand, the victim of the old mistake, that you and his son had robbed the firm, and ruined Adam Halfday. He had heard of my grandfather's poverty, and with a mad idea of restitution, he bade his granddaughter discover him and all belonging to him, and enrich those whom his son had helped, as he thought, to ruin. If Adam were living when Miss Westbrook reached England, the money was to be given to him immediately——"

"Good gracious! Did the girl get here in time?" inquired the father.

"Yes. She gave him the message five minutes before he died."

"But the money, Brian?" said Mr. Halfday, "why didn't she give him the money first, and the message afterwards?"

Brian's face darkened, and the hand which was suddenly placed on William Halfday's arm gripped the listener like a vice.

"Cannot you see that this conscience-

money was offered to the robber, and not the victim?" hissed Brian; "are you so dull of comprehension as all that?"

"James Westbrook might have wished to help his old partner at any cost," murmured the father.

"No. It was offered in atonement—in expiation for a son's imaginary crime—under the impression that my grandfather was an injured man. You see?"

"Oh yes, I see! Would you have any particular objection to let go my arm, Brian, before you proceed any further with the narrative?"

"I beg pardon," said Brian; "I have hurt you?"

"Well, you have, a little," replied his father, rubbing vigorously at the part which Brian had released; "but go on, please. What did the girl think? Does she know——"

"Everything. I told her the few facts of the case this evening, and she will take back the money offered in error to our family."

"Take it back! Then it was given to my father?"

"A certain sum of money——"

"How much?"

"No matter the amount," Brian continued; "a certain sum of money was unfortunately paid into Penton Bank to the account of Adam Halfday—and it is our duty, the great business of our lives, to restore it to its rightful owner."

"Meaning Miss Westbrook?" said the father.

"Whom else could I mean?" was the sharp rejoinder.

"Exactly, you could not mean any one else," replied the father; "it's particularly clear to me that—that you could not mean any one else."

"This is a task in which you will help us to the uttermost," Brian continued; "it becomes easy with you at our side, a man sent by Heaven at the right moment to do justice to a friendless woman.—What are you looking over my head at?"

"Was I?" said the father, with a little jump at the abruptness of the question; "I was not aware of it."

"You understand that you *must* help us?" Brian said again, persistently.

"Yes," replied the father.

"You will be heir-at-law to this money—nominally heir-at-law—and letters of administration will be granted readily to you; to you and me, I hope," said Brian, thoughtfully.

"Ahem! yes."

"There will be a heavy loss upon the money held in trust for Mabel Westbrook: deductions for stamp duty, probate duty; all the ugly exactions devised by the Government for the wholesale robbery of widows and orphans will be put in force," said Brian savagely, "and we have not the money to make it good at present. Some day, perhaps," he added, with a brighter look upon his face, "I may be able to say she has not lost a penny by us."

"All this is beyond me," said William Halfday, planting his elbows on his knees, and taking his head between his palsied hands; "my head aches terribly, and I feel confused and ill."

"Will you have some weak brandy and water?"

"I don't mind a little cold brandy and water—not too weak," he added.

Whilst his son was getting the brandy from the cupboard, he remained in the same prostrate condition, and when Brian stood by him with a glass he did not perceive him till the son asked if he would drink.

"Thank you very much, Brian," he said with his old politeness, as he took the glass from his son's hand; "it is kind of you to think of me like this."

He drank the brandy and water at one gulp, and sat back in his chair.

"Is there any news in Penton?" he asked.

"Not any of importance to you or me."

"Are they all dead whom I used to know?" he said musingly; "who were friends, after a fashion—who respected me and believed in me?"

"I don't know who were your friends."

"Is Eversham, the lawyer, still in Cloister Street? I liked young Eversham; he was just beginning practice for himself when I left the city."

"He is grey-haired now; why do you ask?"

"I don't know; he came into my head," was the reply.

"You have another reason, I think?" said Brian suspiciously.

"I should like to give him a turn, and we must have a lawyer in this case," said the father; "we can't do without one."

"I am not sure of that."

"I should think he would remember me," he went on, "for——Is Peter Scone alive?"

"Peter Scone—what of him?"

"He was cashier in my father's firm; he would remember me at once," replied William Halfday; "and I must prove my identity very clearly to get the money."

"For Miss Westbrook?" added Brian.

"For Miss Westbrook, yes. I wonder," he added, "what the amount is."

He glanced at his son, who did not answer him, who was staring intently at the empty firegrate as at a new problem which had arisen there to vex him. Brian had taken his father into his confidence, but he was not satisfied with the result, despite his sire's promises. All looked dark and ominous ahead, and there were vague doubts on every side of him. After all, he did not trust his father, whose manner had been against him from the first. There was no power to prevent William Halfday's action in the matter; the law would side with the father despite the feeble opposition that might be offered by the son, and Brian was almost helpless now.

"Twenty people might be found in Penton to swear to me," said William, "if any one were inclined to oppose me, which is not likely, Brian—eh?"

"Probably not."

"That Peter Scone must be dead, now I come to think of it; he was an old man when I left the city."

Again Brian Halfday did not anwer him. He turned more completely towards the grate, and in an absent fashion, and as though a fire were burning, spread out his hands as if for warmth.

"I am afraid I am keeping you up," said William Halfday suddenly; you look tired and weary, as with a hard day's work."

"I have worked hard to-day."

"I must apologize for taking up so much of your time—robbing you, as it were, of what the poet calls 'balmy sleep;' but we had not met for many years, and I was anxious about you."

William Halfday picked up his hat from the floor, and rose to take his leave.

"Where are you going?" asked Brian, still deeply interested in the back of his stove.

"Down to Datchet Bridge again, of course."

"You had better remain here, I think."

"I don't see any accommodation, Brian; the house is small, and I should be very much in the way, and—and the room upstairs is occupied, you know," he added, as his shivering fit seized him again, and robbed him of composure.

Brian rose and stood with his back to the fireplace.

"You can go," he said.

"Thank you, thank you, Brian, and to-morrow, or the next day——"

"To-morrow completes the inquest," said Brian; "you will be there to listen to the evidence, and attend the funeral in the afternoon?"

"I suppose so—just so—very well," said William in some confusion.

"No one will believe you are the son very readily if you are not at your father's funeral, and I shall doubt it, and dispute it for one," said Brian meaningly.

"I am sure to be there, Brian," said his father; "though I shall present a very disreputable appearance as chief mourner."

"I will see to that."

"A long black cloak is out of the fashion, I believe, but it will come in handy for me. It will cover a multitude of sins—of omission."

To Brian's surprise, which, however, he did not betray, his father laughed spasmodically as he held forth his hand to his son.

"Do you think you know your way to the village?" asked Brian.

"Very well indeed. It is straight down the hill."

"Yes, but you might miss Datchet Bridge by five miles or so. And you will want refreshment when you get there, and board and lodging."

"Ay! God bless me, yes—and Brian, I really have not one penny in the world at present."

"I will give you money before you go."

"I—I am going now," answered his father.

"Not yet!"

"Not yet, do you say? Why?

"Not till you have looked upon your father for the last time in this world," said Brian solemnly; "not till you have sworn to me across his coffin, that you will, as you hope for salvation, be true to all you have promised me."

William Halfday clasped his hands together and shrieked forth a wild falsetto—

"Oh! great Heaven, Brian, I couldn't do it! I couldn't look at him—don't ask me again—I couldn't—I couldn't—I couldn't!"

"Your own father, who can do you no harm, who has been waiting for you all this while," said Brian.

"Anything else, but don't ask me to do that," gasped forth William. "I know I am a coward, but I haven't the strength of nerve to go up stairs into that dreadful room. Don't ask me again, there's a dear good son, but let me go away!"

The man's terror was so abject and so earnest that Brian did not importune him further, unless his next remark may stand for a change in his manner of entreaty.

"There is money of yours up there?"

"I don't see—I don't know what you mean, but you may have it all if you'll let me go away," he exclaimed, shaking so violently that he dropped once more into his chair to save himself from falling, and held on tightly by the table.

Brian regarded him pitifully as he stood by his side, and rested his crossed hands upon his shoulder.

"You are very weak of nerve, and body, and soul," Brian said mournfully, "and will require gentle treatment, kindly sympathy, and your children's love to render you content for the remainder of your days. Riches will do no good, and you are best without them."

"Don't talk to me now. I—I want to get to Datchet Bridge," he murmured, slowly recovering his composure; "if I don't have fresh air I shall die."

"You are coming round," said Brian; "and I will not ask you to stay a moment longer than is necessary; I will point out the way to Datchet Bridge, when you are able to walk."

"I can walk now."

He put on his hat and stood up again. He walked even with a forced degree of briskness to the door, to which Brian followed him.

"I would rather not drag you out at this time of night, Brian," he said; "I can get on very well by myself."

"I will set you in the right road," said Brian in reply.

He went out into the summer air, bareheaded with him, and drawing his father's arm through his. The night was dark, but the stars were very thick and bright above them.

"You have forgotten your hat," said Mr. Halfday to his son.

"I don't want it, the night is warm."

"Is it? I haven't noticed it myself," was the reply. "Oh, here's the road that leads to the village, I think."

"Yes, that is the way."

"Then, I'll wish you a good night."

"I am going further with you."

"Oh! good Lord, are you though?" muttered the father, "are you not afraid of your place being robbed?"

"No."

"You have left the door wide open."

"I know it. It is a habit of mine on these peaceful hills."

"Then it is a very bad one. There is no telling who is about."

"There is no telling anybody, I have heard sceptical people say," was Brian's answer.

"Ahem! exactly so," said the other, glancing askance at his companion as if to read by the expression of his countenance, if he, William Halfday, were included in the axiom.

"Here is money for you," said Brian; "hold out your hand."

William Halfday obeyed the request with alacrity, and ten sovereigns were placed within his palm.

"Bless me," said the father, holding the money closely to his eyes, "this is gold! You are generous, Brian. You are doing well in the world, then?"

"You may be able to obtain a decent suit of clothes at the tailor's in the village," said Brian. "I am not doing well in the world—I am not generous."

"Well, well," replied the father, putting the money in his pocket, "you have done no more than I would do for you in a similar case."

"That money is your own," said the son, "my grandfather did not die wholly a pauper. He was of a saving turn—the heart of a miser is hereditary with the Halfdays possibly—and in his old age and indigence, he scraped together from his fees at St. Lazarus some seventy pounds, which I found in a bag locked up within his desk."

"There may be a lot more somewhere," said William Halfday.

"There is no more. He told me the amount, and sent me to St. Lazarus to fetch it, when he discovered that I did not wish him to return to the charity—you shall have the rest presently. It is yours by right of inheritance."

"Certainly it is, Brian. There can be no doubt about that."

"The money will be of service to you at a time of need."

"That's true."

"With a little of my own to it I may contrive to do something for you—and Dorcas. Why, this may be the beginning of a better, brighter life for us all," said Brian.

"It may," was the reply.

"And now," said Brian, suddenly arresting his father's progress, "before I leave you, swear here, under heaven, that you will keep your word in everything that you have said to-night."

"My dear Brian," exclaimed the father, "I—I have pledged my word to you already. I don't like to be continually swearing in this fashion. It looks as if you doubted me."

"You are poor; a great error makes you rich in name—a great injustice would make you rich in deed. I know little of you," said Brian; "you come to me as a surprise—a ruin. Swear to what I say!"

The man cowered at the sternness and the peremptory manner of his son, whose eyes he could see blazing at him in the darkness.

"I'll swear to what you like—I'll swear to anything, Brian," he said, "but there is no occasion for this treatment of me."

Brian remained silent. The passion in him died away, and he stood thinking very deeply.

Suddenly he looked up.

"No, don't say a word," he exclaimed, "don't call God as a witness here. Good night."

"Good night, good night," replied William Halfday with alacrity, "I shall see you in the morning. This way to Datchet Bridge, I think you told me?"

"You cannot miss the village now. It lies straight before you, where the lights are shining."

"Thank you, Brian. Bless you—good night once more."

Father and son parted. The son watched him from the hill till darkness on the lower ground submerged him—the father went along the path which had been indicated, looking back more than once whilst Brian remained in sight against the background of a starlit sky.

The sense of being watched was irksome to William Halfday. He was not easy in his mind until he had lost sight of his son as completely as Brian had lost sight of him. Then he swerved suddenly, and even swiftly to the right, and went away—steadily away—from the lights in the village that had been pointed out to him.

There was more to be done that night than had been bargained for when toiling up the hill to his son's house, and, like Duncan's murder, "'twere well it were done quickly."

(To be continued.)

"SING US A SONG OF OUR OWN LAND."

BY F. R., BARRIE.

LO! the scene of trappers' stories,
Lo! where beaver-dams were built,
Lo! where autumn forest-glories
On the ground their crimson spilt!
Take the land with all its beauty,
And subdue it to thy hand,
Linking with the chain of duty
Wold and weald and rocky strand.

Thou, O Time! hast many a harvest
Whitening to the reaper's sight;
And, O Fame! great names thou carvest
On thy temple portals bright!
This broad land, with all its beauty,
Doth demand it of thy hand,
Plain to point her path of duty
Over wold and weald and strand.

In the roll of names unreckoned,
Bright stars in the coming skies,
May our countrymen be second
To none others that may rise!
May their glory and their beauty
Fill the heavens on either hand,
As they trace the track of duty,
Leaving footprints on the strand.

See! the furrow of the future!
Seedfield of the times to be,
Big with nourishment and nurture
Which our sons shall draw from thee!
Usefulness, surpassing beauty,
Bind thee round from strand to strand;
May thy children do the duty
Thou demandest at their hand!

Peace be ours 'mid peaceful neighbours!
Yet the share that turns the sward
Hath been known to change its labours,
Fashioned rudely to a sword!
We will guard thy breadth and beauty
Heart with heart, hand linked with hand;
Fare we forth to do our duty
Ere a foe shall spurn thy strand!

LIBERTY AND ITS SYMBOLS ON COINS AND MEDALS.

BY REV. HENRY SCADDING, D. D., TORONTO.

A COMMITTEE at Paris, which claims to represent the French people, is proposing to erect on Bedlow's Island, in the harbour of New York, a gigantic statue of Liberty, in commemoration of the part taken by France in 1783 in helping to bring about the independence of the United States. The figure, which is to be more than a hundred feet high, is to stand on a pedestal likewise a hundred feet high. The head is to bear a circle of spiked rays like those seen in antique representations of the sun-god Apollo; and from these rays light is to issue at night. In the elevated right hand there is to be a torch, which is also at night to be a blaze of light. In the other hand there is to be a tablet bearing the simple inscription, JUL. 4, 1776. The sculptor, Auguste Bartoldi, is the designer. He is to bring with him to Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition one of the arms of this Liberty. From that, on the *ex pede Herculem* principle, the public are to judge of the whole. One hundred and forty thousand francs have been already subscribed to the project in France. It is expected that the people of the United States will erect the pedestal; and it is hoped that the foundation of the structure will be laid on the fourth of next July. This colossus, should it be really set up, will be one more wonder of the world, outvieing the Memnons and Amunophs which still sit so calmly gazing out every year over the swollen waters of the Nile, or the gilded monster that overlooked of old the plain of Dura. It will salute the sailor's eye out on the ocean at a farther distance than did the glittering spear-point of Minerva Promachos on the Acropolis at Athens, which was seen from Cape Sunium, thirty miles off. So Pausanias reports. Minerva Promachos, seen there, symbolized, I suppose, the supreme wit and art of the Hellenic race. The huge Liberty lifting up on high its torch of light, will be regarded by the voyagers of the great Atlantic as representing the tutelary genius of "America," as people will continue to speak, meaning by America the United States of North America, the sole home, as it is alleged, of human freedom in this last age of the world. It will, of course, also recall the giant image at Rhodes, which, irrespective of pedestal, was likewise one hundred feet high and more, and answered the purpose of a lighthouse; appropriately, too, for it was an image of the sun-god spanning with distended legs the entrance to the inner harbour of the island. That figure was, as Bartoldi's Liberty is expected to be, also of bronze. What the weight of the French structure may prove to be cannot yet be known; but that of the colossus of Rhodes has been calculated to have been 720,000 pounds; that is to say if 800 pounds be taken as the load borne by each one of the Jew's camels who purchased as old metal, from the Municipality of Rhodes, the broken fragments of the colossus when thrown down by an earthquake, fifty-six years after its erection. Nor, again, can the cost of the French structure be as yet stated with precision; but that of the sun-god set up by Chares at Rhodes is said to have been about 317,000 dollars (300 talents). The colossal figure which crowns the dome of the capitol at Washington is usually spoken of as Liberty. In reality it is COLUMBIA, an impersonation of the United States. She rests her right hand on a sheathed sword; her left holds a wreath. The head is helmed; encircling it is a ring of large stars. From the apex of this figure to the ground is three hundred feet.

The proposal on the part of the committee in Paris to project upon the imagination of the Western World a gigantic conception of Liberty is my excuse for undertaking to trace the symbols and representations of Liberty on coins and medals; a practice with which we in Canada are familiar from our proximity to the United States; and many fresh exemplifications of which, I

doubt not, we shall have brought under our notice during the celebration of the Centennial at Philadelphia.

The practice of embodying in visible form that which is invisible and abstract, is one to which the modern mind has become somewhat disaccustomed. It originated, as I suppose, in the picturesque, metaphorical character of early language. Men were quickly led to give outward form to what in speech they were wont to invest with the attributes of life and action; and accordingly such abstractions as Prudence, for example, and Temperance, Justice, and Fortitude, became concrete to the mind's eye as human figures, distinguished from each other by proper attributes or adjuncts or dress. Virtues and qualities inspiring reverence became sometimes, when thus embodied, objects of a sort of worship. Thus, among the Latins, Liberty came to be regarded as a goddess. Her image was set up in temples, and her effigy was stamped on coins and medals. She had, moreover, like other divinities, her emblems and signs, which, seen alone, suggested the condition or feeling of which she was supposed to be the embodiment. Events regarded as of importance to the community at large were commemorated by the erection of additional temples to Liberty. Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, father of the two famous agitators of the same surname, successful as Consul in Gaul and Spain, erected on the Aventine Mount a temple to Liberty. And after victories won by Cæsar in Spain, another was decreed by the Senate. When Cicero's house was pulled down on the Palatine, its site was occupied, at the suggestion of his personal enemy, Clodius, by a temple to Liberty; "a temple to License, rather," Cicero contemptuously observed. The destruction of Sejanus, the audacious *locumtenens* of Tiberius, was signalized by the setting up of a statue of Liberty in the Forum. And besides temples proper, there was at Rome a famous public building styled the Hall of Liberty, repaired and enlarged, and beautified from time to time. It was a kind of court-house for the Censors and an office of Archives; and after the time of the illustrious Asinius Pollio it became a public library also, the first ever established in Rome. Pollio, who combined fine literary tastes with military talent, furnished it largely with Greek and Latin manuscripts. The poet Ovid, an antiquarian and lover of books, had heard in his banishment in far Mœsia of this new collection of treasures freely thrown open to the public at Rome, and he makes it one of the laments of his *Tristia* that his exile debars him from the enjoyment of so congenial a luxury.

In temples, Liberty was represented as a matron, either wearing on her head or holding on a rod the *pileus*, or cap of liberty. At her feet was sometimes, it is said, placed the figure of a cat, an animal that has a particular antipathy to restraint; and with her were sometimes seen representations of mysterious beings styled Adeone and Abeone, denoting the power to come and go at pleasure. The *pileus*, or cap of liberty, is the white felt cap placed on the head of the slave when manumitted. The rod on which it is often sustained is the *festuca* or *vindicta* with which the prætor or magistrate ceremoniously struck or touched the head of the slave when declared free. A slave might be enfranchised by the last will and testament of his master; and also by the master's taking the slave to the censor or taxer, and having him enrolled free. But the ceremony referred to by the *pileus* and rod was as follows:—The master brought his slave before the proper magistrate and stated his reasons for the intended manumission. The magistrate's lictor, or beadle, laid a rod upon the head of the slave, while the master still held the slave's hand. "I will this man to be free," the master then said, and at the words slightly whirled him round and let him go. Hence the expression *manumission*. The freedman passed out of his former owner's hand, as a stone out of a sling. The *pileus* or cap of undyed felt was at once assumed by the freedman, and worn, as I suppose, until his hitherto cropped head became more richly clothed with its natural adornment. The ceremony of manumission took place, not in a temple of Liberty, as we might have expected, but in the temple of Juno Feronia, the patroness of enfranchised slaves. The cultus of Liberty by the Latins was probably borrowed by them from the Greeks, who observed annually, at Athens and elsewhere, a celebrated festival called the Eleutheria, from the name, not of an independent divinity, Eleutheria, Freedom, but of Zeus, Jove himself, under the invocation of Eleutherius, the Liberator. The shape of the cap as an emblem of liberty,

on the Greek and Latin and later coins and medals, is not always the same. Sometimes it is the Phrygian cap, as seen on the statues of Paris, son of Priam, with the top or loose part pointed forwards. Sometimes it is exactly egg-shaped, as on the heads of the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux. And sometimes it is a little flattened at the top, and slightly curved out below into a kind of incipient brim. Thus it appears on medals struck in commemoration of the assassination of Cæsar by M. J. Brutus and the other conspirators. This last-mentioned form is the Latin type of the liberty cap. The modern Turkish fez, with the tassel removed, reproduces this cap in some sort. The French képi seems to be the Phrygian cap with the top slantingly sliced off, and a shade for the eyes added.

On several of the early coins and medals struck by historical Roman families to preserve the memory of distinguished members of their respective "houses," Liberty appears unaccompanied by her cap. Her head is given as that of a female of comely, regular features, with a circlet of gems surrounding neatly-arranged hair. She is thus seen, without the cap, on coins or medals commemorative of Quintus Cassius, Lentulus Spinther, Cæpio Brutus, and others. On one of Caius Cassius the head is veiled. That Liberty is intended by these heads is shown by the circumscribed legend LIBERTAS, or LIBERTATIS. On medals of M. J. Brutus, the conspirator Cinna, Roscius, and others, the cap is seen alone, or accompanied by two naked poniards, with the legend EID. MART., meaning the Ides of March, the day of Cæsar's assassination. It is curious to recall what was mentioned just now, that after certain successes by Cæsar in Spain, the Senate decreed a new temple to Liberty, the ambitious designs of the great imperator being as yet probably not apparent. On coins of Nero, the head of Liberty appears with the superscription LIBERTAS. Though this emperor has come down to us with a detestable reputation, his government up to a certain period was, like that of Henry VIII., far from being unpopular. He professed an anxiety to relieve the people from oppressive taxes, and to protect the Provinces from the rapacity of governors. After his death there were persons who, every spring and autumn, for many years decked his tomb with flowers; and in consequence of prevalent rumours that he was really not dead, several impostors at subsequent times assumed the name of Nero, and gave no small trouble to the reigning emperors. Immediately after Nero, on coins of Galba and often subsequently, LIBERTAS is qualified by the addition of the word PUBLICA or RESTITUTA or AUGUSTI; expressions which seem to imply that now a true liberty for the whole community was established; was restored; was guaranteed by the pledged word of a genuinely chosen emperor. Nero was the last of the Julian line, and Tacitus reports that at his death the patricians rejoiced because liberty was thereby regained. So after Commodus, on a medal of Pertinax is read, "The citizens set free;" as though liberty had been recovered by the death of Commodus. On coins or medals of Hadrian, Nerva, Heliogabalus, Gallus, Caracalla, Claudius, Trajan, Vitellius, and several other imperial personages, Liberty appears. On coins and medals struck by the emperors, the seated or standing figure representing Liberty is sometimes accompanied by other than the customary attributes: she wears the pallium; she holds in her hand a cornucopia, a branch of olive, a trumpet, a rod without the cap.

I find no materials for my present purpose from the period of Constantine downwards, for several centuries. Throughout Christendom at least, men bowed their necks to heavy yokes of several kinds. Lords many, temporal and spiritual, domineered over them mercilessly. Liberty, for the mass, having disappeared, its symbols disappeared. Coins and medals continued to show emblematic imagery, executed in barbaric fashion; but there was nothing to indicate the appreciation of mental and bodily freedom by the citizens or constituents of the several nations. Lions, leopards, bears, eagles, wyverns, dragons, spear-heads, swords, croziers, crooks, heavy cross-keys, were the insignia of the passing times, requiring the aid of a new science, that of the herald, to assort and interpret them.

At the era of the Renascence, the word LIBERTY began to be spelt out again from the recovered documents; and probably, here and there, in the free cities of Europe, its symbols began to be seen. But, to the praise of human prudence, even where locally a degree of independence was secured, there seems to have been no hasty desire to

break wholly with the past. The old heraldic shields of arms were for the most part retained, even when social ameliorations began. To this day, nearly all the Cantons of Switzerland bear on their respective flags the mediæval cognisances. One of them, the Pays de Vaud, has inscribed on its banner a motto of modern sound, *Liberté et Patrie.* In like manner, the United Provinces, out of which the Netherlands and Belgium have sprung, did not renounce their several heraldic shields when they conquered their independence from Austria and Spain. The British Islands, too, with all their peoples' irrepressible love and assertion of freedom, from the days of John downwards, have not thought fit to admit into their national escutcheons any of the classic symbols of Liberty.

It was in France, in 1783, that the practice revived of displaying on coins and medals, as authorized emblems, the ancient Latin insignia of Liberty, accompanied at the same time with a fatal divorce from the past of the nation. The excesses perpetrated under the sanction and seal of the revived insignia quickly brought them into bad repute. The feeling begotten far and wide by these enormities was well expressed in the ever-memorable cry of Madame Roland as she passed a statue of Liberty on her way to the guillotine: "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" The people of the British Islands, however, are not averse to the conventional symbols of Liberty in their place and on proper occasions. In the allegorical groups of her sculptors and painters, especially in the reigns of Anne and the Georges, they figure abundantly. It is not improbable that Liberty, with all the orthodox attributes, might be discovered at this moment standing among the Fames, the Bellonas, the scythe-armed Times, and other incongruities which crowd many of the monuments in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. On the copperplate frontispiece of the *London Magazine* for 1760, Liberty, with the legitimate rod and cap, presents the young king, George III., to Britannia, who is weeping over the urn of George II. In like manner, in a popular picture of nearly the same era, Pitt is seen carrying the cap of Liberty, and treading on Faction, while he is presenting to Britannia Justice and Victory. In British caricature Liberty is constantly introduced, but still seriously, as meaning the true freedom of the nation. Thus in a picture, probably by Gilray, entitled "Britannia Aroused," issued at the time of a famous but unnatural Ministerial coalition, we have Britannia in the character of a Fury, hurling Fox and North, the two chiefs of the coalition, from her, as enemies to Liberty. At her side, resting on her shield, is the rod with the liberty-cap. In another popular picture, produced while the war with the revolted colonies was going on, we see Britannia and a feathered Indian figure bearing a drawn sword, standing together, each engaged in upholding a lofty staff on which the cap of Liberty is placed. The armed Indian figure was to represent what is still incongruously called "America," meaning the United States of North America; and the group betokened the hope of reconciliation between the mother country and her daughter, entertained to the last by large numbers in the British Islands. Sometimes, in the English caricatures, the emblems of Liberty are to be understood in a burlesque sense, to indicate the pseudo-patriotism of the demagogue. Hogarth's grotesque Mephistophelian figure of John Wilkes holding the rod and cap of Liberty will be remembered. But we must revert to coins and medals.

In a volume of numismatic illustrations of the life and reign of William the Third, published at Amsterdam in 1692, I observe the cap of Liberty often occurring. For example, on the reverse of a medal bearing the heads of William and Mary, we have the genius of Britain seated, holding in her left hand the horn of plenty, and a rod surmounted by the cap of Liberty; in her right hand are seen a cross and the scales of justice; under her feet are broken fetters, chains, and other symbols of tyranny; behind, and held together by a crown, rise an orange tree and a tree-rose intertwined. Around is the legend (in Latin): "Apples of gold grow commingled with the bloom of roses;" and below: "The safety of Britain re-established, 1689;" while further out, near the rim of the medal, is a distich of which the following is the English: "Britain, long oppressed by a yoke sustained from without, now free, breathes again the air of her ancient laws." Again, in another medal in the same work, William is seen holding the cap of Liberty over the head of

Ireland, who kneels before him leaning on her shield; the king at the same time points towards a body of soldiers who are fleeing; below is the legend (in Latin): "After expelling the French and the rebels, he entered Dublin in triumph;" and around the figures are the words, also in Latin: "He saved your altars and homes." The date of this medal is 1690. As a companion to this may be mentioned an Irish medal struck in 1754, showing on the obverse, amidst a group of other figures, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons supporting the cap of Liberty upon the head of Hibernia. The object of the medal was, as its epigraph in Latin shows, to honour "the CXXIV senators who firmly vindicated the rights of their country, Dec. 17, 1753," the reference being to some specially independent action of the Earl of Kildare and others in the preceding year. (The medal is described in the *London Magazine* of the year 1755.) Once more: in the numismatic history of William III., on a medal commemorative of William's accession to the English throne, Liberty is again to be seen, with her proper insignia. As Britannia presents the right hand of welcome to William, behind them stand Religion and Liberty; the former holds a cross and a book; the latter has in her right hand the rod and cap, and in her left a scroll inscribed TEST; round the group is the legend, in Latin: "Delivered by thee, we are no longer slaves." The word "Test" alludes to the advice given by the statesmen of Holland to William, before the deposition of James, not to abolish the Test Act, which James for his own purposes was desirous of doing. Next after this memento of William, and the policy recommended to him by the Netherlandish authorities in regard to the Test, I describe, for the sake of comparison, a fine bronze medal in my own collection, commemorative of the abolition of the same Test in 1828. On that also Liberty and Religion are seen, the former again bearing the rod and cap, and the latter the cross. Britannia presents to Liberty a sealed scroll or charter. Around is the legend, in English: "The abolition of the Sacramental Test, 1828." On the reverse of this medal, surrounded by oak-leaves and acorns, is the inscription, "Truth, Freedom, Peace, Charity;" where, we may observe, the word "Freedom" is preferred to "Liberty." [So that in the medal of 1689 and in that of 1828, we have Liberty, with her rod and cap, exulting over two exactly opposite policies: the policy of religious repression, which, probably, under the circumstances, was wise in 1689; and the policy of religious freedom, which doubtless was wise in 1828. I describe also here another fine English bronze medal from my own collection, showing Liberty with her usual accompaniments. It is one commemorative of the enactment of the Reform Bill of 1832. It is by one of the Wyons. Britannia presents a sealed scroll or charter, inscribed "Reform," to Liberty, who holds the rod and cap, and is already in possession of two sealed scrolls or charters lying at her feet, marked respectively "Bill of Rights" and "Magna Charta." Behind is a massive cube bearing on its front the names "Grey, Brougham, Althorp, Russell," and upholding a medallion of William IV. Although, as I have said, it was at the period of the first French Revolution that the symbols of Liberty began largely to appear, to the exclusion almost of all other insignia on coins and medals in France, the *pileus* or liberty-cap, nevertheless, occasionally crops up in the metallic memorials of earlier times in that country. In Jacques de Bie's *France Metallique*, I observe a medal showing Clodion, the supposed second king of the Franks, placing a cap of Liberty on the head of one kneeling before him, who has, like Clodion himself, flowing hair. This was to commemorate the bestowal of some special enfranchisement on subject chiefs or vassals. Around the group are the words, in Latin: "Let this, like the unshorn locks of the free, be the adornment of thy head." And again, in De Bie is to be seen the reverse of a medal of the time of Henry II. of France, bearing the cap of Liberty, with the poniard on either side, as on the Brutus medals; above is the word LIBERTAS, and below, "The Vindicator of the liberty of Germany, 1552." This medal, strangely enough, was to keep in memory the alliance of Henry II. of France with Maurice of Saxony and other German princes, against the Emperor Charles V., who was supposed to be aiming at the enslavement of Germany by making it an hereditary possession of his family, like Spain. Among the medals struck in France during the reign of Louis XIV., as figured in a volume issued from the Imprimerie Royale in 1702, there is

one which, like this of Henry II., commemorates the armed intervention of France in behalf of the independence of Germany. It bears the legend, LIBERTAS GERMANIÆ; but the customary symbols of Liberty seem to have been eschewed. France treads under foot a yoke, while she holds in her right hand a pair of scales equally balanced, in one of which is seen the crown of the emperor, and in the other those of the electors and princes of Germany. Below is *Pax Monasteriensis*, *i. e.* the Peace of Munster (1648).

During the first Revolution in France, and up to the time of the first Empire, the head of Liberty appeared on coins and medals wearing the cap of the Phrygian shape. The colour of this cap was no longer to be supposed white, or that of undyed felt, as of old: but blood-red. In the Tricolor flag, however, it is said that the White symbolizes Liberty, while the Red and Blue represent respectively Equality and Justice. The red cap, and the flag wholly red, came at last to be the symbols of the extreme Republicans, the Communists, to whom are due the atrocities which brought the Republican movement into disrepute. During the first Empire, the word "Liberty" and its customary insignia all but disappeared from coins and medals. The favourite emblems are now Eagles and the cypher N., and for the fleurs-de-lis of the Capetians the Napoleonic bees were substituted. In Edwards's *Napoleon Medals*, published in London in 1837, the reverse of one representing the Cross of the Legion of Honour exhibits the word LIBERTAS, encircling an eagle with expanded wings, which holds in one talon a laurel, and in the other a palm-branch. And there is, in the same collection, one struck in Germany, with the word LIBERTAS below a horse going at full speed, on one side, and on the other the head of Napoleon.

To represent the period when Charles X. was dethroned, I produce a bronze medal then struck at Paris, bearing the symbol of Liberty. Its intention was to commemorate sympathy shown in England. The genius of Peace is seen standing on a globe, around are scattered emblems of commerce, industry, and law; the cap of Liberty rests, not on a rod, but on the point of a sword, across which two hands are clasped. Several inscriptions appear on this medal in the English language: "Peace and Liberty," "All mankind are brothers," "The French people to the English Nation, Paris, 27th, 28th, 29th July, 1830." During the short-lived Republic which preceded the emperorship of Napoleon III., the liberty-cap and the watch-words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," reappeared. But under Napoleon they were rigidly suppressed. In Italy also the ancient symbols of Liberty made their appearance in 1848. In my collection are one or two of this period, showing the fasces surmounted by the cap, surrounded by the words *Repubblica Romana*. One of these was cast from the metal of church bells melted down, and its possessor is, I am assured, *ipso facto*, excommunicate.

I describe from specimens before me several medals struck by the Communists in Paris in 1870, bearing on them the insignia of Liberty. One of bronze, struck in September 1870, shows Liberty seated, having in her right hand the rod and cap, while on her extended left hand stands a small winged Victory. It has, as surrounding legends, *Republique Francaise*, and *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*. Another has on its obverse the head of the Republic wearing the cap of Phrygian form, and on the reverse is Liberty seated, wearing the ordinary cap: her left hand holds a sphere, and her right rests on the fasces; a tablet inscribed *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, leans against the cubic block on which she sits. On another, the cap is seen where on French imperial flags an eagle is usually perched, at the top of the staff. On the obverse of the medal is the head of France, or the Republic, as Pomona; while on the reverse Lutetia or Paris is standing, wearing her turreted crown, and resting her right hand on the fasces; the left hand holds the flag, above which the cap appears, and the red colour of the flag is heraldically denoted by vertical lines; around is the inscription, "Le Drapeau de la Commune de Paris, 1871." In several places on this medal are minute representations of the symbolic plumb-level, cap, and clasped hands. On one small medalet, the Republic stands wearing the cap: in her right hand is the Tricolor; her left hand places wreaths on a cippus inscribed "*4 7bre, 1870.*" On another, of the same small size, the Republic stands by a cannon, wearing the cap; in the left hand is the Tricolor; in

the right a drawn sword; the inscription on the obverse is "130 days of siege, 30 days of bombardment;" outside this, "Republique Francaise: 4 7bre, 1870." Finally, one, having on the obverse the head of Léon Gambetta, shows on the reverse, within a wreath, minutely depicted, the cap, the fasces, the clasped hands, the plumb-level, and the words "Gouvernement de la Defense Nationale: Deputation du Bordeaux;" to commemorate the visit of a deputation from Bordeaux. (This is one of a number of popular medalets bearing the heads of generals and civilians distinguished during the siege.)

It has remained for the young Republics of North and South America to adopt nationally the emblems of Liberty, which nationally, in Europe, have been for the most part rejected, as having evil associations connected with them—rejected even in countries where civil and religious liberty is held sacred. But with communities which from various causes had been unhappily led to regard as a tyranny the rule of the nations which in the first instance planted them where they are, the cap of the Latin freedman may be a not inappropriate national cognisance, symbolizing the position which they believe themselves to have secured by breaking away from their respective parent-states. On the coinage of most of the States of North and South America the effigy of Liberty appears, or else the cap of which I have so often had occasion to speak. I shall not enter into any detailed account of the symbolism employed on the South American and Mexican coins. One specimen alone, which chances to be at hand, I describe. It is a silver coin of Peru. It shows a seated Liberty, artistically conceived and finely executed; her right hand rests on a shield which is charged with the sun in its splendour; her left holds the rod and cap; on a fillet winding round a cippus at her side LIBERTAD is inscribed. (This figure of Liberty reminds the observer of the beautiful seated HELVETIA on Swiss coins.)

It is probable that the founders of the North American Republic derived from French art, in the first instance, their ideal of the head of Liberty which was adopted on their early coinage. A grand medal was struck by the French Government to commemorate the share which it claimed to have in the establishment of the independence of the United States of North America. The obverse bears a head of Liberty, the hair thrown back, as if by a powerful opposing gale. On her right shoulder appears the rod and cap, the latter conventionally small, as symbolic figures are sometimes made on the ancient coins; around are the words LIBERTAS AMERICANA, and below is the date, in French, "4 Juil. 1776." On the reverse of this medal is a group intended to show the "aid and comfort" given to the infant Republic by the armies of France. France, or Pallas, is seen holding in her left hand a shield on which are three fleurs-de-lis; opposed to her is a leopard (England), in the act of springing, into whose breast she is about to plunge a barbed javelin. Beneath the shield is an infant strangling with one hand a serpent which he is holding up, whilst he stoops and chokes another, found at his feet. The surrounding legend reads "Non sine dîs animosus infans"—an infant full of mettle, not without inspiration from on high. With a happy aptness, which the clever designer of a medal is ever quick to observe, these words are taken from Horace, Od. iv. lib. 3, I. 20. The infant is of course, the young Republic; the two serpents which he is engaged in strangling denote the two armies of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, successively compelled to surrender. The dates of these two disasters are placed below the group on the medal: 17 Oct. 1777.—19 Oct. 1781. It is from the very fine head on the obverse of this French medal that the Liberty on the first silver coinage of the United States appears to have been borrowed. As to the leopard representing England: this was, or came to be, a favourite piece of symbolism with French medalists. The heraldic animals on the British shield of arms, usually styled the "Lions of Normandy," are, strictly speaking, it is said, leopards. In 1804, when Napoleon expected to invade England and to "drive," as he expressed himself, "the leopards into the sea," a medal was struck under his auspices, showing "Hercules holding between his legs the English leopard, which he is preparing to chain." This medal is figured in Edwards's Collection.

The word "Liberty" began to figure on coins circulating on this continent so early as 1766. In that year half-penny tokens were struck in England for the American colonies; they bore on one side the head of Pitt, with

the legend, "The Restorer of Commerce, 1766: No stamps;" and on the other, a ship with "America" below, and "Thanks to the friends of Liberty and Trade," as a legend.

On what is called the Nova Constellatio cent or half-penny in 1783, we have the word LIBERTAS. On this coin the words *Nova Constellatio* surround a large rayed star with an open eye at its centre, and thirteen asterisks at the extremities of the rays: on the other side are the letters "U. S." in a wreath, with LIBERTAS, JUSTITIA, and the date 1783 round the outside of the wreath. (It will be of interest to mention that it was a legend to accompany a representation of this *Nova Constellatio* on another coin, that the now renowned *E pluribus unum* was first used: "out of many stars one constellation is made:" and that the words themselves were borrowed from the title-page of Sylvanus Urban's Gentleman's Magazine, where every year this motto was to be seen over a nosegay of flowers, a device intended to symbolize the contents of the annual volume.) Bearing the date also of 1783, is a cent having on one side a figure of Liberty standing behind a kind of fence consisting of thirteen upright bars. On the other side is a head of Washington laureated: round this is a Latin inscription, which is continued on the reverse, the whole being *Georgius triumpho Voce Populi.* "I, George, triumph by the vote of the people." In 1787 we have on a copper coin or cent, a figure of Liberty seated, with the legend above, "*Inde. et Lib.* 1787:" on the other side is a head of Washington, and the words *Auctori. Connect.*, "by the authority of the State of Connecticut." This is perhaps the first appearance of a Liberty seated, on a United States coin. It is in reality the old Britannia of the English copper coinage of the time of the Georges slightly modified. Instead of the trident, she bears the rod and cap, and her shield rests on what seems to be the upper hemisphere of a terrestrial globe. The old Britannia itself of the English copper coinage, thus transformed into a Liberty, is a reproduction of a Britannia on bronze coins of Antoninus Pius, Claudius, and other Roman emperors. On another cent of the same date, a seated Liberty appears, but in another attitude. She holds the rod and cap in the right hand, while with the left she sustains the scales of Justice, and her head is looking back instead of forward: around are the words *Immunis Columbia*, and the date 1787. This probably is the figure which suggested, at the United States Mint, the seated Liberty with reverted head, which since 1839 has become familiar on United States silver. On two New York cents—one of 1786, the other of 1787—the Britannia-like seated Liberty is seen, one with the epigraph *Virt. et Lib.*, and the other, which holds out the scales instead of an olive-branch, with the inscription *Neo Eboracensis, i. e.* State of New York. A small medal of 1792 shows the rayed star like that which is seen on the Nova Constellatio coin, but with the cap of Liberty at the centre, instead of the open eye: the other side has the head of Washington. The inscription on this piece is "Success to the United States." On a one cent token issued by a commercial house at New York in 1794, Messrs. Talbort, Allum, and Lee, is a very graceful figure of Liberty standing, and holding the rod and cap, with the circumscribed legend, *Liberty and Commerce*, 1794. The first silver United States dollar appeared in 1794. The obverse bears the head of Liberty, with the hair flowing back. This head, as I have said, is evidently after that of the French medal commemorative of 1776. Over the head, not on it, is inscribed the word LIBERTY. Cents of the preceding year bear the same head. On the dollar of 1795, Liberty's hair still flows back, but a riband is supposed to surround it, which appears in the form of a knot at the back of the head. Neither on this coin nor on that of the preceding year is the Liberty cap seen. On the half-eagle of 1795, Liberty wears the cap, but it is of a high hat-like shape, which gives to the goddess the air of a modern lady-rider. On the gold coins of 1846, the head of Liberty has departed altogether from the fine type introduced from France in 1794; she is now a female with commonplace features: on the head is a tiara with the word LIBERTY at full length on the side towards the spectator, suggesting the existence of another word of equal length on the other side of the head. In 1854 the head has assumed an Indian type; it wears a crown of feathers; on the circlet from which they rise is the one-sided inscription just described. On the half-dollar and quarter-dollar of 1846, reappears a seated Liberty, artistically conceived, but still without much apparent significance. The left hand holds the rod and cap; the right falls lightly on the shield at the side of the figure.

LIBERTY is no longer inscribed on the side of the head, but appears on a riband which crosses the shield; the dress is uncinctured: the hair is unconfined, and the head is turned back as if regarding the distance or the past.

On the shields of arms with which the Provinces of the Canadian Dominion have been provided, none of the emblems on which I have been discoursing are emblazoned. The French-speaking portions of our people are familiar, indeed, with caps; with *bonnets*, as they style them. As a matter of fact, a few years since, a stout *pileus* of wool, of the ancient egg-shape pattern, formed a part of the ordinary dress of the *habitan*, found to be especially convenient, when in a driving snow-storm, the capote was to be raised and drawn over the head; and, verbally at least, our compatriots know of the *bonnet rouge* and the *bonnet bleu* as badges of faction; but they do not unitedly take kindly to either of them: the former indicating principles too broad, the latter, principles too narrow, for men who live under a civil constitution derived from England. Other portions of our people, too, are exercised in a somewhat similar way over colours, and train themselves at considerable expense, and their families, to mutual aversions and predilections, on grounds succinctly indicated to the popular eye by yellow and green. But disintegrating symbols, such as are these, have no place on the escutcheon of our Confederation. We see there the Cross of St. George, the Thistle of Scotland, the Lion of England, the Fleur-de-lis of France, perhaps the Leopard of Normandy. We are thus reminded of our common blood-connection with nations beyond the ocean-stream, and are taught not to break with the illustrious past of our ancestors. We see there, also, allegorically set forth, some of the sources of the public wealth. We have on the shield of Nova Scotia, the cod, to denote the fisheries of our many coasts; we have on that of New Brunswick a ship, to denote our interest in navigation and commerce. We see the maple-branch depicted more than once, to indicate the treasures and splendours of our forests. (The pine should, perhaps, also have been somewhere there, to represent the interests of our laborious lumbermen.) The beaver, which is seen there, and which sometimes surmounts the whole shield, was originally introduced among the insignia of Canada on account of the value of that animal's fur, which was long regarded as Canada's chief attraction in the eye of France. (It is seen on Louis XIV.'s fine *Kebeca Liberata* medal, struck to celebrate Sir W. Phipps's repulse in 1690.) But as the years have glided by, the beaver has acquired claims to our regard from a point of view other than that of the trader in peltries. The beaver is not a bad cognisance for a young country which is shaping itself out of the rough; for he is an enterprising pioneer of the wilderness; a clearer and improver of the ground; a clever feller of trees; an ingenious constructor of dams and utiliser of waters; and his aims are all laudably domestic; he is a comfortable, prudent, family animal, and must have a lodge and home of his own: he therefore builds for himself a spacious house and provides it with convenient surroundings; and at frequent intervals he sends from his abode an able-bodied detachment, to go and do elsewhere in the land as he himself has done. The one only decoration of the escutcheon of our neighbours to the south, which I should be inclined to borrow, would be old Sylvanus Urban's *E pluribus unum*, if that would spur us on to work with earnestness on the principle which the words suggest. We have need in our Canadian Dominion, and shall have need for many years, of an amalgam of some kind to bind us together, and make us, of many, to be ONE. As to the cap of Liberty, we want not to see it on our money or surmounting our flags. Having the reality of a reasonable, temperate, guaranteed freedom, we can dispense with all symbols which, "paltering in a double sense," too often

> "Keep the word of promise to our 'eye'
> And break it to our hope."

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY REV W. W. SMITH, PINE GROVE, ONT.

HE sat upon a mossy stone
  Beside the river's brim,
And wondered why the rapturous scene
  No rapture had for him;
The creeping willows lined the banks,
  The flowers stood tall and fair,
And o'er his head the poplar leaves
  Were beck'ning to the air.

He summoned up his vanished youth
  To breathe once more the bliss,
For never had his eyes beheld
  A brighter scene than this!
Where was the spirit that of yore
  Kindled at such a theme,
And wove poetic fancies
  In the texture of his dream?

The river babbled in its glee,
  A babe that ne'er grew old;
And the tall nodding August weed
  Played with its plumes of gold:—
'Twas not in these—'twas in himself
  That fire and fancy slept,—
And there beside Yamaska's wave
  The old man sat and wept.

"Come back, come back, my youth!" he cried,
  "And live one glowing hour;
And let my heart once more dilate
  At Nature's sweetest power!
Come, clothe these banks with greener trees,
  Each flower with fairer hue,
And tint the overarching skies
  With deeper dyes of blue;

"Give to the song of every bird
  The 'added line' of bliss,
And let the world of Fancy teem
  Its stores to add to this:
Let Autumn never sweep these fields—
  These skies ne'er tempest-crossed—
Nor let this Summer greenery
  Be ever kissed by frost!"

Ah! pilgrim to the sunny banks
  Of bright Yamaska's stream,
For all the decadence of age
  Thou still canst sweetly dream!
'Tis Heaven, not Earth, thou'st pictured so,
  For thus it comes to be
That glory from the coming day
  Breaks on the day we see.

We leave behind the best of Earth
  Adown the darkened past,
And upward with the brightening day
  We press to peace at last;
And often find that glory mix
  With scenes we earthly deem—
As with the Bard who musing sate
  Beside Yamaska's stream.

But come it shall, that sweeter day,
  Thy flowers shall fade no more,
And thou shalt list a Summer's song
  Upon a brighter shore:—
Thy vanished youth be thine for aye
  On hills thou ne'er hast trode,—
The land of light and liberty—
  The bosom of thy GOD!

Spring is incorrect.

VOICES FROM THE CANADIAN WOODS.

THE WHITE CEDAR.

(*Thuja Occidentalis:* American *Arbor Vitæ.*)

BY MRS. C. P. TRAILL.

Author of "The Backwoods of Canada."

"Than a tree a grander child Earth bears not."

THOSE frequently occurring and often extensive tracts of land called Cedar Swamps form one of the remarkable features of the low-lying lands of the Canadian wilderness: deep tangled thickets, through which the foot of man cannot penetrate without the aid of the axe, or his eye pierce beyond the limits of a few yards, so dense is the mass of vegetation that obstructs his view of the interior. A secure hiding-place for the wild denizens of the forest is the Cedar Swamp. Within its tangled recesses lurk the bear, the racoon, the fox, and when these are absent, the timid doe and her fawn rest secure from the gun of the wary hunter. The wily Indian cannot molest them within these impenetrable solitudes; and here wild birds of such species as do not migrate to warmer latitudes retire during the frosts and snows of the winter season.

It is from the edges of the Cedar Swamp that the first hollow drumming of the partridge is heard in early spring. The rapid hammering sound of the woodpecker greets the ear of the axe-man, or the whispering notes of the little tree creeper, and the pleasant cry of the little chickadees, as they tumble and twirl and flit among the evergreens, chattering to one another as if rejoicing in the return of sunshine and bright skies once more, and the bestirring of the insect tribes that lurk beneath the sheltering bark of the old white cedars.

A mass of fallen trees, deep bedding mosses, rank swamp grasses and sedges, ferns, and low bushes, and seedling evergreens occupy the spongy, porous soil, and conceal the stagnant water that lies fermenting at their roots in those dismal swamps.

Silent as the grave, and damp and lonely as they appear, life, insect life, swarms here. Let us pause for a few minutes to examine that huge trunk that lies athwart its fellows, bleaching in the snows and rains of many seasons. It looks sound, but strike it with your axe, and you find it is a hollow cylinder; beneath the white and grey shreddy bark the woody substance is perforated into countless cells and intricate labyrinthine galleries, the mysteries of which we strive in vain to trace out. The plan to our eyes seems all confusion. Doubtless if we could view the architecture with ants' eyes, we should perceive—

"Disorder, order unperceived by thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see."

These long galleries and cells are the work of a large black ant. These ants are somewhat formidable-looking insects, of a reddish-black colour, about half an inch in length. The male, or winged insect, is the largest; then the female; the workers are of smaller size. There are myriads of these last in that old cedar, and in those prostrate trunks that lean in every direction above it. These black ants are among the most active of our forest scavengers; ever busy, boring, sawing, pounding, and tearing; manufacturing a walled city out of the fragments of those fallen trees: silently and secretly do they carry on their labours, like the sappers and miners of a besieged city.

A troublesome colony of black ants is sometimes introduced into the log-house of the backwoods settler in the foundation logs, which are very frequently made of cedar, being more durable than any of the hardwood timbers. These creatures soon find out the housewives' stores of maple sugar, and molasses, and preserves, and

carry off quantities, to say nothing of what they devour individually; and very difficult it is to dislodge and destroy these depredators. They seem to be omnivorous, nothing eatable coming amiss to them. I have seen them stop their homeward march to devour crumbs, dead flies, and even make a meal off the body of their comrades. I remember being greatly molested by a colony of black ants, when living in a log-house, our first residence in the backwoods. They formed two regular bands, one going, the other coming, to my store closet. I killed them by hundreds, but the black brigands never seemed to diminish, till at last I found out their stronghold, which was a large cedar post to which my garden gate was hung. This was perforated all through by the labours of these insects, and being close to the walls of the house, they made their entry between the logs; boiling water, applied in sufficient quantities, at last ridded the house of the nuisance.

The timber of the white cedar is very light and durable, and is valued above all other for the sills of log buildings, for rafters, and posts and rails. The cedar swamp, which in the early days of the colony was looked upon by the settler as a useless waste of land and a loss, has now become a valuable possession—in many situations a most profitable one. In some places a thousand cedar rails will realize from twenty to thirty dollars, and even more than that sum in parts of the country where rail or fencing timber is scarce; and owing to the improvidence of many of the older class of settlers, this is now a common case. I have known cedar rails cost thirty dollars per thousand; and the buyer had not only to pay this high price, but to cut down and draw home the logs a distance of seven and even ten miles.

When cleared, these cedar swamps make good meadow land; the stumps and roots are easily burned or pulled out; and after a series of years, if well drained, will produce root and grain crops, and good pasturage for cattle.

At one time it was a common practice with farmers, when making fences about the homesteads, to reverse the cedar posts, inserting the upper end in the ground and the butt end uppermost, under the impression that by so doing the wood was preserved from decaying. I think the practice was objectionable, as from the spiral growth of this tree the heaviest end of the post was uppermost, forming a lever, which had the effect of heaving the fence out of the ground when the soil was softened by the action of frost and thawing rains in the spring of the year; besides, the fences so constructed had an unsightly appearance. If the preservation of the wood was the object in view, charring the end of the post before inserting it in the post-holes would have been a far more certain method of ensuring them from decay.

Gray gives the average height of the white cedar as from 20 to 50 feet, but it sometimes exceeds that height. The stem is tall, straight, and tapering upwards almost to a narrow point. Instead of forming a branching or bushy head, the branches curve downward, being wider and more sweeping towards the lower part of the trunk; very often they are re-curved toward the extremities. The leaves are closely appressed, or imbricated, lapping over each other in four rows on the sharply two-edged branchlets, which are flat and horizontally placed. The scales of the cones are soft and blunt; the seeds winged all round; the flowers are of two kinds, borne on different branchlets. The Greek name for the cedar is derived from some resinous tree—possibly from the cypress, to which it bears a near affinity. In its early growth, within the shelter of the forest or by the banks of lakes and creeks, the bark of the young cedar is smooth, and of a dark shining green; but where it grows in open, exposed ground, it is hard, rough, and scaly, and of a greyish colour; the foliage is also of a lighter, more yellowish tint of green than the saplings of the forest. When the tree attains to maturity, the bark splits into long lozenge-like divisions, and peels off in ragged strips. The long sweeping branches become rough and hoary in age, in the crevices of which the grey tree-moss fixes its long pendulous tufts, and, parasite as it is, preys upon the life-giving juice, bringing on the tree poverty and premature decay, and giving to it that venerable aspect that has obtained for it the name of WHITE CEDAR, in conjunction with the whiteness of the wood and outer bark.

When dry, the wood of the white cedar is highly inflammable, burning with great rapidity, and leaving only a residue of fine

white ashes, which is said to be deficient in the fertilizing salts of the deciduous or hard-wood trees.

The gum of the cedar is clear and colourless, and possesses a fine aromatic scent, which is given out after showers and during sunshine. The Indians regard the gum of this tree as possessing very healing and medicinal qualities. They chew it as a pleasant luxury; it excites the flow of saliva, and no doubt is far less injurious to the system than tobacco, or the kinnikinic of which they are so fond. The Indians use the root of the cedar as well as that of the tamerack (or *wah-tap*) in making their birch-bark canoes, and of the inner bark the squaws weave mats and baskets. The bass fibre is soft, pliable, and tough, and is better adapted for the manufacturing of mats than that of the basswood. The thwarts of the birch canoes are also made of split cedar. The tough silvery-grey paper which forms the outer covering of the wasps' nests is chiefly derived from the fibrous portions of the white cedar. While watching these industrious insects tearing off fragments of the silky-thready bark from some old fallen tree, I have thought that a manufacture of paper, or felt, might be produced from this abundant material, for which it seems particularly adapted. The fibre is white, shining, and tough; it can be beaten to any degree of fineness; and, moreover, seems to be of a more enduring substance than hemp or flax, as I have known portions of cedar bark to lie on the ground for a very long time, trodden down by the foot, and exposed to every vicissitude of weather, and yet retain their qualities unchanged. It would not be the first time that man has profited by the example of the lower animals in his manufactures, or borrowed from them materials for his work. Who will try to improve upon the paper made by the despised wasp?

Among its many uses, the cedar has of late years been adopted for garden fences. It is easily obtained; takes root readily; is extremely neat and ornamental when trimmed with the garden shears; is evergreen, and does not intrude upon the borders, as it sends up no shoots from the roots; is close, warm, and sheltering. Whether it would be proof against the weight of cattle pushing through it I cannot say, unless planted within rails or pickets, as is usually done in gardens. The hemlock also makes a very pretty garden fence, and possibly the white spruce, if headed in, might be rendered equally if not more serviceable for enclosures. A very handsome evergreen fence of mixed trees of the above-named species would be very ornamental and more serviceable than the hawthorn, which, in our native species, is hard to cultivate, having a tendency to grow too high and straggling to make a close, compact fence.

On dry soil the White Cedar (or *Arbor Vitæ*) forms pyramid groups growing close and compact from the ground upwards, the horizontal branches being so closely interwoven as to appear like one dense bush, and presenting a fine mass of rich evergreen foliage during the greater part of the year, though the severe frosts of winter change the bright verdant hue to a sickly yellowish tint; but, like the pines, the rising of the sap early in April renews all its bright colour and reclothes it with fresh beauty. The fall of the old leaves takes place in the latter end of summer, soon after the new shoots and fruit have been perfected.

Purth, our oldest Canadian botanist, writing of the American White Cedar (or *Arbor Vitæ*), says: "Its geographical range is from the northern parts of Canada to the mountains of Virginia and Carolina;" but adds, that "in the Southern States it is becoming rare, and is now only found native on the steep rocky banks of mountain torrents."

The White Cedar takes a more northerly range than the Cypress (*Cupressus thyoides*), also called "*White Cedar.*" This latter species prefers a warmer climate, extending southward, whilst our native cedar is seldom found south of the Alleghanies. Thus each species maintains its own especial boundary, retreating by almost imperceptible degrees, and giving place to its advancing rival.

It is not often that the cedar is found growing promiscuously in the forest among hard-wood trees, and rarely, if there, does it attain to any considerable size. When a group of these trees are so found, they indicate the presence of springs; often the head waters or source of forest streams are thus made known to the exploring woodsman and hunter. The Pagan worshippers of ancient times would have deified the moisture-loving cedars, making them the sylvan home of

Naiads who had their haunts by cool stream and shady grot, or by the rushy margin of lonely springs and bubbling founts.

But though the cedar is mostly found growing on the low-lying margins of lakes and rivers, yet it is a singular fact that it is frequently found forming dense masses, in detached groups, on high, dry, gravelly ground, and grassy wastes that have long lain unoccupied save by weeds and poverty-grass. In such unlikely spots these cedar bushes take root, never growing up into tall trees as in the moister lands, yet spreading continually till they effectually cover the ground, and, by excluding the sun and wind, convert, in process of time, the soil into a damp one, no evaporation taking place from the surface through the dense mass of branches that cover the earth even to the very roots of the bushes. The snow that falls in winter, and the rains in autumn and spring, saturate the ground with a superabundance of moisture, which ascends not again in mist or dew. Rank sedges and other moisture-loving herbs, and mosses, and fungi, take the place of a more healthy vegetation. A change is effected, both in the soil and its products, which might lead us to the conclusion that many of our cedar swamps have thus been originated where once a very different order of things existed. Such facts are suggestive of the changes that are continually taking place in the country, and are not without interest to students of causes and effects as regards the physical geography of our land.

A YEAR AGO.

'TIS just about a year, *ma chère*,
Since first you said you loved me so;
And now I scarcely seem to care
Whether your heart has changed or no.

Your eyes, I think, were grey—or blue;
(Those with such orbs must needs be moral!)
Your hair, inclined to brown in hue;
Your mouth, two rows of pearls in coral;

Complexion pale, expression sad;
Nose, though not Greek, yet scarcely Roman;
Your profile, dear, by no means bad;
Hands, soft and white—in short a woman
A man *must* love; at least I know
I lov'd you well, a year ago.

But hearts must change like other things;
The warmest love can't live for ever,
Although the constant Laureate sings
That love is love for aye and ever.

My sky is not less clear a blue,
Though time, with his relentless sickle,
Has cut our Gordian knot in two—
Has made *you* false, and proved *me* fickle.

HAMILTON. NEMO.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.*

BY FIDELIS.

O Life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

IF any one thing is more characteristic of this age than another, it is the restless mental activity which questions all things formerly received; a general "shaking" and revising of opinions, which, however much temporary pain and disorganization it may produce, must at least end in the result "that the things which cannot be shaken should remain." Could we imagine the present conflict of opinion to be witnessed afar by some spiritual spectator able to see mental as we see physical phenomena, we might conceive it as appearing somewhat like one of those temporarily destructive, yet permanently beneficial periods of storm which, while they cause much suffering and break up much that is venerable, do yet eventually purify the atmosphere and disperse much dead, inert, or injurious matter.

Of all the conflicts now being waged between the traditions of the past and the convictions of the present, none certainly is more intensely interesting to every thoughtful mind, whatever may be its predilections, than that between the claims of science and those of faith, or rather, between differing human conceptions of these claims; for if, as we firmly believe, these are but phases of the same eternal Truth, there *can* be no real conflict between them. But, as was natural, man's faith has at all times been coloured by his theology, and this in its turn has been coloured by the extent and correctness of his beliefs as to other truth; so that when these beliefs have been discovered to be incorrect to any great extent, the faith which has in a measure been bound up with different conceptions of general truth, becomes almost inevitably unsettled, until it accommodates itself to the altered state of things. We say *almost* inevitably,—for there is a faith so strong, from constant realization, that it *cannot* be shaken by any alteration of its mental conceptions, while at the same time it is quite ready, with all intellectual humility, to admit any extent of theoretical correction as to what may have been misconceived. This strong and candid faith is, however, unhappily too rare, and its rarity is probably the main cause of the bitterness both of theologians and of scientific men—the first determined, and with reason, not to give up their faith for science, and the latter as determined to give no consideration to a faith which, to their minds, is so much identified with the refusal to acknowledge scientific truth. Yet there is a feeling now strongly growing on both sides that both have been too hasty and intolerant; that it might be better for each party to seek better to appreciate the position of the other, and to see whether the differences are not ultimately reconcilable. Scientific men frequently betray an uneasy feeling that the faith which they have too lightly rejected, may, when purified from erroneous human conceptions, be fully reconcilable with the highest degree of knowledge of the mysteries of the Universe. What is it that gives, for instance, such a fascination and importance to Professor Tyndall's discoveries and speculations in Molecular Physics—that inspires what otherwise would be comparatively dry facts with pregnant and vital interest, and that makes an undercurrent of poetry and pathos glow through his statements of scientific truth, like the rosy fire through the seemingly colourless opal,—but the irresistibly pressing consciousness, latent though it may be,—that under all this grand, orderly, stately march of natural forces, there lies, not dead fact, but the knowledge of the mind and will of Him who *is* "THE TRUTH?" On the other hand, Christian philosophers

* [The present paper was in our hands before the publication of the article by Mr. Goldwin Smith, on "The Immortality of the Soul," which appeared in our last number, and is consequently an independent contribution.—ED. C. M.]

are showing themselves not less ready candidly to receive and consider *truth*, of whatever nature, and are using the very discoveries of science herself to meet and neutralize the objections which her votaries have rashly opposed to the reception of revealed religion.

The issue which has, for some time past, provoked the keenest conflict between, not Christians alone, but most theists, and a certain school of materialistic philosophers, is the one which is of the most momentous importance to us as intelligent existences—that of immortality, or a future life. Recent psychological and physiological researches have so strongly tended to show the intimate connection of mental phenomena, as we know them, with the action of the nerves and molecular movements in the brain, that certain materialists, such as Clifford and Büchner, carrying scientific reasoning to an unjustifiable extreme, refuse to admit the possible existence of consciousness under any other conditions than those which they have found necessary to mental life *as they know it*. As the inevitable consequence, they deny the continued existence of the soul or consciousness of man after the destruction or disorganization of the material structure which is its close associate, and, in their view, its producer. In other words, they deny any immortality or future life to man. That this is the conclusion arrived at by those who refuse to accept any light save that of an empirical science, need not surprise us when we find Christian Ministers and Doctors of Divinity denying the inalienable or unconditional immortality of man, apart from the spiritual life which he is to receive from Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life."

The most notable of the arguments which have lately appeared to vindicate the reasonableness of our belief in immortality are contained in a book that has excited much attention among both scientific and unscientific readers—"The Unseen Universe," generally ascribed to the joint authorship of Professors Tait and Balfour Stewart. It is more thoroughly "A Physical Theory of Another Life" than was Isaac Taylor's celebrated treatise of that name. Apparently concluding that arguments from a more spiritual point of view would be thrown away on scientific materialists, the authors meet them on their own ground, and by an ingenious and at least possible hypothesis, provide a fresh material basis for consciousness to endure when the one of which we are now cognizant, and indeed the whole visible universe, shall no longer exist. What ever may be thought of the hypothesis by those who believe at least as much in the existence of an immaterial something we call *mind* as in that of a material something we call *matter*, it is unquestionably a bold attempt to meet Sadducean materialists with their own weapons.

The object of the authors is, as announced in the preface, "to endeavour to show that the presumed incompatibility of Science and Religion does not exist" in regard to this important question. After regretfully admitting the recent increase in the numbers of those who either doubt or disbelieve in immortality, they state it as their aim "to show that the conclusion at which these men have arrived is not only not justified by what we know of the physical universe, but that, on the other hand, there are many lines of thought which point very strongly towards an opposite conclusion."

The first portion of the book is occupied by an interesting sketch of the various beliefs held by man regarding immortality, as afforded by the mythologies of the world, ending with an outline of the curious speculations of Swedenborg. The authors then proceed to their main argument, which is, "to show that immortality is strictly in accordance with the principle of continuity (rightly viewed)—that principle which has been the guide of all modern scientific advance;" and they maintain that, even from the materialist point of view, their "scheme will be found to give a more complete and continuous explanation of the visible order of things than one which proceeds upon the assumption that there is nothing else." In this respect they compare it with the atomic theory and the other hypotheses which, without any direct sensory evidence, have been adopted as "affording the best explanations of the phenomena of the visible universe."

The "Principle of Continuity," on which the argument is based, is more familiar to most readers under the names of the "Uniformity of Nature,"—our trust in the constancy of its processes,—or the "Persistence of Force." Our authors define it strikingly as the "expression in words of a trust that the Supreme Governor of the

Universe will not put us to permanent intellectual confusion," and it is expressed by a very ancient writer in the words: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun."* It is the same principle—a blending of experience and faith—which leads us to expect that the shades of night will be dispersed by to-morrow's sunrise, and that winter will give place to spring, and which, transferred to the domain of science, enables astronomers to calculate the times of eclipses centuries distant, and to decipher, from the processes now going on in the solar system, its past and future history for millions of years. Indeed, as a result of the principle that the forces now acting in the physical universe will go on acting in the future with the uniformity of which we know in the past, our authors maintain the certainty of an eventual extinction of life and energy in the "visible universe," and the possible disappearance of its inert masses from the visible condition. The foundation of this conclusion is, of course, the now universally admitted "Nebular hypothesis," which, as an American scientific writer says, is "the first great cosmological speculation which has been raised quite above the plane of guesswork, by making no other assumption than that of the uniformity of nature."

When, more than a generation ago, Taylor wrote his interesting speculations on the "Physical Theory of Another Life," he placed the imaginary abode of those who had put on the glorious vesture of the immortal body, in the sun itself. Science has made great strides since then, and we know now that our great luminary, with its incandescent but slowly cooling surface, could never be a permanent abiding place for an immortal existence. The nebular hypothesis informs us that our solar system was once a gaseous rotating nebula of inconceivable magnitude, which, contracting as it solidified, in accordance with laws that can be traced almost with certainty, gradually separated itself into the various members of our system as they now exist, with all their satellites and rings, the central sun still continuing to contract, and in so doing to generate heat. Yet, enormous as is the temperature of the sun, it is gradually cooling by radiation, and losing power to generate heat as it decreases in size. And though numberless ages must pass away before it will suffer any appreciable diminution of its present life-giving power, it must eventually become a dark and solid mass like its attendant planets, and life in the solar system be utterly extinct. This catastrophe, however, will be retarded by what we might almost call a scientific incarnation of the old Greek myth of Saturn devouring his children. We give it in the forcible words of our authors: "Besides the cooling of the sun, we must also suppose that, owing to something analogous to ethereal friction, the earth and the other planets of our system will be drawn spirally nearer and nearer to the sun, and will at length be engulfed in its mass. In each such case there will be, as the result of the collision, the conversion of visible energy into heat, and a partial and temporary restoration of the power of the sun. At length, however, this process will have come to an end, and he will be extinguished, until, after long but not immeasurable ages, by means of the same ethereal friction, his black mass is brought into contact with that of his nearest neighbour." The end is not yet, however. Although, so far as the solar system is concerned, all possibilities of physical life, heat, or motion, depending as they do entirely on the transformability of energy, will be at an end when its matter is all condensed into one aggregate mass of a uniform temperature, alike destitute of potential and of kinetic (or acting) energy, there are still sources from which a fresh supply of energy may be temporarily produced. In the words of our authors: "The fall together, from the distance of Sirius, let us say of the sun and an equal star, would at once supply the sun with at least thirty times as much energy for future radiation to possible planets, as could possibly have been acquired by his own materials in falling together from practically infinite diffusion, as a cloud of stones or dust, or a nebula; so that it is certain that if the present physical laws remain long enough in operation, there will be (at immense intervals of time) mighty catastrophes, due to

* Since this was written, the writer has seen a passage in an article in *Fraser's Magazine*, on the same subject, in which this quotation and one or two illustrations are similarly used. The coincidence is purely accidental, however, as the present writer had not met with the article in *Fraser* until this paper had been completed.

the crashing together of defunct suns—the smashing of the greater part of each into nebulous dust surrounding the remainder, which will form an intensely heated nucleus —then, possibly, the formation of a new and larger set of planets, with a proportionately larger and hotter sun—a solar system on a far grander scale than the present. And so on, growing in grandeur, but diminishing in number, till the exhaustion of energy is complete, and after that, eternal rest, so far at least as visible motion is concerned."*

From such conclusions as to the future, certain other conclusions follow as to the far remote past. It has been conjectured as probable that the nebula from which our own solar system has been formed was produced by a previous collision of two great sidereal bodies, the violent crashing together of which, generating heat faster than it could be dispersed by radiation, converted it into motion of expansion, and so generated a nebula of magnificent dimensions from which our solar system was gradually formed as already described. And as all matter appears to be in a condition of gradual coalescence, so not only our solar system, but all the conceivable material universe, must once, so far as we can judge from known laws of nature, have been in an almost infinitely rarefied condition. As the authors of "The Unseen Universe" say: "Our modern knowledge enables us to look back with almost certitude to the time when there was nothing but gravitating matter and its potential energy through the expanse of space, ready, as slight local differences of distribution predisposed it, to break up into portions, each converging to one or more nuclei of its own, and thus forming in time separate solar or stellar systems. We have thus reached the beginning as well as the end of the present visible universe, and have come to the conclusion that it began in time, and will in time come to an end. Immortality is therefore impossible in such a universe."

Our authors, however, do not leave us to the contemplation of so dismal a spectacle as this dead, dark, frozen corpse of a material universe, destitute of all energy, life, or movement, actual or potential. By a most ingenious hypothesis they dispose of this huge wreck, standing like a burnt-out volcano—a reminder of activities which shall be no more. The hypothesis by which they transfer the lifeless relics of the "visible universe" back to the region of the invisible, is founded upon the curious and profound speculations of Helmholtz and Clifford as to the ultimate composition of what we call "matter," and the hypothesis called the "vortex-atom" theory. What this thing is which we call "matter," which appears under such an infinite variety of aspects, has long been a puzzle to physicists. It is believed that the smallest divisible portions of any particular kind of matter, which we call molecules, ultimately consist of indivisible and indestructible atoms. But, atoms of what? What is this universal homogeneous substratum underlying so many different forms and textures? In Sir William Thomson's hypothesis, matter as well as heat is simply motion, and the atom is nothing but a ring of vortex-motion existing in a perfect fluid. "Vortex-motion" might be defined as the motion of a ring of liquid, every portion of which ring is in a state of rotary motion round its own axis. Professor Clifford illustrates it by describing a ring of india-rubber receiving a rotatory motion from having the stick on which it was stretched pulled through it while it was kept in its place on the stick. Another illustration is the smoke-ring that comes from a smoker's lips. In Professor Clifford's words, "The outside of the ring is kept back by the friction of his lips, while the inside is going forwards; thus a rotation is set up all round the smoke-ring as it travels out into the air. Helmholtz found by a wonderfully beautiful calculation that in a perfect liquid, where there is no friction, it is impossible for vortex-motion to be generated or destroyed; in any part of the liquid where there is no vortex-motion, no mechanical action can possibly start it; but where it once exists, there it is for ever, and no mechanical action can possibly stop it. A vortex-ring may move from place to place, but it carries with it the liquid of which it is composed, never leaving any particle behind, and never taking up any particle from the surrounding liquid. If we tried to cut it through with a knife, it would thin out like a stream of

* Such a prediction irresistibly suggests the wonderful words of the Hebrew poet, long ages before any of these physical speculations were thought of: "Yea, all of them [the heavens] shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed."

treacle, and the thinner it got the faster it would go round; so that if we multiplied together the number of revolutions in a second, and the number of square millimetres in the cross-section of the vortex-ring, we should always get the same product, not only in all parts of the ring, but through all time. . . . . Thus far Helmholtz, examining into the consequences of supposing that a fiction, serving to represent the actual properties of liquids at rest, holds good also in the case of motion. Here steps in Sir William Thomson with a brilliant conjecture. The ultimate atom of matter is required to be indestructible, to have a definite mass and definite rates of vibration. A vortex-ring in a perfect liquid is indestructible, has a definite mass and definite rates of vibration. Why should not the atom be a vortex-ring in a perfect liquid? If the whole of space were filled with an incompressible frictionless liquid in which vortex-rings once existed, at least some of the known phenomena of matter would be produced. Why should it not be possible in this way to explain them all?" Clifford himself, however, suggests the theory that, since it is probable that an electric current exists wherever an atom is found, an atom may be an electric current.

The authors of "The Unseen Universe" object to the supposition that atoms are vortex-rings generated out of a perfect fluid filling all space, on the ground that the origination of an atom out of a perfect fluid must have involved a breach of continuity; in other words, a direct act of creation, not of development. To meet this *scientific* objection, they suggest that the universal fluid out of which the atom has been developed is an imperfect one and not absolutely frictionless. The consequence, however, of even an infinitesimal amount of friction would be that the vortex-motion would not go on for ever; in other words, that the material atom itself is not indestructible, but may have been evolved by a natural process out of the unseen, and may eventually so return again into the invisible. "In fine," say these authors, "if we suppose the material universe to be composed of a series of vortex-rings developed from an invisible universe which is not a perfect fluid, it will be ephemeral, just as the smoke-ring which we develop from air, or that which we develop from water, is ephemeral, the only difference being in duration, these lasting only for a few seconds, and the others it may be for billions of years. Thus we come to the conclusion that the available energy of the visible universe will ultimately be appropriated by the invisible; and we may now perhaps inquire, at least as a possibility, whether the separate existence of the visible universe will share the same fate, so that we shall have no huge, useless, inert mass existing in after ages, to remind the passer-by of a form of energy and a species of matter that is long since out of date and functionally effete. Why should not the universe bury its dead out of sight?"

A beautiful poem by J. T. Trowbridge, in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has evidently been inspired by such speculations, thus powerfully refers to this tremendous process of dissolution:—

"And I pondered—'Change is written
Over all the blue, star-litten
Universe;—the moon on high there, once a palpitating sphere,
Now is seamed with ghastly scissures,
Chilled and shrunken, cloven with fissures,
Sepulchres of frozen oceans and a perished atmosphere.

"Doubtless, 'mid yon burning clusters
Ancient suns have paled their lustres,
Worlds are lost with all their wonders, glorious forms of life and thought,
Arts and altars, lore of sages,
Monuments of mighty ages,
All that joyous nature lavished, all that toil and genius wrought.

"So this dear, warm earth, and yonder
Sister worlds that with her wander
Round the parent light, shall perish; on through darkening cycles run,
Whirling through their vast ellipses
Evermore in cold eclipses,
Orphaned planets roaming blindly round a cold and darkened sun!

"This bright haze and exhalation,
Starry cloud we call creation,
Glittering mist of orbs and systems, shall like mist dissolve and fall,
Seek the sea whence all ascendeth,
Meet the ocean where all endeth:
Thou alone art everlasting, O thou inmost soul of all!"

This return of the visible universe into the invisible is the substratum of the special theory of future existence advanced by the authors, in order to meet the materialistic objection that consciousness cannot be supposed to survive the disorganization of the

material frame with which, in our experience, it is always associated. Their theory is that the invisible universe is united by bonds of energy to the visible one, and that the energy which goes out from the visible body during the present life, is preparing an invisible body to be the home and vehicle of consciousness when the present house of our tabernacle is dissolved. In the early part of the book the authors lay down two general conditions of organized life, as follows: "There must, in the first place, be an organ connecting the individual with the past (in other words, a material reservoir of past impressions); and, in the next place, there must be such a frame and such a universe that he has the power of varied action in the present." These conditions they propose to meet by a new use of the principle of the conservation of energy.

There is no more curious problem to natural philosophers than the question—what becomes of all the energy that is continually being lost, to all appearance, from the visible universe? So long as energy remains within the bounds of the visible or material, it seems to be incapable of destruction or diminution. Not only will a pebble thrown into a lake affect every particle of the water which it contains, but it has been ingeniously shown that "if we had power to follow and detect the minutest effects of any disturbance, each particle of existing matter must be a register of all that has happened. The track of every canoe, of every vessel that has yet disturbed the surface of the ocean, whether impelled by manual force or elemental power, remains for ever registered in the future movement of all succeeding particles which may occupy its place. What, then, becomes of all the energy that is constantly going out from the solar system, not only directly from the sun, but in the course of all ordinary action of all natural forces?" For, as our authors say, "if the only real things in the physical universe are matter and energy, and of these matter is simply passive, it is obvious that all the physical changes which take place, including those which are inseparably associated with the thoughts as well as the actions of living beings, are merely transformations of energy." And "if there be any one form of energy less readily or completely transformable than the others, and if transformations constantly go on, more and more of the energy of the universe will inevitably sink into this lower grade as time advances. Hence the whole possibility of transformation must steadily grow less and less; in scientific language, though the *quantity* of energy remains for ever unchanged, its *availability* steadily decreases." This decrease of transformability, or of *active power* of energy, is constantly being effected through the agency of radiant heat. For "at each transformation of heat-energy into work, a large portion is degraded, while only a small portion is transformed into work. So that while it is very easy to change all of our mechanical or useful energy into heat, it is only possible to transform a portion of this heat-energy back again into work. After each change, too, the heat becomes more and more dissipated or degraded, and less and less available for any future transformation. In other words, the tendency of heat is towards equalization; heat is *par excellence* the communist of our universe, and it will, no doubt, ultimately bring the system to an end. So far as we yet know, the final state of the present universe must be an aggregation (into one mass) of all the matter it contains, *i. e.*, the potential energy gone, and a practically useless state of kinetic energy, *i. e.* uniform temperature throughout that mass." Considering, then, that not only every fire we light, but every expenditure of energy, nay, every breath we draw, is helping to bring about this dismal cessation of life, work, and activity from the material universe, we might well feel like the prisoner shut up in an air-tight cell, who knows that every respiration is helping to exhaust his little stock of possible life, or like him who saw the chamber in which he was imprisoned contracting day by day—were it not that the sum of all the energy we can expend in our short span of life is practically as nothing in proportion to the inconceivable quantity contained in the universe.

And, moreover, the energy which is available for work in our system is as nothing compared with the quantity which our sun is sending out, moment by moment, into what we think of as "empty space." When we consider the proportion of the earth's diameter to the extent of its orbit—8,000 miles to nearly 600,000,000—and the fact that the heat radiated from the sun extends not only to every point of that circular or-

bit, but also in every direction *spherically* from every point of the sun's immense circumference, we can comprehend how small a proportion of it is intercepted by our little terrestrial ball. Indeed it has been calculated by Professor Tyndall that our proportion of solar heat and light is less than a two-billionth part of what appears to be as much wasted in apparently empty space as is a shower falling on the ocean; for all that is intercepted and utilized by other planets forms a most insignificant item compared with the sum of the whole. And when we reflect what a wonderful mass of life and energy is sustained by this small fraction of its light and heat, we can faintly conceive how immense is the quantity of power which appears to be thus wasted. As the authors of "The Unseen Universe" observe, "we are at first sight forcibly struck with the apparently wasteful character of the arrangements of the visible universe. All but a very small portion of the sun's heat goes day by day into what we call empty space, and it is only this very small remainder that is made use of by the various planets for purposes of their own. Can anything be more perplexing than this seemingly frightful expenditure of the very life and essence of the system? That this vast store of high-class energy should be doing nothing but travelling outwards in space at the rate of 188,000 miles per second is hardly conceivable, especially when the result of it is the inevitable destruction of the visible universe."

But here it cannot but occur to us that, since we really *know* nothing at all as to the fate of this seemingly lost energy, we cannot tell but that it may be utilized for adequate purposes, after it has left our ken and power to follow it. We know nothing as to the nature of that "beyond" which we call "empty space." The undulatory theory of light and the phenomena of electricity and magnetism compel us to believe in the luminiferous ether which must at all events extend beyond the remotest light-giving star, and may indeed, for aught we know, fill infinite space, as it is believed to interpenetrate every particle of the hardest and most solid bodies. Now, as Mr. Fiske justly remarks in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "whether there are any bounds at all to this ethereal ocean, or whether it is as infinite as space itself, we cannot surmise. If it be limited, the possible dispersion of radiant energy is limited by its extent. Heat and light cannot travel through emptiness. If the ether is bounded by surrounding emptiness, then a ray of heat, on arriving at this limiting emptiness, would be reflected back as surely as a ball is sent back when thrown against a solid wall. * * * The radiance thrown away by the sun is indeed lost, so far as the future of our system is concerned, but not a single unit of it is lost from the universe. Sooner or later, reflected back in all directions, it must do work in one quarter or another, *so that ultimate stagnation becomes impossible.*" This is a more cheerful view than that of the sinking of all energy into a dead level of utter quiescence, and it seems reasonable and in accordance with our limited experience. It would have appeared as if the solar energy which was expended in the building up of the immense mass of vegetation which became our coal formation, had been lost as energy for ever. And now, all over the globe, this same energy, once more set free, is operating as a source of work and motion, only second to the sun itself. Supposing that the whole visible universe, with its countless wonderful forms of organization and life, were to disappear absolutely into the invisible, can we not imagine infinite reservoirs of energy ready to restore it once more into still more wonderful and perfect forms of material life? Or—which is much the same thing to those who hold all matter or force to be simply the revelation to our senses of the will and the thoughts of the Eternal Source of all life and energy—why may we not suppose this seemingly lost energy to return to its Source, to be used at His will in ever new and varying combinations of what it has pleased Him to make the visible universe?

Why may we not imagine it possible that as the material universe seems to be founded on the principle of cycles, the annually recurring phenomena of the seasons may not be a miniature type of similar phenomena on a scale as much grander as the æons of planetary evolution, maturity, and dissolution exceed in extent our brief solar year? May we not imagine that, somewhat akin to the feeling with which the lover of nature watches the fresh budding life, the ever new and wonderful miracle of the spring,—only infinitely more ecstatic and elevated,—might be the delight and interest with which intelligent beings like ourselves, who have put on the

garment of immortality, may be privileged to watch the dawning life of new solar systems —their preparation for rational inhabitants, the gradual progress of these in adaptation for a higher state of being, and the final autumnal decay of their temporary habitation? And may we not suppose that regret for the extinction of these worlds, with all that was wonderful and beautiful in their organization, might be counteracted—just as is our regret when the rich verdure of the forest is dispersed by autumnal winds, and the glowing blaze of colour of September flower-beds is turned into blackness and decay by a night's frost—by the assurance that the seeming destruction we lament is only preparing the way for a fresher life, when spring shall come again? And as we might suppose the same phenomena going on simultaneously in different stages through a limitless universe—as indeed science teaches that they are *now* going on in the visible heavens —we may easily conceive that this grand sort of spring might be perennial—that in *some* portion of the universe there would at all times be room for the delight in a new and fresh creation, described in the most sublime of all poems—"when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." We may believe that they who would then be "heirs of all the ages" in a sense we cannot even conceive now, might, far from existing inactive amid absolutely changeless beatitude,—which seems to be the popular idea of heaven,—be ever finding from æon to æon new lessons to learn, new fields of knowledge to explore new cause to adore, in inexpressible veneration, "the wondrous works of Him who is perfect in knowledge."

These are, of course, only speculations, but they seem to be legitimate speculations, in accordance with the principle of continuity, and with our strong instinctive feeling that He who has called into existence so many and so beautiful forms of organized life, or the visible universe, is more likely to continue to evoke ever-varying beauty in that outward garment by which He reveals Himself to our physical senses, than to annihilate altogether this magnificent embodiment of His thought. As the forms of life even in our own planet seem almost infinite, may we not believe that an eternity would unfold to us ever new combinations, to excite our wonder and admiration? And as higher intelligences than ourselves may, in this our narrow and bounded life, be ministering spirits to those who often sorely need ministration, so *our* interest in the formation and the life of new worlds may not be wholly a spectacular one; but it may even be the divine privilege of a higher state of being to have a never-ending mission of love to discharge to the younger brothers and sisters of the universal family.

Even Professor Clifford, in his "First and Last Catastrophe," admits that we cannot calculate back for ever the past history of the universe—that we *must* come to a point where all known laws of evolution fail—when, consequently, so far as our present knowledge goes, we come to what we must regard as an act of origination—what we should call a creative act; what *he* calls the "first catastrophe." Consequently, even he appears to admit that the "last catastrophe" by no means precludes the repetition of the originating act called the "first catastrophe." But a repetition of such "catastrophes" would be just the recurrence of evolution and dissolution, spring and autumn, on the grand scale we have suggested; and this as no "senseless bubble-play of Titan forces," but as the noble plan of an intelligent Designer, ever working out higher and higher types of life.

But we return to the argument of the authors of "The Unseen Universe," that the energy constantly going out from the visible universe into the invisible ether may afford a means of "investiture of present resources in order to keep a hold upon the past," and provide that material organ of memory which their hypothesis declares necessary to any conception of future intelligent existence. For if "each particle of existing matter must be a register of all that has happened," and as "every thought that we think is accompanied by a displacement and motion of the particles of the brain, then somehow—in all probability by means of the medium—we may imagine that these motions are propagated throughout the universe." A sweet poetess once sang regretfully that

> "Earth and air no record keep
> Of parted strains."

But we know now that a record—of a kind —*is* kept of every occurrence, great and small. The author of a little *brochure* en-

titled "The Stars and The Earth," published about thirty years ago, suggested that, as a consequence of the vibration of light, "the pictures of every occurrence propagate themselves into the distant ether upon the wings of the ray of light," and that, in consequence of the definite motion of the luminous undulations, these records are spreading themselves out further and further into the universe, presenting, at different points of view, a complete history of all that has ever been visible in it. Thus, as he says, "the pictures of all secret deeds which have ever been transacted remain indissolubly and indelibly for ever, reaching from one sun beyond another." This idea has been expanded by modern researches in the domain of molecular physics, till it embraces not merely the optically visible, but all molecular changes whatsoever, including those which take place in the brain itself. According to Mr. Babbage, as quoted in "The Unseen Universe," "the air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand for ever recorded, vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle the testimony of man's changeful will." Thus, while, on the one hand, we should have a glorious universal picture gallery, with every noble deed, however humble, registered in an indestructible medium to all eternity; on the other hand, what could so fully realize the penalty of "shame and everlasting contempt,"—what could offer so awful a pillory,—as the idea that every wicked deed, word, or thought was similarly indelibly registered for all succeeding ages?

On the basis of this theory, which has its foundation in actual fact, the authors of "The Unseen Universe" found their hypothesis that as the invisible ether must receive all the energy which goes out from the visible universe, so the action of our consciousness, being associated with molecular displacements in the brain, is building up for us a second invisible organ of consciousness and memory to which our vital energy may be transferred when it leaves our present physical frame. Their conclusion is, that "*thought, conceived to affect the matter of another universe simultaneously with this, may explain a future state.*" As the molecular displacements in the brain are supposed to be "in some way stored up in that organ, so as to produce what may be termed our material and physical memory," so others may be "communicated to the spiritual or invisible body, forming a memory which may be made use of when that body is free to exercise its functions." Thus do our authors offer a "physical theory of another life," and meet the scientific objection to immortality which they feel "logically constrained to admit," namely, the necessity for supposing "the existence of some frame or organ not of this earth which survives dissolution—if we regard the principle of continuity and the doctrine of immortality as both true." If this be true, it follows that at every moment, by every act, movement, word, and look, every human creature is moulding the constitution of that unseen body to which his consciousness is to be transferred at death, and in which he is to appear *as he is*, without possibility of disguise, before the superior intelligences who take cognizance of the invisible universe. The forcible language in which our authors suggest how foul a thing that may be which thus goes forth from the protecting veil of the present body, and stands in naked deformity as "a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men," recalls the solemn words: "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." To the reckless sensualist, who lives only for self-gratification in forms grosser or more refined, and to him who sacrifices his convictions of truth and right to a present success, such a thought might have its awful warning; while they who, in solitude and silence, unknown and unappreciated on earth, are, "by patient continuance in well-doing," "pressing towards the mark" set before them, may find a fresh stimulus to "work out their own salvation with fear and trembling."

The authors of "The Unseen Universe" leave it somewhat uncertain whether they regard the invisible counterpart of our present body as its permanent immortal garment, or merely as the temporary conserver of our consciousness, until we shall be clothed with the resurrection body—the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." From their references to the resurrection of Christ, and to Scriptural statements, it would

appear that the latter was contemplated, though not distinctly stated. Indeed there can be no difficulty in supposing that the nucleus of consciousness abiding in an invisible tabernacle, might at any time be endowed with a body fitted for its new relations with matter, or even with the power of "evolving" from the invisible ether a body as gloriously gifted with all physical and mental capabilities as the imagination of Taylor himself conceived. But such theories did not come within the province of our authors, who were concerned only with the capabilities of the unseen universe to provide what they and others conceive to be a necessary link between our conscious existence and its past. Thus, in the words of the poem before quoted—

> "Veiled in manifold illusion,
> Seeming discord and confusion,
> Life's harmonious scheme is builded: earth is but the outer stair,
> Is but scaffold, beam, and stanchion
> In the rearing of the mansion.
> Dust enfolds a finer substance, and the air, diviner air."

The suggestions contained in "The Unseen Universe" as to the possible agency of invisible higher intelligences in directing some of the less calculable forces of our universe, and those concerning the tripartite mystery of Being, Energy, and Life with the differing relations of the Christian Trinity to the visible universe, are interesting and suggestive, but they do not belong to the main argument with which we are specially concerned. The argument as to the connection of the unseen universe with the visible one affording an explanation of miracles without a breach of continuity, is also interesting, but is hardly likely to influence materialists.

The guess at truth which is contained in the volume is certainly a bold one, and the speculations—though but speculations—afford much material for profitable reflection. But the hypothesis as to the mode of future existence will to most seem only an ingenious conjecture; and by what we might almost call a law of contrariety, the most ingenious conjectures in matters which entirely transcend experience and comprehension are most generally at fault. As our authors say, we perpetually find ourselves, as finite intelligences, attempting infinite problems, and the wonder would be did we succeed in our attempts. Our spiritual existence, when we come to experience it, will probably appear simpler and more natural than even this interesting theory. There is no reason why the supposition might not be true, and on the other hand there is none why it should. It may be that the ether preserves an impression of every molecular displacement caused by each thought and act of an intelligent being, but this is by no means equivalent to saying that it is so organized that, like a sensitized photographic plate, it preserves a complete invisible counterpart of the individual in all his individuality, ready to be endued with his consciousness at death. Of course, the supposition was made to meet materialistic objections to the continuance of existence after the disorganization of the material brain. But Professor Clifford, at least, is calmly contemptuous over the whole hypothesis, and points out that though the impression of every brain movement may be preserved intact, there is no ground from this to conclude the preservation also of that complex stream of feeling which we call consciousness. To use his own simile, a river may carry to the sea every drop of water intact, and yet *as a river* it exists no longer.

We cannot but agree with Mr. John Fiske, therefore, that "the essential weakness of such a theory as this lies in the fact, that *it is thoroughly materialistic in character.*" This "spiritual body," constructed out of ether, is just as really *material* as the apparently grosser bodies which we inhabit now. An invisible gas is as truly matter as a block of granite, and the subtlest ether conceivable is matter still. The unseen universe, then, of our authors, is, though invisible, as much a part of the *material* universe as is the most solid body we can see and touch, and it does not decrease the mystery of the survival of consciousness to imagine it transferred from one set of material particles to another. The authors, surely, concede far too much to materialists when they "maintain that we are logically constrained to admit the existence of some frame or organ, not of this earth, which survives dissolution." To say that thought cannot exist without a material substratum or vehicle, is almost equivalent to saying that consciousness is a product of matter, for which there is not the slightest warrant, scientific or philosophical. To quote again Mr. Fiske, who is an accomplished

physicist: "The progress of modern discovery has in no respect weakened the force of Descartes' remark, that between that of which the differential attribute is Thought, and that of which the differential attribute is Extension, there can be no similarity, no community of nature whatever. Modern discovery, so far from bridging over the chasm between mind and matter, tends rather to exhibit the distinction between them as absolute. It has, indeed, been rendered highly probable that every act of consciousness is accompanied by a molecular motion in the cells and fibres of the brain; and materialists have found great comfort in this fact, while theologians and persons of little faith have been very much frightened by it. But since no one ever pretended that thought can go on, *under the conditions of the present life*, without a brain, one finds it rather hard to sympathize either with the self-congratulations of Dr. Büchner's disciples, or with the terrors of their opponents. But what has been less commonly remarked is the fact that when the thought and the molecular movement thus occur simultaneously, in no scientific sense is the thought the product of the molecular movement. The sun-derived energy of motion latent in the food we eat is variously transformed within the organism, until some of it appears as the motion of the molecules of a little globule of nerve matter in the brain. But does this motion of nerve molecules now produce a thought or state of consciousness? By no means. It simply produces some other motion of nerve molecules, and this in turn produces motion of contraction or expansion in some muscle, or becomes transformed into the chemical energy of some secreting gland. At no point in the whole circle does a unit of motion disappear as motion, to reappear as a unit of consciousness. The physical process is complete in itself, and the thought does not enter into it. All that we can say is, that the occurrence of the thought is simultaneous with that part of the physical process which consists of a molecular movement in the brain." And even Professor Tyndall says that "the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why."

Moreover, philosophy teaches us that our present knowledge of matter is but a knowledge of phenomena; or, in other words, of *qualities* which we ascribe to matter, but which really cannot be shown to have any existence apart from the mind which conceived them. Even Clifford, one of the most materialistic of materialists, admits, in his latest article, that "this doctrine of Berkeley's has now been so far confirmed by the physiology of the senses, that it is no longer a metaphysical speculation, but a scientifically established fact." To many of the most thoughtful philosophers of the present day, that mysterious something which we call matter is but the manifestation to our senses and minds of the action of an invisible Will—"the manifestation of infinite Deity to our finite minds." *Mind*, then, not matter, has the most real existence to us—is indeed the only indestructible existence; and can we admit that, in ourselves, any more than in the external mind in which we believe, it is dependent for its existence in being associated with certain transitory material combinations?

If, then, the spiritual and material worlds are utterly incommensurate and radically differentiated, it is both unreasonable and unphilosophical to maintain, as does Professor Clifford, that a universe full of atoms and ether affords no room for the existence of purely spiritual beings, and that because in our experience we have not known consciousness to exist apart from matter, therefore it is impossible it should do so. Inasmuch as we believe that our own consciousness, which is more real to us than anything else whatever, co-exists with our material organism without in the least interfering with its extension in space, why may not other intelligences similarly co-exist with a material universe ever so full of atoms? And as the world of mind is absolutely inaccessible to the minutest physical investigation, the fact that such investigation discovers no trace of it is no proof whatever of its non-existence. To speak of physical proof or disproof of a spiritual world is as incongruous as it would be to speak of the colour of a cube root or the fragrance of a triangle. The two ideas are simply out of all relation. It is quite reasonable to believe that spirit-

ual existences may affect our thoughts, but unless they assumed material properties and relations they could not possibly affect our senses. And to say that we have no experience of consciousness apart from matter is no proof that it may not so exist. It is inconceivable to our minds *how* it should so exist, simply because we have no experience of it; but to say that it is therefore impossible, is to make our limited experience the test of truth, and is not far removed from the error of the Eastern Prince who declared that the story of water becoming solid in some countries was a fabrication. We are but slowly learning a little of the great book of knowledge, and we are acting like grown-up children when we maintain that no future page can contain anything different from those which we have laboriously learned to decipher. And while physical investigation can afford no disproof whatever of spiritual existence, there are, deeply rooted in the noblest part of our nature, indications of its existence which the most finely constituted minds find it impossible to distrust.

"All about the world and near it
Lies the luminous realm of spirit,
Sometimes touching upturned foreheads with a strange unearthly sheen;
Through the deep ethereal regions
Throng invisible bright legions,
And unspeakable great glory flows around our lives unseen;

"Round our ignorance and anguish,
Round the darkness where we languish,
As the sunlight round the dim earth's midnight tower of shadow pours,
Streaming past the dim, wide portals,
Viewless to the eyes of mortals
Till it flood the moon's pale islet or the morning's golden shores.

"O'er the world of sense for ever
Rolls the bright, celestial river;
Of its presence, of its passing, streaks of faint prophetic light
Give the mind mysterious warning,
Gild its clouds with gleams of morning,
Or some shining soul reflects it to our feeble inner sight."

It is in the inner sight, which is far more sensitive to spiritual influences than the most delicate test of the physicist, that we find, not a "physical theory of a future life," but its surest evidence. Like other sensibilities, it is capable of being deadened, and it would seem as if, in some great thinkers, it were deadened through the one-sided development which results from too great absorption in the study of external phenomena. But that part of man which is satisfied with the contemplation of material phenomena, however wonderful, is not the noblest part of him. There is a whole world of feeling which the conditions of outward life can neither explain nor satisfy, as real, nay, often more real than our physical existence, and we are often made to feel intensely that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." The whole range of moral feeling; our perceptions of the beauty which lies not in matter, but in its presentation to our minds; the appreciation of justice, goodness, truth; the ecstacy or the suffering bound up with gratified or wounded affection; a thousand vague yearnings and aspirations which we cannot explain even to ourselves; all imply an existence which is not of this world, and which, in our best moments, we feel is in no sense dependent on it for its preservation. Not to speak at present of Christian faith, poetry, which is often the handmaid of faith,—not seldom indeed a secondary kind of faith, and so "the evidence of things not seen,"—has in all times pointed to spiritual existence and the immortality which, we feel, belongs to it. Most readers will remember how Wordsworth has referred to

"Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things;
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized;
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

And Mrs. Hemans has touched the same chord in some of her sweetest strains:

"The power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
Vague yearnings, like the sailor's for the shore,
And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken
From some bright former state, our own no more;
Is not this all a mystery? Who shall say
Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their way?

"Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not;
Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think
Are those whom death has parted from our lot!
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, but undismayed!

"Humbly,—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
Her way amidst these marvels of the mind;

Yet undismayed, for do they not reveal
Th' immortal being with our dust entwined?
So let us deem! and e'en the tears they wake
Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake."

Putting aside the belief in immortality, we could not possibly explain the utter disproportion of man's powers and desires and aspirations to the short span and limited sphere of his earthly life. The very feeling of limitation which we often feel, and over which we often inwardly fret, seems to show that we have some dim realization of the higher and wider life towards which, amid many a check and struggle, our being is steadily tending. "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not;" but it can at least catch a faint gleam, though it does not yet comprehend it. Many of man's endowments seem not only superfluous to his present life, but are often really a hindrance as regards his success in his present arena. How often do strength of emotion, sensitiveness of conscience, and finely organized spiritual nature, seem really dead weights in the "struggle for existence" of this life! Without immortality we could find no *raison d'être* for a hundred rudimentary powers which find no development, no fostering atmosphere on earth. Without this we can find no logical justification for placing the hero's or the martyr's death above the prosperous life of selfish ease; for if death be the end of being, we should have to admit that "a living dog is better than a dead lion." They who would take away man's belief in immortality would take away the strongest check from evil-doing, the strongest stay from the helpless and—so far as earth is concerned—the hopeless sufferer. Nothing but the immortality of man could adequately explain his religious cravings, or throw any light upon the countless mysteries that oppress him—the frequent seeming triumph of wrong over right, falsehood over truth, injustice over justice; the prosperous tyrannies, the apparently blighted lives, noble careers cut short, thwarted aspirations and half developed powers; the sense of failure and incompleteness that besets perhaps even the most successful lives; the load of acute suffering under which some of earth's noblest benefactors have done their work; while the selfish and self-absorbed have, on the other hand, appeared to live tranquilly on in as great happiness as their natures were capable of feeling. On any adequate supposition of a Source of Life, who is also the origin of our moral nature, we feel that there *must* be another sphere in which the crooked shall be made straight, and frustrated powers and incompleted lives shall receive at last their due development.

"Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts;
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,
That finds no limits but its own pure will."

Looking at life as it is, even at its best, and comparing it with the ideal written by the finger of God upon our hearts, we feel convinced that, in the words of the authors of "The Unseen Universe," "there is no impenetrable barrier to the intellectual development of the individual. Death is not such a barrier, whether we contemplate it in others or whether we experience it ourselves. And the same continuity which has been insisted on with reference to our intellectual conceptions of the universe, applies, we have little doubt, to the other faculties of man, and to other regions of thought."

But there are influences which bring the sense of a spiritual and future life far closer than does any exercise of our reasoning powers,—influences which, "striking the electric chain with which we are darkly bound," seem to bring us into the very presence of the unseen and eternal. To certain organizations especially,—the ecstasy of a spring morning, sweet with the balmy odours of a thousand opening blossoms; the inexplicable sensations produced by the evanescent beauty of a sunset; or the strains of noble or pathetic music, entering as it seems into recesses of our being of which we were previously unconscious; or the silent rapture of a summer wood, when the play of light and shade and the soft rustling of the branches seem but the garment of the Invisible;—each and all seem to bring the spirit into direct communion with the Unseen—

"A presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

And the same poet beautifully says, that as the murmur of the sea-shell expresses

"Mysterious union with its native sea,
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the eye of faith: and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

Or, as a modern poet expresses "the touch of the unseen,"—

"In low estate, I, as the flower,
Have nerves to feel, not eyes to see;
The subtlest in the conscience is
Thyself, and that which toucheth Thee.

"For ever it may be that I
More yet shall feel, but shall not see,
Above my soul, Thy wholeness roll,
Not visibly, but tangibly."

We have quoted poetry so freely because, while science concerns itself chiefly with the seen and material, we believe that all true poetry is to some extent an insight into the unseen and spiritual, dealing first, it is true, with the harmonies of nature, and then with that up to which those harmonies lead. If "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him," then it is far more the spiritual side of man's nature than his merely intellectual powers which can in any degree realize these spiritual mysteries, and the fullest realization of them by far is the happy privilege of Christian faith. They who, by spiritual union with Christ, have already become partakers of the Divine nature, and attained that communion with the Father of their spirits which can only be so attained, "*have* everlasting life," and do not need to consider it a doubtful problem whether they *shall* have it or not. In the daily grace and strength they receive from "the God of all power," in the victory which in that strength they achieve over the evil of the world, in "the peace that passeth understanding" which fills their hearts, they are already delivered from the bondage of mortality, and feel themselves partakers of a life which shall know no check or end—which is

"No poor cisterned store
The lavish years are draining low,
But living streams that, welling o'er,
Fresh from the Living Fountain flow
For ever!"

How many a Christian life has closed amid an unclouded peace and joy that has seemed the fulfilment of Bunyan's beautiful vision of the land of Beulah—when the very radiance of the immortal hills seemed to glow before the vision of him who was passing away from earth in "sure and certain hope" of everlasting life. And though no message has ever come back from the silent land, even from the dearest companion of our life, still it often seems at such times as if the door through which the lost one has passed has been left "ajar" to let a little of the radiance stream through—as if the light of peace that still rests on the dead face, and the deep, incomprehensible peace that broods over the stricken hearts of the mourners, were an earnest of immortality that no future experiences could ever totally take away, even though

"The radiant hour is rare,
When the soul, from heights of vision,
Views the shining plains Elysian,
And in after-times of trouble we forget what peace is there!"

"The Unseen Universe" is, as has been said, a noble contribution to scientific speculation, and a pleasant illustration, in these days of scientific scepticism, of the fact that men can be at once profound and accomplished physicists, and sincere believers in the Christian Revelation. But it is not scientific speculation, but the golden key of faith, which can alone unlock those pearly gates of visible life, which are so bright and, as it almost seems, translucent, and yet so opaque to the light of the spiritual and immortal life beyond them. Our authors themselves seem to feel this, for they close their volume with some quoted words which will always be as true as when they were first written: "*This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.*"

LOST IN THE WOODS:

A STORY OF THE CANADIAN LUMBER FOREST.

BY W. H. WILLIAMS, TORONTO.

IT was the last of Indian summer, and Sunday night, in a little lumber shanty, on the bank of "Myers's Creek," as it was known to the shanty-men, who would hardly recognise that unpretending stream by its more pretentious name, "River Moira," which appears on the map of Canada, designated by a narrow and very crooked black line commencing near the valley of the Upper Ottawa, and ending at the Town of Belleville, on the beautiful Bay of Quinté.

In the morning the sun had shone out brightly through the thin purple haze that hovered over hill and valley, painting an edge of rainbow hues along the outline of the far-off granite hills that reared their rugged forms against the eastern sky, and lending a gleam of purple and gold to the wavelets that fluttered out from the current into the quiet little bay just in front of our shanty.

But this was the last smile that flitted across the hectic face of the dying summer, for before noon a thunder-storm suddenly burst upon us; and this, in turn, degenerated into a cold drenching rain as the afternoon wore on. Glad enough we were to have even the leaky roof of the old shanty over our heads that night, as we spread our blankets on the floor around the caboose or fire-place in the centre, and prepared to spend the evening in genuine shanty style.

To one unaccustomed to it, roughing it in the lumber woods has its drawbacks, but, at the same time, it is not without its good points. True, a diet of bread, pork, beans, and "black strap" is not just the thing for one accustomed to fare sumptuously every day; yet I have never known any man to spend a week in a well-kept lumber shanty without getting up a magnificent appetite. And then there is something in the careless *abandon*, the entire absence of anything like constraint or conventionality, that affords a delightful change after one has been enduring the restraints of what, for want of a better name, may be termed civilized life.

Picture our little group lounging on the shanty floor, stretched on our blankets in just such attitudes as pleased our fancies, around a great, roaring, crackling fire, that sent its broad, ruddy sheets of flame half-way to the smoke-browned rafters, and shot its whirling sparks out into the great cold pall of damp and darkness that enwrapped the outer world. Close beside us we could hear the steady measured champing of the horses as they took their supper of ground oats in the stable which adjoined the shanty, and outside we could hear the storm roaring and whistling among the giant pines, that thrashed each other with their long, bare arms just above our heads.

We were only commencing the season, having just returned from the "tail of the drive," which had been all summer in reaching Belleville. Our gang was nearly the same that had begun the season in that shanty for two or three years successively. There was the same cook, the same "boss," and the same time-keeper; while there had been but few changes among the teamsters and axe-men. We had lost two men on the drive of the preceding spring, the poor fellows having been carried over High Falls while breaking a jam of logs; and, owing to his eccentricities, another of our number had been left in a remarkably substantial stone building in Belleville when we returned up the river. I believe the difficulty arose out of a misunderstanding as to the ownership of a pair of buckskin gloves that had been hanging at the door of a hat store. Those two Lower Canadian Frenchmen playing "old sledge" in the corner have taken the place of the men who were drowned; and the St. Regis Indian sleeping on the bags of grain yonder has taken the place of the young man we left in Belle-

ville. Old Bill, our big Irish cook, has finished the dish washing, and has laid the table for breakfast.

"Now, give us a song, Dick Green," says Old Bill to the son of an Irish settler, who has walked two miles through the mud and rain to spend Sunday evening in the shanty.

Dick had been waiting for the last half-hour for an invitation to sing, and for fear some one would commence to tell a story, and the proposal be forgotten, he cleared his throat at once, and in a hoarse voice, with a strong nasal twang, began to recount the adventures and peculiarities of "Bryan O'Linn."

"By the piper that played before Moses on the big bridge at Belfast, you were born for the stage, Mr. Green," said Old Bill, when the song was finished. "If ould Welch, in Detroit, had ye, he'd be making his fortin out o' ye."

"Give us another song," said Pat Sullivan, who had been a sailor on the lakes before he turned lumberman.

Mr. Green declined to sing any more till some one else favoured the company; and accordingly Mr. Sullivan gave a stirring picture of nautical life, with the inspiriting refrain—

"You ought to see us howlin' when the wind was blowin' free,
On the passage down to Buffalo from Milwau-kee-e-e-e."

Other songs followed, by different members of the gang, most of them commencing with the inevitable couplet—

"As I went out walking one morning in spring,
For to hear the birds whistle and the nightingales sing."

After these, in turn, came stories of hair-breadth escapes on the drive in days gone by, and incredible accounts of the endurance of wonderful horses long since departed; till the fire burnt low and its flickering flames sent hosts of little shadows dancing about the edges of the blackened rafters, and one long story was sleepily drawn out to an accompaniment of snores that almost drowned the monotonous voice of the narrator.

Suddenly, however, there was a splushing of horses' feet as they scrambled up the muddy hill behind the shanty, and a loud "whoa" brought the sleepers back to consciousness. A "cadge" team had come in, and in a few minutes the newly arrived teamster was taking off his dripping clothes before the fire.

"What's the news, Jim?" sang out the foreman, Black Ben, from his nest in a corner next the stable.

"Nothin'," replies Jim.

"How's the road through the bush?"

"Beastly! got stuck twice gittin' up Tom White's hill. The ole mare's awful baulky to-night. Had to knock her down twice with a handspike to larn her sense."

"Did you fetch all yer load with you?"

"I left a bar'l of pork at White's."

"Was Tom to hum?"

"No; you see one o' Chester Bronson's youngsters has bin lost since 'bout three o'clock, and the hull settlement's out lookin' fer him, an' Tom's along of 'em.

"How old is the kid?"

"It's little Dan; I've seed him; jess 'bout the size o' your Jack; five or six, p'rhaps."

Black Ben gets up, swears viciously at the projecting edge of a rough slab in the floor on which he stubs his toe in making his way to the fire, and having reached the caboose, rakes out a live coal and lights his pipe. After one or two puffs he takes his pipe out of his mouth and remarks—

"That's pooty rough."

"What's rough?" asks Jim, with his mouth full of cold pork and molasses, and who, in the enjoyment of his "snack," had forgotten all about his former conversation.

"'Bout that young un bein' lost sich a night as this, an' in these cussed woods, whar bars and wolves is thicker'n hair on a dog."

"Chester's in an awful way 'bout the little feller. They've been draggin all the deep holes in the creek, but can't get no signs of him; guess he's chawed up afore this." And with this cheerful assurance Jim proceeds to "chaw up" his "snack" once more.

Black Ben again put his pipe in his mouth and puffed away for a few seconds in silence. At last he remarked—

"I b'lieve we orter help Chester find his youngster."

This proposal was thrown out in a sort of deprecatory suggestive tone, as if he was asking his men to keep some other foreman's drive from jamming.

"Guess we've got enough'n our own work

to tend to without runnin' arter settlers' kids as is lost," remarked Jed Thompson, as he grunted and turned over on his blankets.

No one else ventured any remark, and there was silence for a few minutes. Black Ben got up, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went back to his corner to "turn in;" but having got there he decided to shake out and re-spread his blankets. This operation progressed slowly, and when it was done Ben did not seem inclined to lie down. At last he made a resolute move to get his boots, and having got one in each hand, he walked straight to the fire and prepared to put them on.

"Whar you goin', Ben?" asked the teamster, as he filled his pipe, having finished his not very dainty repast.

"I'm goin' down to Bronson's to look fer that kid."

This roused Jed Thompson once more, and raising himself on his elbow, he remarked—

"Wal! you must be a jumped-up lunatic to turn out on sich a night to hunt fer a youngster that's either drownded or et up afore this."

"Never you mind, Jed; my Jack is jess 'bout the size o' this yer one as is lost, an' I know how I'd feel if *he* was out in these yer cussed woods. That's wot's the matter with me."

Black Ben had struck the right note at last, and in a few seconds there was a general turning out of their blankets among the hitherto passive listeners to the conversation. He had, quite unconsciously, made a powerful appeal to the hearts of his gang; to hearts that were scarred with sin and crusted with selfishness; to intellects that were clouded with drunkenness and pinched by ignorance, that were susceptible to the most absurd prejudices, but callous to enlightened reasoning. But sinful, selfish, stupid, ignorant, and callous though these men might be, away somewhere in the inmost recesses of their hearts was a chord that would vibrate to the sound of those simple words that fell long, long ago from the lips of the Great Teacher, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

After all his opposition, the captious Jed Thompson was the first man who had his boots on, though, if asked, he could hardly have told why his sentiments regarding Ben's proposition had been so suddenly reversed. Old Bill Johnson, the cook, was also soon ready for the tramp, and in a few minutes the shanty was left with the Frenchmen and the Indians as its sole occupants.

If our gang had been students of Fenimore Cooper, the sleepy son of the forest would doubtless have been roused to display superhuman sagacity in tracking the little wanderer; but as their education in this respect had been sadly neglected, they only knew the Indian as an animal that was always hungry and sleepy, who was seldom warm enough, and who was as averse to facing bad weather as a consumptive kitten.

Equipped with a lantern, an axe, several revolvers, and two or three shot guns, the party filed out of the shanty into the pitchy darkness. The rain had ceased, and there was little or no wind; but the heavy clouds still hung, like the folds of a great black curtain, just above the tree tops, and, shut in as we were by thick woods on every side, it was so dark that but for the lantern we might as well have travelled with our eyes shut. The door had hardly closed behind us ere the woods re-echoed to two or three hideous whoops with which some of the boys sought to give vent to their enthusiasm; but as soon as we were all in the muddy trail a familiar strain broke the stillness, and presently every member of the gang was singing at the top of his voice—

"John Brown's whiskey bottle lies upon the shelf,
And he goes marching on."

Not a very nice song for Sunday night, it is true; but we were not very keenly alive to proprieties that night, and this was an excellent tune to march to.

It is not necessary to give a detailed account of our four miles' tramp that night. The language Mr. Sullivan indulged in when he caught his toe under an uncovered root, and the next instant reclined not very gracefully in a foot and a half of black loam and swamp water, was not edifying.

While we were yet a mile and a half from our destination we saw half a dozen torches flaring in the trail just ahead of us, and in a few minutes we met a detachment of Bronson's neighbours marching to their homes in the front of the concession. As we came up, Black Ben stopped and addressed the leader of the party, who happened to be the Tom White already alluded to.

"Hev you found the boy?"

"No; 'taint no use. We've been lookin' since four o'clock. He's either drownded er et up. Anyhow we can't find him in the dark, an' 'taint no use lookin'."

"Hez all of 'em give up lookin'?

"Yes."

"Wal, if he was my boy, I wouldn't give it up that way, no how."

"O, Chester's runnin' through the bush yet, an' I spose he'll stay out all night. He's kinder crazy like."

"'Nough to set anybody crazy," chimes in Jed Thompson, "to lose a youngster in the woods sich a night as this. He'll never live till ter-morrer, even if the bars and wolves don't find him."

"Come 'long back with us, Tom," says Ben. "You wouldn't like to hev one o' yer boys lost, an' then hev yer neighbours go back on ye like this."

"Thet's so."

Tom White refers the matter to the rest of his party, and they decide to go back again.

As soon as this decision is arrived at, White gives two or three shrill whistles, and a long-bodied, short-legged deer-hound bitch comes crouching at his feet.

"I b'lieve ole Fan 'ill be ez good ez enny on us to look fer him," he remarks, as we resume our march toward Bronson's.

Another mile and a half through the mud and darkness, and we climb over a snake fence, pass through a little marshy pasture, sinking ankle-deep into the loam and water, and finally come to another fence which separates the pasture-field from as tangled a swamp as any human being ever set foot in. Some years before, during a very dry time, a fire had run through it, not only burning the foliage of the cedars, but consuming the moss and peat about their roots, leaving the whole a seared and withered mass. Then came an equinoctial gale that uprooted or broke off the dead trees as fast as it came to them, and the whole were converted into a windfall of the very worst description. In a few years a thick undergrowth of young cedars and brambles sprang up together, so that at the time of our visit the place was an almost impenetrable mass of upturned roots, half-fallen trunks, and dead limbs, while the intervening spaces were filled with live undergrowth and brambles of the stiffest and most uncompromising character. The surface of this tangled ruin of what had once been a fine bit of cedar swamp, or at least that portion of it where alone anything like locomotion was possible, was at an altitude ranging from ten to fifteen feet from the ground, which at this season of the year was for the most part covered with a few inches of water.

We had been toiling over the windfall for a few minutes only, when the stillness was broken by a long, wild, wailing call, Dan—a—a—a.

"Thet's Chester," said Tom White. 'Look! thar he is, 'way down by the river."

We stopped and looked in the direction indicated, and fully half a mile off we could see a light gliding swiftly along over the farther edge of the windfall. We watched in silence for a minute or two, then the light stood still, and once more that wild, long-drawn, plaintive call rang out through the gloom, and the woods on the farther side of the river repeated it, again and again, faintly and more faintly, till it died away in the distance.

Our little party now started in the direction of a high knoll, which White said was near the eastern extremity of the windfall. It was evident poor Bronson was going to the same spot, and we hurried on to intercept him. We kept his light in sight as he rushed wildly along, stopping about every two minutes to repeat his call. In spite of his delays, Chester Bronson reached the mound before us, but our lights caught his eye, and he stood still, watching us as we came on. Never can I forget the picture he presented as I first saw him that night waiting for our approach. High above us, from the crest of the knoll, loomed his tall, gaunt figure, the light of his smoking torch, as he held it above his head, throwing a ruddy glare over his dark, bearded face, and the tangled mass of black hair that hung down to his shoulders, while but a long dark shadow distinguished the rest of his form from the surrounding gloom. His face showed only the stupor of the deepest anguish, but from their red and swollen sockets his eyes gleamed wildly as those of a maniac. Those eyes were tearless now, though earlier in the evening, ere hope had given place to despair, he had wept like a child.

We were soon around him, and in a few

words Black Ben had learned from him when and how the child had been lost, and what had been done towards finding him.

Chester Bronson, like most of the few settlers in that part of Canada, had a small clearing on his farm that demanded some share of his attention; but he was much more of a hunter and trapper than farmer. In the early part of the day, his children, of whom Dan was the youngest, had been playing down by the river, near the edge of the windfall, when the thunder-storm suddenly sent them scampering to the house. In their hurry they had forgotten little Dan, who, when last seen, was trying to get through the fence which separated the river bank from the field of which the windfall formed a part. The little fellow had not been missed till nearly three o'clock, when all the neighbours had been called out to look for him. The search had been carried on without anything like system, and could hardly have resulted otherwise than as it did. The afternoon—or what had then been left of the afternoon—had been wasted in searching the river for his body, and it was not until dark that they had commenced to look for him in the swamp. When this portion of the search was begun, each settler had supplied himself with a torch, and then they had gone scurrying about through the windfall in all directions, but without anything like concerted action. Thus it happened that while some parts of the swamp had been searched again and again, the greater part of it was still wholly unexplored.

This feature of the case instantly impressed itself on Black Ben, and he was not long in fixing upon a plan to secure something like concerted action and a systematic search. He announced his policy in a little speech, that was brief and to the point:

"Now, boys, we've got to go to work an' find this 'ere child, if it takes a week to do it, an' 'taint no use foolin' round the creek, fur ef he's thar he'll stay thar, and we can't help him. My 'pinion is, we'll find him all right an' alive afore mornin' if we set to work the right way. We'll fust build a big fire on this here knoll, so we kin see whar we're goin' in the swamp, an' take our bearins like, an' then each man 'll take a torch and we'll all form in line an' go side an' side right through to tother end o' the windfall. Then each man 'll be searchin' his own swath, an' we won't be runnin' over one another's tracks; an' when we've gone over one place we kin say he aint thar, an' go on to another, and so on till we find him."

This sensible proposition met with very general approval, and directly all were busily employed, some in chopping up cedars for the fire, and others in peeling bark from the under side of the fallen trees, doubling it into the proper shape, and pounding one end till it became a mass of fibre. The bark, thus prepared, made excellent torches. A little fire of dry bark was soon burning on the crest of the knoll. On this fire we first piled light brushwood, and, as it gained strength, heavy limbs and logs, till the flames shot up ten or fifteen feet into the air, and threw a red, flickering, weird-like light out over the wild waste of fallen trees, splintered trunks, and upturned roots that surrounded us.

Three men were left to keep the fire burning brightly, and the remainder supplied themselves with torches, formed in line, and, at a word from Black Ben, commenced their march through the windfall.

"Keep in line as near as ye kin, boys," were Ben's final instructions, and away we went, halting every two minutes to repeat poor Bronson's call, as he would pause, holding his torch high in the air, and utter that wailing cry, "Dan—a—a—a."

Bruises and scratches were nothing to us that night, as we were continually slipping from the trunks of the fallen trees, and then kicking and struggling to regain our footing; but nearly always gradually sinking through the brushwood and inhospitable brambles, till, finding our feet in the mud and water, we knew that we had no further to go in that direction. If the descent was slow, the ascent was still slower, and we were not surprised to find, after toiling to the west end of the windfall and back to the fire again, that two hours had been consumed.

A strange, wild sight the old windfall presented that night. On the summit of the mound the great beacon fire was flaring redly through the mist, while the men around it looked like denizens of the infernal regions, now painted a lurid red, and now a sombre, shadowy black, as they passed from side to side—now feeding the flames, and now looking out to watch the progress of their comrades, whose lights were glimmering here and there through the thick darkness,

as they slowly worked their way back to the fire.

One by one they made their way up the steep side of the little mound, drenched and shivering, glad to find one spot at least where there was warm, dry ground to stand upon, but sad and dispirited with the result of the search. It was not long before all had come in; but Black Ben was not disposed to allow much time for resting, and he was soon subdividing his men into smaller parties to search other sections.

At this juncture one of Bronson's neighbours suggested that they should drag a certain deep hole in the creek which had not yet been examined.

"'Taint no use," said Bronson; "if he's in the creek he'll stay thar, an' I wish to God I knowed it was no worse. But I'm afeard—Oh God! Oh God! I can't say it," and he turned away from the light with an agonizing shudder.

Our men were now separated into small detachments to carry on the search in various quarters in the manner already described, and in a few moments lights were gleaming through the darkness in all directions, and little Dan's name startled the echoes on every side. Three men crossed to the south side of the river, and followed its course some two miles eastward, but nothing answered their oft-repeated calls save the whirring of the startled partridge, the hoarse, hideous cry of the lynx, and the dismal, long-drawn howl of the wolf, as he answered from the distant hills far away to the southward.

Once more we were gathered around the great fire on the knoll, chilly and silent, each afraid to name the horrid conviction that was every moment becoming stronger in his mind.

When one reads from a newspaper the announcement, in a brief paragraph clipped from a country exchange, that some weeks previously a child had been carried off by a bear in one of the back settlements, it is distressing enough to contemplate; but he can form no idea of the horror such an event inspires among those who learn of it while the little heart may be still quivering with fright and anguish. Printers' types, though dipped in blood, could not tell the story as do those tiny footprints in the soft black mould, here and there obliterated by the horrible, half human tracks of the savage pursuer. Here the little feet stood still, and the little heart fluttered at the first sound of approaching footsteps; then those baby footprints cut deep in the mould tell of a short, despairing flight; and only a few steps farther on the soft earth shows signs of a feeble struggle for life, and a few blood-stained shreds of a too well-known little jacket bring more sorrow and despair to those who read these scanty traces than could all the black type and inverted column rules that ever startled the reader of a morning paper.

But we found no such traces that night; the rain had washed out all prints of children's feet, and the only bear tracks we had found were on the south side of the river.

At four o'clock in the morning only one small section within a radius of a mile from the fire had not been searched by our party. This was a small spot of high ground, a little over half a mile eastward of the mound which we made our head-quarters. Black Ben, who had sprained his ankle slightly by slipping from a log, proposed that this place should be searched without further delay; but one of Bronson's neighbours was quite sure he had carefully examined every part of it early in the evening, before our party had come down. While they were still discussing the question, faintly, and at intervals, up through the thick gloom, came the long, ringing sound of a hound baying in the distance. Tom White leant forward, listening intently for a few seconds; then springing suddenly to his feet, exclaimed:

"Thet's ole Fan, an' she aint givin' tongue that way for nuthin."

There was a general stampede from the fire at these words, and very soon torch lights were flashing through the brushwood to the eastward, the direction whence the sound came. Black Ben started to his feet, but his lame ankle made him wince with pain, and he yielded to the persuasions of two or three of his men, and waited by the fire to learn the result of this last sortie.

Chester Bronson had been the first to light his torch and get away; but he was closely followed by nearly the whole party, every man of whom was now full of hope and enthusiasm. On we dash, plunging through water-holes and scrambling over logs straight in the direction whence the sound comes, which at every repetition is becoming louder and more distinct.

Now we have reached the foot of the hill,

and right above our heads rings out old Fan's deep hoarse voice. Bronson darts up the hill like lightning, and old Fan comes bounding down to meet him.

"Hunt him, Fan," cries Tom White, catching sight of the dog; but Fan stands still, with one paw raised, and her head cocked on one side as though she did not quite comprehend the request.

"Dan-a-a-a," shouts Bronson once more, and every heart bounds as a small voice just ahead of us answers:

"Yes, pa!"

We all make a rush in the direction indicated by the baby voice, and the next instant Chester Bronson stands in our midst sobbing and laughing by turns, with little Dan clasped tight in his arms.

Pat Sullivan pitches his torch as far as he can throw it, and after finding the ground too rough for jig dancing, gives vent to his feelings in a prolonged whoop, that puts to shame a wolf that has been howling on the hills south of the river all night. Old Bill Johnson pulls off his wet coat, and wraps little Dan in his warm, dry, fulled cloth vest; while Tom White is hugging old Fan as though he too had found a lost child.

We quickly tramp back to the fire to the music of—

"Glory, glory, hallelujah,
As we go marching on."

Black Ben hobbles down the hill to meet us, takes little Dan in his arms without a word, and kisses his cheek, then hands him back to Chester Bronson, and turning away, sits down on a log with his back to the joyous party, and, covering his face with his big brown hands, sobs like a child. But Black Ben was not the only one who wept for joy that morning.

The boys saw little Dan safely deposited in his mother's arms, and each one felt, in Chester Bronson's sturdy grasp of the hand as they bade him goodbye, the heartfelt thanks his faltering voice refused to utter.

SONNET.

BY A. W. GUNDRY, TORONTO.

THE poetry of earth, and of the sky,
The lazy, sighing rhythm of the sea,
The heavenward roll of verse that ne'er can die,
The lover's ballad sung beneath a tree,—
I love them all!—I love the feathered throats
That warble joyous treble in the choir
Of universal melody, and notes
That music-loving Nature did inspire
Give back to her, in praises for the gift.
Nor less the humbler voices do I love
That lowlier creatures of her making lift
With jealousy of none that are above
In giving thanks; for even that poor skill
They make sufficing by sufficient will.

THE DAY OF REST

BY WILLIAM McDONNELL, LINDSAY, ONT.

SWEET day of rest! be it Sabbath, or Sunday, or Lord's day, of heathen or Jewish origin, it is the same to me—a day of rest. Come in what guise it will, its hours are sacred, and I am prepared to accept it as being a special blessing to the human family. Oh! what a dreary world this would be without such a benign period for rest and relaxation; and the man who would attempt to abolish such a day would give evidence neither of his wisdom, nor of the possession of a feeling heart that could urge him to a humane consideration for others. He who has wealth can retire when he chooses from the turmoil of busy life, and select his own time and place for recreation; but to the poor struggling toiler, a seventh day of rest should, at least, be ever secured as an undoubted and inalienable right.

Much has been said, and sung, and written, as to the dignity of labour. Proper industry is most commendable, for it promotes morality and independence; and reasonable exertion may be actual recreation. But who can say that there is any dignity in that almost enforced and involuntary labour which falls to the lot of the poor; or in that excessive, continuous, and prostrating drudgery to which the vast majority of the human family are subjected in order to earn even a precarious livelihood? Such labour is but a heritage of woe. If it was indeed a punishment which followed the fall of our great progenitor, Adam, it is apparent that his posterity have not been equally afflicted. There is far too much overwork imposed on some; there is far too much of it in the world. Even voluntary labour has been run to excess by many; it has become one of the vices of selfishness, and has shortened the lives of thousands. That man will therefore be a true philanthropist who will endeavour to lessen such toil, and make the day of rest a day acceptable to rich and to poor alike, and one which can be truly cheering and beneficial to all.

As there has been a great deal of discussion with regard to the establishment of the Christian Sabbath, much doubt as to its required observance, and much intolerance as to its enforcement, something of the history of that day may be acceptable to many whose impressions concerning it have been almost entirely formed from what they have read of it in the Scriptures, or from what they may have derived from only that source.

Authorities are greatly divided as to where, and when, and how a septenary observance was originated. Some assert that a seventh-day festival had its origin in India, a land which many of the learned consider as the most primitive of all nations; and a writer says that the "hebdomadal period had clearly an *astronomical*, and not, as is generally supposed, a *theological* derivation," and that "as the result of the most diligent investigation no trace of the 'week' is to be found among the Greeks, the Romans, the Chinese, or any of the northern races of Europe and Asia." Furthermore, "everywhere has been found a calendar of months commencing with the first visible 'new moon,' but *nowhere* the Hindoo and modern European week of seven days," and that "when we pass the Himalayan range, or in proportion as we recede in any direction from India and Egypt, and the countries lying between them, we lose all traces of Sabbaths."* Dion Cassius, the ancient Roman historian, states that in his time the custom of designating every recurring seven days by the names of planets was practised everywhere; and attributes its origin, not to the Jews, but to the Egyptians.† When he wrote, neither the Greeks nor the Romans

* See *Westminster Review* for October, 1850.

† Roman History, B. xxxvii.

used the week; the latter adopted it only at the time of Theodosius, near the end of the fourth century.

A recent writer says: "The observance [of a Sabbath] was derived from an Egyptian, and primarily from a Chaldean source; rest being enjoined by Egyptian priests on the seventh day, simply because they regarded that day as a *dies infaustus*, when it was unlucky to undertake any work." "We have also historical evidence as to the non-Jewish origin of the observance of the seventh day, as decisive as the arguments I have been considering. For Philo Judæus, Josephus, Clement of Alexandria, and others, speak plainly of the week as not of Jewish origin, but common to all the Oriental nations." *

The learned Spencer states that, "from many evidences, the nations of the earth observed the new moon as a sacred festival long before the time of Moses."

It is known that while the "month" itself was an almost universal measure of time, nations of different origins, it is said, have made different subdivisions of the "new moon." Thus, oriental nations generally into quarterings (or weeks of seven days); the ancient Greeks into thirds (*dechemera* of ten days), which was modified by the Romans; the Chinese into sixths, of five days; and the aborigines of America into the same; and it is further said that "the Oriental week (of seven days) is *unknown* and *untraced* where the division of the crescent and waning moon (each into two parts) has not formed the basis of computation."

Professor Fiske says: "The ancient Greeks and Romans had no division properly answering to our weeks; although the former had their decade of days, and the latter their *nundinæ*, or market days, occuring every ninth day. But the Egyptians and Orientals had a week of seven days. † Proctor, the astronomer, writes: "Beyond all doubt, the week is an astronomical period, and that in a two-fold sense; it is first a rough subdivision of the lunar month, and, in the second place, it is a period derived directly from the number of celestial bodies known to ancient astronomers as *moving* upon the sphere of the fixed stars." Tacitus suggested that the observance of the seventh day by the Jews was in honour of Saturn, by whose name that day was generally known, as it is at present. And Proctor also states: "That the Egyptians dedicated the seventh day of the week to the outermost or highest planet, Saturn, is certain; and it is presumable that this was a day of rest in Egypt."‡

We have, however, *two* distinct reasons given in the Old Testament why the Jews were commanded to keep the seventh day—reasons which, it seems, are satisfactory to both Jews and Christians. The first command is found in the 20th chapter of Exodus, the 8th verse of which says: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and the reason for this is given in the 11th verse: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it." The next command is recorded in the 5th chapter of Deuteronomy, commencing at the 12th verse, and is almost a reiteration of the previous one, being the same, word for word, except the change of place in the sentence of the pronoun "thou." The reason for the command is found in the 15th verse: "And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm; *therefore* the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." According to this latter command then, the day was to be kept holy as a memorial of their national emancipation.

On this point Proctor remarks: "It is indeed somewhat singular that the observance of the Sabbath should be derived from far remoter times by those who insist on the literal exactness of the Bible record, seeing that the Bible distinctly assigns the exodus from Egypt as the epoch when the observance had its origin." . . "It needs no very elaborate reasoning to prove that the Jewish observance of the Sabbath began during the sojourn in Egypt." . . "Assigning the origin of the first Jewish observance of the Sabbath to the time of the exodus, we are forced to the conclusion that the custom of keeping each seventh day as a day of rest was derived from the people amongst

* Proctor on "Saturn and the Sabbath of the Jews."

† Eschenburg's Manual of Classical Literature. Ed. by Prof. Fiske.

‡ "Saturn and the Sabbath of the Jews."

whom the Jews had been sojourning more than two hundred years." *

Though a violation of the commands concerning the Sabbath involved, as we are told in the 31st chapter of Exodus, the penalty of death: "Whosoever doeth *any* work in the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death;" this dreadful forfeiture, according to the 15th chapter of Numbers, having been exacted from a man who was stoned to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day, still we have undoubted authority for asserting that while many of the Jews kept the seventh day with austerity, even considering that it would be a violation of the Sabbath to resist an attack made on their city during that day, yet there were many others who regarded the Sabbath as a "feast of the Lord." The Jews as a nation, even Judaism itself, encouraged the seventh day to be held as a high festival as well as a day of joy and delight. A writer says: "It was to be honoured by the wearing of finer garments, by three special meals of the best cheer the house could afford. . Wine, if the means of the individual would anyhow allow it, was to crown the repast. . . Fasting, mourning, mortification of all and every kind, even special supplicatory prayers, are strictly prohibited; but, on the contrary, the number of a 'hundred benedictions,' said at all varieties of enjoyments of the senses, are to be completed on the Sabbath, were it even by eating different kinds of fruit, smelling different spices, &c." And again: "The same character of cheerfulness; of happy rest from the toil and turmoil of this world's business; of quiet and peaceful return into one's self; of joyous commuuication with friends and kindred over good cheer; in short, of mental and bodily relaxation and recreation that strengthens, braces, pacifies, and maketh the heart glad, while the sublime ideas which it symbolizes are recalled to the memory at every step and turn, seems to have prevailed in all times down to our own among the Jews." . . . "Suffice it to reiterate, that in every class, every age, and every variety of Jews, from first to last, the Sabbath has been absolutely a day of joy and happiness, nay, of dancing, of singing, of eating and drinking, and of luxury." . . "A dark, fanatical, self-torturing spirit is as foreign to the Jewish Sabbath (which is prolonged as far as possible) as it is foreign to the Mosaic and post-Mosaic legislation, its written and oral laws in general." †

Though the Jews still keep Saturday as their day of rest and enjoyment, the Christian Church has changed the septenary period, and for many centuries the Lord's day, or the Sabbath, has been observed on Sunday. No definite information, it seems, can be given either in the New Testament or in the writings of the Fathers of the Church as to the date of this change. It is asserted that "by none of the Fathers before the fourth century is it (Sunday) identified with the Sabbath, nor is the duty of observing it grounded by them either on the fourth commandment or on the precept or example of Jesus or His Apostles." And the question is asked, "On what grounds, then, did the Christians observe the first day of the week as a time for religious assemblies, and how and when did the custom of so distinguishing it begin?" ‡ To this question different answers have been given. Some assert that it was because the resurrection of Christ took place on Sunday; others say that it was according to apostolic precept and example. Justin, in his "Apology," gives several reasons for the Sunday observance. He says: "We all of us assemble together on Sunday because it is the first day in which God changed darkness and matter, and made the world. On the same day, also, Jesus Christ, our Saviour, rose from the dead, for He was crucified on the day before that of Saturn, and on the day after that of Saturn, which is that of the Sun, He appeared to His apostles and disciples, and taught them what we now submit to your consideration." And Origen adds another reason: "that manna was first given to the Israelites on a Sunday."

With regard to the manner of keeping the Sunday, Justin, in his "Apology to the Emperor Antonius," gives no intimation that rest from labour was followed except during Divine service, for "the Christians in this Father's age thought it lawful to follow, and actually did follow, their worldly pursuits on the Sunday." But no matter what the practice of the early Christians might have been in this respect, the first law, either ecclesias-

* "Saturn and the Sabbath of the Jews."

† Chambers's Encyclopædia, Art. "Sabbath."

‡ Chambers's Encyclopædia, Art. "Sabbath."

tical or civil, relative to a cessation from labour on the Sunday, is that contained in the edict of Constantine, A.D. 321, which says: "Let all judges and people of the towns (or cities) rest, and all the various trades be suspended on the venerable day of the Sun *(venerabile die Solis)*. Those who live in the country, however, may freely and without fault attend to the cultivation of their fields (since it often happens that no other day may be so suitable for sowing grain and planting the vine), lest, with the loss of favourable opportunity, the commodities offered by Divine Providence should be destroyed."

It was not, however, until long after the promulgation of this edict that "tendencies towards Sabbatarianism, or a confusion of the Christian with the Jewish institution, began to manifest themselves," and it was not until the year 538 A.D. that ecclesiastical authority (the third Council of Orleans) recommended, rather than enjoined, abstinence from agricultural labour on Sunday, in order, it is said, "that the people might have more leisure to go to church and say their prayers." The theory of the holiness of the Sabbath, and of its binding force, had its advocates and opponents down to the period of the Reformation. Luther and many of the Reformers, followed by numbers of the most eminent prelates and preachers even to the present time, have strongly objected to a Mosaic, or an austere, or which might be called a puritanic observance of the Christian Sabbath. Luther says: "As regards the Sabbath, or Sunday, there is no necessity for keeping it; but if we do, it ought not to be on account of Moses' commandment, but because nature teaches us from time to time to take a day of rest."* And again: "If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, if anywhere any one sets up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to do anything that will reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty." †

Melancthon says: "They who think that, by the authority of the Church, the observance of the Lord's day was appointed instead of the Sabbath, as if necessary, are greatly deceived." *

Erasmus, Tyndale, Calvin, Grotius, Neander, Milton, Baxter, and Bunyan also express themselves against the enforcement of any Sabbath obligation. And a writer on the views of the celebrated John Knox regarding the Sabbath, says: "It is a mistake to suppose that either Sabbatarianism or asceticism was recommended by Knox. Agreeing with the other Reformers, Knox, in setting forth in his Confession of Faith, 1560, 'The works of the First Table,' says not a word about the Sabbath." †

Erasmus says: "He that ordained the Sabbath ordained it for man's sake, and not contrariwise—man because of the Sabbath day. It is meet, therefore, that the keeping of the Sabbath day give place to the commodity and profit of man." ‡

"As for the Saboth," says Tyndale, the martyr, "we be lordes over the Saboth, and may yet change it into the Monday or any other day as we see nęede; or we may make two every weeke, if it were expedient, and one not enough to teach the people. Neither needed we any holy day at all, if the people myght be taught without it."§

With regard to the "Lord's Day," Calvin observes that it was used "*only* as a remedy necessary to the preservation of order in the Church, neither do I so regard the septenary number that I would bind the Church to its observance." And referring to those who held a "Judaic opinion" respecting the fourth commandment, he continues: "And truly we see what such a doctrine has profited; for those who adopt it far exceed the Jews in a gross, carnal, and superstitious observance of the Sabbath; so that the reproofs which we read in Isaiah are no less applicable to them at the present day than to those whom the prophet rebuked in his time."‖

Grotius, in his comment on the fourth commandment, after alluding to the sentiments of the Fathers, and the enactments of Constantine, concludes: "These things refute those who suppose that the first day of the week (that is, the Lord's day) was substituted in place of the Sabbath, for no

* Michelet's Life, B. iv. chap. 2.
† Coleridge's Table Talk, Vol. ii.

* Augsburg Confession of Faith.
† Chambers's Encyclopædia.
‡ Paraphrase on Mark, ii.
§ Tyndale's Works, B. i., cap. 25.
‖ Institutes, B. ii., cap 8.

mention is ever made of such a thing by Christ or the Apostles. . . The day of the Lord's resurrection was not observed by Christians from any precept of God, or of the Apostles, but by voluntary agreement of the liberty which had been given them." *

Neander says: "The festival of Sunday was always only a human ordinance, and it was far from the intention of the Apostles to establish a Divine command in this respect." †

Milton argues: "The law of the Sabbath being thus repealed, that no particular day of worship has been appointed in its place is evident." ‡

Baxter writes: "The Decalogue was but part of the Jewish law, and the Jewish law was given to no other people but to them. So that in Moses' days it bound no other nation in the world. Therefore it needed not any abrogation of the Gentiles, but a declaration that it did not bind them." §

And Bunyan, in his essay on the Sabbath day, says: "This caution, in conclusion, I would give to put a stop to the Jewish ceremony, to wit, that a seventh-day Sabbath, pursued according to its imposition by law (and I know not that it is imposed by the Apostles), leads to blood and stoning to death those who do but gather sticks thereon, a thing which no way becomes the Gospel." He declares that "the old seventh-day Sabbath is abolished and done away with, and that it has nothing to do with the Churches of the Gentiles." And again: "As for the seventh day, that is gone to its grave with the signs and shadows of the Old Testament."

Following these, down to the present day, there are other testimonies against an enforced observance of the Sabbath, from distinguished churchmen and divines such as Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Barrow, Bishop Warburton, Dr. McNight, Dr. Paley, Bishop Horsley, and Archbishop Whately.

Bishop Taylor says: "That we are free from the observance of the Sabbath, St. Paul expressly affirms in Colossians." ‖

Bishop Warburton states that "the observance of the Sabbath is no more a natural duty than circumcision." ¶

Dr. McNight says: "The whole law of Moses being abrogated by Christ, Christians are under no obligation to observe any of the Jewish holidays—not even the Sabbath." *

Dr. Paley asserts that "St. Paul evidently appears to have considered the Sabbath as part of the Jewish ritual, and not obligatory upon Christians." †

And Archbishop Whately, in his essay on Paul, says: "It cannot be denied that he [Paul] does speak frequently and strongly of the termination of the Mosaic law, and of the exemptions of Christians from its obligations without ever limiting or qualifying the assertion." And he further adds: "The fourth commandment is evidently not a 'moral' but a 'positive' precept. . . The dogma of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, that the observance of the Sabbath is a part of the moral law, is to me utterly unintelligible." ‡

A list of the names of many other eminent bishops and clergymen could be added who are in agreement with the sentiments of the prominent authorities already given, and it is truly a wonder that where so much doubt and denial exists as to the subjection of the Christian Church to a Jewish enactment regarding the keeping of the Sabbath, there should be found so many of the clergy clamorous for the rigorous enforcement of a law which, to say the least, is so questionable an authority.

It seems that for a long period after the Reformation there was much indifference among Christian people in England, as well as among those in other parts of Europe, as to the manner of keeping the Sabbath. The English reformers having abolished many of the festivals or ordinary holidays which had been kept previous to the English Reformation, the observance of Sunday and of the few holidays still retained was placed "much on the same footing." "No work except for good cause was to be performed, the service of the church was to be attended," and afterwards, "any lawful amusement might be indulged in." About this time, therefore, as a general rule, after the hours of Divine service, or after a man had been to church, he might enjoy himself with sports,

* Annotations on Exodus.
† History the of Christian Church, sec. iii.
‡ Christian Doctrine, B. ii., cap. 7.
§ Baxter on the Lord's Day, Vol. iii., cap. 7.
‖ Ductor Dubitantium, B. ii. cap. 2.

¶ Divine Legation, B. iv. sec. 6.
* Com. on Epistles, Col.
† Moral Philosophy, B. v. c. 7.
‡ Essay v. Note A.

games, and other lawful amusements as he thought proper.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a party known as the Sabbatarians insisted that, according to the fourth commandment, the seventh day, Saturday, and not the first day, Sunday, should be kept as the proper Sabbath period, and that it was obligatory on the Christian Church to observe that day and a strict bodily rest thereon as a "service then due to God;" while another party, the Puritans, much more numerous, "though convinced that the day had been altered by Divine authority, took up the same opinion as to the Scriptural obligation to refrain from work." Gradually, however, the stronger and "more scrupulous" party, while they slighted holidays and church festivals—which they considered as only of "human appointment"—advocated a stricter observance of the Lord's day, and about the year 1595 "they began to place it nearly on the footing of the Jewish Sabbath, interdicting not only the slightest action of worldly business, but even every sort of pastime and recreation," and, as long as their influence continued, they gave to Sunday-keeping for many years an "austerity by which neither it nor the Sabbath-keeping of the Jews had ever before been marked."

The Puritans, when predominant for a time in the reign of Charles I., and taking advantage of the necessities of the King, succeeded in obliging him, much against his will, to comply with their desires, and about 1621 they introduced a bill in the House of Commons "for the better observance of the Sabbath, usually called Sunday." This met with scarcely any opposition in the Lower House, "yet when the Upper House sent down the bill with the 'Lord's Day' substituted for the 'Sabbath,' observing 'that people do now much incline to words of Judaism,' the Commons took no exception. The use of the word Sabbath instead of Sunday became in that age a distinctive mark of the Puritan party."* Strange to say, though the Act was passed to satisfy the "atrabilious humour" of the strict Sabbatarian party, "this statute permits the people lawful sports and pastimes on Sunday within their own parishes."†

In 1633, however, King Charles I., either actuated by the Episcopal party, which was always bitterly opposed to the Puritans, or believing that the puritanic observance of the Sabbath made Sunday but a day of gloom and depression, revived the declaration of his father, James I., which had not been enforced, as to the lawful sports which might be used on Sundays, and the clergy were required by Archbishop Laud to publish the same from their pulpits. In this declaration the King signified it to be his pleasure that on Sundays, after Divine service, "no lawful recreation should be barred to his good people, which should not tend to a breach of the laws of his kingdom and the canons of his church."* The sports allowed were "dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, May-games, Whitsunales, Morrice-dances, and the setting up of May-poles;"† bear-baiting and other unlawful games being prohibited; but as respects the sports which might be indulged in, "No recusant, or one who had not attended the church service, was entitled to this privilege, which might consequently be regarded as a bounty on devotion."‡ This declaration gave great offence at the time to the Puritans, and in 1644 the Long Parliament ordered all copies of it to be burned. Subsequently, notwithstanding this, the Lord's day fell into comparative neglect in England, and in the early part of the reign of George III. efforts were made to make the people better disposed towards it, and less inclined to "viscious unseemly amusements," and a new "Evangelical party" endeavoured to promote the "strict observance of Sunday according to the Puritan model." Afterwards, in 1831, societies were formed for "promoting the due observance of the Lord's day," and the subject of strict Sabbath-keeping was agitated in Parliament. Attempts were subsequently made to close the Post Office, to prevent the transmission of mails, and the conveyance of passengers by rail or otherwise. Excursions to the country, and Sunday trips by water, were to be prohibited; the London parks and public gardens were to be closed to prevent persons from walking therein and listening to music; music itself was to be saddened or solemnized and banished to the churches; desirable and health-

* Hallam, Constitutional History.
† Note in ibid.

* Chambers's Encyclopædia.
† Ibid.
‡ Hallam.

ful recreation was to be denied the people; and no opportunity was to be afforded them to view the works of nature and art in the national collections.

When fanatical or subservient legislators, who, no doubt, had ample time and opportunities for self-enjoyment, would shut thousands of poor, overworked people from public parks and gardens, would close museums, and art galleries, and libraries, and similar places for rest or intellectual elevation, giving a large majority of the population but the choice of a resort either to the streets or to churches, or to retreats which it would be better to avoid—when men, women, and children were to be thus restrained in order to be brought to show a proper respect for Sunday, it was full time that the unreasonable zeal of Sabbath advocates, either clerical or official, either in or out of Parliament, should be effectually curbed to prevent threatened popular uprisings and indignation meetings throughout the kingdom. To this end the "National Sunday League" was formed in 1855, and, while advocating a due regard for Sunday, its great object appears to be to secure for the people the recreation and enjoyment, and the chance of moral and intellectual improvement, of which unwise and over-zealous Sabbath defenders would deprive them.

From the evidence presented, we therefore find that at a very early period—some assert "long before the time of Moses"—there was a septenary observance in India and in Egypt, and among other Oriental nations, and that this was generally for rest and recreation; that the Jews had a seventh-day Sabbath which among that people was almost generally kept as a high festival, a day of joy and delight, "a day of dancing, of singing, of eating and drinking, and of luxury;" that other nations kept similar observances at longer or shorter periods, and that in course of time the septenary festival became almost universal; that by none of the Christian Fathers before the fourth century was Sunday identified with the Sabbath, nor was the duty of keeping it grounded on the fourth commandment; that no definite information can be given as to when Sunday was adopted as the Christian Sabbath, various reasons being given for the change; that the early Christians enjoyed themselves on the Sunday much after the manner of the Jews; that there was no law of any kind relating to a cessation from labour on that day before the edict of Constantine, and that for a long period abstinence from labour on the Sunday was recommended only during Divine service; that Luther and many of the reformers, and a large number of the most prominent Christian ministers, did not consider, and that many do not yet consider, the Jewish Sabbath binding on the Christian Church.

As to how the "Evangelical party" have clung to certain Judaical teachings, and as to the manner in which they have persisted until Sunday has almost been legislated into a "hideous tyranny," Herbert Spencer, in his "Study of Sociology," considers what might be said "by an independent observer living in the far future:"—

"'In some respects,' says the future observer, 'their code of conduct seems not to have advanced beyond, but to have gone back from the code of a still more ancient people, from whom their creed was derived. The relations of their creed to the creed of this ancient people are indeed difficult to understand. . . . Not only did they, in the law of retaliation, outdo the Jews, instead of obeying the quite opposite principle of the teacher they worship as divine, but they obeyed the Jewish law, and disobeyed their divine teacher in other ways—as in the rigid observance of every seventh day, which he had deliberately discountenanced. . . . Their substantial adhesion to the creed they had professedly repudiated was clearly demonstrated by this, that in each of their temples they fixed up in some conspicuous place the Ten Commandments of the Jewish religion, while they rarely, if ever, fixed up the two Christian Commandments given instead of them. And yet,' says the reporter, after dilating on these strange facts, 'though the English were greatly given to missionary enterprises of all kinds, and though I sought diligently among the records of these, I could find no trace of a society for converting the English people from Judaism to Christianity.'"

There is a gleam of hope for the future, for the subject of Sabbath-keeping has been widely discussed, not by wantons who, it is said, would have the day one for the indulgence of licentiousness, but by many who have been forced to admit that Sunday has been so manipulated by our over-zealous or

fanatical councils and assemblies as to leave it socially and intellectually the most wearisome day of the week. And though such discussions are rather avoided by religious teachers, and, as a general rule, unnoticed by writers fearful of innovations or of the least interference with the dogmatic claims of a beloved orthodoxy, still the conviction is becoming more wide-spread that "our Sunday is in fact, if not in origin, the Sabbath of the Jews, not the Lord's day of the Apostles; it is regarded, not as a day set apart to refresh those who toil, but as though man were made for its observance, while the soul-wearying gloom of the day is so ordered as to affect chiefly the poorer classes, who want rest from work and anxiety, not rest from the routine of social amusements, which are unknown to them."*

While efforts are almost continually renewed to demand the interference of the law in order to make the seventh day as rigid and as austere as it was in the time of the Covenanters, one fact is evident, that a puritanic Sabbath will never more be tolerated in Christendom. It has come to this for a certainty. People must not be forced to consider Sunday an infliction—a day for religious or clerical despotism—a day of sternness and gloom—one as it were outside the reach of nature, when the sun should scarcely shine, or the birds sing, or the flowers bloom. No; let no man be forced to feel that Sunday is such a day, or one that must interfere with his personal freedom in the indulgence of rational enjoyment. And it may yet be, that, by the exercise of discretion and common sense, the seventh day, or Sunday, or Sabbath, or Lord's day, may be made a period which will be welcomed by all, and recognised both by priest and by people, by young and by old, and by all creeds and classes without distinction, as being, in its truest and most proper sense, a day of liberty and a day of rest.

* Proctor, "Saturn and the Sabbath of the Jews."

THE ADVANTAGES OF PROTECTIVE TARIFFS.

BY R. W. PHIPPS, TORONTO.

THE article by Mr. Fisher, in the May number of this magazine, in reply to one contributed by the present writer, seems to render some continuation of the subject desirable. Mr. Fisher's statements appear, in great measure, declarations of inability to comprehend. Lest my own lack of lucidity be chargeable with this grave result, a few words of explanation will now be given on each stated point of difficulty. Elucidation, however, is not necessarily transmission, as a case possibly parallel to that of Mr. Fisher may suggest. His complaint that "Alas! after reading the article many times over, I feel as I was wont to feel after listening to the explanations of the conjuror ofhow he did his tricks—just as wise as I was before," is sufficiently pathetic to secure the proper consideration of all pitying minds, and, in conjunction with his following statements, will make the case referred to peculiarly applicable. It is that of the gentleman who, introducing another to his library, remarked, "Here I sit and read all day long, and nobody's a bit the wiser for it."

The present writer having laid down the proposition that protective measures here, (producing as they necessarily would large inflow of population and capital, thereby rapidly settling our waste lands, and in effect making our small colony a large nation,) would greatly increase our wealth, our trade, and our national power and honour—our ability, also, in case of need, to raise armies and support them—Mr. Fisher properly looks to the States for a parallel, and, remarking that "here is a list of benefits to take away the breath even of a Greeley," asks, "Is it possible that all these good things are enjoyed by the countrymen and women of that eminent economist, and we not know of it? What a bad joke those inveterate hu-

mourists, the American editors, must be palming off on the world, when they represent all kinds of business and manufactures at a standstill in that much-protected country."

The tariffs of the United States, increased and increasing for many years on manufactures, have undoubtedly caused the expenditure of much capital in that country. Mr. Fisher cannot well be unaware that much British capital has gone thither, in many cases accompanied by its owners, their machinery and their men, thus retaining the interest as well as the principal in the States. Since the epoch of modern gold discovery, 1848, four thousand million dollars' worth of bullion have been added to the stock in circulation. On this security a vast mass of bank-notes has been issued.

During all these years capital has pressed on the market, ever in advance of the equalizing law of rising prices. This capital was offered its best investment in England and the States, because the industries of the first were protected by her then existing ability to undersell; those of the second by her high tariff. Britain mistakenly thought the markets of the world open to her in perpetuity. America, knowing her own the best of those markets, determined to secure it to herself. In the States, the result of this investment has been to increase their railroads from 6,000 miles, costing $420,000,000, to 72,000 miles, costing $4,200,000,000; the product of their pig iron, from 563,000 tons yearly to 5,439,000; and many other industries in like manner; so that in no previous twenty-five years of known history did any country increase in population, productiveness, and wealth, as did then the States. This pressure of capital in production has produced great competition, has lowered prices extremely (the standing and convincing reply to the Free Trade false statement that Protection enhances prices), has filled every market in Canada with American goods, underselling the Free Trade productions in very many cases, and has overstocked the States till the turning point is reached, and some manufactories must close. For instance, they have 703 blast furnaces; 367 have been put out of blast. But notice that this is not expected to continue. Forty-eight more are even now building. The American demand alone increases with a rapidity which will soon require full production again. As for military power and national *prestige*, when Mr. Fisher gives us to understand that the States do not possess them, he manifests a lack of information simply unaccountable.

Mr. Fisher tells us that the "great cause of successful foreign competition to English manufactures is the 'protective' action of the English Trades Unions." Let me point out how extremely, on this point also, he is mistaken. Free Trade is cosmopolitan, not national. Free Trade would make the world one country, having "the world's workshops," as Cobden loved to call them, in one place. In this place will congregate artizans, who will care more for increased wages than for the interests of their masters or of their country. If these break, there are others. Trades Unionism is the confusion of our modern Free Trade Babels.

Let me say a word which is needed on the Corn and Navigation Laws. The repeal of these is called a Free Trade measure. Now, the free introduction of food, which is raw material, was simply so much protection to British manufacturers. With it they could produce much more cheaply than before. They made more money. So with the Navigation Laws. The allowance of the use of foreign sailors gave the raw material of cheap labour to the British carrying trade, and was so much protection to that. They made more money. But nations should ever be watchful as to the description of industry they encourage. These same anti-Corn Laws have rendered British agriculture too weak in proportion to her manufactures; anti-Navigation Laws have rendered her sailors far too few for her ships. Ireland no longer affords a rich recruiting ground; the Highlands yield sheep and grouse instead of clansmen; the factory-bred soldiers ill replace the stout countrymen once obtainable. Lascars and Kanakas are not the sailors of Nelson. There are more men in Britain than before; but if the men of the factory serve as did the men of the field, history will fail to repeat itself. The next war must prove whether the policy of Peel safely replaced that of Cromwell. All would have been well had the Colonies been strengthened and conciliated. But they have been, by the same policy, and not unintentionally, alienated and weakened.

The writer having quoted Adam Smith to

the effect that capital employed in a home trade benefits a country more, and yields quicker, returns than that employed in a foreign one, Mr. Fisher asks:—"Is it argued that Adam Smith would have asserted that, of equal capitals, the one employed in a foreign trade carried on between St. Catharines and Buffalo, would make much slower returns than would the other in home trade between Halifax and Vancouver's Island?"

This extreme case opens up a broader question, namely, whether the inclusion of so distant a colony in the Confederation was politic; for that which is far from our trade is far from our means of defence. Protective tariffs draw population and wealth to countries situated like Canada, but the amount of territory properly tributary to one Government for the purpose of thoroughly utilizing the principle, is not known. Two points many hundred miles apart, separated by wildernesses, lakes, and vast mountains, cannot justly be regarded as one "home." It might well be that different tariffs would be required in such cases. For instance, Britain might own half China. It would be politic there to exclude tea, because it could be grown. Not so in Britain, where it could not be grown. The answer is this: Adam Smith would not have so asserted. He would have regarded it, in point of distance, as a foreign trade. The question, though useless as determining the value of Protection, yet induced me to devote to it these words, as showing our anomalous and dangerous position.

Mr. Fisher next remarks that if a trade carried on between Edinburgh and London be more profitable to Britain than one between London and Portugal, then one between the streets of London will be better still; one between the inmates of the same house, better still; one between the right and left hand, best of all; therefore, every man his own universal producer is the true principle. Mr. Fisher will at once see the fallacy of his method of reasoning when he observes that, according to it, if 30 drops of laudanum be better for a patient than 60, then 15 are better still, 8 better yet, 4 better than 8, 2 than 4, and 1 than 2. The fallacy of his result he will notice by remarking, that though a shoemaker and a tailor, living in the same house, might well exchange products rather than send to a distance, yet it does not therefore follow that the same man could profitably make coats and shoes, far less that he could make a coat with the right and a shoe with the left hand and exchange them.

Mr. Fisher is puzzled to know why Canada loses by money going out of the country, when its equivalent is returned in goods? Simply thus, that she loses her own custom. Does not Mr. Fisher know the advantage of a good customer to a person in business?

The next objection taken is to the statement by the writer, that reversing the adverse balance of Canadian imports and exports, so that other nations should yearly pay us a cash balance instead of receiving one from us, would be beneficial to Canada. Mr. Fisher goes on:—

"Well, what are we to do with the cash when we have it? keep it, like the misers of old, in strong boxes and gloat over it? What other need can we have for it, on Mr. Phipps's own showing? for in the next paragraph he seemingly dispenses with gold as a reserve, informing us that a country can issue *money* on the security of its real and personal estate. This, he says, is the real security for bank notes. . . . . I would, however, modestly ask Mr. Phipps how the nation would issue money on its real and personal estate? Would the form of the issue run as follows—'The Dominion of Canada promises to pay on demand 10 acres,' or 5 barrels of flour; or some equally simple form of note?"

If Canada had money to spare, she might pay her debts, or at least she might use it on those works for which she is now increasing those debts.

The gold reserve held by a bank is not the real security on which bank-notes are issued. That security consists in the amount of real and personal estate held by the stockholders or shareholders of the bank. The security for Government obligations to pay lies in the power and will of the Government or its successors to tax the real and personal estate of the people for the liquidation of those obligations. As for the concluding question, the only value of a note or of money is that it will purchase such commodities. Money is of no value except as a representative of valuable articles.

Mr. Fisher says:—"If I wish to get a

certain article, and I can do so in one of two ways, either by spending $100 to make it in the country, or by spending $99 by buying it abroad; then, if I buy it abroad, I and the country are both one dollar richer than if I had it made in the country at the cost of $100."

Mr. Fisher will be one dollar richer. So will the country, as he is one of its citizens. But the country is also $100 poorer, for if he had bought the article in the country he would have paid $100 for it, which he has not done. He has kept one dollar himself and carried $99 away to the other country. The only benefit the country has received is the article Mr. Fisher has bought. Having bought it elsewhere, the person who would have made it for him here has stood idle, and is minus $100, which he would have got if employed in making it. This is the whole question.

"If, on the other hand," continues Mr. Fisher, "the article is already made in the country at the cost of $100, and I buy a similar article abroad for $99, then I am richer by one dollar: the country is poorer either by an unsaleable article to the good or $100 to the bad." If the latter part of this sentence be English, it is incomprehensible to me.

The writer having stated that one result of Protection, so far as the farmer was concerned, would necessarily be the building of many manufacturing towns wherever facilities existed, thereby enabling farmers to grow and sell other articles than such as bear export and long carriage, Mr. Fisher says:—"Cultivating roots and market gardens, and raising fat cattle, are, I am told—at least in Lower Canada—quite as great drudgery as raising cereals or lean cattle."

The writer has not been told; but as he has himself had much experience in Canadian farming, perhaps he can tell Mr. Fisher a little more. Cultivating roots and cattle gives the best method of raising wheat. If the latter be persisted in on Canadian soil without the former, the deficiency of manure will exhaust the land, and will render either the cultivation of roots, wheat, or grass, or the raising of cattle, drudgery indeed. Lower Canada was once an excellent wheat-growing country, and, but for the wheat-demanding system of Free Trade, would yet have been. Now, in consequence of this, all farming there is comparative drudgery, and will be so unless Protection changes matters. Moreover, wheat-raising affords little but summer work; mixed farming gives employment the year round. Men can be hired much more cheaply by the year than by the summer.

One more specimen of Mr. Fisher's reasoning will complete the case against him:—"Mr. Phipps thinks that trade returns—exports and imports—are a most fallacious test of prosperity, and illustrates his contention as follows:—'Suppose you sell a million dollars' worth of wheat to Europe for a million dollars' worth of iron-work. Ah!—that sounds well. Imports and exports two millions.' But 'suppose you had Canadians who could make the iron stuff, and had sold it to Canadian farmers for the million of wheat,' then we should have had both millions left in the country. Our author here seems to fall into a confusion. If we export a million's worth in exchange for a million's worth, though Exports and Imports show a trade of two millions, we have only created the one million's worth of something, which we exchange for the same value of some other commodity which we want more. To say that, if we did not exchange that million out of the country, we could have had both the millions' worth, is as much as to say that if I have an orange which I want to exchange for an apple, I had better not, for then I shall have both the orange and the apple. This conjuring is more extraordinary even than making cities by Act of Parliament." The reader may safely be left to judge which writer has fallen into "confusion." Cannot Mr. Fisher master the idea that if we had made both millions' worth in the country, and did not send either out of the country, we should have had both left in the country?

Let me here point out how Protection is turning the balance of trade between England and the States in favour of the latter:

	Imports from Britain.		Exports to Britain.
1872.....	$248,000,000	.....	$261,000,000
1873.....	237,000,000	.....	312,000,000
1874.....	180,000,000	.....	341,000,000
1875.....	155,000,000	.....	313,000,000

This yearly inflow of money enables the States yearly to decrease their national debt, an operation otherwise scarcely possible.

The writer is one who would willingly observe the advance of Britain. He is of

those who believe that to the student of progress but a blank page is presented from the fall of Rome till the rise of England. But as firmly does he believe that when the abolition of differential duties on colonial and foreign produce told the colonies that to Britain they were but as foreigners henceforward, it told the nations that the leaders of British opinion, preferring wealth to honour, had bartered the power, the glory, and the strength of the nation for present monetary advancement. The men who did this were called Free Traders, and their successors, to the same sordid spirit born, at this day, in every colony of England, undermine the foundations of the empire in their insatiable thirst for gold, and cry over their shoulders to every passer-by, "Help us, or you are disloyal!"

The only possibility of continuous British pre-eminence lay in the advancement of her colonial possessions. To them should, to them could, have been directed that vast mass of Anglo-Saxon strength, capital, and knowledge which, bursting from the confining bonds of the little islands, bearing its absorbed races in its train, has filled the vast American States with a people ever rival, ever jealous, ever threatening hostility, and has permeated every foreign nation with a power and vitality never previously known, and only too surely impregnated with the unpatriotic spirit of its selfish misdirectors.

Had those statesmen who, thirty years ago, held the mightiest power for good or evil ever committed to man, the direction of the British Empire at that great turning point of its destiny—had they then applied themselves by protective duties to foster what manufacturing abilities each British colony possessed—they had formed each into a lesser Britain, closing indeed a market for many home productions, but opening wide that infinitely more desirable field—a field wherein British and Colonial energy might have found full scope, abundant range, in the consolidation, extension, and increase of the Empire. Had this been done, the mother country might have been poorer in money, but she would have been richer in men—much richer in national spirit. The United States would have been infinitely weaker; every foreign, European, Asiatic and South American potentate would have been weaker; but Colonial Britain—Asiatic, Australian, and American—would by this time have become self-providing, self-protecting Powers, bound to their great progenitor by those ties of interest, gratitude, and respect which form the only true basis of loyalty; sources still of profit—yet a profit then more mutual—in peace; powerful allies in time of war.

How different is the position of Great Britain and her colonies to-day, those well know who have studied the question. If she now no longer occupies that position of pre-eminence in Europe and America which half a century back she had won and could use, it is that she has sent her strength elsewhere, and that much of that strength which might have been still her own—the mighty increase of which might have been still her own—is now, as her statesmen at length perceive, only too ready to be turned against her. There is even yet time to retrace some steps—yet time to reverse the fatal policy of Free Trade—but there is no time to spare.

FLOWERS.

I LOVE the flowers,
And happy hours
I've spent among their green retreats;
And memory o'er and o'er repeats
The days of youth,
Of hope and truth,
Now passed away for ever.

Returning Spring
Will ever bring
To me sweet thoughts of golden childhood,
When, gathered in the mossy wildwood,
In dresses white,
With faces bright,
We crowned our young May Queen.

And Summer too,
The time to woo,
Brings sweeter memories far than these,
Of whispered love 'neath shadowy trees;
The moon so bright,
Our hearts so light,
The balmy air so full of roses.

Childhood is gone,
And youth has flown,
But flowers have still the gentle power
To picture o'er that blissful hour
When love was mine,
And he did twine
Among my curls a sweet June rose.

HAMILTON. LOUIE.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION AND ITS OBJECTS.

BY J. KING, M.A., BERLIN.

LAST midsummer's monotony, like that of many preceding midsummers, was broken for a time amongst Canadian pressmen by a pleasant little excursion, some graphic and sprightly descriptions of which appeared, from time to time, in the newspapers. This happy holiday party was composed of gentlemen belonging to the "Canadian Press Association," accompanied by a number of ladies. The gentlemen were, or had formerly been, active members of the "Fourth Estate," in good standing, as the phrase is, in the journalistic profession; the ladies who went with them were either relatives or friends, and lent, as ladies' society always does, zest and refinement to the pleasure of those seeking relaxation from the treadmill of daily duty. The expedition on which all had set out, and the purpose which all had in view, were in a way time-honoured. Both were keeping alive the memories of old professional or personal friendships, or forming new connections of a similar kind that would themselves be agreeable memories after a time. It has been the custom of this associated body of journalists, for at least twelve years, to meet annually at some central or convenient point, transact such business as concerns them, and thence proceed on their annual excursion, the arrangements for which have generally been settled beforehand. On this last occasion the general rendezvous was the hospitable city of Hamilton, which entertained its visitors with rare kindness, fairly lionized them and their honourable calling for the time being, and sent them away to old Niagara, and the historic associations of the Niagara peninsula, to note the scenes and incidents of their holiday jaunt.

The Press Association is rapidly nearing the close of the second decade of its existence. The design of forming it had previously engaged the attention of a few leading newspaper men, but no attempt was made to carry out the design until the autumn of 1859. The idea originated, we believe, with Mr. William Gillespy, at that time editor and publisher of the Hamilton *Daily Spectator*, the reputed "Father of the Association," and whose energetic and unselfish exertions in tiding it over many early difficulties were subsequently recognised in a graceful manner by those belonging to it. Like many undertakings of a similar kind, its beginning was feeble and discouraging. In September, 1859, the Provincial Fair was being held in the city of Kingston. The occasion, which had, as usual, brought together a number of members of the metropolitan and local Press of the country, was considered a timely one for a frank discussion of the project. A preliminary meeting was called on the afternoon of the 27th, but it was so slimly attended that an adjournment was found necessary till the following evening. Some sixteen gentlemen connected with the Press of Upper and Lower Canada assembled at the adjourned meeting, and it was then that the first steps were taken towards the establishment of the Association. The scheme was fairly launched in the early part of the following year, when a constitution, unpretentious in form and simple in detail, was adopted, and the first officers of the Association were elected. The first anniversary was held in September of the same year at Hamilton, but met with indifferent success—the movements of the Prince of Wales, who was then on a visit to the Province, and a guest of the city, absorbing general attention. The experiment of a public breakfast was tried, and, with Mr. C. J. Brydges, an old and valued friend of the Press, as one of their guests, the members of the Association spent a few hours of good fellowship together, and thus inaugurated those annual social reunions which have done so much to promote mutual forbearance and kindly feeling amongst them. The year following, the annual meeting was held at London, where, at a public supper, the Hon. T. D. McGee, Hon. M. H. Foley, and Mr. J G. Bowes, then Mayor of Toronto—the two first named, we believe, old *attachés* of the Press—were present as guests. D'Arcy McGee was in one of his most genial moods, and those present will remember his manly, cheering words

of encouragement, when, glancing with a prescient eye at the "future confederated Provinces of British North America," he spoke of "the Confederated Press of Canada," and of the noble, national mission which, with the dawn of the new era that he then predicted, it would be both its privilege and its duty to undertake. Annual meetings have since been held at all of the principal cities, and at several of the large towns of Ontario and Quebec. These meetings have been largely attended, and have been productive of the happiest results. They have strengthened the *esprit de corps* which has always more or less existed amongst members of the Newspaper Press; they have brought together, under most favourable circumstances, men of very opposite and pronounced opinions, and, by the attraction of personal acquaintanceship, and a free, unrestrained interchange of individual views on subjects of mutual interest, have softened the asperities, if they have not altogether eradicated the rancour and bitterness, of bygone journalism. This social element has been a strong one in conserving the Association; and whatever its future may be—whether it shall be, as it has been, a thoroughly social fraternity, promoting professional courtesy and kindliness, and improving, as it certainly has improved, the general tone of newspaper controversy, or whether it shall seek to maintain itself on a broader and more practical basis, extend the sphere of its operations and the scope of its usefulness—its vitality is assured, and its permanency, in some form or other, established beyond question.

The Association may fairly claim to be a representative body: so far as this Province is concerned, it certainly is. It has none of the instincts of a "close corporation," and every member of the Press, of talent and respectability, has been welcomed to its ranks, with the right to share its corporate privileges. These privileges have at times been abused, and a few years ago the abuse of the courtesies of the free pass system made it necessary to define more strictly the limits of *bonâ fide* membership. The Association now includes "publishers, proprietors, editors, and reporters of newspapers, and ex-members of the Press throughout the Dominion of Canada," as well as "such honorary members as the Association may from time to time elect." There are on the present roll the names of some two hundred gentlemen, of various nationalities, of every political and religious creed, and from every section of Ontario, including a number also from the sister Provinces. Many of these are amongst our oldest and most experienced journalists; a few are men of distinguished ability and acknowledged literary reputation; while several represent constituencies in Parliament, or are the leaders of powerful party organizations in the country. Although at first composed exclusively of followers of the "art preservative"—of those engaged in the various departments of newspaper work proper—time and its rapid changes have greatly altered the constituent elements of the Association. Many have abandoned the field of active publication, and become engrossed in other pursuits. Several have laid down the pen to retire into snug Government offices, where they may enjoy their ease with dignity. Others have recruited the learned professions; but few who have at any time belonged to it have not kept up their connection with the Association, in which may now be found representatives of almost every trade or business interest; of every calling, mercantile, professional, or otherwise; and of every university or school of learning in the country. It certainly may claim to have a fair share of "all the talents," and contains within itself the germs, at least, of much that is full of promise to Canada. The birthday of the Canadian Press can scarcely be recalled by any one now living, but there are still a few in this Association who can date back their editorial labours to a time when it was in its feeble infancy; when journalism—and especially independent, fearless journalism—was beset with trials and vicissitudes, and the Canadian newspaper was leading an uncertain, wearisome existence. The Press forms an indissoluble link between the present and the historical past of a nation's life, and, with its energies concentrated in the right direction, there are few bodies of men who can give to that life sturdier form or more enduring vitality; few who can more successfully gather together the strings of that national destiny which centre in to-day, and those which must centre at some point in the impenetrable future. "Experience has proved," a writer in the *Nation* remarks, "that those who are men of action as well as men of thought can give a new bent to modern civilization. If, in this

country, they are only true to themselves and their great mission as national educators; if, having lofty and patriotic aims, they pursue them with unselfishness, fidelity, and courage, they can achieve grand results for their common country. They can break down, and —what has not yet been done—effectually clear away the old lines of demarcation between our people. They can kill off woodenheaded Provincialism, and, by the removal of shams and cant from the old arena of public life, erect and establish, on a broader ground and firmer basis, an infinitely higher standard than we have been wont to see in the newspaper literature and politics of the country." How this can best be done is a question of moment for every one; for our public men especially; for those who lead public opinion, as well as for those who are led by it. The journalist does both, and it is worth his serious thought how far a journalistic guild can be made to subserve the aims of a mission so meritorious.

This project of an Associated Press had its origin in motives very different from those which usually combine members of a particular class or calling. The idea of setf-protection, of conserving and promoting their trade or labour interests, has been the ruling one in all such combinations. The Trades' Unions of this and other countries have sprung from this idea, and have maintained themselves just in so far as it has been successfully carried out. The founders of the Press Association were actuated by no such motives. There was no necessity, in their case, for union on such a basis. Newspaper publishers, as a class, had no grievances, real or fancied, to complain of; they had no oppressive exactions—no tribute to pay to Cæsar; and the postage impost, which has since excited their apprehensions, had not then become the creature of legislative enactment. Mere political differences of opinion, however, have never, in a general emergency, disturbed the loyal relations of pressmen with each other. Experience has proved that the presence of a common danger is quite sufficient to unite them, against any formidable encroachment, in defence of the common cause.

We have already indicated some of the prime causes to which the Association owes its existence. Acquaintance with an editor or publisher through his newspaper is a very different thing from acquaintance with himself; and if the founders of the Association sought only that the members of the Press should know each other better, that the acrimony of newspaper discussion should be moderated, and its general tone elevated and improved, their efforts in that direction deserve at least grateful recognition. They can justly claim to have achieved much in that way since the day, some seventeen years ago, when the prospects of achieving anything seemed very far off. In the local Press of the country especially a great advance has been made. If it has still a few sins to answer for, they are more venial and far less flagrant than they once were; its tone has lost nothing in force and vigour by greater courtesy and fairness; if the personalities which were wont to disfigure controversy have not entirely ceased, they are much less freely indulged in; and, as a rule, those professional amenities, which never fail to lighten the faithful discharge of any public duty, have been far more generally observed. Much has been gained, but much that, we believe, is capable of being done remains unaccomplished. For some reason or other, a portion of the metropolitan Press has, of late years, held aloof from the Association. The attitude of these journals is by no means unfriendly; it has not been assumed, we are satisfied, from any want of sympathy with every good object of their fellow-workers in the same profession; but, in the general interest, it is none the less to be deplored. It is true, the favour and support of any particular section of the Press, however desirable, are not essential to the existence of the Association. It has lived so far without these, and it can live on to the end. But such a state of things is, to say the least, anomalous; it has the appearance of a mutual estrangement that should not, and that, we are persuaded, really does not exist; and it will be a fortunate thing, not only for the interests of journalism itself, but for those higher interests with which it is charged, if relations more unmistakably cordial and less open to misapprehension can be established between all sections of the Canadian Press.

The history of every country proves how much may be achieved by what has been called a "passion for ideas." Can it be doubted that the idea of an Associated Press is worth cherishing? Can it be doubted that it is worth individual unself-

ishness, and united harmonious effort? Does any one suppose that no good can come of a large number of talented and influential men of the same calling uniting together on a common platform, without any sacrifice of political independence and personal self-respect, and seeking to promote, either the practical employments of their craft, or some good and philanthropic objects in connection with their own profession? Uncompromising as is party warfare in this country—bitter and hateful as it, unfortunately, too often is—it can surely interpose no insuperable barrier to the successful working out of this idea. The main difficulties in the formation of a Canadian Press Association have been long since overcome; the feasibility and real value of the project, within a limited field and by limited means, have been clearly demonstrated. It remains to be seen whether, with the material already at hand and a proper spirit animating them, this body of Associated pressmen cannot add appreciably to the sum total of their yearly achievements.

The annual excursion of the Association has been already referred to. This has formed a prominent and attractive feature of each year's gathering. It has been the means of adding largely to the membership; of providing many and varied sources of innocent pleasure for those who have their fair share of the fretting cares and worries of life; of extending the acquaintance of members with each other and with their great constituency, the newspaper public; of informing and enlightening both, and giving them juster notions of their mutual duties and obligations. The first experiment of uniting in this way the widely scattered members of the Press fraternity was made in the summer of 1864, when, after a pleasant run from Toronto over the Northern Railway, the party enjoyed a delightful day's sail amidst the picturesque scenery of Lake Simcoe. Since then their holiday wanderings have been ubiquitous. The great lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the mysterious Saguenay, have all been "done" over and over again, while, at times, they have crossed the southerly frontier, and accepted the generous hospitality of our American cousins. The first trip on Lake Superior to Fort William was a memorable one. A miniature printing office was established on the old *Algoma*, and a miniature daily paper, *The Canadian Press*, was issued every lawful evening to those on board the steamer. "Print and prosper on land and water," was the appropriate motto of this first herald of the Press in those regions, the poet laureate of the year adding the following simple lines of his fancy:—

Go forth, precursor of a better time;
Go, like the dove from Noah's ark of old;
Stay not, rest not, till o'er this rugged clime,
Thou leav'st a power more precious far than gold.
Tell of this land of rocky isles and plains;
Keen messengers are now upon its track,
To scan its mines, its varied fruits and grains,
And take the winnow'd jewels with them back.

Periodical trips like these, by a number of gentlemen more or less talented, as well as reflecting and observant, and accustomed to think and speak for themselves, have been of immense service to journalists and their readers everywhere. They have enlarged and added to the practical knowledge and mental outfit of the writer, and have been the means of disseminating much valuable information with respect to the condition and resources of all parts of the country. The descriptions given of their journeys, if not exhaustive, have bristled with facts full of interest and value to the average newspaper reader. Pungency and raciness of style and matter have not been wanting, while the fulness and accuracy of the various narratives have enhanced the benefits directly traceable to these pen-and-ink sketches of the itinerant editor. Whatever quickens the sympathy between the journalist and his constituents, and strengthens the comity and *entente cordiale* between journalists themselves, is deserving of encouragement, and these holiday excursions have certainly done this in a greater or less degree. As each annual *gaudeamus* of the Association comes round, a truce is proclaimed in newspaperdom; the asperities of the pen and sanctum are forgotten, and, inspired by the genial, kindly spirit of free, unaffected personal intercourse, each member goes hopefully forward to the duties of another year.

During the first few years of the Association's existence, these holiday trips were of brief duration, and much less pretentious than they have since become. A day and a-half or two days completed the annual meeting and subsequent trip. The whole affair partook more of the character of a

large private pleasure party than anything else. But as the Association increased in numbers, strength, and importance—which it very soon did—the business meeting became more like a miniature congress, and a prolonged holiday more of a felt necessity. The annual excursion has now assumed proportions which make it an event of uncommon public importance. Civic entertainments and *fêtes*, and boundless private hospitalities, attend the Association wherever it goes. The popular notion as to the power and influence of newspapers, as organs of public opinion, has found expression on these occasions in a manner at once complimentary and gratifying. Few cities or towns of any importance where the Association has held its annual gatherings, or which it has visited for any length of time, have not sought to pay it some tribute of public respect, or, in its person, to honour the great and important mission which the Press as a whole is constantly discharging. The hospitality of our American neighbours is proverbial, and, whenever it has been the good fortune of the Association to pass through their territory, it has been the recipient of kindnesses innumerable. Few who accompanied the party will forget their short sojourn in New York State a few years ago, the ovations at Syracuse and elsewhere, and the magnificent banquet at which the Canadians were entertained at Oswego by the corporation of that prosperous city. As mere civic demonstrations these were gratifying successes; but as expressions of national good-will towards a representative body of the Canadian people by the people of a foreign country, their importance and significance were far greater. These manifold past courtesies on the part of leading men in the Republic are well worth reciprocating. The mere personal contact of a number of the journalists of the two nations —of those whose special duty it is to reflect faithfully the public opinion of both countries—must in itself be productive of many beneficial consequences. It helps to remove erroneous impressions, and disseminate correct notions of popular feeling and sentiment on both sides of the line. And it is well worth cultivating, if only that it may assist in dissipating doubts and misunderstandings as to the respective polities of two great neighbours; of effectively disturbing the insular patriotism, so to speak, of each; and of cementing international friendship by the united exertions of those who can do much to perpetuate it.

But although the Association has much to be grateful for in this respect, it has never as a body sought after anything of the kind. It has asked and received business courtesies like any other body, and has secured from the different railway and steamboat companies the privileges of the pass system, which, in the case of newspaper *attachés*, was long the custom of the country. Whenever and wherever these courtesies have been extended, they have been freely and gratefully acknowledged. They were never, that we are aware, bestowed upon the Press as benevolences to condone sins of omission or commission on the part of the donors, and we think better of the independence of the Press as a whole than to believe that they would be accepted as such in any case. The expediency or policy of the practice is another matter, but it will be quite time enough to discuss that when any real evil or mischief is found arising from it. The late Sandfield Macdonald used to boast that he never accepted, or would accept, a free pass from any railway corporation, believing, as he did, that it placed him under a personal obligation to them, and so more or less compromised his independence as a public man. There is some force in the reasoning of Mr. Macdonald, who was for several years a Minister of the Crown, and his scruples in this respect may apply to those who help to make and unmake Crown Ministers, and whose influence great corporations are by no means averse to secure.

The next meeting of the Associated Press will be held in Toronto on the 30th inst., and thereafter there will be an excursion to the Centennial Exhibition. In the meantime, is it not worth considering how far a "new departure" may be made with advantage, as regards the constitution and general objects of the Association? Heretofore, it must be admitted, its aims have been much narrower than they should be. The meetings have been hurried; a few topics of no very special interest have been discussed; the general business transacted has been purely routine, broken only, and sometimes unbroken altogether, by an essay and poem. Is it not possible to improve on this? After all, is it necessary to have an

excursion *every* year? Might not one year be devoted to a few days of intellectual, and the next to holiday, diversion? Or, as in the case of the Archæological and other societies in England, might not the two be advantageously combined? In other countries we find similar associated bodies assembling year after year, their members reading papers on subjects of real interest to themselves, eagerly criticising and discussing them, suggesting new inquiries, following these out with industry and avidity, and arriving at conclusions and discoveries of immense value to literature, science, and art. Cannot the fraternity of the Canadian Press do the same thing; or, at all events, cannot they attempt to do it? Are there no benevolent or charitable objects for such an Association? Can it devise no eleemosynary scheme for the relief at times of unfortunate but worthy followers of the "art preservative"—of those victims of the harsh world's misfortune who occasionally cross our path, who are sorely in need of help and pity, and to whom timely assistance would often sweeten the bitterness of a lonely lot? In the motherland there are several such schemes in active operation—several benevolent societies or institutions connected with the printing art, or the profession of literature, in some shape or other. There is the Newsvendors' Provident Institution, which was originated by some members of the publishing trade, and which affords assistance to that ill-paid class of persons in times of sickness and indigence. There is the Newspaper Press Fund, which grants relief to members in want or distress, and to the widows, families, or other near relatives of those deceased, in right of a moderate annual subscription. Its members comprise the whole paid class of literary contributors to the Press of the United Kingdom, and every class of reporters. But the whole circle of the arts in Britain is pervaded by institutions of this kind. The devotees of painting, music, and the drama have all got their charitable Associations, which are managed and sustained in such a way that no member of them can consider it a degradation to accept their support. In this Province there are several societies of a similar kind, with objects more or less akin to those we have described. Two or three years ago the Benchers at Osgoode Hall discussed the subject of a Provident Society in connection with the members of the Law Society of the Province. It is, therefore, not idle to suggest such a thing to the members of the Press Association, and it will not be useless for them to discuss it fairly and frankly. Under present circumstances, of course, little, if anything, can be done by them in furthering such a scheme. The revenue derived by the Association from the trifling annual subscriptions of its members would afford a very inadequate fund for the solace and comfort of the poor itinerant printer who forms so important, if subordinate, a part in the great intellectual machinery of the Press. There are, too, obvious reasons against public contributions to any such fund of an Association so powerful as that of the Newspaper Press, the favour of which so many persons desire to conciliate. Still, a wide field is open, and the way is clear, for the exercise of a brotherly love, and help, and goodness, that may compass many and great benefits for those with the care and protection of whose interests this Association may be said to be specially charged.

In addition to the Press Association proper, there is at present in existence the Dominion Editors' and Reporters' Association, which is composed of some of the ablest and most experienced members of the Press in Canada. The amalgamation of these two distinctive bodies is well worth considering, and, if successfully effected, would be a fortunate thing for journalism in this country. In the Provinces by the sea, too, there is an influential section of the Press, whose co-operation with these other Associations is most desirable. The seeking of a closer union with the newspaper publishers and journalists of all the confederated Provinces cannot be kept too steadily in view by every one of the members of that body which will assemble in Toronto at the close of the present month. If it should be, the time cannot be far distant when there will exist a National Newspaper Guild as wide as the Dominion in its bonds and sympathies, when Provincial will be subordinated to National interests, and when the Press of Canada will breathe a spirit of mutual forbearance and patriotism that must be productive of consequences fortunate alike to the intellectual and to the political life of the Canadian people.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, JR., QUEBEC.

ANOTHER World's Fair has been opened, and one of special importance to ourselves, inasmuch as our great neighbour is the showman, and has done his utmost to exhibit his wares and display his skill to the best advantage. As a matter of course, those who are the hosts on such occasions have the advantage of their guests, and so make the largest and most pretentious display. Many articles cannot with safety or economy be transported great distances; hence Germany and Austria exhibited in Vienna what they have not sent across the Atlantic; and the United States this year displays in Philadelphia articles whose bulk and weight interfered with their transport to Europe. Moreover, quantities of inferior manufactures and of unimportant natural products swell the exhibits of the host, inasmuch as the cost of carriage and installation is light. It must not be supposed, however, that because the United States occupies the major part of the buildings, she occupies the same space in the field of the World's industries, any more than it follows that Canada's manufacturing importance is commensurate with the floor room assigned to her.

The utility of these Great Exhibitions is unquestionable; the frequency with which they ought to be held is open to discussion; but the present time is peculiarly applicable for a comparison between the state of European and American manufactures. Before the war, American manufacturing was in its infancy. Since its close, the exceptionally high prices borne by every manufactured article, assisted by a high protective tariff, have fostered manufactures into early manhood. Now, when all the benefit that could accrue from protection has been attained, prices have suddenly fallen, and to such an extent that the great staples can be bought of home manufacture at almost as low a figure as in England: while the prices of such raw material as coal and iron ores in favourable localities is lower, and labour but little if at all higher. England and the States, therefore, now start on a fair race shoulder to shoulder, each with a developed manufacturing interest, and with the raw material of manufacture at much the same price. The element of difference lies in the quality of the labour each employs. Will the thew and sinew of the English ironworker, and the stern resolution of the Manchester operator (which carried him and his country safely through the cotton famine), be more than a match for the better education and readier invention, but weaker physique and more fluctuating will of his American competitor? In the Exhibition the present position of these two great rivals can be studied, and a starting point obtained whence to judge of their future progress. It would be impertinent in us to think of taking a part in a contest for the trade of the world, but our exhibits show that it is not presumptuous to hope to compete at home with imported goods; and perhaps even, with some articles, to win our way into foreign markets, If, however, we are to do this successfully, our manufacturers must study æsthetics; and nowhere can this be better done than here, where articles in bad taste look worst when compared with others of the same class, beautiful in design as well as execution. And this is really the great value of such competitive fairs as the present. No nation values them more than Great Britain, judging from the cost she incurs at each successive Exhibition, because no nation has profited by them more than has she, and pre-eminently in this very respect. Before 1851 she made good cloth, good china, good carpets, and good furniture; but the designs and patterns were clumsy and inharmonious. Comparison with French and Austrian goods awakened her manufacturers to these defects; and with British determination they commenced to study art, and, as a result, to-day stand incomparably ahead of the world in those very branches where they were most deficient.

Our department displays sad lack of taste,

the very fault in an exaggerated degree that used to attach to English goods. It would be difficult, it is true, for the most beautiful object to look well in the heavy black walnut cases in which our exhibits are immured, and which stand in gaunt, gloomy rows, like coffins on end in an undertaker's shop. Not only do they cast a shadow over the goods they contain, and even over the spirit of the visitor, but they necessitate in many instances the crowding of so much in so little space, that the character of the articles cannot be judged of, as is notably the case in regard to the display of furs made by the Hudson Bay Company and Messrs. Renfrew & Co., of Quebec. It would be to the interest of exhibitors even yet to repair the error. Our space is close to that allotted to Great Britain, so that a ready comparison can be made of our household furniture (for instance) with hers, or of the designs of our delf with hers, and thus we shall see how far we have fallen behind the manufacturers of the mother country, who originally furnished us with models and supplied us with skilled hands. Our Government has devoted $100,000 to Exhibition purposes. It will be well spent if we are wise enough to study our defects.

The cost of successive Exhibitions has gone on increasing, and the pecuniary loss attending them correspondingly augmenting. Only in 1851 did the receipts cover the outlay. The following summary will give an idea of the vast scale on which they have been carried out, and the great loss some Governments have thought it worth incurring.

The first International Exhibition was that held in Hyde Park, in 1851, under the auspices of the Society of Arts, and the Presidency of Prince Albert. In 1846 he had been elected President of the Society, and at once, by means of national competitive exhibitions, endeavoured "to encourage the application of Fine Arts to our manufactures." The Society's exhibitions grew in favour and in size, and suggested to the large-minded Prince the advantage of bringing into friendly contest the manufacturers and artists of the world.

"Ours is an era of Exhibitions," says the Preface to the British Catalogue of the present Exhibition, "and its Hegira dates from that 30th of June, 1849, when the Prince Consort, at a meeting of the Society of Arts, held in Buckingham Palace, explained the outlines of that great scheme which owed so much of its subsequent success to the rare administrative ability of its author. At this meeting Prince Albert suggested not only the grouping of the exhibits into four main heads—raw material, machinery and mechanical inventions, manufactures, and sculpture and plastic art—but also the world-known site, on the wisdom of which it would seem unnecessary to enlarge, were it not for the fact that even so good a judge of men and cities as the late Lord Carlisle, in his capacity of First Lord of the Woods and Forests, had dreamt of no better a location than the square of Somerset House. The question of prizes, of a Royal Commission, and of the organization of a popular subscription, having been decided on, the Exhibition of 1851 started forth from that meeting, ready armed, like Minerva, on her mission of peaceful contest. From that day no time was lost by distracting counsels or futile delays. The 3rd of January of the following year saw a Royal Commission appointed; on the 13th of March architects of all nations were invited to compete; the 8th of April witnessed 233 plans submitted; on the 10th of June they were on exhibition at the Institute of Civil Engineers, in Great George Street, Westminster, only to be rejected, as no single plan was so accordant with the peculiar objects in view, either in the principle or detail of its arrangement, as to warrant the Building Committee in recommending it for adoption. On the 14th of June, Sir Joseph (then Mr.) Paxton submitted to Mr. Robert Stephenson a rough sketch on a blotting pad of what was to be the Faërie Palace by the Serpentine; in ten days the elevations, sections, working details, and specifications were carried out; on the 6th July they appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, and the suffrages of the masses were secured; on the 16th they were accepted; on the 26th the tender of Messrs. Fox and Henderson was ratified; on the 30th the contractors took possession of the ground; on the 15th August the charter of incorporation was issued; and on the 26th September the first column was in its place."

In ignorance of these facts, people who should be better informed and more cautious in their statements are flattering themselves that the Philadelphia Exhibition is the first which has not depended for its sup-

port and organization on Government aid. It is a great pity that our neighbours, with so much that they may be justly proud of, cannot allow any one else credit for the possession of even the most common-place faculties.

The Exhibition thus inaugurated by popular effort was brought to a successful issue by the hearty concurrence of all classes, so that no subsequent Exhibition has been opened and closed amidst such profound enthusiasm. The total cost was £292,795 sterling, the receipts reached £506,100 sterling, so that there remained in the hands of the Commission a balance of £213,305, which has been devoted to the establishment of the South Kensington Museum and kindred objects. The number of visitors was 6,139,195, and of exhibitors 13,937.

The success of this attempt instigated France to imitate England's example, and the 1st of May, 1855, was fixed for the opening of an International Exhibition in Paris. But on the 1st nothing was ready, so the opening was postponed till the 15th, when it was with difficulty that enough objects could be collected to grace the inauguration ceremonies. The number of exhibitors reached 23,954, and could not be accommodated under one roof. The number of visitors was 5,162,330. The cost was above $4,000,000, and the receipts only about $640,495, so that the French Government was a heavy loser.

London followed suit with the Exhibition of 1862, in the organization of which Prince Albert was again the all-presiding genius, and in which he hoped to see fulfilled his maturer ideas; but death cut him off on the eve of their realization, and his loss cast a gloom over the enterprise. Nevertheless, it was a brilliant monument to his memory. It was visited by 6,211,103 people; and the number of exhibitors shows an increase over Paris, being 28,653. It was attended with no loss to its promoters, though there remained no balance to the credit of the account. The expenses were £459,637; the receipts, £438,631; but the deficit of £21,000 was, under agreement, made up by the contractors. The memorable feature in this Exhibition was the unique loan collection of paintings by eminent British artists.

Five years then passed without the excitement of another show; but they were years which belied all the hopes of peace and good-will that the chief originators of International Exhibitions so fondly believed would flow from such congresses of the nations, for both Europe and America were convulsed with war. Napoleon's influence was beginning to wane, and the French Government planned an Exhibition which should, through its extent and the novelty of its arrangements, throw all previous attempts into the shade, and thus by gratifying popular vanity distract popular attention from politics; and certainly Napoleon succeeded. The Champ de Mars was chosen as the site, and for the first time exhibitors and nations erected independent structures within the grounds, to contain goods or illustrate national habits; while, within a huge circular building, not only were the arts of the present day classified, but an attempt was made to realize the life of by-gone ages. The Exhibition was full of brilliant innovations, and was visited by many of the great of the earth. It marked the zenith of Napoleon's fame. The total number of visitors did not, however, much exceed those who flocked to London in 1862, while the amount received fell slightly below, and the loss to the Government was not less than £350,000 sterling.

Austria was contemplating an Exhibition when her war with Prussia gave her other subjects for reflection; but her first care on her recovery was to invite the nations to a Great Fair on the Prater of Vienna. But the events of this superb Exhibition are too fresh to need recalling; suffice it to record the fact that despite the 70,000 exhibitors, the completeness of the display of the whole world's treasure, and the wonderful beauties of the Park—studded with four hundred buildings, to illustrate the architecture of almost every nation under heaven—not more than 6,740,500 visitors were attracted, and the receipts only reached £206,477, to meet an outlay by Government of nearly £2,000,000.

If, therefore, Europe, with its thickly settled and wealthy population, contributes so few visitors, comparatively, to such alluring sights, it is unreasonable to suppose that the scattered population of America can or will flock in such crowds to Philadelphia as to make what will prove the most costly of all the World's Fairs anything else than a source of great direct pecuniary loss. The

visitors from across the Atlantic cannot notably swell the number.

But the loss incurred by the Governments or public associations by no means represents the total outlay, not directly remunerative, which these huge undertakings involve. Professor Blake, in his Report to the Centennial Commission on the Vienna Exhibition, calculates that foreign Governments expended $5,000,000 in assisting exhibitors, and that exhibitors themselves spent not less than $5,000,000 more on cases and attendance. Thus the total cost of the Vienna Exhibition, after deducting all receipts, would reach the enormous figure of $19,850,000. Great commercial advantages must have accrued, unsuccessful in some respects as that Exhibition was, to tempt Governments and individuals to repeat the experiment, for in Philadelphia the same firms are prominent who were most lavish in expenditure at Vienna. Messrs. Elkington, the silversmiths, are supposed to have expended $6,000 at Vienna, and here their outlay must have been very large; but as they exhibit about £100,000 sterling of plate, and already a great deal of it is ticketed as sold, the immediate profit must fully cover the expense, and leave them with the advantage of the celebrity which such a magnificent display of exquisite workmanship must bring.

It is evident that only first-class wares in all departments can now find a market in the United States. Manufacturers there have reached the stage of general excellence; and goods, therefore, of average quality are made and sold at lower prices than the imported articles of the same quality can pass the Customs at; but, as the preface to Part Two of the British Catalogue remarks: "Manufactures, throughout the world, are localized by the skill of the population in each particular production, as well as by district peculiarities. This is probably the reason why manufactories can seldom be removed with success, or be established in foreign countries, since various details in skill and labour, *in combination* with natural local advantages, are necessary to mature the peculiar excellences of any particular fabric. For instance, a West of England broadcloth (unsurpassed in the world), when imitated in Yorkshire, from a precisely similar class of wool, with the same care and attention, and made at the same expense, does not hold its own in the markets against the produce of the west country mill." Consequently, only goods of supreme excellence will now bear the cost of importation. As an example, the same preface instances the case of the carpets supplied to the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. There was required 34 square miles of carpeting, which was all furnished by the Bigelow Carpet Company, except two carpets for the principal reception room, and for these the contractor had to look to Scotland, where he obtained two Axminsters, which the *United States Economist* had to confess "surpassed everything of the kind ever produced, both in beauty of design and excellence of manufacture."

What holds true of the United States should be equally applicable to our own country. We cannot expect at a leap to attain perfection in the manufacture of articles of luxury, nor should we attempt to compete in manufactures which depend for economy of production or for excellence on local advantages which we do not possess; but there seems no reason why, unoppressed by such taxation as weighs down American enterprise, we should not produce the staples of good quality, if not of highest finish, more cheaply than they can be imported. The Canadian manufacturer would do well, therefore, to compare in Philadelphia the class of goods which the American manufacturers can produce to the exclusion of foreign, with those which as yet the American consumers must look for abroad. The study may assist him in determining what should for the present be the limit of his own aspirations.

The exclusion of all foreign goods but those of highest excellence and artistic finish, and great cost, from the American market, by reason of heavy duty, accounts probably for the comparatively small foreign exhibit. Manufacturers of course incur the cost of exhibiting only in the hope of gain, and refrain from exposing their wares to those who cannot purchase. Hence the number of exhibitors at Philadelphia is far under what was anticipated. There are not 14,000 entries in the official catalogues, which, however, are very incomplete. But most of the exhibitors occupy so much space, that the vast expanse of 75 acres under roof is fully occupied.

Though all the buildings but the Agricultural Hall were ready to receive their contents long before the opening day, no

department was quite ready for inspection. The English and Canadian sections were amongst the most advanced, and the United States among the most backward. Even yet some courts are closed to the public. But upon the whole, the Exhibition was in a more complete state than any of its predecessors except those of London; and now it is certainly full enough to allow of an opinion being formed as to the position which will be assigned it among the six great friendly trade competitions held within the past quarter of a century.

The verdict of those capable of judging is, that as an Exhibition of the manufactures and products of the world it is inferior to those of Paris and Vienna. The East is but inadequately represented. There is nothing at all from Persia; and Russia and Portugal, though they accepted the invitation to contribute, have not as yet sent much. No European Power but Great Britain has made as grand a display of their riches as at the last great European shows: and therefore the distinctive feature of this one must be considered to be its exhaustive exhibit of American products and industries. Not that the contributions from abroad are by any means paltry: what has been sent is of the best, and therefore as valuable for comparison as if the exhibits were more numerous; nevertheless, the display, as a whole, is not as imposing as if it had been more varied.

The synopsis from the official catalogues on the two following pages, 540 and 541, will best illustrate the position held by each country, and the number and variety of our own offerings.

The objects in departments I. II, and III. are exhibited in the main building, which is in the form of a parallelogram, 1,880 feet in length, and 464 feet in width, rising in three steps to a total height of 70 feet, and flanked with towers. At the centre of each side is an entrance, with a lofty façade. The roof of the transept rises above the roof of the nave, and here four towers, 48 feet square and 120 feet high, relieve the long, low structure from the appearance of squatness. It cannot claim beauty, nor the possession of any such distinctive feature as the great dome of the Vienna Palace; but the avenues are long and wide, the light is admirably distributed, and the structure throughout is well suited to the purpose for which it was built. The nations are assigned spaces so that all courts may open on the central avenue; the four principal contributors—England, France, Germany, and the United States—likewise facing on the transept. Some of the minor Powers have enclosed their contributions within screens, gaudy in colour and of unassignable architectural style; but those which, like England and France, have studied most carefully the economics of Exhibitions, have come to learn that the less there is to distract attention from the objects under exhibition, the better. Hence not only are all enclosing partitions abolished by them, but the show cases are of the plainest description. Those in the English department are almost uniformly of ebony relieved by gold; but they are low and sufficiently extended to allow of each article being viewed apart from its neighbour. Many exhibits occupy as much space as a good-sized shop. As a consequence of the absence of flags and upholstery, and likewise through the works of Art being confined to the Memorial Hall, and Horticulture to its own quarters, the avenues are bare of such groups of statuary and clusters of tropical foliage as made up such beautiful vistas in the Hyde Park Palace of 1851, and in some subsequent Exhibitions.

As the objects are distributed geographically (so to speak), and not according to subjects, it is not without much fatigue that those of any one class can be compared. For instance, the beautiful display of Sweden in ceramic wares is near the western entrance; the strange collections from China and Japan are at a hundred yards distance on the opposite side of the central aisle; the magnificent and extensive exhibits from England, admittedly the greatest attraction of the main building, are under the transept; while the United States Associations of Pottery have arranged their goods near the eastern portal, 600 yards from the Swedish wares. The labour of making a comparative study is consequently very great, and the difficulty of retaining clear conceptions of points of difference in objects so scattered, equally so. In Paris, in 1867, where the Exhibition Building was circular, it was possible to combine, though with imperfect results, the geographical and comparative systems of distribution, but in a

(Continued on page 542.)

NATIONS EXHIBITING.	IN DEPARTMENTS I., II. AND III.														
	Mineral ores, stones, mining products.	Metallurgical products.	Mining engineering.	Chemical manufactures.	Ceramics, pottery, glass, porcelain, &c.	Furniture, &c.	Yarns and woven goods of vegetable or mineral matters.	Woven or felted goods of wool, &c.	Silk and silk fabrics.	Clothing, jewellery, &c.	Paper, blank books, and stationery.	Weapons, &c.	Medicine, surgery, &c.	Hardware, edge tools, cutlery, metallic products.	Fabrics of vegetable, animal, or mineral materials.
United States	300	182	4	215	76	316	172	81	38	237	128	48	32	67	5
Great Britain	24	17	.....	65	44	48	73	16	51	52	17	23	17	13	5
New Zealand	17	7	.....	5	2	.....	8	2	.....	7	.....	1	.....	.....	11
New South Wales	19	5	2	10	1	2	2	4	.....	3	1	.....	1	.....	3
Victoria	18	4	1	16	10	13	4	6	3	6	2	1	1	2	.....
South Australia	24	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	7	.....	1	.....	1	.....
Cape of Good Hope	6	1	.....	1	.....	2	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	3	2	.....	1
Jamaica	.....	.....	.....	5	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	2	1	.....	1	1	1
Canada	245	15	.....	62	43	76	29	.....	1	63	26	7	10	62	22
France	26	9	3	82	32	69	11	42	51	132	27	3	11	51	17
Germany	27	15	3	80	19	27	73	.....	5	128	20	1	3	15	10
Austria	11	1	.....	30	38	18	7	19	7	204	11	2	8	7	4
Switzerland	2	1	.....	10	2	1	11	4	19	40	2	1	6	3	1
Belgium	3	12	.....	20	30	26	19	28	3	31	6	6	5	8	1
Netherlands	5	.....	.....	13	8	8	14	8	1	3	9	2	8	4	1
Denmark	.....	.....	.....	7	5	4	1	1	.....	5	2	.....	.....	.....	.....
Sweden	44	28	.....	37	11	34	8	5	2	21	27	8	5	29	4
Norway	17	.....	.....	17	3	10	4	2	.....	16	4	1	1	3	4
Italy	21	2	.....	115	12	20	10	12	12	49	12	3	17	11	6
Egypt	1	1	.....	1	2	2	1	2	2	1	1	3	2	1	.....
Tunis	.....	.....	.....	1	1	2	.....	3	2	3	.....	3	.....	.....	.....
Orange Free States	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	28	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Luxemburg	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	.....	.....	.....	4
China	2	1	.....	1	16	6	2	1	9	9	2	.....	1	5	3
Japan	.....	.....	.....	4	22	7	8	1	29	11	4	.....	2	.....	7
Hawaii	4	.....	.....	1	.....	6	1	.....	.....	10	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
Brazil	23	5	.....	33	7	21	10	1	.....	25	1	.....	4	.....	5
Argentine Republic	109	12	.....	42	17	18	23	36	6	81	1	6	44	.....	3
Spain	Is represented, but her contribution is not entered.														
Portugal	Accepted the invitation to exhibit, but has not yet appeared.														

NATIONS EXHIBITING.	IN DEPARTMENT IV.								
	Sculpture.	Oil paintings.	Water colours.	Engraving and lithography.	Art applied.	Photography.	Industrial and agricultural designs.	Ceramic decorations, mosaics, &c.	Loan collection.
United States	37	360	111	.....	.....	194	.....	.....	.....
Great Britain	The British collection is the finest in the Exhibition, not included in catalogue.								
Canada	4	12	8	43	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
France	42	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Germany	1	.....	.....	16	.....	29	2	.....	.....
Austria	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Switzerland	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Belgium	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Netherlands	.....	110	.....	7	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Denmark	2	11	.....	1	.....	.....	1	.....	.....
Sweden	30	.....	49	6	.....	9	.....	.....	.....
Norway	.....	32	1	.....	.....	8	4	.....	.....
Italy	36	.....	4	5	.....	4	6	24	.....
Brazil	3	5	.....	3	.....	7	.....	.....	.....
Argentine Republic	5	18	.....	1	.....	11	3	6	.....
Mexico	10	54	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

Carriages, vehicles, and accessories.	Educational systems, methods, and libraries.	Institutions and organizations.	Scientific and philosophical instruments and methods.	Engineering, architecture, maps, &c.	Physical, social, and moral condition of man.	IN DEPARTMENT V. Machines, tools, &c., of mining, chemistry, &c.	Machines and tools for working metal, wood, and stone.	Machines and implements for spinning, weaving, &c.	Machines, &c., used in sewing, making clothing, &c.	Machines for printing, making books, paper making, &c.	Motors, power generators, &c.	Hydraulic and pneumatic apparatus.	Railway plant, rolling stock, &c.	Machinery used in preparing agricultural products, &c.	Aërial, pneumatic, and water transportation.	Special buildings.	Women's work.
108	90	3	205	37	32	57	232	61	77	71	199	162	85	43	48		
18	31	.....	32	.....	.....	13	9	16	7	4	14	9	5	4	11		
.....	.....	.....	.....	4	3												
3	2	2	2	.....	1												
4	6	.....	2	2	5												
.....	2	.....	.....	1	.....												
.....	7	.....	.....	2	.....												
1	45	3	34	8	4												
53	76	8	71	17	7	6	31	3	16	5	33	29	24	7	44		
8	150	.....	47	.....	2	11	9	7	2	5	18	34	5	6	1		
2	9	2	30	54	2	2	3	5	14	3	9	5	2	.....	3		
5	52	15	59	29	65	2	.....	2	.....	.....	2	.....	1	1			
.....	27	9	9	6	16	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	1				
2	12	11	11	10	9	6	3	6	2	1	5	1	4				
.....	3	3	2	2	.....	.....	1	.....	1	.....	2	6					
.....	38	2	25	10													
2	6	.....	9	6	2	6	9	.....	3	1	10	4	13	.....	6		
4	26	2	11	1	2	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	3	1	.....	.....	8		
3	26	2	11	1	2	2	.....	1	.....	1	1	1	.....	1	4		
1	5	1	1	1	1												
1																	
.....	.....	.....	1	.....	1												
.....	2	.....	5														
1	5	1	.....	2	3												
11	7	.....	7	2	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5	2					
23	19	4	4	8	6	.....	.....	1	.....	2	.....	.....	1	.....	3		

IN DEPARTMENT VI. Animal and vegetable products.	Arboriculture and forest products.	Pomology.	Agricultural products.	Land animals.	Water animals, fish culture, and apparatus.	Textile substances of vegetable or animal origin.	Machines, implements, and processes of manufacture.	Agricultural engineering and administration.	Tillage and general management.	IN DEPARTMENT VII. Ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers.	Hot-houses, conservatories, and greeries.	Garden tools, accessories, and gardening.	Garden designing, construction, and management.
153	18	3	76	10	17	14	306	75	18	53	27	9	9
49	2	.....	.....	1	1	4	8	6	.....	2			
117	20	2	24	7	14	18	90	11	.....	.....	.....	7	
166	2	1	5	.....	11	5	26	6	.....	6	3	5	4
142	1	.....	9	.....	.....	3	4	2					
34	3	3	10	1	1								
21	3												
23	7	.....	.....	.....	.....	5	2						
54	3	.....	9	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	6			
31	2	.....	23	.....	11	1	10	8	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
32	6	.....	5	1	26	.....	2	4					
117	14	4	7	.....	2	1	9	2					
95	34	.....	100	.....	1	26	3	2					
253	74	.....	183	33	5	118	.....	4	.....	5	.....	.....	1

rectangular building like the present this is impossible. In the promised Exhibition of Paris it is to be hoped that the great manufacturing Powers will consent to merge the national into the comparative arrangement, leaving those nations which contribute only specialties to retain their individuality. The main building covers twenty acres, and is therefore about the same size as the Crystal Palace of 1851.

The Machinery Department fills a building 1,402 feet long, by 360 wide, which covers 14 acres, and is the most complete and wonderful section of the Exhibition. The building itself was designed with a view to efficiency and cheapness, and not to beauty, and the design has succeeded. In the centre rises a Corliss engine 40 feet high, with a 44 inch cylinder and 10 feet stroke, its flywheel weighing 56 tons and having a diameter of 30 feet. The speed of the engine is so perfectly controlled by the governor and cut-off that it does not vary, though hundreds of machines are being thrown off and on. This huge motor works almost as noiselessly as a watch, and communicates its motion to about 10,000 feet of shafting and 14 acres of machines of all kinds, from great carpet looms which weave you at your bidding carpets of the pattern of your choice, to the delicate little sewing machine. Even to the general public the Machinery Hall will probably appear to be more attractive than the Main Building, for it seems like the unveiling of the mystery of life to see growing under your eyes wonderful fabrics, whose production, to the uninitiated, is a kind of creation. Canada here again occupies a prominent place, ranking next France and Germany with Belgium and Sweden.

The Fine Art Exhibition is the most unsatisfactory department of the whole, and would be utterly contemptible were it not for a few good American pictures and the generous loan collection from Great Britain. The French contribution is not yet exposed, and but little of value comes from any other European country. Not a single masterpiece of the Dusseldorf or Munich schools helps to raise the German display above mediocrity, and a few examples of the old masters in the Spanish section only makes the poverty of modern Spanish art more conspicuous. There is scarcely a single piece of good statuary, the most obtrusive display being a crowd of little marble monstrosities from Italy. Of the products of Canadian art this much may be said, that they equal many of the examples sent from countries that lay claim to some artistic fame, and as a whole are superior to the collections from others which make a more pretentious display of coloured canvas.

The British collection really redeems the Art Department from failure. The standard of the American pictures is good, though one fails to find any of Bierstadt's splendid pictorial romances of American scenery, and some other American pictures of celebrity which their owners should have been proud to exhibit. From England come as loans by the Queen and the Royal Academy, specimens of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Wilkie, and other worthies of classic British art; while Frith, Faed, Holman Hunt, and other prominent masters of the modern school, are represented by good specimens of their work. The collection, of course, is poor in comparison with such an exhibition of art as that gathered from palaces and academies, and exposed to view at Manchester in 1857; nevertheless, there has never been such an opportunity offered to the art student on this Continent of studying the styles of some of the old masters and the distinguishing characteristics of the modern schools. The Art collection is contained in a stone building, and temporary wooden *annexe*. The gallery was erected by the State of Pennsylvania as a memorial of the event, and is intended to be a permanent ornament of Fairmount Park. It is certainly massive enough to be permanent, but cannot by any interpretation be accounted an ornament.

Two other large buildings contain the Agricultural and Horticultural exhibits respectively. The former is a Gothic structure, in wood; the latter a conservatory of iron and glass, in the Moorish style, 230 feet long by 80 wide, built by the city of Philadelphia, to remain as the property of the Park Commissioners.

The conservatory is as yet by no means full, and the extensive collection of the products of the field and forest from all parts of the world not yet arranged; but when complete, it will probably present the most perfect exhibition of the raw material of food and clothing which has ever been gathered under one roof. In connection with this department there will be held on

Sept. 1st to Sept. 15th—an exhibition of horses, mules, and asses;

Sept. 20th to Oct. 5th — an exhibition of horned cattle;

Oct. 25th to Nov. 10th—an exhibition of poultry of all kinds; in all of which it is expected Canada will take a prominent part.

These five buildings comprise the Exhibition as organized by the Centennial Commission, but the United States Government has erected a large building in which to exhibit the machinery of all its departments in times of peace and war. Here also the Smithsonian Institute has arranged a very complete selection of objects of American Natural History and Archæology. Then the Women's Committee has a Women's Department building, which as yet contains very little worth looking at; and almost every State and foreign Government has erected a house for the accommodation of Commissioners or the exhibition of local productions. These with the many small buildings for the exhibits of special firms, flimsy but bright with paint, and with the restaurants innumerable, which may differ in their mode of cooking, but agree in charging exorbitant prices, fill the 270 acres of the enclosure with a little town which is certainly not open to the fault of uniformity, for no two houses are alike, and few can be assigned to any of the recognised architectural styles.

To sum up:—The present Exhibition exceeds all its predecessors in the amount of space under cover, and in the size though not in the number of exhibits. In the Departments of Machinery and Agriculture it is more complete and interesting by far than any; but in the Departments of Manufactures and Art it falls behind the European. In no previous Exhibition has Canada played so conspicuous a part, and in none has it been to her interest to do so. The extent and variety of her display of manufactured articles has occasioned much comment. The *Tribune*, whose criticisms on the Exhibition have been most candid and just, says: "The extent and variety of Canadian industries, as represented here, will surprise English and American visitors, who have thought that they were well informed about the manufactures of the Dominion."

As yet Philadelphia is not crowded, and the visitors are treated leniently by the hotel and restaurant keepers of the city. With the advance of the season it is to be hoped that the daily admission will increase, though, as during June and July and part of August great heat often prevails for days together, many will wisely defer their visit till September. In all probability, also, as the season advances and the calculations of the Transportation Companies as to travel are not realized, the fares by rail and boat will be reduced. Heretofore the receipts can hardly have covered the mere cost of administration.

A MADRIGAL.

LOVE, like a June rose,
Buds, and sweetly blows;
Yet tears its leaves disclose,
And amid briars it grows.

Take it to thy breast;
Though thorns the stem invest,
Gather them with the rest!

Then, amid pricks and pain,
Confess that thorns remain
When Beauty, proven vain,
And Love—come not again.

ALICE HORTON.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE foretaste of summer—alternating, however, with chill and storm—has come upon us as an agreeable surprise. Relying on the prescience of Mr. Vennor, the weather prophet of Montreal, people had begun to reconcile themselves to the prospect of a cheerless May and perhaps a damp and dreary June. The general forecast of the winter and spring had been so nearly accurate, that it seemed idle to expect that it would fail, in any respect, at the last. Yet so it was; for the middle of May marked the clear boundary between the seasons, and the transition was abrupt instead of gradual—pleasant rather than disagreeable. Storms and floods there have been, no doubt, and intersandwiched bouts of raw weather; but the old-fashioned summer has undoubtedly come upon us. It has brought with it a revival in business, a more vigorous activity, a generous promise of renewed prosperity. There is a cheering prospect that "the kindly fruits of the earth" will be given and preserved "to our use, so as in due time we may enjoy them." Commercial pessimists are croaking *sotto voce*, as trade revives, and the dark and stagnant season seems to pass away. Considering the period of trial and stagnation through which the Dominion has struggled, the outlook at present is marvellously bright and clear. Now, therefore, before the national spirits grow too exuberant to be controlled by advice, is the time for moralizing. It is too late to cry when the milk is spilt and useless, when there is an unusual yield; but now, when the milch-cow is no longer dry, and yet not too prodigal in her offerings, the economical mentors or Cassandras may possibly command attention. Homilies concerning over-trading, over-importation, excessive manufacturing, and an undue expansion of credits are now in order, and will perhaps have a chance of being heeded, if they ever have the chance at all. People are not at present in a speculative mood; the wounds still gall and the scars are yet unhealed, and now or never is the doctrinaire's opportunity for admonition. Unfortunately, he never prescribes except when the patient is either too self-satisfied, or else *in articulo mortis*; in both cases his skill is applied when it is too late.

The renewed elasticity of trade is closely connected with an elasticity of another sort, partly the cause and partly the effect of it. The same gracious ministry of Nature which unlocks the icy bolts of lake and stream, expands and fertilizes the ample bosom of the earth, and gives to every living thing his portion of meat in due season, renews also the energies of humanity, exalts its hopes and aspirations, and enlarges its capacity for enjoyment. The spiritual re-acts upon the material universe, and there is a common bond of sympathy between them. When Nature revels in all the glory of her summer prime, and the voice from within the holiest of all pronounces the work very good, man's spirit gropes outward to the inarticulate mystery of the world and seeks communion with it. It is only the Epicurean who seeks his ease, and would fain eat, drink, and be merry; the ordinary man, even as the world goes, though he cannot measure the bars of that eloquent music which Nature discourses all around him, feels its power and is thrilled by its sympathetic chords.

Most men, it may be, know not what delights them in wood or valley, by river or seashore; but the delight is none the less real. The change of air or scene, as it is called, has a deeper significance than is unfolded to them, but it is none the less healthful and recuperating. Nature's interpreters, the poets, have unfolded the true secret of our annual flitting from the care and turmoil of life to rural scenes or ocean-side retreats. The Roman poet, however far astray he was beguiled by the "mad philosophy" of Epicurus, sighed for the country and forgetfulness of urban noise and worry—*O rus, quando ego te adspiciam? quandoque licebit . . . ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?* And it may be broadly stated of all ages and countries, that there never yet was poet true to his vocation, whose

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—o—

TESTIMONIAL.

PERM, Ont., Nov. 16, 1875.

Mr. A. Norman, 118 King Street West, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I wish you to send One Dozen bottles Nepenthe Bitters. As my wife has laboured under Erysipelas for nearly five years, and been under the most skilful Physicians of the day; all was in vain. After using four bottles of your valuable Bitters she is so restored to health as to be able to perform all her domestic duties.

I am, yours with respect,
PAUL GALLAGHER, *Postmaster.*

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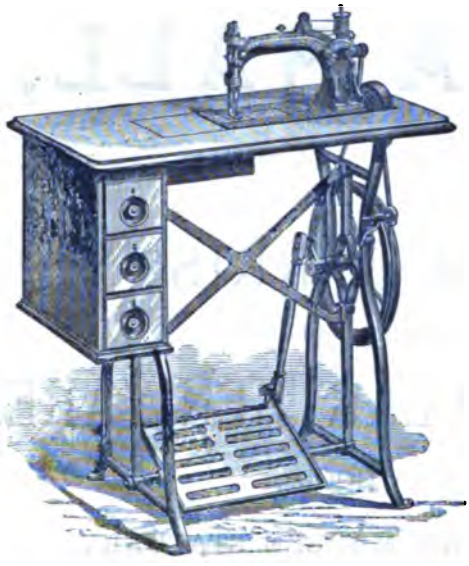

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fancy and affections were not set to music by the great heart of Nature.

Most of us have not been made poetical by the gods, and perhaps, like Audrey, are thankful that we have not; but we are none the less susceptible to the secret charm because we cannot give to it an articulate expression. The mischief lies here, that too many who have money and leisure make a fashion of a natural instinct as they do of their morality and religion. What was intended to be a recreation becomes a fashion, and the delight turns out to be a bore, indulged in because it is the *mode*. The moment any noble and worthy desire is transformed into a duty to Mrs. Grundy, it ceases to be pleasurable, no matter how ostentatiously and expensively indulged. To be in London after the season has closed, or to omit the *grand tour*, aristocratically with couriers and valets of one's own, or to make it in a plebeian way with Mr. Cook, is to be out of the fashion. The real utility of the country trip, to Chamounix or to Florence, is lost sight of in the desire to do as other people in our own station of life are in the habit of doing. There are perhaps thousands of Canadians who will wear out their shoes and their tempers wandering about the courts of the Philadelphia Exhibition, to return home thoroughly *ennuyeux ou ennuyeuses*, as the case may be, who might have laid in a stock of good health and good temper for a year by a trip to Fort William, or a week or two on the Lower St. Lawrence. Within the limits of our own Dominion there are routes of travel and salubrious summer retreats suited to the length of one's time and the length of one's purse, and we fail to see any rational purpose in submitting to worry and extortion merely for fashion's sake. To do so is to abuse a man's leisure and to waste his means—both of which are bestowed for better purposes. People whose ordinary life is rural are in a different case, perhaps; but to exchange one city for another, and to burden oneself with new anxieties when we ought to be seeking rest and nepenthe from the old ones, is surely fatuous in the extreme. Whatever sights may be seen, in any American city at any rate, the result cannot be satisfactory. There may be novelty in the panorama, but it is unedifying and tiresome—*animum picturâ pascit inani.*

In speaking of excursions for health or pleasure, there is reasonable ground of complaint against our railway and steamboat companies. In no country on the face of the earth that boasts itself to be civilized, are those who have the means of locomotion at their disposal, so illiberal, churlish, and regardless of the public interests. Return tickets are grudgingly issued, and hampered with vexatious restrictions of every kind. In England and on the Continent you may go from one end of Europe to the other at a reasonable rate, break your journey at intervals, and resume it when and where you please. On the Rhine, you may get off at every landing-place if you choose, so that you complete the entire trip within your month or six weeks. But in Canada there is nothing but a one-and-a-third fare, and then only two days for coming home again. Linger in some quiet nook so as to miss the evening train, and you must pay over again or be thrust off the train. The Grand Trunk, in a sudden fit of generosity, announced a seven days' trip to Montreal, but there are no facilities afforded for any intermediate sight-seeing. Our steamboat companies are utterly dead to the public requirements, and even where excursions are provided, as on the upper lakes, the trip is becoming shorter and dearer every year. As for the St. Lawrence, why should not the railways and steamboats arrange all round excursions, by which the tourist could enjoy the water scenery going down and the railway facilities coming up? When it is considered that Canadians are not, generally speaking, overburdened with means, and that vast sums of money have been taken out of their pockets for public works on land and water, is it too much to ask that their interests shall be considered by those corporations which reap the bulk of the advantage?

There is one class of the community to which this pleasant quarter of the year brings great perplexity and little comfort. If any man be entitled, more than his fellows, to general commiseration, it is the political journalist during the "dead season." When all the world beside is full of movement and vivacity, he is the victim of torpid dulness. His *sanctum* seems an intramural cemetery, in which he sits among the tombs, not possessed, like the man in the Gospel, because there are no

spirits, good or bad, left to take possession. If the editor's occupation be not gone, it is because he must cling to it with desperation, lest it should never return to him. Not only must he make bricks without straw, but after that he must construct with them air-castles—*châteaux en Espagne.* Few people have any idea of the perverse ingenuity wasted in the summer-time by the political journalist, because scarcely any one thinks of reading a political article during the long vacation.

During the past few weeks the efforts of both parties in the Press have been desperate; we wish it could be said that there is any fertility or originality in their matter or method. Two seats in the House of Commons are vacant just now, and, under pretence of enlightening the ignorant constituencies, the organs have ransacked their files, and swept out the chambers of their imagination, for some political crumbs to be devoured by the Canaanites of North Middlesex and South Wellington. Nothing appears to come amiss, from the Pacific Scandal to the Sombra murder. In the first place, the *Mail* published a speech delivered in the Senate last session by the Hon. Mr. Macpherson. Treating of the novel subject of Finance, the *Globe* agreed with its rival in considering it eminently seasonable, and launched out into a two-column article in reply. Whether any one has waded through it except the proof-reader, may be doubted, unless some errant members of the party have been compelled to do so by way of penance. The refreshing *naïveté* of the writer who could put himself to this thankless trouble is admirable. Of course, the reply evoked a rejoinder, and so on *de part et d'autre*, until the lode was exhausted. Of the other "revivals," to speak histrionically, we have had the Wallace accounts, the Gatineau boom contract, the Ottawa examining warehouse, the Ontario Bank deposits, the Lachine Canal job, and finally the Steel Rails, which are indestructible in political hands. The bill of fare is, no doubt, imposing, but the dishes have unfortunately been on the table too often under different guises. At this season of the year the *menu* must be tempting to the eye and palate, since the public appetite is capricious, and demands something better than the fag ends of the winter's repast.

The members of the Dominion Government are, for the most part, enjoying their summer leisure with or without dignity, as the case may be. The names of two Ministers only have come prominently before the public during the month. Although it appears strange that they should be coupled, like leash-hounds, by the bond of a common reference, still they must be paired —Messrs. Blake and Cauchon. During the last Session of Parliament the Premier wisely separated his two colleagues, by seating one on his right hand and the other on his left; but we believe he made the egregious mistake of putting the goat on the former side and the sheep on the latter. Perhaps the idea never struck him of consulting the *convenances*, or his notions of zoological classification may have led him to assign a place to the President with another group of quadrupedals. Adversity, we are told, makes strange bedfellows, but it certainly never made a less congenial pair of sleeping partners than good luck, or whatever else it may be called, has proved, and is likely to prove, Messrs. Blake and Cauchon to be.

The President of the Council has lately visited his constituency, only to receive a shock which must have tried acutely his sanguine and self-confident nature. Regarded superficially and from a worldly point of view, he has been an eminently successful man, as politicians without principle usually are. No leader ever trusted him without repenting it; and, although he has served every party in turn without being faithful to any, he finds himself now, after the lapse of years, the standard-bearer of those whom he detests, if for nothing else, for the mere profession of purity and integrity. Cauchon's idol is Cauchon, his politics, his party, his all, and it would not surprise us if, after his decease, some waxen image of himself, worshipped in life and consecrated to Beauport in death, should afford a theme to the future moralist more telling than the Duchess Sarah's effigy of Congreve. After the Charlevoix Committee and the noble Ultramontane sentiments he uttered in the House, Quebec should have received the President with open arms; but she did not. The hero found himself no hero in his own household, as often happens. Instead of bidding him welcome, the ancient city, as intent upon the loaves and fishes as he, demanded the price of their suffrages. Where

was the graving-dock? Where were the city embellishments and a host of other things which had been solemnly promised? The man had offered wholesale bribes to the electorate, and, like the Washington Government, had received his share; but where was the stipulated return? Nowadays the purchase of individual electors is difficult and hazardous, and, therefore, it is the fashion to debauch entire communities by lavish promises of vast public works at the general expense. "We must support our supporters," is the politician's cardinal maxim, to whichever party he belongs, and Quebec will receive her price in good time. Toronto returns two Conservatives and one Independent Liberal to Parliament, and is well served in the matter of harbour and drill-shed by a Government which owns over a million of untaxed property within the city limits. Quebec presents to a grateful country M. Cauchon, that illustrious exemplar of every public virtue, and is impatient, like Asmodeus, that the reward is not at once put into her hands. The discontent is natural, but, on the whole, unreasonable. M. Cauchon may not continue in office long enough to keep his word, it is true; but, on the other hand, how can he be expected to do everything in a day? The task of being a Canadian Hausmann would alone occupy any active schemer for years. Mr. Cartwright is economical; he is not going to England this year to negotiate a fresh loan, and the purse-strings are tightly drawn. It is hardly fair, therefore, to drive the President too hard; he has got all that he cares about, place and pelf; and *au reste*, he will fulfil his pledges—if he can, how he can, and when he can. Meanwhile, reproaches and exposure seem to have no effect upon this unworthy Minister. Why he is permitted to remain in a Cabinet to which he is a constant source of weakness and danger is one of those mysteries which are apparently insoluble. He is despised both by the party he has joined and the party he has deserted. The press of the country manifests unanimously its dislike of him, either by ominous silence or unceasing attack. He is too old a stager to reform; to affect the character of an honourable politician would be deemed hypocrisy; and he will not abandon office until he is expelled from it. On the wall of Winchester school-room, the motto runs—*Aut disce, aut discede; manet sors tertia, cædi.* In M. Cauchon's case, the lash of public indignation is the only resource; it may be that, at last, he will act on the maxim of the mock Duke in the *Honeymoon*, and, "like a well-bred dog, step quietly down stairs, when he sees preparations on foot for kicking him into the street."

If the City of Quebec cherishes the desire of plunging deep into the public treasury, there are public men who think the entire Province may well follow its example. It being a necessity with both parties to coquette with Quebec and its hierarchy, why should these not profit by the situation? "Better terms," as a political platform, is not of the most elevated character, yet, *faute de mieux*, it may serve its turn. In the absence of principle, one must take refuge in pelf; if you cannot attain to moral dignity, the next best thing is pecuniary advantage. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the disciples of M. Cauchon have discovered that "the Province of Quebec has not its fair share in the distribution of public works." The people of the other Provinces have long laboured under the hallucination that Quebec has abstracted rather more than her due proportion of the public revenue. Ontario was so troubled with this delusion—for such it appears to have been—that Confederation was the consequence; and as Confederation does not appear to have satisfied the daughter of the horse-leech, it is quite possible that old sores may be reopened. Under the old *régime*, Upper Canadians grew accustomed to the thing. It is not pleasant to be robbed before your face, and then to be expected to smile at the adroitness of the deed; but at that time there was no help for it. The equality of the Provinces was the charter—the palladium, so to speak—of our Union, and of the liberties enjoyed under it. These privileges apparently consisted in the right of the minority in population to receive, dollar for dollar, exactly the same sum as the majority, Nor was that the worst, because, *per capita*, the minority did not, at any time, contribute an equal amount to the common fund. At this moment we believe it will be found, on strict investigation, that, after subtracting the amount of revenue nominally collected at Montreal and Quebec, but actually paid by the Ontario consumer, the Western Province has been as grossly defrauded since 1867 as

it was before. There is still another element entering into the question as between the two Provinces. The working bees of the Quebec hive, those by whom the treasury profits most, are not the champions of this new effort at public robbery. The agitation set on foot by Senator Fabre and his brother Rouges is an attempt on the part of the drones to pilfer *ad libitum* the wealth stored in the hive. A conspiracy like this is so barefaced in its impudent assurance that we are surprised to see it published in all its nakedness.

There are only two planks in this grabbers' platform, and the second discloses the secret of both. It informs the people that in order "to obtain full and entire justice," "a political union of Lower Canadian representatives is necessary." There is, then, as we shall endeavour to show immediately, a *rapprochement* between the hierarchy and the Rouge party—implying, of course, the virtual submission of the latter. This bargain involves the entire supremacy of the Church in Lower Canada, and the solidarity of the French representation, asserted and secured at the expense of the Dominion. In short, the ostracised Rouge party is to be received again into favour and maintained in power, on condition that the hierarchy be permitted to rule Quebec, and through it the Dominion. Having been flattered and bargained with by both political parties, the Church believes—so blind is ecclesiastical man—that it can unite and manipulate them both.

Those who have amused themselves by ridiculing Sir Alexander Galt's letter and pamphlet on this subject, had better consider one or two obvious facts. Since the defeat of Sir George Cartier in Montreal, both parties have been dragged at the episcopal chariot-wheels, willing and even sycophantic captives. The Grit alliance with the Rouges secured the blessing of the hierarchy upon the allies. They came into power, not so much on account of the Pacific Scandal, as because the Ontario majority had at length obtained the support of the Ultramontanes. This league might have endured until now, had it not been for the eruption of badly concealed fires burning at the heart of the so-called *Parti National*. The attitude of M. Joly, and, more than all, the Guibord case, drove the hierarchy back upon its old supports. MM. Masson and Mousseau were declared, in the most explicit language, to be the leaders *par excellence* of the Church militant. So early as 1871, the note was sounded by the Bishop of Three Rivers, and the celebrated Programme of M. Masson was, politically speaking, an ecclesiastical deliverance. It was because of it that Mgr. Bourget specially named the member for Terrebonne as the leader of the Church party, and therefore it embodies essentially the political views of the Church. The Quebec local elections fully revealed the bias of the hierarchy, and Bishop Bourget's pastoral is fresh in the public memory.

The Rouge party, alarmed at the prospect before them, began to hark back, and this, we believe, was the secret of their degrading submission to M. Cauchon as a leader. The patron saint of the Beauport Asylum was, in fact, the mediator between the Grits and the Bishops. Almost simultaneously an announcement of Fabre's platform, and an extraordinary message from Mgr. Bourget, appeared in the French papers. It would seem that even a Bishop, endowed though he is with plenary Apostolic powers, is not capable of expressing himself clearly, or of explaining his meaning when he is misunderstood. His Lordship felt himself bound to appeal to Rome for the purpose of ascertaining what he had intended to say in his own pastoral. Dr. De Angelis, Professor of Canon Law, and one of the Pope's theological advisers, had little or no difficulty in telling his Lordship what he meant, or might, could, or should have meant. From this authority we presume there is no appeal, and therefore, in spite of the baldly plain language of his Lordship, he must be construed to have meant by Liberals, merely Gallicans, not Rouges. It is true that there are two obstacles in the way of any such construction. In the first place, the Liberals in religion and the Liberals in politics are the same persons; and, in the next, they were denounced not as churchmen, but as politicians—in fact, in a party appeal for popular suffrage at the polls. Every one, in fact, knows this *arrière pensée* to be a mere subterfuge employed to cover a new league; yet listen to the *Globe*: "If the good Bishop of Montreal had said this himself some months ago, he would have saved a good deal of anxiety, and prevented a good deal of strong and, as it now appears, unnecessary criticism." Perhaps the organ, which hopes to profit by the interpretation

from Rome, will inform us how the "good" Bishop could have said anything of the kind, when he did not mean it, or at least knew not that he meant it, until Dr. Angelis informed him that he did? Indeed the *Globe* transcends Mgr. Bourget in this matter. No Infallibilist could say more than this: "Unless we had been assured on authority to which we are inclined to attach great weight that such was and is Bishop Bourget's meaning, we should have adhered to what seemed *and seems* to us the natural rendering of the words in question." Could unctuous hypocrisy go farther? Because the Montreal Bishop, in order to make a Quebec compact at the expense of the Dominion, chooses to procure an untenable interpretation of his language from Rome, the *Globe* submits its common sense and understanding, such as they are, to the dictation of a Roman theologian. It virtually declares to its readers that although the Bishop's words plainly and indisputably mean one thing, it is "well satisfied to discover" that they mean something else, on the authority of Dr. De Angelis. Is it any wonder that there are millions of superstitious men and women in the world, when a high-flying creed-worshipper can make so disgraceful a confession? The liberties of the people are safe in the hands of neither of these *soi-disant* parties; both would consent to be bound hand and foot to the Quebec hierarchy to-morrow, if they could aggrandize themselves by doing so. The dangerous hour is approaching, when those who love their country must shake themselves aloof from both, or submit to the yoke. The threatened alliance between Rouge and Bleu in Quebec is pregnant with mischief, and the sooner the substantial reality of the peril is vividly realized, the better for the future of Canada.

The Minister of Justice has been the object of attack by the Opposition press latterly, for what reason we cannot explain. The chief point urged against him appears to be his exercise of the Royal prerogative of mercy. It is certainly something objectionable in Mr. Blake that he is not a good hanging Minister; but it is rather a novel political offence. Taking a leaf from the book of Junius, they have discovered how an act of mercy may "be received with universal disapprobation and disgust." The words quoted are those of the anonymous correspondent of the *Public Advertiser*, in his first letter to the Duke of Grafton; and it will be remembered that then, as in the Sombra case now, the pretence was made that the prerogative of mercy was abused for party purposes. Into McQuirk's case we need not enter, and Smith's may be disposed of in a few words. In the murder of McKinlay he may or may not have been an accessory before the fact, or, although the probabilities are strongly against the theory, he may have been the actual murderer. In either case the only evidence of weight against him was that of the wretched woman, who made several contradictory statements, and even, at the best, stands confessed as a conspirator against her husband's life. In point of fact, when hard pressed, she attempted to swear away Smith's life to save her own. Mr. Blake, rightly as we believe, deemed it dangerous and unjust to hang any man upon the testimony of such a woman, and commuted his sentence to life imprisonment. The pretence for a hue and cry lately raised against him has for its basis a party misrepresentation. Mr. David Glass was of counsel for Smith, and it is alleged, for no tangible or discoverable reason, that party friendship prompted the commutation. Moreover, the Judicial Committee has overruled some legal objections urged by Mr. Glass; therefore, it is said, the Minister has been adjudged in the wrong by the highest Court in the Empire. The first count of the indictment has confessedly no basis but the imagination of him who framed it. Mr. Blake's course in all similar cases has been marked with extreme wariness. In the Davis case, as well as in this, he leaned to the side of mercy, solely because, as it appeared to every one not swayed by passion and prejudice, it was unsafe to execute the last, irrevocable sentence where there was legitimate cause for doubt. So far as the Privy Council judgment is concerned, the objection is irrelevant, because it was based upon legal questions determinable only by a judicial tribunal. The commutation, on the other hand, taking for granted the legality of the verdict and sentence, finds its justification on entirely different grounds, and might as well have been granted after the English judgment as before it; therefore it would be as absurd to declare any commutation to be a reflection upon the judge and jury who tried a case,

as to allege that the Privy Council censured the action of Mr. Blake by its decree. The executive and judicial action in the case do not come into contact, much less conflict, but there is a sort of uneasy popular feeling of a bloodthirsty kind in the Western peninsula which partisans hope to gain over by attacking the Minister. The Middlesex and Wellington elections are pending, and drowning factions must grasp at a straw even as feeble as this.

The organ-in-chief announced a few weeks ago that Mr. Blake would shortly take his departure for England on public business. In our last issue we strongly impressed upon the reader the desirability of an early conference with the Colonial Office. The delay in Mr. Blake's departure has, no doubt, substantial excuse. He has probably not forgotten a passage on Colonial affairs, in the Greville Memoirs. Lord Belmore, who had been appointed Governor of Jamaica, intended to delay his departure until certain bills then passing through the Assembly had arrived. "But," says the diarist, "he received for answer that he had better go now, for that when these bills came over here, Parliament would be sitting, and Government would not have leisure to attend to the affairs of Jamaica. And this is the way our Colonies are governed!" To this it may be added as a pendent, that Mr. Greville's own notions of Colonial government did not appear inconsistent with his tenure, as a sinecurist, of the secretaryship of this very colony. Downing Street has learned wisdom during the last half century, and there is an increasing danger now of too much attention being paid to the Colonies, and that of an ill-informed and vexatious character. Mr. Disraeli has steered clear of "meddling and muddling" in home affairs, it is true. No one will accuse him of sensational legislation within the bounds of the British Isles. But, on the other hand, the Colonial and Indian policy of his Government is provokingly meddlesome, and may be summed up in a word—centralization. Lord Carnarvon is an indefatigable and painstaking Minister, but there is no one possessed of adequate information near enough at hand to inform him. His confederation schemes appear, for the most part, to be generated from an inspection of the map, rather than from acquaintance with the wants to be supplied or the diverse interests he should consult. In the case of Canada, the desire for union came from within, and his Lordship merely gave Imperial sanction to the voice of a free and self-governed people. Even here, however, the blundering about Nova Scotia well-nigh made shipwreck of the scheme at its inception. In South Africa and Barbadoes he will, no doubt, succeed by dint of pressure, but with no permanent or substantial benefit to the diverse races and nationalities with which he has to do. It is too early to pronounce upon the conduct of Mr. Pope Hennessy, the Governor of the Windward Islands. Apparently his zeal outran his discretion and even his instructions. There is no need now to inquire into the eligibility of the negro for the franchise, and therefore we shall not debate the matter with those pseudo-philanthropists who measure political capacity by the depth of colour in a man's skin. It may be that the coal-black African possesses social and political virtues denied the red man or "the heathen Chinee," but until proof of it is adduced the sentimentalists may be left to their hysterics. A race which expects as a first-fruit of confederation a partition of the land is many degrees below Mr. Bright's residuum in the scale of intelligence. The solid objection which appears on the surface is of another character, and has nothing to do with colour. It is simply whether a rich and prosperous island shall be saddled with the burden of supporting a number of bankrupt islands; and on that point there has not hitherto been anything new said on the Downing Street side of the question. The grievance of which all the Colonies have the right to complain is precipitate action on meagre information, or no information at all. Both in South Africa and the Windward Islands, Lord Carnarvon, as a preliminary step, should have conferred with delegates representing all the various interests, before he ventured to stir in the matter at all. Australia has been set by the ears through the inconsistent action of the Colonial Office, or the Home Office, or both, in conjunction with the law officers of the Crown. In Canada we had a revival of the old irresponsible system in the New Brunswick matter; and our complaints against the United States, although not unheeded, are neglected, simply because they are imperfectly understood.

Mr. Blake's visit to England, therefore, is most opportune, and the people of the Dominion, irrespective of party, anticipate that substantial results will follow. The Colonies, especially those which are avowedly autonomous, require a new Magna Charta to themselves. They require the assurance that no Imperial legislation, no diplomatic bargaining, no arbitrary fiat from Downing Street, shall have any force or effect without previous consultation of a direct and personal nature with the representatives of a free dependency. We object to have our rights bartered away, our territory filched, our dishonest debtors freed from their obligations, or our self-governing constitution tampered with, not from guilty connivance at home, but through heedlessness and ignorance there. Imperial federation might do something to remedy the evil, if any one could devise a feasible scheme by which it might be reduced to practice. Mr. Disraeli no longer rounds his after-dinner speeches with the grand dream of a consolidated empire, which flashed upon him like an inspiration from Queen Scheherezade. The Semitic glamour is dispelled, and his Aryan coadjutors are also mute—

"The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving."

The Asian mystery stands revealed in the "Royal Style and Titles Act," and in place of a united Empire, we must rest content with an empty name.

It is not likely that the Minister of Justice will be troubled to consider any proposal for Colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament. One Ireland there is enough, without the addition of a dozen little Irelands far away, more clamorous, if possible, because more impotent. Besides, though there be justice in the maxim, now a hundred years old, that "taxation without representation is tyranny," colonists are not yet prepared for the converse proposition, that representation without taxation is impossible. A Colonial Council might be of use, if its advice were heeded; but with the warning of the Indian Council before us, we should hesitate to give another Lord Salisbury an excuse for lording it over us. The representative character of the former advisory mechanism, instead of being a guarantee of Colonial rights, might serve, in the end, merely to swell the pride and stiffen the obstinacy of the Minister. An English journal suggests a representation of the Dominion under the British Ambassador at Washington; but we have had one there before, to our sorrow. At any rate, it is not the United States we desire to arouse or inform, but England. Our neighbours are wide awake, and would cheat Sir Edward Thornton quite as readily if he had a Canadian at his elbow, as now when he has not. The slumberer is at our own headquarters, and we can only hope that Mr. Blake may succeed in awaking him out of his sleep.

The graduates of the Toronto University meet in Convocation on the 18th inst. For some years an agitation was carried on for a restoration of the rights of that body, presumably for some practical purpose; and when Mr. Crooks gave statutory effect to that demand, it is to be supposed that he imagined he was conferring a substantial boon. The Act gave to Convocation an absolute veto power over the action of the Senate, so far as regards affiliation, and also constituted the graduates an advisory assembly to the ruling body. It was apparently contemplated that the benefit of their actual experience in the curriculum and in the general economy of their *alma mater* should be at the service of the Senate. The design was a rational, and might have been a useful one, if it had been executed. How then has Convocation fulfilled its functions? What single discussion or resolution has occupied its attention? Or rather, to put the question otherwise, what could that body be expected to do, when it meets *pro formâ* once a year, an hour or two before commencement? It seems incredible that this abortive consummation of their hopes can have been that for which the old University Association was in labour for so many years, or that Mr. Crooks put himself to so much trouble, as accoucheur, to bring into the world so contemptible a mouse. The *Globe*, which appears to know more about University affairs than any of the outside graduates, has been inspired to inform

the public that important changes are soon to be made in the curriculum. The only one indicated is one certainly necessary—an elevation of the English standard of matriculation so as to place it at least on a level with the senior classes of High Schools. It appears to us, however, that if that is all the Senate purposes doing, it would seem to require some assistance from its legal and natural advisers, the graduates in Convocation assembled. Nobody would think of demanding from that mysterious Venetian conclave the submission of its unmatured plans even to Convocation, but it certainly might have solicited suggestions from that body, or submitted interrogatories to it. It is no violent supposition that the framers of the University Act had some object in view, more or less clear or hazy, in constituting Convocation and solemnly providing for its organization and periodical meeting. Is it to be a mockery or a reality, is the pressing question.

The curriculum is only one of many pressing questions of interest both to the graduates and the public at large. On a future occasion we may perhaps enter upon these at some length; for the present we must be content to indicate them briefly. England, with her teeming population, boundless wealth, and broadly diffused culture, has four Universities—or only three, we are informed, as Durham is affiliated to London. Scotland has four, but of these St. Andrews and Aberdeen remain because of their ancient foundation, and are not therefore to be compared with new institutions. Ireland has three; but here again there are special reasons for the number, which will be understood when their names are mentioned—Dublin, the Queen's, and the Catholic Universities. In the Province of Ontario there are no less than six institutions endowed with University powers. The reckless way in which, by Royal Charter or Provincial Statute, these privileges have been granted, has done more injury to the cause of collegiate education than anything else, and is destined to work further mischief in the future. The other day some one complained that the students of medical schools attached to other Universities were not permitted to compete for honours and degrees in the Provincial University on an equal footing with students in affiliated schools. The answer to this factitious grievance is obvious. If the degrees of the University of Toronto are held in so high and deserved esteem that students at other shops are ashamed to proceed to a degree but to her, there may be a reason why the outside Universities should surrender their powers and "suffer" affiliation, but there is none whatever for the wrong which would be inflicted on affiliated schools by depriving them of the advantage they legally possess. If graduation at the Provincial University is of so much greater value, what is the *raison d'être*, we do not say of all the other five, but of the majority of them? Of the many questions which might profitably engage the attention of Convocation are the following amongst others. In the first place, can the University of Toronto be broadened at the base, so as to stand forth prominently as distinctively the People's University? Is it desirable that *our* University—for, after all, there is only one which belongs to the Province—should undertake the work now performed in England by the Universities, especially by Cambridge? Is it practicable to do something on a nobly national scale for the higher culture of women, or must it always be that the son shall enjoy advantages denied to the daughter? Can anything be devised to draw all collegiate institutions beneath the wing, though not the shadow, of the Provincial University, without degrading its status and depreciating the value of its degrees? These and other questions deserve the serious consideration of Convocation, and the duty is imposed upon it by statute to bestow it. Whether that consideration be given or not, the press and the public will be heard upon these subjects, and may possibly decide them, with little knowledge and still less delicacy, on the floor of Parliament.

The Philadelphia Exhibition was opened on the tenth of May—the date originally fixed for the inaugural ceremonies—although, as usual in such undertakings, everything was in a marvellous chaos of unreadiness. Considering the small musical force at command, it would seem that the Centennial Commissioners committed an error in judgment in choosing the open air instead of the transept for the opening performance. On the other hand it must not be forgotten that Brother Jonathan's idea was to display himself and his historical and contemporaneous

glories to an assembled universe, and where else could the American eagle comfortably expand his pinions save beneath the broad canopy of heaven? The spectacle was not an imposing one, for the American has little or no material for pomp and pageantry, although it is not distasteful to him. An outside barbarian, still cherishing some lingering faith in the fiction of "republican simplicity," may have attached to it the slovenly appearance of a crowd who had come to the "show" attired in their worst. Despite the lack of the uniforms, if the many hundreds of ladies who composed the Ladies' Committee and filled so large a space upon the stage, the gentlemen jurors, the legislators, and others present, had dressed in their best, the sight would have been pleasing, if not imposing.

Of the performances little need be said, because very little was heard. The orchestra was only designed to accommodate one hundred and twenty instrumental performers and eight hundred vocalists, and, therefore, the feeble result might have been anticipated. Wagner's Grand March, composed for the occasion, was performed by Thomas's band —one of the best in the world—but as stringed instruments were chiefly used, "the music of the future" scarcely made the faintest impression upon those on the stand opposite. The fortissimo passages of the choruses and the fine old-fashioned strains of Paine's setting to Whittier's hymn were alone heard satisfactorily and with distinctness.

The President of the Board of Finance's address to General Grant and the latter's reply were brief and to the point; but Bishop Simpson's prayer was long and in execrable taste. We believe it was Lord Chesterfield—no great authority certainly in such matters—who said of some extemporaneous prayers he had heard, that although they were ostensibly addressed to the Deity, they were actually homilies preached *at* the congregation. Bishop Simpson's prayer was of this kind; it was, in fact, a spread-eagle doxology flung at a benighted universe. He thanked God, with unctuous self-righteousness, that they were not as other nations, and, above all, that they were not encumbered with a State Church. Many who heard this strange freak of devotion were disposed to favour State or any other control, endowed with common sense or common propriety, by which such men might be restrained from airing their country's vainglory or their own tinsel rhetoric. Imagine a devout soul pouring itself forth in such stilted phrases as these: "We praise Thee for the closing century, for the founders of the Republic, for the "immortal Washington" [Grant, Tweed, Babcock, Delane and Belknap?] "and their grand associates," &c. "We thank Thee for social and national progress, for valuable discoveries [Emma Mine?] and multiplied inventions [such as the 'Whisky Ring'] for labour-saving machinery, relieving the toiling masses, for schools free as the morning light, for books and periodicals scattered *like autumn leaves* over the land . . . and for a Church untrammelled by the State." The last clause of this marvellous supplication was perhaps not in the best taste considering that most of the nationalities invited and then supposed to be enjoying the hospitalities of the Union boast of State Churches; but the poetic justice done to most of the garbage called literature in the United States was exceedingly happy—as a bit of irony; lifeless it certainly is as "autumn leaves," littering the ground and fit only for cremation or decay. Most people will say amen to the petition—"We pray especially Thy benediction on the women of America," but it is not correct to append to it the false information that, "for the first time in the history of our race they take so conspicuous a place in a national celebration." The reverend gentleman had forgotten or perhaps did not know that there was a Women's Department and a Women's Committee at Vienna. One extract more will suffice: "As Thou didst give to one of its illustrious sons first to draw experimentally the electric spark from heaven, which has since girded the globe in its celestial whispers of 'glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will towards men,' so to the latest time may the mission of America, under Divine inspiration (!) be one of affection, brotherhood, and love for all our race. And thus the coming centuries will be filled with the glory of our Christian civilization." Perhaps this is the strongest application of the *Gloria in Excelsis* upon record, and it may very well be that the generations to come may well desire a Christian civilization which, if not divinely inspired, is of a more apostolic type. Unless the ruling classes and the pseudo-aristocracy mend their ways, America

may providentially afford to posterity, as Junius proposed the Duke of Grafton, "not a pattern to imitate, but an example to deter." As we publish elsewhere a paper upon the Centennial Exhibition, written by a contributor at present in Philadelphia, further reference to the subject at present may be confined to an expression of pleasure at the honourably conspicuous part the Dominion, and indeed the Empire altogether, has taken in the international display.

There is little use in speculating further upon the Presidential chances. In the ranks of both parties the favourite changes week after week, and the betting fluctuates with a capricious irregularity unknown at Tattersall's. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who ought to be President if the Americans were wise—*sua si bona norint*—advocates Bristow in the first place, with Tilden as a second choice. It is thus apparent that Mr. Adams is no party man, and is willing to accept an honest and capable Democrat, if the Republican party fail to nominate an unexceptionable man. The third party—William Cullen Bryant, Carl Schurz, and their friends—have wisely resolved to make no nomination until after the adjournment of the Cincinnati and St. Louis Conventions, to be held this month. It is possible that the mere organization of this party, apparently, like the conies, a feeble folk, may influence morally the action of both the leading parties. Congress appears to be playing with public affairs, and the only item of interest is the report of Committee, which will probably pass the House, condemning Gen. Schenck for his connection with the Emma Mine. It acquits him of fraud, but strongly censures him for accepting a place on the Board of Directors, and for speculating in its stock. Strange that the Democratic majority fail to see that, if they will cut down the salaries of their diplomatic agents to the starvation point, ambassadors and consuls, unless they have already made their fortunes by gold stocks, bribes, or shoddy at home, must eke out their respectability by speculation, and it may be peculation, abroad. Mr. Moran, at present representing the United States in England, by the action of the House, must either be, in repute, a shabby man, or, in fact, a dishonest one. He is certainly neither, but no thanks to his country. What is true of the diplomatic service, holds good for other reasons, of the home officials. They are underpaid, and therefore easily corrupted. When day after day new revelations are unfolded—the latest is an admission by a wary contractor that he paid a bribe to the Department of thirty or fifty thousand dollars, he forgets which—people wonder at the degeneracy of the Republic. Yet the causes lie on the surface. The war left an upper stratum of society, suddenly enriched; wealth engendered extravagance and a taste for ostentatious display. Society became at once vulgar and corrupt, flaunting its *parvenu* glories to the world. To be in society one must be wealthy by whatever means, and thus the poison percolated downwards through the seething mass. There is little cause for boasting on the part of our neighbours in this Centennial, but much to sadden and humiliate; and the prospect is only not hopeless, because the nation is not tainted to the core. The vital functions are unimpaired, although the patient is passing through the delirium of fever.

Affairs in England do not present anything specially deserving of notice. The Prince of Wales has returned from India in safety, after an absence of six months, and his reception has been cordial and flattering, if not enthusiastic. The net results of the excursion can hardly be estimated safely as yet. The journals appear to be puzzled in their efforts to set down in black and white the tangible and permanent benefits accruing to India and to England. It would be curious to know whether Mr. Bright, who saw prospectively the advantages of the trip, is as sanguine as ever. The prophets of ill are, of course, ready with alarming stories of the heritage of woe in store as its chief consequence. It is said that the rich gifts presented to the Prince were bestowed as investments, or, in other words, bribes, with a view to the success of suits pending at the Indian department, and that Rajahs and Maharajahs will soon be seen plodding their weary way between Marlborough House and Downing Street. Descending to particulars, the *quidnuncs* have it that Sir Salar Jung, the Nizam's Minister, is already on the seas to secure the restoration to Berar of the districts ceded to the Crown. Such rumours must pass for what they are worth,

and, on the other hand, it must be remembered the substantial advantages of the Prince's tour cannot be perceptible at once. Whilst in contact with the native princes, His Royal Highness and his advisers had ample opportunities of learning something of the Indian character, Hindoo and Mahommedan, and the fruit of this knowledge can only be expected to appear after many days. The London *World*, no friend to Royalty, affirms that, meeting Lord Lytton *en route*, His Royal Highness "spoke very strongly as to the future government of India, more especially as to the treatment of the native princes by European officials." It is also asserted with confidence that although originally a keen advocate of the new Royal Title, he has changed his mind upon the subject. After all, it is possible that travel may have materially altered his Royal Highness's views, enlarged his conception of things, and opened a new future to his mind's eye. If this should prove to be the case the English people will willingly forgive the pig-sticking or any other sporting peccadiloes of the tour.

The genius of dulness seems to preside over the Imperial Parliament. Perhaps the only living incident since the Easter recess has been the humiliating discomforture of Mr. Lowe. The Retford speech was, in every way, unfortunate; for, even had it been true that Her Majesty had importuned two Premiers in succession to bestow the Imperial dignity upon her and been refused, it was most ungracious, and, for that matter, unconstitutional, in a Privy Councillor to gloat over the fact in public. In Mr. Disraeli's ashes still live their ancient fires, and he certainly scorched his opponent to brownness. The Royal denial of the charge —coupled with an ungrateful disclaimer from Mr. Gladstone—left Mr. Lowe no choice but to retract and apologize. There is much to admire about the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he has a terrible knack of blundering, and is perhaps, notwithstanding his abilities, the most unpopular man of his party. The proclamation of the new style and title of the Queen has not pleased the Opposition, and was opposed by Lord Selborne in the Lords, and Mr. Fawcett and Sir Henry James in the Commons. The member for Hackney, although he submitted a motion directly implying censure, failed to drive Mr. Disraeli into granting an evening, and before the motion could come on in due course the Proclamation was issued. Mr. Gladstone's Attorney-General based his motion upon the Proclamation, his contention being that it did not, in terms, fulfil the pledge that the title of Empress should only be used in Indian concerns. The Government on this occasion, in a House of five hundred and sixty, had a majority of one hundred and eight. The fact appears to be that the parliamentary indignation against the measure has no substantial out-door support. Such agitation as they have succeeded in arousing is purely factitious. The bulk of the people do not care a straw about the matter, one way or another, and the Imperial title pleases flunkeydom generally. Probably if a *plébiscite* had gathered the view of the nation, the popular majority in its favour would have been overwhelming.

The Merchant Shipping Bill, which appears to have, at length, reached the Upper House, is one that intimately concerns the Dominion. There is no need to state anew the case of Canada and the attitude of the Imperial Government upon it, because, both in and out of the Dominion Parliament, our position has been clearly stated, explained, and vindicated. Both Sir Charles Adderley and Mr. Plimsoll approve of Canadian Shipping Legislation, and have engrafted its provisions touching deck-loads on their own Bill. Strangely enough, however, they confine its operation to the Atlantic, where it is not required, because already enforced, and exempt the Baltic, where it is badly wanted. The objections to the Bill, as far as it affects Canadian vessels, are powerful enough. The Dominion is, in fact, ignored in many ways. Our surveys and our certificates, both to ships and officers, are perfectly worthless when one of our vessels proposes to leave England for a foreign port. A Quebec ship bound on a three years' trip, it may be, reaches Liverpool, of course without trouble; but let it then propose to clear with a cargo for Lisbon, Rio Janeiro, or Callao, and the survey, certificates, and all are valueless. In short we are neither treated as a self-governing community nor as a foreign power.

It is clear that we have a substantial grievance, and good grounds on which to demand redress; but, on the other hand, we see no reason for basing our rights upon

a false foundation. The *Globe's* London correspondent transmitted by cable last week the substance of an article from the *Times*, which strikes us as not only "new light," but delusive light of the *ignis fatuus* sort. The writer claims, and so do we, that Canada has full power to legislate with respect to shipping, but if, as our Toronto contemporary appears to think, the *Times* imagines that these powers were conferred by the Confederation Act, we believe that it is entirely mistaken. Of the real attitude of the English journal it is impossible as yet to pronounce, until the article reaches us in its entirety, therefore we confine ourselves to the *Globe's* view of the case. Quoting a clause from the 91st section of the Imperial Act of 1867, our contemporary italicizes the word "exclusive," when applied to jurisdiction, as operating as an ouster of Imperial jurisdiction. The interpretation is utterly groundless and untenable, as a careful perusal of the entire section will at once establish. The Confederation Act conceded no powers of self-government to the Dominion which were not previously in the possession of the various Provincial Legislatures severally and separately. We defy any one to show that the Imperial Parliament contemplated conferring, or actually did confer, any new privileges upon the British North American Provinces. The powers they possessed before are inherited by the Dominion, and the only difference is that the distribution of them has been made *de novo*. Our rights regarding "navigation and shipping," are, we believe, irrefragable and indefeasible, but those rights were ours before 1867, otherwise we do not possess them at all.

A brief glance at the 91st clause of the Act, should make this clear in a moment. The *Globe's* view is no doubt honestly cherished, and as we both come to the same conclusion, it may, perhaps, appear hypercritical to dispute even an illusory construction of the section. The late and present Governments, however, avoiding treacherous ground, were scrupulously mute upon the point. The section in dispute is very properly captioned "Distribution of Legislative Power," for that is its real and only significance. It does not create or confer, but merely apportions. The earlier part of it is not quoted by the *Globe*, but it is extremely pertinent. The laws are to be made for "the peace, order, and good government of Canada," and therefore, have no new external reference, as is contended. In the next place, the Dominion Parliament is to have jurisdiction in "all matters not by this Act assigned *exclusively* to the Legislatures of the Provinces." Then follows, what is really an expository clause inserted "for greater certainty," that the "*exclusive* Legislative authority" of the Dominion shall extend to the subjects thereinafter enumerated, among which is, "10. Navigation and Shipping." Finally, at the end of the section, as if to afford an additional safeguard against misconception, it is enacted that no matter coming within any of the twenty-nine classes of subjects, shall be deemed to come within the classes "assigned *exclusively*" to the Provincial Legislatures.

Now what is the real significance of this word "exclusive," repeated more than once in the Act? Has it any reference whatever to Imperial jurisdiction? Amongst the subjects "exclusively" federal is "27, Criminal Law, except the Constitution of the Courts." In whose favour was this exception made? Is there any indication in the Act, from the preamble to the end of the fifth schedule, that the Imperial Parliament ever dreamed of enlarging Canadian powers of self-government? Not the slightest; the aim was to remodel the old legislative constitutions on a federal basis, and to make a fresh distribution of powers already possessed by the separate Provincial Governments. No new right was conferred, and it is idle, as well as dangerous, to assert the contrary.

The everlasting question of the Orient appears as far from settlement as ever. The Berlin Conference of the Chancellors has framed a scheme of pacification which is rejected by Great Britain, by the Porte, and by the insurgents. Count Andrassy and Count Rodich have both failed, and the question is, what next? The Salonica massacre has been followed by a formidable uprising in Bulgaria; Servia and Montenegro are with difficulty kept in check; and Turkey continues as defiant as she is penniless and impotent. Perhaps another month may throw some light upon the subject, and it seems probable that a conference of all the powers will try its hand at endeavouring to compass the impossible achievement of shoring up the tottering edifice of Islam.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MEMOIR OF NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D. By his brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, B.A. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1876.

Whether we consider the deep interest attaching to the central figure in this work, or the skilful manner of its execution, its success, as a biography, is unquestionable. The subject is worthy of commemoration, and the writer eminently fitted for the task. Religious biography is not, generally speaking, either interesting or edifying, because, even when the life is useful for instruction or warning, the author's treatment of it is too often insipid and jejune. But a man who had filled so large a space in his country's ecclesiastical annals, that he could be styled without extravagant eulogy, in the Queen's memorial windows at Crathie, as "a man eminent in the church, honoured in the State, and in many lands greatly beloved," deserved some permanent record of his career. When Mr. Macleod speaks of the "profound impression" produced by the news of his brother's death, even upon those who had never exchanged a word with him, the secret of his influence is unfolded clearly, and with distinctness. It was the generous humanity of the man which, reinforced by intense spiritual feeling, made him a power, not in Scotland only, but throughout the Empire, even to its utmost limits.

What was the spring of this wide-spread regard, and why should his death have been so generally felt, "as if a personal friend had been taken away?" How much of Norman Macleod's broad and sympathetic nature may be assigned to hereditary influence, how much to the physical features of his environment, and how much to what is more strictly termed education, it may be difficult to decide. Born on the sea-shore, on a rugged coast, with a breezy atmosphere from mountain loch and ocean expanding his lungs, and enlarging his views of nature, he could hardly be narrow or petty in his mental or spiritual tendencies. His chosen delights—sailing and fishing—are of themselves widening and liberalizing, when they have full play in a healthy heart and soul. Moreover, the parental influence had a powerful effect upon the mind of the youth. "I never," said he, on the occasion of his father's death, "heard my father speak of Calvinism, Arminianism, Presbyterianism, or Episcopacy, or exaggerate doctrinal differences in my life. . . I thank God for his free, loving, sympathizing, and honest heart. He might have made me a slave to any 'isms.' He left me free to love Christ and Christians." The mother, who still survives, at the age of ninety-one, exerted perhaps a more potent influence on the son, and her wise counsels, interspersed through this volume, manifest not merely the deep solicitude of maternal affection, but the wise intelligence of a thoroughly good woman. "Forty-three years since," he wrote her in 1854, "I lay on your knee, the object of a love that, I have often said, is liker the love of God than any other, and which, in your case, dearest, has been as deep, constant, and unwearied as ever existed in any human bosom." Or again, to go back to 1834, we may quote the concluding lines of a sonnet written at Weimar:—

"Still oft within
This darken'd heart a sudden gleam, a share
Of former joy was mine; and I have wept
And thought 'twas from a distant mother's prayer!"

There appears to have been only one habit which his father, and his mother also, in her gentle way, could not approve—his *penchant* for joking. It was, in fact, the outcome of an exuberant nature, full of life, and irrepressible even to the last. Norman Macleod had every respect for physical science and its professors; but the theory of Sir William Thomson, in his Inaugural Address, in 1871, that organic life may possibly have found its way to earth on a moss-covered fragment from another planet, provoked his keen appreciation of the ludicrous. He suggests that men of science "should rewrite the first chapter of Genesis in this way:—1. The earth was without form and void. 2. A meteor fell upon the earth. 3. The result was fish, flesh, and fowl. 4. From these proceeded the British Association. 5. And the British Association pronounced it all tolerably good!"

The lively animal spirits of the man no doubt opened the hearts of men to him, but they had a substantial base in a warm and enthusiastic love of his species. If what Comtists call the "enthusiasm of humanity" was ever the dominant passion of any one, it was so with Dr. Macleod. Whether the fishermen of Argyllshire, the toilers at the loom in Ayr, the artizans of Glasgow, or the teeming millions of India, all were men and brethren to him, capable of elevation morally and spiritually, and heirs of immortality. The sermon in which he speculates upon the eternal destiny of the heathen at home and abroad (pp. 413-17) is full of the tenderest charity towards the entire race of man; and so also are the four perplexing questions (p. 92) where the justice of God and His benevolence are placed in juxtaposition.

The visit to Weimar, as tutor to Mr. Preston, had no slight influence on his theology, although he left it before the seeds had fructified. His taste for poetry was stimulated by the Baroness Melanie at a time when, as Mr. Macleod tells us, Goethe, Herder, Schiller, and Wieland were fresh in the hearts and memories of the German people. His favourite English poets were Coleridge and Wordsworth amongst contemporaries, and he has a good word even for Shelley. The sonnet on the death of Coleridge is too long for quotation, but its last lines are warmly appreciative :—

"The glory ceased as if it ne'er had been,
But in the heart it cannot pass away—
There it is immortal! Coleridge, friend of truth,
Thus do I think of thee, with feelings keen
And passions strong, thou sunbeam of my youth!"

Principal Shairp is of opinion that Norman Macleod "had imagination enough to have furnished forth half-a-dozen poets;" but if the poet be the maker, the originator of ideas and images, we hardly think Dr. Macleod ever had the true vein of poetical eminence in his composition. He was imitative rather than original, and possessed fancy rather than imagination.

Into the details of the biography, we have no space to enter at length. The zest which he threw into his pastoral labours, whether at Dalkeith, London, or Glasgow, was passionate in its strength and fervour. He had emphatically the poor always with him, and laboured untiringly for their elevation, morally and religiously. The various journeys made upon the Continent, in North America, in Syria and Egypt, and finally in India, all affected him powerfully, and helped to make him the liberal theologian of his latter years. The Indian Mission was very near to his heart, and there can be no doubt that his journey eastward, and the labours he undertook upon his return, shortened his days, perhaps by years. It was the enlarged views of humanity gathered in the Orient which caused him to doubt as to the future destiny of the many millions of the race, and induced him to reject the prevailing Calvinistic creed of his country. He was a thoroughly patriotic Scot, loving Caledonia above any land beneath the sun, but he had no sympathy with its dogmatic and disciplinary narrowness.

His chief exemplar in theology was John Macleod Campbell, who had been violently extruded from the Church, and his other friends were such men as Principal Tulloch, Dr. Caird, Dr. Arnold, Dean Stanley, and Mr. Maurice. His course at the Non-intrusion crisis of 1843 was in a large measure shaped by his dread of intolerant violence and bigotry. The Establishment he regarded as essential to free and unshackled enquiry. So early as 1836, he exclaimed in one of his letters :—"I hate cant, and despise it. There is a manliness about true Christianity, a consciousness of strength, which enables it to make everything its own." And about the last entry in his journal expresses his hope of a freer Church in time to come. "Neither Calvinism, nor Presbyterianism, nor Thirty-nine Articles, nor High Churchism, nor Low Churchism, nor any existing organization can be the Church of the future! May God give us patience to wait! It may be a thousand or three thousand years yet, ere it comes, but come it will!"

Throughout Norman Macleod's life there was a progressive development in his views. The base gradually widened and the edifice grew broader and more imposing. In 1839, he refused, in warm language, to take part in a Burns commemoration; at the Centennial, he was the only clergyman on the platform at Glasgow, and boldly vindicated his right to be there. His earliest utterances on the Confession of Faith are wary and respectful; his later views impelled him to denounce many of the dogmas contained in it, and to "doubt" about others. The doctrines of an exclusive atonement, of the damnation of non-elect infants and of the heathen, and Sabbatarianism, all went by the board. His quarrel with the *Record* Evangelicals, about *Good Words*, was conducted with unusual heat, on his part. He was indignant at the imputations cast upon him, and he did not affect any concealment of his anger. "The weak-headed Evangelical pastors," as he calls them, had assailed him for inserting a story by Anthony Trollope, and papers by Tulloch, Caird, and Stanley. They had even gone so far as to fling a text of Scripture at him:—"And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" &c. (2 Cor. vi. 15-16.) One or two sentences we quote from Dr. Macleod's journal:—"The 'world' is that which is 'not of the Father.' The so-called Evangelical party—for, thank God, they are but a small clique—are become the worshippers of mere shibboleths—phrases. The shortest road to be considered religious, is to adhere to the creed in words, and to keep up a cant vocabulary. . . . . Though a man believes, as I do, with his soul the doctrines of Scripture, yet woe to him unless he believes the precise philosophy, or the systematic form of those doctrines held by the clique." During the Sabbath controversy in 1865, upon which it is unnecessary to enter, Dr. Macleod boldly avowed that his view of the question was contrary to the Confession, and he had to meet a furious storm in consequence. There can be no doubt that, in Scotland as elsewhere, a momentous revolution is going on in the sphere of dogmatic theology, and the minds of the orthodox, as well as the rationalist, are undergoing a serious change.

And now we close this interesting memoir,

simply recommending it to the careful perusal of the reader. He may possibly meet with some opinions in which he cannot concur; that we find more or less in all books. But it is an essentially healthy book, the biographical record of an earnest and vigorous nature, willing to spend and be spent in its Master's service, for the love of humanity, and the promotion of its best and noblest because its highest interests.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. SPEDDING, the biographer and editor of Bacon, concludes his examination of the theory he attributes to Dr. Abbott, "that a sense of the grandeur of his mission as prophet of Science, high-priest of Nature, worshipper of Truth, born servant of Mankind, and so forth, had destroyed his sense of morality." Dr. Abbott has disowned this theory, and Mr. Spedding accepts the disclaimer after a fashion, though scarcely *ex animo*. The early part of the present paper is occupied with an examination of the charges of subservience to Buckingham, and his alleged attempts to fetter the independence of the judges, including the "disgracing of Coke." Finally, we have a brief view of the charges on which Bacon was impeached, and on which he is pronounced unquestionably guilty, for he admitted it himself, pleading that it was "an abuse of the time." Professor Lewis Campbell contributes the first instalment "On the Revision of the English New Testament," in which he considers the difficulties in the way of translation peculiar to the subject, the language, and the text. It is an interesting addition to the literature of the subject, but can hardly be summarized. Mr. Frederick Harrison contributes, in dialogue form, a reply to Mr. Mark Pattison's attack upon Positivism. The conversation is brisk, yet the effect is a failure. The critic is, as usual in such controversies, a man of straw set up to be knocked down, although perhaps of stiffer straw than usual. The "religion of Humanity," with a big H, is at once too subtle and too monstrous to make any way amongst men, and the Comtists, clever as they are, are beating the air with a phantom wand.

The Rev. J. B. Mayor, author of a paper on "The Restitution of all Things," published a year ago, returns to the subject in reply to the Rev. H. N. Oxenham. In the present essay, Mr. Mayor confines himself chiefly to the argument from reason, dealing some trenchant blows, *en passant*, at the paganism and materialism of the Roman Catholic Church. As against the doctrine of restitution, he repudiates the accusation of paganism or infidelity. On the argument from authority, the writer utters a protest against the Fathers, as being children in theology:—"A man," he urges, "is a traitor to his age, he is traitor to the cause of human progress—I will say more, he is practically a disbeliever in the abiding influence of the Spirit of God, if, looking either to the right hand or to the left, to the fourth century or to the sixteenth, he hides his light under a bushel, and stifles within himself convictions which were given for the benefit of all." As for the general arguments advanced by Mr. Mayor, although not novel, for the most part, they are put in a fresh light, and will repay careful attention.

Mr. Peter Bayne, who is well known as an Essayist, gives the first part of a paper on "Clarendon," extending to his first exile, after the fatal battle of Naseby. The life of Edward Hyde is traced in a graphic manner from his birth. In his early manhood he could boast the friendship of Ben Jonson, Selden, Cotton, Waller, Hales, and Chillingworth. At the hospitable board of the ill-fated Falkland he met the choice liberal spirits of England, and he was then, as when he entered Parliament, liberal in politics and in theology. The struggles between Charles I. and his people are narrated here, as they have often been before, with vigour and effect. The chief counts in the indictment against Clarendon are his intrigues with Charles, under the sinister auspices of the Queen and Digby, and his failure to save the King, with or without his consent, when he alone could have done so. Mr. Francis Peek offers a strong plea in favour of "Religious Teaching in Schools," in the course of which he contends that there is nothing impracticable in a common scheme of moral and religious education for all classes.

The Rev. Mr. Fairbairn's paper on "Strauss," of which the first instalment is here given, may be read profitably and with interest. It is a chapter, not merely in German, but in "Modern Religious" thought. It is not merely a biography of the man, but a succient history of the philosophies and theologies that influenced him. Of these the chief were the philosophy of Hegel and the theology of Schleiermacher. The Tubingen school is carefully sketched as

it existed under Baur. With regard to the *Leben Jesu*, Mr. Fairbairn remarks that "the work was fundamentally vitiated, falsified in character and method, by its starting-point and end. It professed to be critical, but was throughout dogmatic. Its critical theories had been created, its exegetical method was applied, to work out a foregone conclusion. Certain narratives, which were regarded as historical, were incompatible with a given speculative doctrine, and blocked the way to a speculative end. So a critical historical theory was invented to pulverize the narratives and dissolve the facts." Mr. James Fergusson attacks vigorously the theory of Dr. Currey, in the Speaker's Commentary, on the plan and dimensions of the Temple at Jerusalem. As an architect, he has no mercy upon the theologian.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with an article by Mr. Chamberlain on a very important subject—"The Right Method with the Publicans." The standpoint of the writer may be judged by a sentence:—"Is it altogether impossible to find some means of preventing the abuse of strong drink without arbitrary interference with individual liberty, and without palpable injustice to those who have embarked their fortunes in the trade?" In Mr. Chamberlain's opinion all past legislation has been ineffectual, and "restriction, in the forms which it has hitherto assumed, of shorter hours, more stringent regulations of licensed houses, and magisterial control of licenses, has been a conspicuous failure." It appears that, in England, the license, though nominally granted year by year, becomes, when once granted, "a lease, with perpetual renewal, subject only to the payment of the license duty, and moderately good conduct." To the Permissive Bill, which is substantially our Dunkin Act, the writer objects, first because it is an intolerable interference with individual liberty, and secondly because it makes no provision for compensating those whose existing means of livelihood it proposes to destroy. The proposed "Free Trade in Drink" is equally distasteful to Mr. Chamberlain, and in lieu of any of these remedies and others, which he examines in detail, he proposes the Swedish or Gottenburg system of buying up the business *en bloc*, and conducting it in the interests of sobriety and general morality. He certainly appears to demonstrate that in Gottenburg it has diminished drunkenness by nearly one-half, and he calls the objection that all the ratepayers would thus become parties "a sentimental one," because they are already responsible for it.

Sir Rutherford Alcock's paper on "China and its Foreign Relations" describes the traditionary and actual policy of that Empire, and points out that it is drawing near to Russia, and conceding to that Power trade and diplomatic privileges it denies to others. Professor Stanley Jevons treats of "Cruelty to Animals" as a study in Sociology. He is opposed entirely to the movement against vivisection, and thinks he controverts the reasoning of its friends by showing that the English people are inconsistent in their view of various kinds of cruelty—making fanciful distinctions where there is actually no difference. A reasoner who can see no distinction between the extermination of wild dogs by poison, in a pastoral country like Queensland, and the torture of an unoffending dog by strychnine, before a gaping theatre of students in London, is a dealer in fallacies. Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth's review of the results of the English Education Act is instructive. He is, of course, in favour of voluntary, in opposition to Board schools, and takes every pains to show that the shutting up of the former means an immense increase in the local rates.

Mr. G. H. Lewes completes his essay on "Spiritualism and Materialism" by an examination of the latter. His objection to it is simply that it is "unphysiological," not because it contradicts our aspirations, nor because it is instinctively repudiated. He is, in short, a materialist who does not pin his faith to molecular motion in the brain, but in the human organization as a whole. On the other hand, he considers the spiritual interpretation as illusory. Mr. Walter Bagehot's second paper on "The Postulates of English Political Economy" is valuable in more respects than one, but his arguments and illustrations cannot be condensed here. It must suffice to say that, as in the first paper he dealt of the migration of labour from employment to employment, so here he treats of the conditions under which capital is transferred, including the whole subject of values, exchangeable and international. Mr. Morley's review of recent books of travel contains much food for reflection. Of course, he does not lose the opportunity of having a fling at missions, or at "the narrow and ignorant Protestantism" of the middle classes, or that "certain holy contempt" they have for the heathen. Mr. Morison's "Madame de Maintenon" is finished. It throws new light upon the life of the wife of Louis XIV. The account of St. Cyr and the King's childish interest in it is admirable, and Madame's real character may be summed up in a brief extract from a letter to her brother:—"We shall meet again, if it please God. Think of Him, in order to be always ready to die, and for the rest, let us keep ourselves jolly." As Mr. Morison adds—"Security as regards income, and security as regards salvation, are the two points she never leaves out." Mr. Bryce devotes a few pages to Lord Salisbury's Oxford University Bill, which, on the whole, he is disposed to favour.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE dramatic season in Toronto was brought to a brilliant close by the appearance of the finest actor of America. The name of Edwin Booth is a household word among all lovers of the drama on this continent, and his first visit to Toronto and Canada was an event of more than common artistic significance. Mr. Booth is something more than the mere actor; in him have been combined also the enterprise of the theatrical manager, and the enthusiasm of the educator in dramatic taste. He has laboured more assiduously, and with greater singleness of purpose, to foster a love for the healthy and legitimate drama, than any other man in America; and to him principally is due the high place which that branch of his art now holds on this continent. In a generation given over, in its theatrical amusements, to tawdry sensationalism, burlesque, opera-bouffe, negro minstrels, variety performances, female gymnasts, Black-Crook business, lime light, and legs, he kept alive some sparks of love for the highest department of the dramatic art. But he fell upon evil days; his efforts were vain, and he paid the inevitable penalty in financial ruin. Still, "the whirligig of time brings about its revenges." The day comes when even the display of the female form palls upon the jaded appetite, and a public satiated with novelties turns, clothed and in its right mind, to the pure and wholesome food which affords the only true sustenance to a healthy intellectual and moral life. Within the last three or four years a re-awakening of this kind has taken place in the dramatic world, and Shakespeare and the legitimate drama are again in the ascendant.

Bearing in mind, then, the part taken by Mr. Booth in bringing about this result, it must have been with great satisfaction that all true lovers of the drama witnessed the right royal welcome accorded to him in Toronto—a testimony due as much to the worth of the man and the conscientious labours of the manager, as to the celebrity of the artist. Great, however, as Mr. Booth's services have been in the cause of the higher drama, and deserving as they are of the amplest recognition, they must not be allowed to blind us to the faults of the actor. Mr. Booth appeared in seven characters: *Hamlet, Claude Melnotte, Richelieu, Richard II., Shylock. Benedick,* and *Iago;* and though but one representation of each was given, yet, the range being an extensive one, a tolerably accurate judgment can be formed of his general powers. We shall express our own opinion most comprehensively by saying that Mr. Booth, though undoubtedly a very fine actor, is not a great one. The true fire is wanting. He never fully possesses himself of the character he is representing, is unmistakably artificial, and, by consequence, the spectator can seldom or never divest himself of the impression that he is witnessing *acting*. His physical gifts are not of the highest: his figure, though graceful, is short, and consequently almost incapable of embodying the majestic repose so essential at times to the tragic actor; his face is limited in its range of expression; and his voice (which frequently recalls that of his brother Junius) is poor in quality, and deficient in power and in variety of intonation. His elocutionary method—at least in tragic passages, where he has to speak *ore rotundo*—is vicious, his utterance, though remarkably distinct, being painfully slow and laboured. His walk is stagey, except, of course, in characters such as Richelieu and Shylock, where he assumes the gait of an old man; and he uses far too much gesture, especially with his arms, hands, and fingers. Besides these mannerisms, he has an unpleasant and frequent trick of turning up his eyes, so as to show the white underneath the iris. It is strange indeed to see the pains which some actors take to be unnatural. Mr. Booth's method of dealing with his "points" is also objectionable, the intention to make them being very obvious. A really great actor never *makes* points; he simply acts right on, up to the level of the various situations, and lets the points make themselves. Another complaint we have to urge against Mr. Booth is that he makes frequent slips in the author's language, and occasionally takes unwarrantable liberties with his text; thus, in "Hamlet" he omitted the greater portion of the most telling soliloquy in the play—"Oh! what a rogue and peasant slave am I;" and in "Richelieu," for the purpose, apparently, of making a sensational ending to the fourth act, he placed the threatened "curse of Rome" after the defiance of Baradas, instead of before it, as Bulwer wrote it.

It is obvious that an actor in whom are combined so many and such glaring defects cannot claim to belong to the first rank. In fact, Mr. Booth is not to be compared, in general power, with Mr. T. C. King, who, whatever may be his faults, is emphatically a great actor—in our opinion the greatest that has ever visited Toronto; nor in any one of his performances here did he rise to the level attained by Mr. Barry Sullivan in his matchless delineation of *Richard III.*

Of the various characters assumed by Mr. Booth, his *Iago* was the most satisfactory. His conception was natural and good, and his elocution, except in a very few passages,

unforced and colloquial. Most actors make the egregious mistake of showing the real nature of the man so openly, as to make it a matter of wonder to the audience that any one possessed of common sense should be gulled by so shallow a trickster. Mr. Booth carefully avoids this pitfull, and in his hands *Iago* really appears to be the plausible friend, the "fellow of exceeding honesty," that Shakespeare designed. Indeed, if there be a fault in the interpretation, it is that the baseness of the man is too much veiled from the audience as well as from Othello, so that it is not till the very last scene that the human fiend stands fully revealed in all the hideous deformity of his nature. Next to Mr. Booth's *Iago*, we should rank his *Richelieu*. In the fourth act of Bulwer's fine drama, the actor more nearly rose to the level of greatness than at any other moment during the week. In the other portions of the play, however, he was comparatively tame. His *Hamlet* was a very unequal performance, and on the whole inferior to Fechter's, T. C. King's, and Barry Sullivan's. There were several fine passages, however, notably the scene with Ophelia, and the earlier portion of that with his mother. In the latter portion of this scene he was too loving, and committed the egregious mistake of kissing the guilty woman, at the words "I must be cruel only to be kind." The cruelty of the act was not easily detected by the audience. One of the principal features of the week's performances was the production, for the first time in Canada, of Shakespeare's "Richard II." The play, though containing many fine thoughts, and much magnificent language, is not a good acting one; the tone is one of gloom and depression, absolutely unrelieved by any enlivening episodes, or even by a single spark of humour—a very rare thing with Shakespeare. Nor was Mr. Booth's effort to represent the principal character a successful one, his vicious style of elocution being here exemplified at its worst. Of the other characters played by Mr. Booth, his *Shylock* was fairly good; but his *Claude Melnotte*, though at times striking, was too sentimental and melodramatic, even for the sentimental and melodramatic hero of Bulwer's somewhat lackadaisical play. As *Benedick* he was natural and spirited, but, with the assistance of Miss Cummins, he spoilt the great scene where *Beatrice* tells him to kill *Claudio*, by converting it into the merest farce.

Mr. Booth was assisted by Mr. Warde, a young English actor who has been travelling with him during the past winter, and by the stock company from Mr. McVicker's theatre in Chicago, but the support was not as good as might have been expected. We may add that Mr. Booth's engagement was so eminently successful in a pecuniary sense, that he may probably be induced to pay Toronto another visit next season.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

WE have observed, with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, that some members of the Press of the Dominion appear to look upon the contents of the CANADIAN MONTHLY much in the same light as Lord Dundreary's valet regarded his master's wardrobe, and, acting upon principles similar to those which actuated that eccentric individual, transfer, without scruple, from our columns to their own, whatever strikes their fancy. Among those of our contemporaries that have exhibited their enterprise in this way may be mentioned a Hamilton paper, which, without even an acknowledgment to us, transferred to their columns the whole of Mr. F. W. Robinson's novelette, "The Romance of a Back Street," which had been copyrighted at Ottawa, and for which we had paid the English author; a Peterborough paper, which a couple of months ago copied the whole of Mr. Phipps's article on "The Advantages of Protective Tariffs;" and a new Toronto daily, from which better things might have been expected, and which should rather set an example of good behaviour to its erring Provincial brethren, but which last month appropriated bodily, from the first word to the last, Mr. Goldwin Smith's article on "The Immortality of the Soul." Now, while we are quite alive to the appreciation of the Magazine which such things indicate, and while we do not object to fair, reasonable, and acknowledged *quotation* from our columns, we must emphatically protest, in the name of journalistic decency,—to say nothing of common honesty,—against any such wholesale appropriation of our property as we have referred to; and would suggest that whatever appreciation of our efforts any of our contemporaries may desire to show, should be testified in a different way—for instance, by a monthly critical review of the contents of each number. Should this caution not prove efficacious to put a stop to the practice complained of, we shall be reluctantly compelled to resort to a legal enforcement of our rights.

ber, dated at Parr-town, giving the boundaries of the Province, and a second on 25th November, requiring all grants, deeds, &c., to be registered at Parr-town.—An ordinance, dated 29th April, was issued by General Haldimand, extending the law of *Habeas Corpus* to Canada, and providing generally for securing the liberty of the subject.—On Monday, 1st November, the seventeenth and last session of the fifth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was convened at Halifax. This Assembly had been first elected in 1770, and had, therefore, lasted fourteen years. Thomas Cochran was chosen Speaker, in place of William Nesbitt, who had resigned. The Governor, in his opening speech, announced the division of the Province. This session terminated on the 8th December.—The Legislative Assembly of the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island) was dissolved, and a new election took place immediately.—Mr. Desbarres, who had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Cape Breton, which had been made a separate colony, arrived at Halifax from Portsmouth on the 16th November.—M. d'Esglis succeeded M. Briand as Bishop of Quebec on the 2nd of December.—Governor Haldimand having left the Province, the administration of the government of Canada devolved upon the Lieutenant-Governor, Henry Hamilton, Esq., who assumed the government on the 16th November.

1785. An ordinance of 21st April provided for trial by jury in actions of a commercial nature, and for personal wrongs to be compensated in damages.—The Legislative Assembly of Prince Edward Island which had been elected in 1784, met in this year, and was (in consequence of some difficulty with the governor) almost immediately dissolved, and another election was ordered.—A charter, dated 18th May, was granted by Governor Carleton of New Brunswick, by which the inhabitants of Parr-town on the east side of the harbour, and of Carleton on the west side, at the mouth of the St. John River, were incorporated as a city by the name of the city of St. John. They were to have a mayor, recorder, six aldermen, and six assistants.—October 20th—The General Assembly of Nova Scotia, which had existed since 1770, was dissolved by proclamation. Writs, returnable on 1st December, were issued for a new election.—The first session of the sixth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened with a speech from Governor Parr at Halifax, on the 5th December. This session closed on 28th December.—August 8th—Isaac Deschamps appointed Chief Justice of Nova Scotia in place of Bryan Finucane, deceased.—A regular line of Government Packets established between Falmouth and Halifax.—The first general election for the Province of New Brunswick was held this year.—Brigadier General Henry Hope, Colonel of the 44th regiment, announced his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec by proclamation, dated 2nd November. Colonel Hope succeeded Henry Hamilton, Esq., who sailed for England in the *Antelope* mail packet on 6th November.

1786. The first session of the first Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick was held at St. John. Fredericton was chosen as the capital of the Province.—The second session of the sixth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened at Halifax on 8th June, and closed 11th July.—Sir Guy Carleton, K.C.B., was appointed, on 11th April, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Quebec, Nova Scotia, (including the Islands of St. John and Cape Breton)

New Brunswick and Newfoundland. Sir Guy Carleton thus became the first British Governor-General of Canada.—His Royal Highness Prince William Henry (afterwards King William IV.) arrived at Placentia on 16th July in command of His Majesty's Ship *Pegasus*, 28.—Lord Dorchester having been appointed Governor-in-Chief of all the British North American Provinces, Mr. Parr became Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.—4th October—Prince William Henry arrived at Halifax from St. John, N. B. The Prince was received with great rejoicings; Halifax was illuminated, and everything was done to give expression to the general satisfaction at the visit of a member of the Royal Family.—General Lord Dorchester, K.C.B., (Sir Guy Carleton had been created Baron Dorchester on 21st August) arrived at Quebec, in His Majesty's Ship *Thisbe*, Captain Coffin, on Sunday, 22nd October. His Lordship landed on 23rd, and was sworn in as Governor-General at the Castle of St. Louis on the same day.—The Prince sailed from Halifax for the West Indies on 25th October.—A bill was laid before the Legislative Assembly of the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island) to ratify the sales of lands ordered in 1781. This bill was passed, but on being sent to England it was disallowed. A bill sent out from England to make the sales of 1781 voidable was laid before the Assembly by the Governor. This bill was rejected by the Assembly, and a bill professing to reach the object desired by the Home Government was passed. This was, however, disallowed on being sent home, and Governor Patterson was recalled.

1787. An ordinance, dated 27th February, regulating the proceedings in certain cases in the Court of King's Bench, and giving the right of appeal to the Privy Council, was sanctioned by Governor Lord Dorchester, who, also, on 23rd April, gave his sanction to an ordinance respecting the quartering of troops in country parishes, and the conveyance of effects belonging to the government.—June 28th—Prince William Henry arrived at Halifax in the *Pegasus* on his return from the West Indies.—July 14th—The Prince sailed for Quebec, which he reached on the 14th August; on landing he was received by the Governor, Lord Dorchester; addresses were presented, the city was illuminated, and every possible mark of respect and attention was shown to him.—On Tuesday, October 16th, the Right Rev. Charles Inglis, D.D., first Bishop of Nova Scotia, (so created by Patent, dated, 11th August) arrived at Halifax.—The third session of the sixth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened by Governor Parr on 25th October. — Prince William Henry arrived at Halifax from Quebec on 24th October. From this time until 12th November, when the Prince sailed from Halifax, balls, reviews, dinners and entertainments of all kinds followed in rapid succession. The House of Assembly, being in session, voted £700 for a dinner and ball in honor of His Royal Highness.—The General Assembly of Nova Scotia was prorogued on 12th December.

1788. An ordinance was passed by the Governor in Council at Quebec on 30th April to prevent persons practising physic and surgery without a license.—Lieutenant-General Fanning, who had arrived at Charlottetown the previous autumn, (1787) assumed the government of the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island). Mr. Patterson, the previous governor, and who declined in the autumn to surrender his office to General Fanning, having

been ordered by the Home Government to resign, Governor Fanning convened the Assembly as early as practicable after assuming the reins of government, and the dissensions which had existed for the two or three years previous ceased for a time.—On July 17th the Honorable Jeremy Pemberton arrived at Halifax from Quebec. He was appointed by commission, signed by Governor Parr, and dated 19th August, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia. Prince William Henry again visited Nova Scotia. He arrived at Halifax in the *Andromeda* on 17th August, and remained until the 29th September.—Chief Justice Pemberton opened the Supreme Court on 21st October, when his patent was read.

1789. The General Assembly of Nova Scotia met at Halifax on 5th March, being the fourth session of the sixth Assembly. No session appears to have been held during the year 1788. Mr. Uniacke was elected Speaker in place of Mr. Blowers, who had been appointed a member of the council.—Serious complaints were preferred by the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia against the judges of the Supreme Court of that Province. The session closed on 9th April.

1790. The Assembly of Nova Scotia (5th session of 6th Assembly) met at Halitax on 25th February. A bill was passed during this session limiting the duration of an Assembly to seven years, but Governor Parr declined to give his consent. The complaints against the judges of the Supreme Court were again brought before the Assembly, and it was finally decided to impeach Judges Deschamps and Brenton. The Assembly adjourned on 28th April.

1791. Information was received from the Agent in London of the Province of Nova Scotia that the King had given orders that the charges against the judges of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia should be heard before His Majesty in council.—The General Assembly of Nova Scotia (6th session of 6th Assembly) met on 6th June, and was closed on 5th July.—Lieutenant-Governor Parr died, after a short illness, on 25th November. He was buried on 29th with great pomp and ceremony in St. Paul's Church. Mr. Bulkeley, as senior member of the council assumed the control of public affairs, until His Majesty's pleasure could be known.—Very shortly after the passing of the Act of 1774, (14 George III.) commonly known as the *Quebec Act*, an agitation was commenced for its repeal, and this agitation had been continued with but little interruption ever since. The long sought for change was now to take place, the agitators had carried their point, and the Quebec Act was about to be numbered, in part, at least, with the things of the past.—On 4th March, 1791, a message from the King was transmitted to the House of Commons. This message was as follows: "His Majesty thinks it proper to acquaint the House of Commons that it appears to His Majesty that it would be for the benefit of His Majesty's subjects in his Province of Quebec, that the same should be divided into two separate provinces, to be called the Province of Upper Canada, and the Province of Lower Canada, and that it is accordingly His Majesty's intention so to divide the same, whenever His Majesty shall be enabled by Act of Parliament to establish the necessary regulations for the government of the said Province. His Majesty, therefore, recommends this object to the consideration of this House. His Majesty also recommends to this House to consider of such provisions as may

be necessary to enable His Majesty to make a permanent appropriation of lands in the said province for the support and maintenance of a protestant clergy within the same, in proportion to such lands as have been already granted within the same by His Majesty; and it is His Majesty's desire that such provision may be made with respect to all future grants of land within the said provinces respectively, as may best conduce to the same object, in proportion to such increase as may happen in the population and cultivation of the said provinces; and for this purpose, His Majesty consents that such provisions and regulations may be made by this House respecting all future grants of land to be made by His Majesty within the said provinces, as this House shall think fit." The bill was introduced by Mr. Pitt on the 4th March, and gave rise to considerable discussion; Mr. Fox, Mr. Francis. and others, opposing its passage, whilst Edmund Burke supported the government. The bill was also opposed by a number of Canadians, represented by Mr. Adam Lymburner, a merchant of Quebec, who, as their agent, was heard on 23rd March, against it, at the bar of the House of Commons. The Act of 1791 was generally known as the *Constitutional Act*. Its principal provisions were as follows:—The first section repeals so much of the Quebec Act (14 Geo. III., ch. 83) as relates to the appointment of a Council for the Province of Quebec, and the power given to the said Council to make ordinances for the government thereof. The second clause recites the intention of His Majesty, as communicated in his message, to divide the Province of Quebec into two provinces, to be called Upper Canada and Lower Canada, and enacts that a Legislative Council and Assembly shall be established for each province, by and with whose advice His Majesty may make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government thereof. The third, fourth, and fifth sections provide for the summoning, by the Lieutenant-Governors of the respective provinces, of members to the Legislative Council (seven for Upper Canada and fifteen for Lower Canada); such members to be of the full age of twenty-one years, and to hold their seats for life. Section six authorizes His Majesty to annex to hereditary titles of honor, the right of being summoned to the Legislative Council. Sections seven to eleven, inclusive, relate to vacation of seats in the Legislative Council, forfeiture of hereditary rights and questions respecting the right to be summoned. Section twelve authorizes the Governor or Lieutenant-Governor to appoint the Speaker of the Legislative Council. Sections thirteen to twenty-five relate to the election of members of the Legislative Assembly—Upper Canada to have sixteen members; Lower Canada, fifty. Sections twenty-six and twenty-seven give power to the Governor to fix the times and places of holding the first and succeeding sessions of the Legislative Council and Assembly in each Province, giving due notice thereof, and to prorogue and dissolve the same. They were to be convoked at least once in every twelve months; each assembly was to continue for four years from the date fixed for the return of the writs, subject to prorogation and dissolution. Section twenty-eight enacts that all questions arising in either Conncil or Assembly shall be decided by a majority of votes, the Speaker of each House to have a casting vote. Section twenty-nine prescribes the oath to be taken by members of the Council and Assembly. Section thirty authorizes the Governor to give or withhold His Majesty's assent to all bills passed by the two Houses,

or to reserve such as he may think fit for the signification of His Majesty's pleasure thereon. Section thirty-one requires copies of all bills which have been assented to to be forwarded to the Secretary of State, and authorizes the disallowance of any such bills at any time within two years after receipt by the Secretary of State. The next section provides that reserved bills shall have no force until the King's assent had been communicated to the Governor. Section thirty-three continues in force all laws, ordinances, or statutes, except so far as they may be repealed or varied by this Act. Section thirty-four continues existing Courts of civil jurisdiction. Sections thirty-five to forty-two, inclusive, relate to the provision made and to be made for the support of the clergy, both Catholic and Protestant. Section forty-three enacts that all lands to be thereafter granted in Upper Canada were to be in free and common soccage, and so also in Lower Canada, when the grantee required it. The two following sections relate to the issue of fresh grants on surrender of existing titles. Section forty-six declares that this Act shall not prevent the operation of any Act of Parliament establishing prohibitions or imposing duties for the regulation of navigation and commerce; such duties were, however, as provided by the next section, to be applied to the use of the respective provinces. By section forty-eight it is provided that His Majesty, in Council, is to fix a date, not later than the 31st of December, 1791, for the commencement of this Act. Section forty-nine provides that writs of summons and election shall issue not later than the 31st of December, 1792. The fiftieth and concluding section authorizes the making of temporary laws pending the first meeting of the Legislative Council and Assembly.—March 10th. A numerously signed petition was presented to Lord Dorchester, by the seigniors of the Province of Quebec, against the introduction of free and common soccage.—Prince Edward arrived at Quebec on the 11th August, from Gibraltar, with the 7th Regiment of Royal Fusiliers, which he commanded. His arrival was hailed with great satisfaction by the citizens of Quebec, who presented him with an address on the 18th of August.—The Governor-General, Lord Dorchester, sailed from Quebec on the 17th August, in His Majesty's Ship *Alligator*. On the 25th August Major-General Almed Clarke, Lieutenant-Governor and Major-General commanding the forces in America, issued a proclamation assuming the government during the absence on leave of the Governor.—Lieutenant-General Sir F. Haldimand, K.C.B., (formerly Governor of Canada), died at Yverdon, Switzerland, in June, in the 76th year of his age.—By a proclamation dated at the Castle of St. Louis, Quebec, 18th November, 1791, of the Lieutenant-Governor, Major-General Almed Clarke, it was declared that the Act dividing the Province into two Provinces should commence within Upper and Lower Canada respectively on 26th December, 1791. The line dividing the two Provinces was to commence at a stone boundary on the north bank of Lake St. Francis, at the cove west of the *Point-au-Baudet*, in the limit between the township of Lancaster and the seigniory of New Longueuil, running along the said limit in the direction of north thirty-four degrees west to the uttermost angle of the said seigniory of New Longueuil, thence along the north-west boundary of the seigniories of Vaudreuil, running north twenty-five degrees east until it strikes the Ottawa River; to ascend the said river into

Lake Temiscaminqua; and from the head of the said lake by a line drawn due north until it strikes the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, including all the territory to the westward and southward of the said line, to the utmost extent of the country commonly known by the name of Canada.—The 26th of December was celebrated in Quebec by a public dinner, an illumination in the evening, and other demonstrations of joy.—John Graves Simcoe, Esquire, who had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, arrived at Quebec on Friday, November 11th, in His Majesty's Ship *Triton*.—A violent shock of earthquake was felt in Quebec on 6th December.

1792. January 15th.—Fifteen vessels sailed from Halifax, Nova Scotia, for Sierra Leone, conveying thither upwards of twelve hundred coloured persons. The expense of transport, amounting to nearly £4,000, was borne by the British Government.—John Wentworth, Esquire, who had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, arrived at Halifax in His Majesty's Ship *Hussar*, on the 12th of May. Mr. Wentworth had, previous to the revolution, been Governor of New Hampshire, of which province he was a native. Governor Wentworth was sworn into office on Monday, 14th May, with the ceremonies usual on such occasions.—The seventh session of the Sixth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened by Governor Wentworth on the 6th of June, and prorogued on the 11th July. —The Halifax *Gazette* of September 11th contained the following notice respecting the impeachment of the Judges (Deschamps and Brenton): "The Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council, before whom the charges exhibited by the House of Assembly against the assistant Judges of the Supreme Court have been heard, have reported to His Majesty that, after a mature consideration of the subject, they cannot find any cause of censure against those gentlemen, and consequently have fully acquitted them, which report His Majesty has been pleased to confirm."—Colonel His Royal Highness Prince Edward was installed Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Freemasons, at Quebec, on the 22nd of June, —On the 9th July Letters Patent were issued by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe dividing the Province of Upper Canada into Counties, and apportioning the representation thereof. The Counties in Upper Canada were: Glengarry, Stormont, Dundas, Grenville, Leeds, Frontenac, Ontario, Addington, Prince Edward, Lennox, Hastings, Northumberland, Durham, York, Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent.—On the 7th of February proclamations were issued by the Lieutenant-Governors of Upper and Lower Canada, giving at length the terms upon which the Crown Lands in their respective Provinces would be granted to intending settlers. On the 7th May the division of Lower Canada into Electoral Districts was announced by a proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor, who at the same time fixed the number of representatives to be elected for each district; this proclamation was followed by a second, dated 14th May, ordering the issue of writs for the election of members of the Legislative Assembly, such writs to be dated 24th of May, and to be returnable on 10th July. The Counties into which Lower Canada was at this time divided were as follows:—Bedford, Buckinghamshire, Cornwallis, Devon, Dorchester, Effingham, Gaspé, Hampshire, Hertford, Huntingdon, Kent, Leinster, Montreal, Northumberland, Orleans, Quebec, Richelieu, St.

Maurice, Surrey, and Warwick.—The Legislative Council and General Assembly of the new Province of Upper Canada met for the first time at Newark (now Niagara) on 17th September. The session was opened by John Graves Simcoe, Lieutenant-Governor, and the members lost no time in proceeding to business, for by the 15th October, when the session closed, seven Acts had been passed—the most important of which were those providing for the introduction of English Civil Law, the establishment of trial by jury, and the building of gaols and court-houses.— On the 3rd of December Mr. Abel Learned and Mr. Ward Bailey arrived at Quebec, having travelled on horseback over the road then just completed from the Province Line on the Connecticut River to the old road on the Chaudière, by which it was claimed that the distance between Quebec and Boston had been shortened two hundred miles.—December 17th. The Legislative Assembly and Legislative Council of the Province of Quebec met for the first time. The Hon. William Smith was appointed Speaker of the Legislative Council, and Mr. J. A. Panet was, on the following day, elected by a majority of ten, and after considerable discussion, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. On Thursday, the 20th, Major-General Almed Clarke, Lieutenant-Governor, (in the absence of Lord Dorchester,) opened the session with a speech.—December 20th. A notice, signed by Hugh Finlay, Deputy Postmaster-General, appeared in the Quebec *Gazette*, that a regular conveyance once every fourteen days, had been established for transmission of mails between Montreal and Burlington, in the State of Vermont.

1793. January 14th. A General Court-Martial assembled at Quebec, of which Colonel Walker, R.A., was president, to try some soldiers of the Royal Fusiliers, (7th regiment,) on a charge of mutiny. The finding of the Court was published on the 25th March, when private Joseph Draper was sentenced to death, William Rose to five hundred lashes, Timothy Kennedy to seven hundred lashes, Sergeant Thomas Wigton to five hundred lashes and to be reduced to the ranks, James Laudrigan was acquitted, the evidence being insufficient to convict him. On Tuesday, 9th April, private Draper, whose execution had been respited to that day, was brought out from the barricks and made to walk behind his coffin to the place of execution, the troops marching with music suited to the solemn occasion. Just as the execution was about to take place, His Royal Highness Prince Edward announced that Draper had been pardoned, an announcement which was received with the most lively satisfaction by the large number of persons who had assembled to witness the execution.—24th April. Major-General Clarke issued a Proclamation stating that France had declared war against Great Britain, on the 1st February, and adding that Letters of Marque would be issued in the usual manner.—25th April. General Clarke sent a message to the House of Assembly recommending a revision of the laws regulating the Militia.—May 1st. An Address from the House of Assembly to General Clarke, assuring His Excellency of their readiness to co-operate with him in all measures necessary for the defence of the country.—May 9th. The General Assembly of the Province of Lower Canada was prorogued by General Clarke. The first Act passed by the Legislature of Lower Canada was an Act to regulate the landing of gunpowder at Montreal; of the remaining Acts of this session, those relating to

the importation of wampum from the United States, and providing for the imposition of duties; to establish a fund for payment of salaries of officers of the Legislature, and contingent expenses of the same.—A proclamation, dated 22nd April, by General Washington, President of the United States, enjoining the inhabitants of the United States to observe a strict neutrality during the war between France and the other European Powers, was published in the Quebec *Gazette*.—May 14. The French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, were captured by the British forces, and the French troops in garrison were sent to Halifax, Nova Scotia.—Dr. Jacob Mountain was appointed the first protestant Bishop of Quebec.—September 14th. His Excellency Lord Dorchester, Governor-General, and his family, arrived at Quebec in H.M.S. *Severn*, from London.—November 11th. The second session of the Legislature of Lower Canada was opened by His Excellency Lord Dorchester, who, in his opening speech, especially commended to the careful attention of the Members the establishment of a Financial System, and of Courts of Justice, and the enactment of a Militia Law.—November 14th. The House of Assembly of Lower Canada presented His Royal Highness Prince Edward with an address, thanking him for the zeal and activity he had displayed for the protection of the property of the citizens, and for the defence of the country.—The Hon. William Smith, Speaker of the Legislative Council, and Chief Justice of the Province of Lower Canada, died at Quebec, on Friday 6th December.—The Second Session of the first Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened at Newark, on 31st May, and was prorogued on 9th July. The principal Acts passed during this Session were for the regulation of the Militia; the appointment of parish and town officers; to provide for the solemnization of marriage; to prevent the further introduction of slaves, and to establish a Court of Probate.—The General Assembly of Nova Scotia was dissolved by Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth on the 22nd January, and writs, returnable on the 5th March, were issued for a new election.—The Assembly meet on 20th March, and Thomas Barclay was chosen Speaker. On 13th April the Council of Nova Scotia directed the Sheriffs of each county to make proclamation of the war with France.—20th June. Major-General Ogilvie arrived at Halifax in H.M.S. *Alligator*, having on board the French Governor, M. Dauseville, and the troops captured at St. Pierre.—23rd July. Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth reports that, in case of invasion, 1,500 Militia could be assembled for the defence of Halifax in a few hours; and that Militia force available for defence of the whole Province, would exceed 4,000 men.

1794. Two companies of Provincial Militia were raised in the Island of St. John, (P. E. Island,) for purposes of defence.—The Third Session of the first Parliament of Upper Canada was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, at Newark, on 2nd June; this session terminated on the 7th July. The Acts passed related principally to the constitution of the law courts, forms of procedure, and to the imposition of duties upon spirits.—The building of the town of York, (now the City of Toronto,) was commenced early in the spring of 1794, under the personal supervision of Governor Simcoe, who selected, as the site of his own residence, a spot on the high ground overlooking the valley of the Don.—An address was presented at Quebec,

on the 8th January, by the Masonic fraternity, to H. R. H. Prince Edward, Grand Master of the Free Masons in Lower Canada, on his departure to assume command of a portion of the forces engaged in operations against the French West Indies.—Addresses were also presented to the Prince by the Legislative Council, citizens of Quebec, Montreal and William Henry, and by several other public bodies. Major-General H. R. H. Prince Edward left Quebec on 22nd January, and arrived at Boston, Mass., on 6th February, on his way to join the forces in the West Indies. The Prince sailed from Boston in the packet *Roebuck*, and reached the West Indies in time to take an active part in the capture of Martinique,* St. Lucia and Guadaloupe. He returned late in the spring, and arrived at Halifax, in H. M. S. *Blanche*, on 10th May, where he was received with great rejoicing.—February 13th. The Honorables Pierre A. de Bonne and James Walker, were appointed judges of the Court of Common Pleas, for Lower Canada.—On 29th April the following message was transmitted to the House of Assembly, then in session at Quebec, by Governor Lord Dorchester. "The Governor has given directions for laying before the House of Assembly an account of the Provincial Revenue of the Crown, from the commencement of the new constitution to the 10th January, 1794." It is unnecessary to give the details which accompanied the message: it may be sufficient to state that for the period indicated the gross revenue amounted to a little over £14,000 sterling, a sum which, however, did not nearly meet the expenses of the Civil Government, which were estimated at about £25,000 sterling a year.—The Session was closed on 31st May, 1794, when the Royal assent was given by the Governor-General to five bills; the Judicature bill was, however, reserved for the signification of His Majesty's pleasure. —Mr. Panet, the Speaker of the House of Assembly for Lower Canada, having been appointed one of the Judges of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas for that Province, Chartier de Lotbinière, Esq., was chosen Speaker in his stead. Mr. Panet, finding that his acceptance of the appointment necessitated his removal to Montreal, subsequently declined, and remained a member of the Assembly. During this (the second) Session of the first Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada, the House of Assembly formally resolved: "That in all unprovided cases, resort shall be had to the rules, usages, and forms, of the Parliament of Great Britain, which shall be followed unti this House shall think fit to make a rule or rules applicable to such unprovided cases." The Hon. Henry Caldwell was, on 30th June, appointed Receiver-General of Lower Canada. M. Denant was nominated by Pope Pius VI., Bishop of Canathe (*in part. infid.*) and coadjutor of Quebec; M. Denant was not consecrated until the following year.—The Second Session of the seventh General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened on 6th June by Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth, who in his opening speech referred to the brilliant services of Prince Edward in the West Indies; and both Houses, in their addresses in reply, alluded in the most eulogistic terms to the achievements of His Royal Highness. The Session terminated on the 9th July.

* The colours captured at the taking of Martinique, were, on 17th May, 1794, escorted by a detachment of Life Guards from St. James' Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral, where they were received by the Dean and Chapter, attended by the Choir. The colours were afterwards put up in the Cathedral as memorials of the success of the British forces under Prince Edward's command in the West Indies.

During the month of June, Prince Edward proceeded on a tour through the adjoining Province of New Brunswick. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-Governor Carleton from St. John up the river to Fredericton, the Capital, returning thence by way of St. John. The Prince reached Halifax about the end of the month, and being now the senior officer in Nova Scotia, assumed command of the troops.—December 11th. The Hon. James Monk, Attorney General for Lower Canada, was appointed Chief Justice of the the Court of King's Bench, at Montreal. A Proclamation was issued by the Governor-General in December, announcing that His Majesty, in Council, had been pleased to give his assent to the "Act for the divison of Lower Canada into Districts, for amending the judicature thereof, and for repealing certain laws therein mentioned." This act was commonly known as the Judicature Act, and came into force on the 11th December.

1795. The Parliament of Upper Canada met at Newark on the 6th July, and was prorogued on the 10th August. Five Acts were passed, the most important being the "Act for the public registering of deeds, conveyances, wills, and other incumbrances which shall be made, or may affect any lands, tenements, or hereditaments, within this Province." No stronger proof of the practical manner in which the first settlers of Ontario conducted their affairs could be given than the passage of such an Act* as this in the fourth session of the first Parliament of the Province.—Governor Simcoe received and entertained, at Newark, for some days, the Duke de Liancourt, a French nobleman then travelling in America. —The Third Session of the first Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened by Lord Dorchester, on 5th January, 1795. This Session was closed on 7th May, after a speech from Lord Dorchester, in which His Excellency expressed his approbation of the measures and conduct of both Houses. On the 16th February, the Public Accounts were laid before the Assembly for the first time. The estimates for the Civil Government for the year ending 5th January, 1796, amounted to £19,993 sterling. The actual expenditure for the previous year had been £19,985 sterling. A sum of £5,000 sterling was voted by the Assembly "towards defraying the cost of the administration of Justice, and the support of the Civil Government for each year, to count from 5th January, 1795, and in future."—The Acts passed during the third session of the first Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada were: An Act to amend the Judicature Act of the previous session; an Act respecting the inspection of Pot and Pearl Ashes, and also an Act to permit their importation from the neighbouring States; an Act to ratify and confirm the agreement made between the Commissioners of the two Provinces; an Act respecting the registration of Baptisms, Marriages and Burials; an Act to compel vessels coming from places infected with plague, or any pestilential fever or disease, to perform Quarantine; an Act granting to His Majesty certain duties on Licenses, and also an Act imposing

* It may interest some of our readers to know that the system of registration of titles which has been found of such great utility in the Province of Ontario, and, as may be seen from the above, was one of the first measures to receive the sanction of its Legislature, is now, although under entirely different conditions, and in fact upon a system altogether distinct, engaging attention in England, and to a certain extent became law on the passing in August last, of the "Act to simplify titles, and facilitate the transfer of land in England."—38 and 39 Vict., Cap. 87.

duties on the importation of certain goods, wares and merchandise, therein mentioned, the money so raised to be applied to the support of the Civil Government of the Province; an Act respecting the validity of certain proceedings in the Court of King's Bench; and an Act respecting Aliens. These Acts, although few in number, made some very important additions to the Statutes of Lower Canada, and appear fully to justify the approbation bestowed by the Governor-General.—April 15th. The Hon. John Collins, Member of the Legislative Council, and Deputy Surveyor-General of Lower Canada, died suddenly at Quebec.—May 14th. Jonathan Sewell, Esq., appointed Attorney-General for Lower Canada, and Advocate-General for the said Province. —May 18th. A Proclamation was issued by Governor-General, Lord Dorchester, laying an embargo upon all ships in Lower Canada ports laden with wheat, wheat flour, or peas, and prohibiting the exportation of the same. —June 4th. Louis Charles Foucher appointed Solicitor-General and Inspector-General for Lower Canada.—September 3rd. John Coffin, Esq., appointed Surveyor-General of Woods for Lower Canada; and Mr. William Vondenvelden, to print all Laws of the Province of Lower Canada.—September 9th. A Proclamation was issued by Governor Lord Dorchester, laying an embargo upon all vessels laden with wheat, peas, oats, indian corn, barley, flour and biscuit, from 10th September, until the 10th of December following. —10th August. The thanks of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada were voted to Lieutenant-Colonel William Campbell, of the 24th regiment, for his "judicious, prudent and spirited conduct during his command at Fort Miamis during the year 1794.—20th November. The Fourth Session of the first Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened by Governor-General Lord Dorchester, at Quebec.—April 11th. John Wentworth, Esquire, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, created a baronet. The General Assembly of Nova Scotia (Third Session of 7th General Assembly) met at Halifax, on 12th March—Thomas Barclay, Esquire, speaker. The session closed on the 13th April. During this session an Act was passed authorising the raising of £2000 by lottery for road purposes, an Act which was afterwards duly confirmed by His Majesty. Sir John and Lady Wentworth made a tour of the Western part of the Province this year. The Militia of Nova Scotia were employed (by a system of rotation) in repair and enlargement of fortifications during the summer.

1796. The Fifth Session of the first Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe at Newark on the 16th May. This Session, which closed on the 3rd June, was a very short one. Seven Acts were passed, three of which related to the adminstration of justice and constitution of Courts of Law; one was "An Act for the better regulation of certain coins current in this Province." The remaining three related to local matters.—A Proclamation, dated 2nd January, was issued by Governor Lord Dorchester, authorizing the importation by sea of all kinds of grain and provisions on account of the distress caused by the general failure throughout Lower Canada of the harvest in 1795. —The Fourth Session of the First Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada, which had commenced on 20th November, was closed by Governor Lord Dorchester on 7th May. The Session had been a very long one, and a great deal of work had been done. Twelve Acts were passed, of which the most impor-

tant was "An Act for making, repairing and altering the Highways and Bridges within the Province of Lower Canada." This Act contains seventy-three sections, and appears to have been drawn up with great care. Of the remaining Acts those to declare the date from which Acts of Parliament should take effect; to provide for the safe custody and registering of all Letters Patent granting Crown Lands; to regulate persons who hire or engage to perform voyages to or from the Indian Country; and to authorize the apprehension of felons escaping from the Provinces of New Brunswick and Upper Canada, are the only ones now possessing any interest; the others have long since expired or been repealed.—A Proclamation was issued by Lord Dorchester on 17th May, offering a reward of £50 for the discovery of the murderer of John Palley and Margaret Debard, who were murdered at William Henry on the night of Sunday the 8th May. This murder caused a great sensation at the the time, and the citizens of William Henry offered a reward of a like amount for the detection of the murderer.—On 31st May a Proclamation was issued dissolving the Parliament of Lower Canada, and directing the issue of writs, returnable on the 20th July, for a new election.—On 7th July Isaac Ogden was appointed one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, Jonathan Sewell Commissary of the Court of Vice-Admiralty, and Herman W. Ryland Clerk of the Executive Council. An Order in Council was passed on 7th July for the purpose of regulating trade and commerce between the United States and the Province of Lower Canada.—Governor Lord Dorchester embarked with his family on Saturday, 9th July, on board His Majesty's Ship *Active*,* and sailed for England on leave of absence. Previous to his departure his lordship received addresses from the inhabitants of the cities of Quebec and Montreal expressing their attachment to him and wishing him a pleasant voyage.—On 12th July General Robert Prescott, Lieutenant-Governor, issued a Proclamation assuming the government of Lower Cannda during Lord Dorchester's absence.—On Tuesday, 6th September, a disastrous conflagration occured in the Upper Town of Quebec, the Recollet Church and a number of houses from St. Louis Street to Mount Carmel were destroyed; at one time the Castle of St. Lewis was in great danger, but a fortunate change in the wind drove the fire up Carrier Street towards Mount Carmel, where it was stopped. A Proclamation, dated 30th October, was issued by General Prescott, Lieutenant-Governor, directing the immediate arrest of all foreigners guilty of treasonable practices and seditious attempts to alienate the affections of His Majesty's subjects. An Order in Council of the same date ordering all persons, being subjects of France, who had arrived in Lower Canada since 1st May, 1794, to leave the province within 24 days, was also published. On 11th November, another Proclamation appeared announcing hostilities with Spain. The General Assembly of Nova Scotia, met at Halifax on Thursday, 3rd March. The session was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Sir John Wentworth, who referred to the prosperous state of the province, and, in view of the diminution of the public debt, suggested a reduction of taxation. The balance against Nova Scotia, at that

* The *Active* frigate, with Lord Dorchester and family on board, was shipwrecked on the Island of Anticosti. The ship was lost, but all the people were saved. Lord Dorchester and family got safely to Perce, then a fishing village, on the Gaspe coast. His Lordship and family arrived at Halifax on the 15th August in the Provincial vessel *Earl of Moira* whence they sailed in the *Dover* for England.

date, amounted to £2,082 16s. 7d This session terminated on the 11th April. On 22nd July, 500 Maroons* arrived at Halifax from Jamaica. They were quartered about two miles from Halifax, and subsequently settled on about 3000 acres of land, purchased for that purpose in Preston, about five miles from Halifax. On 5th September a French squadron of five or six sail of the line, with three frigates and a corvette, made a descent at Bay of Bulls, Newfoundland, where they landed 2000 men in three hours. They destroyed the settlement, captured some vessels and plundered the place. An expedition was sent against Sydney, Cape Breton, but having encountered a storm, failed to reach its destination. James Michael Freke Bulkeley, secretary of the Province of Nova Scotia died at Halifax on 12th November, Mr. Bulkeley was succeeded by Benning Wentworth, brother-in-law to the Lieutenant-Governor, who was sworn into office on 14th November.

1797. The first session of the second Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened at Quebec, on Tuesday, 24th January, by His Excellency General Prescott, Lieutenant-Governor. Jean Antoine Panet, Esquire, was elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. Lieutenant-Governor Prescott, by proclamation dated the 27th April, announced his appointment (bearing date 15th December, 1796), as Governor-General, whereupon addresses of congratulation were presented to His Excellency by the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly on 1st May. The session closed on the following day. Six Acts were passed during this session of which the most important were the Act, (Cap. 2, 37 Geo. III.) to continue the *Alien Act* to the end of the war then existing between Great Britain and France; and the "Act for the better preservation of His Majesty's Government, as by law happily established in this Province." By this Act, which was renewed from year to year until the year 1812, the provincial law of *Habeas Corpus* could be suspended at the discretion of the Executive; and, saving the privileges of the Provincial Parliament, all persons imprisoned by warrants, signed by three Executive Councillors, for treason, treasonable practices, or suspicion of the same, might be detained during the period before mentioned, without bail or mainprise.—From a notice in the Quebec *Gazette* of 4th May, it would appear that the rate then paid to labourers by the day in the city of Quebec was 1s. 6d. currency.—On Friday July 7th, David McLane* was tried before a special

*The Maroons were descendents of African slaves, who had left the plantations in Jamaica, and taken refuge in the mountains. These Maroons had for a long time been in a state of open rebellion, and neither the energy and activity of Lord Balcarres, nor the bravery and skill of General Walpole, had been sufficient to overcome the determined resistance of men thoroughly familiar with every foot of the country they occupied, and who were no sooner driven from one point than they reappeared in another. The introduction by Colonel Quarrel of some bloodhounds from Cuba, and the threat to use them against the Maroons, led to a suspension of hostilities, and on 21st December, 1795, a treaty of peace was finally agreed upon. It is claimed that by an additional and secret clause in the treaty agreed to by General Walpole, it was stipulated that the Maroons should not be removed from the Island of Jamaica; but if this stipulation was really made, the Assembly of Jamaica violated it, as a sum of £41,000 was voted to defray the cost of settling the Maroons in Nova Scotia. The experiment of settling so large a body of men of negro origin in a cold country like Nova Scotia does not seem to have been attended with much success, as they were all shipped to Sierra Leone in 1800.

*David McLane had been in business in Providence, Rhode Island, and was an American citizen. The indictment found against him by the Grand Jury consisted of two counts, one "for compassing the death of the King," and the other "for adhering to the King's enemies." On each count fourteen overt acts were laid, which were the same on both counts. As the statement of these overt acts are somewhat lengthy, it may suffice to give the sub-

Court of Oyer and Terminer at Quebec, for the crime of High Treason. The prosecution was conducted by the Attorney-General in person, and after a trial which lasted the whole day, the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. McLane was executed on the Glacis outside the walls near St. John's Gate on the 21st July.—James Ker, Esq., was, on 26th August, appointed Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty for Lower Canada.— The Right Reverend Jean Francois Hubert, Bishop of Quebec, died at Quebec on Tuesday, 17th October.—The Rev. S. Jehosaphat Mountain, was appointed Rector of the Protestant church at Quebec.—The Hon. Joseph Gaspard Chaussegros de Lery, Knight of the Order of St. Louis, member of the Legislative Council of Quebec, died at Quebec on the 11th December, in the 77th year of his age. Mr. de Lery was one of the first of the Canadian noblesse to do homage to their new Sovereign, he having been presented to King George III. in March, 1763.—The second session of the Second Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada, was held at York, the buildings erected there under the personal supervision of Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe being ready for the accomodation of the members of the Legislature. This was the first session of Parliament held at York. The session was opened on the 1st June, by the Hon. Peter Russell, who, as senior Member of the Executive Council, had assumed the administration of affairs on the departure of Major-General Simcoe,* who had been ordered to the West Indies, in the autumn of 1796. During this session, which closed on the 3rd July, seventeen Acts were passed. The most important were "An Act for the better securing the Province against the King's enemies;" "An Act for the more easy barring of dower." "An Act for the regulation of Ferries." Of the remainder ten were for the consolidation and improvement of laws relating to the administration of justice and conveyance of real estate, one for the better regulation of the Militia; one provided for the establishment of the Law Society of Upper Canada, one for Trade with the United States, and one for the collection of the Revenue.—The General-Assembly of Nova Scotia met on 6th June. Mr. Barclay was Speaker. The session closed on the 10th July. Governor Wentworth in his opening speech congratulated the members on the prosperous state of the province, and on the exemption the people enjoyed from the miseries of war so severely felt in other parts of the Empire.—On 9th September Chief Justice Strange resigned, having accepted an appointment at Bombay. Attorney-General

stance of them, which was that McLane had conspired to introduce arms and ammunition and to procure an invasion of the Province; and that he had conspired to excite rebellion within the Province, and had procured information to be communicated to the King's enemies and used against the Government. There appears to be no doubt that McLane was legally guilty of high treason; but his plans, if he can be said to have had any, were so impracticable, and indeed so utterly preposterous, that a lunatic asylum would probably have been the fittest place for him.

*Lieutenant-General John Graves Simcoe, the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, was the son of Captain John Simcoe, R.N., a gentleman of the County of Northampton. General (then Colonel) Simcoe was, on his promotion to the rank of a general officer, removed to the West Indies, and was appointed Governor of San Domingo. He had before coming to Canada been M. P. for St. Mawes, a Cornish borough, and shortly after his return from the West Indies was selected to succeed Lord Lake as Commander-in-Chief in India, but died on the eve of his departure to assume his command. He was buried in his private chapel at Wolford Lodge, County Devon. A monument was erected to his memory by the County of Devon in the Cathedral at Exeter. General Simcoe married the daughter and heiress of Colonel Thomas Gwillim, an officer of an old and distinguished family, who had at one time been Aide-de-Camp to General Wolfe.

Blowers was appointed Chief Justice, Solicitor-General Uniacke became Attorney-General, and Jonathan Sterns succeeded to the Solicitor-Generalship. —On 23rd November, H. M. S. *La Tribune* was lost in entering Halifax Harbour; only 12 of the ship's company were rescued.—October 3rd, Benning Wentworth resigned the office of Treasurer of Nova Scotia, and Mr. Michael Wallace was appointed in his stead.—The House of Assembly of the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island) directed an investigation to be made to ascertain the quantity of settled and unsettled lands in the colony. It was found that 23 lots, embracing 458,580 acres had *not one settler;* that 12 other lots, containing 243,000 acres had only 36 families, or about 200 souls; and that 6 other lots, containing 120,000 acres had only 48 families, or about 250 souls. The whole population of the Island at that time, was about 4,500. On these and similar grounds, a petition was addressed to the Home Government, praying that the proprietors who had failed in their duty, might be compelled to fulfil their engagements, or that their lands should be forfeited.

1798. The second session of the second Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened at York, on the 5th June, by the Hon. Peter Russell, President. The session, which was a short one, closed on the fifth of July. Seven Acts were passed during this session, the most important of which was the "Act for the better division of this Province." By this Act the geographical division of the Province was re-arranged and a number of important changes were made. Another Act provided for the ascertaining and establishing on a permanent footing the boundary lines of townships. Certain amendments were made to the Marriage Act of 1793. The other four Acts relate to local matters of no great moment. A notice issued from the Post Office at Fort Niagara, dated 1st October, 1798, giving a "list of letters remaining with Joseph Edwards Esq., in Newark, U. C., for the conveniency of the persons to whom they are directed" contains letters addressed to Cleveland (Ohio), Bay of Quinty; and Catarockway (Cataraqui.) A Proclamation, dated 15th December, was issued by Mr. President Russell, announcing that His Majesty had been pleased to order that all United Empire Loyalists and their children who were actually settled in the Province of Upper Canada, on or before 28th July, 1798, should continue to receive His Majesty's bounty of 200 acres of land each, free from any expense whatever.—The second session of the second Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened by General Prescott, Governor-General, at Quebec, on the 20th February.—Charles Frechette was tried on 27th March, in the Court of King's Bench, Quebec, for misprision of High Treason, in having a knowledge of the designs of the late David McLane (who was executed on 21st July, 1797, for High Treason) against the province of Quebec, and) concealing them; he was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life, all his moveable property to be forfeited to the King, together with all the profits of his immoveable estate.—The Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada, was prorogued on the 11th May. Of the five Acts passed during this session, three were to continue in force the Acts for making a temporary provision for the regulation of trade between Lower Canada and the United States of America; for the better preservation of His Majesty's Government, as by law happily established in this province; and for providing Returning

Officers for Knights, Citizens and Burgesses to serve in the Assembly. Of the two remaining Acts one was "an Act to allow to the province of Upper Canada, a proportion of the duties imposed by the Legislature of this province (Lower Canada) on such articles as have been transported from this province into the province of Upper Canada, between the first day of March, and the thirty-first day of December, 1797." The other Act was to repeal the Act appointing commissioners to treat with commissioners appointed by Upper Canada to settle the proportion which should belong to each province of the duties collected on articles imported into one province and passing thence into the other, and for appointing other commissioners for a like purpose.—A fire broke out in St. Francis Street, Quebec, on Sunday, 17th June, and rapidly assumed alarming proportions. By the strenuous exertions of the troops, encouraged by the Governor-General, who had turned out at the first alarm, the Seminary was saved, but fifteen houses were entirely destroyed.—The tempestuous weather on the Atlantic coast in the latter part of 1797 and beginning of 1798, cast a gloom throughout Nova Scotia. Wrecks were frequent, and the loss of life heavy. The people of Halifax, as on many previous occasions, were, however, quite equal to the emergency. Boats were manned, provisioned and despatched to the relief of the sufferers, and every thing which willing hearts and strong arms could effect was done to mitigate the severity of the season. Upwards of thirty persons were wrecked on Sable Island at one time.—The officers and men of the Royal Nova Scotia Regiment subscribed a week's pay towards the fund raised to assist His Majesty in meeting the heavy expenses of the war; the people of Halifax contributed £4000 to the same fund.—The General Assembly of Nova Scotia met at Halifax on 8th June. Sir John Wentworth in his opening speech expressed his great satisfaction at the loyalty displayed by the people of Nova Scotia as evidenced by their liberal subscriptions in aid of the expenses of the war.—On the 30th June the Nova Scotia Assembly voted five hundred guineas to purchase a star to be presented to Prince Edward.—On Saturday, the 7th July, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Council and the Assembly proceeded from the Council Chamber to Government House and there presented an address to the Prince, offering this star,* which he very graciously accepted During the session, which terminated on 7th July, six Acts were passed, one of which was an Act to prevent aliens from remaining in the province, unless by special permission from the Government. On the 8th August, Prince Edward met with a serious accident whilst riding in the vicinity of Halifax. His horse stumbled and fell upon him, severely bruising his leg and thigh. After a short time the symptons became so serious that the medical staff recommended His Royal Highness to go to England, advice which he was reluctantly compelled to follow. The Prince sailed from Halifax on 23rd October, in H. M. S. *Topaz*. Addresses were presented to him by the Lieutenant-Governor and Council, and also by the citizens of Halifax, deeply lamenting his accident and his departure, and expressing the earnest wish that he might soon return to them.—An Act was passed this year by the Legislature of the Island of St. John, changing the name of the Island to

*The star itself (a diamond star of the Order of the Garter) was not presented to the Prince until the 9th of January, 1799, when it was conveyed to Kensington Palace by Mr. Charles Wentworth, son of the Lieutenant-Governor, and Mr. Hartshorne, who presented it to His Royal Highness.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1876.

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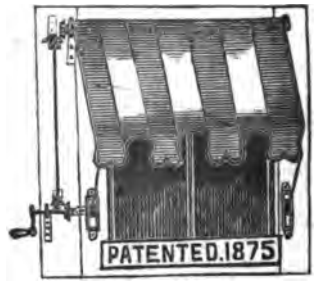

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